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DR. JOHNSON READING "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

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OF

FAMOUS FICTION

EMBRACING

THE NINE STANDARD MASTERPIECES

OF

Imaginative Literature

(UNABRIDGED)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Illustrated



NEW YORK
J. B. FORD AND COMPANY
1873

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The Standard Masterpieces

OF

IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE

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I. Pilgrim's Progress

II. Robinson Crusoe

III. Vicar of Wakefield

IV. Gulliver's Travels

V. Paul and Virginia

VI. Elizabeth

VII. Picciola

VIII. Undine

IX. Vathek

X. Tales from the Arabian Nights

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PREFACE.

THE well-known portrait-picture, by Gilbert, of a scene in the life of Goldsmith, which confronts the title of this volume, forcibly suggests the difference between our own times and those which it portrays, with respect to the relations of the author to his publisher, not only, but of the publisher himself to his public.

The story (which may be found in full in the Introduction to the "Vicar of Wakefield," on page 449) represents the bookseller to whom Johnson disposed of the work, which was destined in so many different languages to captivate the world, as buying it rather from pity for the distressed author than any other motive, and, ignorant of its merits, keeping it by him for full two years unused! In those days a work of genius needed primarily, in order to its "right to be," a patron — noble, rich, or otherwise influential — to stamp it with his *imprimatur;* and afterwards a publisher who, by some persuasion over and above an appreciation of its value, might be induced to bring it to the birth. It is one of the compensating virtues of our more practical age, that all these relations are now adjusted on the principles which regulate every other business.

The author comes to the publisher and the publisher to the intelligent public, both well knowing that their commodities will be judged and treated according to their intrinsic merits.

In their present venture the publishers congratulate themselves that the matter they offer has been endorsed with the approval of the entire reading world for many generations. The remarkable success that has attended their "Library of Poetry and Song" naturally suggested the idea of a corresponding Library of the master-pieces of imaginative prose, which should embody in a single convenient volume those Famous Fictions which are already sealed to immortality, having been admired and loved always, everywhere, and by all classes. Their number is not large; it can be counted on the fingers. Their names rise spontaneously, and by common consent, in every mind, and we have little fear that the list of them, as set forth on

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the subordinate title-page of this volume, will not meet swift acceptance in the intuition of every reader. They are given in full, unabridged, with the exception of "Gulliver's Travels," from which the voyages to Laputa and the Houyhnhnms have been dropped, and those to Lilliput and Brobdingnag carefully revised.

Accordingly, these jewels of all literature have here been gathered into a setting which, it is hoped, may seem worthy of their brilliancy and beauty. No pains have been spared to render complete the accessories of these intellectual treasures which, in some form or other, all must desire to preserve. To each of them a carefully prepared Introduction has been prefixed, giving interesting information concerning the author and the circumstances under which his work was produced. Great solicitude has been felt, too, that the Illustrations of the volume should not be unworthy of its literary contents, and, while all of these have been selected with great care, many have been executed expressly for this purpose by the best artists of England and America.

After these conscientious efforts to deserve approbation, the Publishers submit their "Library of Famous Fiction" to the judgment of the public, with more than usual confidence that it is destined to a cordial greeting as one of the most interesting and useful issues of the modern press.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE propensity of the human mind to fiction is one of those irrepressible forces against which it has always proved vain to contend.

The boundaries of this present life have everywhere, in all lands and countries, proved too narrow and too poor for the wants of the soul, and so everywhere, in all lands and countries, the story-teller has been in request. In Arabia the story-teller holds enchanted crowds about him by the evening camp-fire; in Italy the improvvisatore does the same thing. The poems of Homer were stories which a wandering harper told by firesides and waysides. No land is without its "folk-lore," and from the barren ice of Greenland to the palmy forests of the equator, fiction bursts forth like flowers, in every region.

In the Middle Ages the romances of chivalry were the solace of both palace and cottage. Gradually the twelve and twenty volumed romance dwindled down to the story of real life, and became the modern novel.

At first this was a vehicle for so much that was corrupt and unedifying that the word *novel* was never used in the mouth of serious Christian people, except as a word of reprobation, and novel-reading was familiarly classed among the dangers of youth. The novels of Smollet and Fielding, though able, were not such as judicious parents would ever wish to put into the hands of young people. Richardson and Mrs. Radcliffe were less objectionable. In the strictest New England times Sir Charles Grandison was often recommended by clergymen, and lay on the toilet-table of godly young women, beside the Bible and Thomas Boston's "Fourfold State." Still, as a class, novels were considered a dangerous indulgence, and in our youth one of the stock themes for composition-writing was "On the disadvantages of novel-reading."

Yet, for all that, there have always been, even in the strictest households, certain permitted works of fiction, which have taken such hold on the human heart that every member of the family who knew the English language read them, not as a matter of course, but as one of the choicest delights of life.

Shall we ever forget that day of wonder and enchantment when, exploring the uninviting regions of our father's library, we drew from thence an old

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worn copy of the Pilgrim's Progress"? As a child we were wholesomely neglected. Nobody ever took concern with our reading, or put us up to this or that good book. There were no children's stories in those days, and we had never heard of the "Pilgrim's Progress"; it was our own discovery. Forthwith it was seized and carried to an impregnable solitude, and we rested not, devouring every step of the way, till we saw Christian across the river of death, and heard the ringing bells of the celestial city. Then, oh! how blank, how poor, how vacant looked the world! Christian had gone in, the door was shut, and we outside! Where should we go? Where should we find that Wicket Gate, that Palace Beautiful, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Land of Beulah, and the Celestial City? How cold and gray and dead looked the world as that vision faded! and how we wished there were some such pilgrimage, that we might start upon it forthwith!

Yet this experience, so vivid, has been the experience of thousands and thousands, not only of eager and imaginative children, but of intelligent and thoughtful men and women as well, wherever the English tongue is spoken; and it will be repeated to the end of time.

Not less wonderful was the blissful season when, as a homesick child in a lonely farm-house, amid the piping winds and whirling snows of a New England winter, we were turned loose for consolation upon an edition of the "Arabian Nights."

Then did time and place vanish; howling winds, wastes of snow, and the solitary dulness of the lone farm-house, all became things of naught. A golden cloud of vision encompassed us, and we walked among genii and fairies, enchanted palaces, jewelled trees, and valleys of diamonds. We became intimate friends with Sindbad the Sailor; we knew every jewel in the windows of Aladdin's palace, and became adepts in the arts of enchanting and disenchanting.

Now the possession by human beings of this glorious faculty of living an unreal life, and seeing things invisible, is a sufficient answer to those who doubt the uses of fiction. This splendid capability that makes a human being for the time independent of outward circumstances, and enables him to live and walk in light and warmth and beauty, though in the midst of bareness and want, certainly was meant for something. It is a precious gift, and one worth accepting. We pity the child who has passed through the impressible, believing age of childhood, and never had the full experience of these transports. He who has not read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Aladdin's Lamp," and "Sindbad the Sailor," is to be pitied. Our age is most productive of works of fiction; but, after all, where shall we find books capable of giving such a start to the imagination, such a powerful impulse to the soul, as these heritages of other days?

The chiefest and best of these — the "Pilgrim's Progress," the production

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of a plain, self-educated, English peasant — should be read by every one, if for nothing else, as the loveliest and richest specimen of pure, tender, homely Saxon English which is to be found in any book *except* the Bible. The language of "Pilgrim's Progress" is quaint and vigorous beyond expression, and worth the study of any one who wishes to test the superior heartiness and richness of our mother-tongue. For years the book had its place in the hearts of the people, while the critics read it patronizingly and under protest — enchanted by its power, but looking down to it as something belonging to the lower orders.

It was left for Macaulay to lift this gem out of the dust and set it in the royal cabinet of letters; and his remarks on it are so to the very heart of the subject that we cannot deny our readers a few of them.

"The characteristic peculiarity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is that it is the only work of its kind that possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by thousands with tears. . . . . That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is *loved* by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson — all of whose studies were desultory, and who *hated*, as he said, to read books through — made an exception in favor of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That work was one of the two or three which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a greater favorite than 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' Every reader knows the strait and narrow path as well as any path in which he has gone back and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things that are not should be as if they were, and that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought! There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place or turnstyle, with which we are not perfectly acquainted." We could wish that every one might read through Macaulay's eloquent yet discriminating critique, from which we have thus borrowed a few words.

The religious influence and moral significance of "Pilgrim's Progress," however, is not a thing of childhood; it needs the appreciative powers of maturer years to take that, in its full beauty. As we look back, we can see clearly that to us it gave only an ecstasy of the imagination, and conveyed no definite religious teaching. It only stirred a vague sense of the unutterable glories of the Celestial City, and inspired a longing toward it. Yet not for worlds would we lose the memory of that vision, of that vague uplift and that sweet longing which it instilled; for it is a treasure which, gained in youth, will last even until old age.

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"Robinson Crusoe" has been peculiarly a boy's book. It has given impulse and expression to that vague restlessness which sends so many boys, from thirteen to eighteen, to sea. It is written in the same rich, quaint, sweet, masterly style, and is no less to be valued as a lesson in the purest and most energetic use of the English tongue. A simple religious sincerity and earnestness make in it a healthful moral atmosphere.

Added to these are certain always charming fictions, which are less necessary, less universally and intimately interwoven with the affections and experience of human nature, but world-wide in fame and universally read with pleasure. First stands "The Vicar of Wakefield," which was Goethe's favorite model, and which, amid all the change of style and manner in our times, still comes to us with a charm and a grace firm to true humanity and the exquisite language in which the story is told. And not only the grand old Goethe, but also those masters of our own tongue, Scott, Rogers, and Irving, agree in pronouncing it "unrivalled among novels." Then, we have those marvellous "Voyages of Lemuel Gulliver," as related by Jonathan Swift (whom Voltaire calls the "English Rabelais," and Thackeray the "greatest wit of all times"*); St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," so full of pathos and tropical beauty; Saintine's "Picciola," with its tenderness and sweet simplicity; that original and exquisite creation, De la Motte Fouqué's "Undine"; Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," a most striking exhibition of feminine heroism and filial piety; and Beckford's "Vathek," wild and sublime, styled by North "the finest of Oriental romances, as 'Lalla Rookh' is the finest of Oriental poems";—not a single one could be spared from this group, in gathering those volumes of fiction which the world, without dissent, has placed in the first rank, and made "classic."

Since the world must read fiction, let us have the best in an attractive household form, that they may not be overlaid and shuffled out of sight by more modern but less effective tales. We may say of these works what Macaulay said of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," that they are to other stories what attar of roses is to the common rose-water, the close-packed oil to the thin diluted essence.

The effort of Messrs. Ford & Co. to furnish, in a compact, elegant, and readable form, a library of these universal popular favorites, gathered into a single volume, is one worthy of all praise, to which we wish ample success.

H. B. STOWE.

* Swift's genius commands our admiration, but his works should never be introduced into the home-circle save in such revised and cleanly editions as the present one.

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THE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

Part First.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED THE MANNER OF HIS SETTING OUT,
HIS DANGEROUS JOURNEY, AND SAFE ARRIVAL
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INTRODUCTION.

JOHN BUNYAN, the writer of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was born at Elstow, a small village a mile south of Bedford, England, in 1628. His father was a poor tinker, but sent him to school till he could read and write. As a lad, he fell among bad companions, with whom he would lie and swear; but his conscience often reproved him, and he was frightened in his sleep with terrible dreams, and in his waking hours he had anticipations of future judgment.

His own simple and pathetic account of his turning from wickedness is worth reading: —

"One day I was standing at a neighbor's shop window, cursing and playing the madman; there sat within the woman of the house, who, though she was a very ungodly wretch, protested that she trembled to hear me, and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the town if they came into my company. At this reproof I was silenced. I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing. And from this time forward I left my swearing; and whereas before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before and another behind, to make my words have authority, now I could, without an oath, speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

Bunyan had, after this, many grievous temptations, but he was greatly helped, by God's grace, under the teaching of Mr. Gifford, a Baptist, at Bedford. Bunyan was immersed about 1655; the traditional place of his immersion is in a small stream near Bedford Bridge. After he had been about five or six years awakened, he was induced to speak at some of the country meetings, and at last he was particularly called to the ordinary preaching of the word at Bedford; and he was diligent in going round the neighboring villages, so as by some, in a jeering way, to be called Bishop Bunyan.

He had been a preacher about five years when he was arrested (November 12, 1660) at a meeting in the country, and subsequently tried as an upholder of conventicles. He was sentenced to perpetual banishment, because he refused to conform to the Church, and he was confined in Bedford jail more than twelve years. The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Thomas Barlow, and other churchmen, moved by Bunyan's sufferings and patience, so stood his friends as to procure his enlargement in 1672.

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In prison he made many hundred gross of long-tagged laces, and wrote his famous book, the delight of young and old, "The Pilgrim's Progress." His library there was the Bible, and Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

Bunyan's popularity was great; when he preached in London, about twelve hundred attended a morning lecture on a week day in the winter, at seven o'clock, and on the Lord's Day about three thousand, so that he was almost pulled over people to get into the pulpit. He took great care to visit the sick. Returning to London from a journey, being overtaken with excessive rains, and extremely wet, he fell sick of a violent fever at the house of a friend, where, after ten days' illness, he died, August 12, or, according to another account, August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

Bunyan appeared in countenance to be of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable; not given to much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it. He was free from boasting. He abhorred lying and swearing. He was righteous and charitable. He had a sharp, quick eye, was an excellent discerner of persons, of good judgment, and quick wit. He was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face; with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, and, in his latter days, sprinkled with gray; his nose well set, but not declining or bending; his mouth moderately large, his forehead something high, his dress plain.

He is said to have written at least sixty books, but he is chiefly known by his great allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress." "This is the highest miracle of genius," says Lord Macaulay, "that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another: and this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted." This is well said; and it is true. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is one of the best known books of human origin. It is a household book. Men love to retrace the steps of the journey, to revisit the familiar scenes of the wondrous Pilgrimage, and to live over again the experiences of the Pilgrim.

The Dreamer rests himself in his dreary prison-house, and, as he sleeps, he sees the outline of a Vision. And whether it be in his sleeping or his waking moments, it is true that Heaven hath somehow drawn aside the veil, and revealed those grand and glorious sights which reach so near to the things that "eye hath not seen," permitting the far-sighted man to look

"Through golden vistas into Heaven."

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THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

FOR HIS BOOK.

When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
To make another; which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey, and the way to glory,
In more than twenty things, which I set down.
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I 'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
The book that I already am about.

Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbor; no, not I:
I did it mine own self to gratify.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble; nor did I intend
But to divert myself, in doing this,
From worser thoughts, which make me do amiss.

Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
For, having now my method by the end,
Still as I pull'd, it came; and so I penn'd
It down; until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together
I show'd them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify:
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die:
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, Since you are thus divided,
I print it will, and so the case decided.

For, thought I, some, I see, would have it done,
Though others in that channel do not run:
To prove, then, who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

I further thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it, thus to gratify,
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, *Offend you I am loath;*
Yet, since your brethren pleased with it be,
Forbear to judge, till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone;
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone.
Yea, that I might them better palliate,
I did too with them thus expostulate:

May I not write in such a style as this?
In such a method, too, and yet not miss
My end, — thy good? Why may it not be done?
Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none,
Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
Cause to descend, the Earth, by yielding crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
But treasures up the fruit they yield together;
Yea, so commixes both, that in her fruit
None can distinguish this from that: they suit
Her well when hungry; but, if she be full,
She spews out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make!
Behold how he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets:
Yet fish there be, that neither hook, nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine, can make thine;
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

How does the fowler seek to catch his game
By divers means! all which one cannot name:
His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and bell;
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea, who can tell
Of all his postures? Yet there 's none of these
Will make him master of what fowls he please.

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Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch *this;*
Yet, if he does so, *that* bird he will miss.
If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster-shell;
If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold; who will disdain,
That have an inkling of it, there to look,
That they may find it? Now, my little book
(Though void of all these paintings that may make
It with this or the other man to take)
Is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave but empty notions dwell.
Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,
That this your book will stand when soundly tried.
Why, what 's the matter? *It is dark.* What though?
But it is feigned. What of that? I trow
Some men, by feigned words, as dark as mine,
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.
But they want solidness. Speak, man, thy mind.
They drown the weak; metaphors make us blind.
Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men;
But must I needs want solidness, because
By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,
His gospel laws, in olden times held forth
By types, shadows, and metaphors? Yet loath
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest wisdom. No; he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,
By calves and sheep, by heifers and by rams,
By birds and herbs, and by the blood of lambs,
God speaketh to him; and happy is he
That finds the light and grace that in them be.
Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude
That I want solidness, — that I am rude;
All things solid in show not solid be;
All things in parables despise not we;
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are of our souls bereave.
My dark and cloudy words, they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.
The prophets used much by metaphors
To set forth truth; yea, whoso considers
Christ, his apostles too, shall plainly see
That truths to this day in such mantles be.
Am I afraid to say, that Holy Writ,
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,
Is everywhere so full of all these things, —
Dark figures, allegories? Yet there springs
From that same book that lustre, and those rays
Of light, that turn our darkest nights to days.
Come, let my carper to his life now look,
And find there darker lines than in my book
He findeth any; yea, and let him know,
That in his best things there are worse lines too.
May we but stand before impartial men,
To his poor one I dare adventure ten,
That they will take my meaning in these lines
Far better than his lies in silver shrines.
Come, truth, although in swaddling-clouts I find,
Informs the judgment, rectifies the mind;
Pleases the understanding, makes the will
Submit: the memory too it doth fill
With what doth our imaginations please;
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.
Sound words, I know, Timothy is to use,
And old wives' fables he is to refuse;
But yet grave Paul him nowhere did forbid
The use of parables; in which lay hid
That gold, those pearls, and precious stones, that were
Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.
Let me add one word more: O man of God,
Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had
Put forth my matter in another dress;
Or, that I had in things been more express?
Three things let me propound, then I submit
To those that are my betters, as is fit.
1. I find not that I am denied the use
Of this my method, so I no abuse
Put on the words, things, readers; or be rude
In handling figure or similitude,
In application; but, all that I may,
Seek the advance of truth, this or that way.
Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave
(Examples too, and that from them that have
God better pleased, by their words or ways,
Than any man that breatheth nowadays)
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee that excellentest are.
2. I find that men (as high as trees) will write
Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight
For writing so: indeed, if they abuse
Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use
To that intent; but yet let Truth be free
To make her sallies upon thee and me,
Which way it pleases God; for who knows how,
Better than he that taught us first to plough,
To guide our mind and pens for his design?
And he makes base things usher in divine.
3. I find that Holy Writ, in many places,
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
Do call for one thing to set forth another:
Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother
Truth's golden beams; nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.
And now, before I do put up my pen,
I 'll show the profit of my book, and then
Commit both thee and it unto that Hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.
This book, it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize:
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes;
What he leaves undone, also what he does;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.
It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain:
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labor, and like fools do die.
This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand;

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Yea, it will make the slothful active be ;
The blind also delightful things to see.
Art thou for something rare and profitable ?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable ?
Art thou forgetful ? Wouldest thou remember
From New Year's day to the last of December ?
Then read my fancies ; they will stick like burrs,
And may be, to the helpless, comforters.
This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect ;
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.
Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy ?
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?
Wouldst thou read riddles, and their explanation ?
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation ?
Dost thou love picking meat ? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep ?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep ?
Wouldst thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm ?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines ? O then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEN AND THE DREAMER.

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back (Isa. lxiv. 6; Luke xiv. 33; Ps. xxxviii. 4). I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" (Acts ii. 37, xvi. 30, 31; Hab. ii. 1, 2.)

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: O my dear wife, said he, and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me: moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burnt with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin; except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered. At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy-distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, Worse and worse. He also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him: sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery. He would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading and sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30, 31.)

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, Wherefore dost thou cry?

He answered, Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment (Heb. ix. 27); and I find that I am not willing to do the

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first (Job xvi. 21), nor able to do the second (Ezek. xxii. 14).

Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet (Isa. xxx. 33). And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit, I am sure, to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll; and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come!" (Matt. iii. 7.)

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket-gate? (Matt. vii. 13, 14.) The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? (Ps. cxix. 105; 2 Pet. i. 19.) He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! life! eternal life! (Luke xiv. 26.) So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain (Gen. xix. 17).

The neighbors also came out to see him run (Jer. xx. 10), and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now, by this time, the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him; which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbors, wherefore are ye come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be. You dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and, dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbors, and go along with me.

Obst. What! said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us?

Chr. Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that *all* which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with *a little* of that which I am seeking to enjoy (2 Cor. iv. 18); and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare (Luke xv. 17). Come away, and prove my words.

Obst. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

Chr. I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away (1 Pet. i. 4); and it is laid up in Heaven, and safe there (Heb. xi. 16), to be bestowed at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Obst. Tush, said Obstinate, away with your book; will you go back with us or no?

Chr. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the plough (Luke ix. 62).

Obst. Come, then, neighbor Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him: there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes "than seven men that can render a reason" (Prov. xxvi. 16).

Pli. Then, said Pliable, don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my neighbor.

Obst. What! more fools still! Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

Chr. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbor, Pliable; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glorious besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book; and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it (Heb. ix. 17 – 22, xiii. 20).

Pli. Well, neighbor Obstinate, saith Pliable, I begin to come to a point; I intend to

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go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him: but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

Chr. I am directed by a man whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

Pli. Come, then, good neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

Obst. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate: I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

Now I saw in my dream, that, when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began their discourse:—

Chr. Come, neighbor Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

Pli. Come, neighbor Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further, what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

Chr. I can better conceive of them with my mind than speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

Pli. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

Chr. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie (Tit. i. 2).

Pli. Well said: what things are they?

Chr. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom forever (Isa. xlv. 17; John x. 27–29).

Pli. Well said; and what else?

Chr. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven (2 Tim. iv. 8; Rev. iii. 4; Matt. xiii. 43).

Pli. This is very pleasant; and what else?

Chr. There shall be no more crying nor sorrow; for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes (Isa. xxv. 8; Rev. vii. 17, xxi. 4).

Pli. And what company shall we have there?

Chr. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims,—creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them (Isa. vi. 2). There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place: none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance forever (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17; Rev. v. 11). In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns (Rev. iv. 4); there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps (Rev. xiv. 1–5); there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love they bare to the Lord of the place,—all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment (John xii. 25; 2 Cor. v. 2–4).

Pli. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

Chr. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded *that* in this book; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely (Isa. lv. 1, 2; John vi. 37, vii. 37; Rev. xxi. 6, xxii. 17).

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.

Chr. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now, I saw in my dream, that, just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, Ah, neighbor Christian, where are you now?

Chr. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

Pli. At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of?

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HELP PULLS CHRISTIAN FROM THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

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If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone: but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still farther from his own house, and next to the Wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

Chr. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and, as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chr. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

Help. Then said he, Give me thy hand. So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way (Ps. xl. 2).

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended: it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together and settle in this place. And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad (Isa. xxxv. 3, 4). His laborers also have, by the direction of His Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cartloads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or, if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step beside; and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the gate (1 Sam. xii. 23).

Now, I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable was got home to his house, so that his neighbors came to visit him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for hazarding himself with Christian: others, again, did mock at his cowardliness, saying, Surely since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties. So Pliable sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence, and then they all turned their tale, and began to deride poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

CHAPTER III.

WORLDLY WISEMAN.

Now, as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off, come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, — a very great town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, and having

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some inkling of him, — for Christian's setting forth from the City of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town talk in some other places, — Mr. Worldly Wiseman, therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian: —

World. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

Chr. A burdened manner indeed, as ever, I think, poor creature had! And whereas you ask me, Whither away? I tell you, sir, I am going to yonder Wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

World. Hast thou a wife and children?

Chr. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly: methinks I am as if I had none (1 Cor. vii. 29).

World. Wilt thou hearken unto me if I give thee counsel?

Chr. If it be good, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

World. I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then: nor canst thou enjoy the benefits of the blessing which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Chr. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden: but get it off myself I cannot; nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.

World. Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?

Chr. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honorable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.

World. I beshrew him for his counsel: there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find, if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Despond is upon thee: but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me; I am older than thou: thou art like to meet with, in the way which thou goest, wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and, in a word, death, and what not! These things are certainly true, having been confirmed by many testimonies. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?

Chr. Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

World. How camest thou by thy burden at first?

Chr. By reading this book in my hand.

World. I thought so; and it has happened unto thee as to other weak men, who, meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy distractions; which distractions do not only unman men (as thine, I perceive, have done thee), but they run them upon desperate ventures, to obtain they know not what.

Chr. I know what I would obtain; it is ease from my heavy burden.

World. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? especially since, hadst thou but patience to hear me, I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou, in this way, wilt run thyself into; yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add, that, instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

Chr. Pray, sir, open this secret to me.

World. Why, in yonder village (the village is named Morality) there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very judicious man, and a man of a very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders; yea, to my knowledge, he hath done a great deal of good this way; ay, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place; and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man to his son, whose

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name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old gentleman himself: there, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation, as, indeed, I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to thee to this village, where there are houses now stand empty, one of which thou mayest have at reasonable rates: provision is there also cheap and good; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure, there thou shalt live by honest neighbors, in credit and good fashion.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, If this be true, which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice: and with that he thus further spake:—

Chr. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

World. Do you see yonder high hill?

Chr. Yes, very well.

World. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help: but, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and wotted not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burnt (Ex. xix. 16, 18); here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear (Heb. xii. 21). And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. And with that he saw Evangelist coming to meet him; at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and, coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and thus began to reason with Christian:—

Evan. What dost thou here, Christian? said he: at which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist further, Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?

Chr. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

Evan. Did not I direct thee the way to the little Wicket-gate?

Chr. Yes, dear sir, said Christian.

Evan. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside? for thou art now out of the way.

Chr. I met with a gentleman so soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

Evan. What was he?

Chr. He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came hither: but when I beheld this hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

Evan. What said that gentleman to you?

Chr. Why, he asked me whither I was going; and I told him.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chr. He asked me if I had a family; and I told him. But, said I, I am so loaden with the burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chr. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden; and I told him it was ease that I sought. And, said I, I am therefore going to yonder gate, to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would show me a better way, and short, not so attended with difficulties as the way, sir, that you set me in; which way, said he, will direct you to a gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these burdens. So I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might be soon eased of my burden. But when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped, for fear (as I said) of danger: but I now know not what to do.

Evan. Then, said Evangelist, stand still a little, that I may show thee the words of God. So he stood trembling. Then, said Evangelist, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. xii. 25). He said, moreover, "Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my

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soul shall have no pleasure in him" (Heb. x. 38). He also did thus apply them: Thou art the man that art running into this misery; thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition.

Then Christian fell down at his feet as dead, crying, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" At the sight of which, Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men" (Matt. xii. 31; Mark iii. 28). Be not faithless, but believing" (John xx. 27). Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Then Evangelist proceeded, saying, Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now show thee who it was that deluded thee, and who it was also to whom he sent thee: The man that met thee is one Worldly Wiseman, and rightly is he so called; partly because he savoreth only of the doctrine of this world (1 John iv. 5), — therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church; and partly because he loveth that doctrine best, for it saveth him best from the cross (Gal. vi. 12): and because he is of this carnal temper, therefore he seeketh to prevent my ways, though right. Now there are three things in this man's counsel that thou must utterly abhor: —

1. His turning thee out of the way.

2. His laboring to render the cross odious to thee.

3. And his setting thy feet in that way that leadeth unto the administration of death.

First. Thou must abhor his turning thee out of the way; yea, and thine own consenting thereto; because this is to reject the counsel of God for the sake of the counsel of a Worldly Wiseman. The Lord says, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate" (Luke xiii. 24), the gate to which I send thee; for "strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. vii. 13, 14). From this little Wicket-gate, and from the way thereto, hath this wicked man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to destruction; hate, therefore, his turning thee out of the way, and abhor thyself for hearkening to him.

Secondly. Thou must abhor his laboring to render the cross odious unto thee; for thou art to prefer it "before the treasures in Egypt" (Heb. xi. 25, 26). Besides, the King of glory hath told thee, that he that "will save his life shall lose it" (Mark viii. 35; John xii. 25; Matt. x. 39). And, "He that cometh after me, and hateth not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv. 26). I say, therefore, for man to labor to persuade thee that that shall be thy death, without which, the Truth hath said, thou canst not have eternal life, — this doctrine thou must abhor.

Thirdly. Thou must hate his setting of thy feet in the way that leadeth to the ministration of death. And for this thou must consider to whom he sent thee, and also how unable that person was to deliver thee from thy burden.

He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name Legality, is the son of the bondwoman which now is, and is in bondage with her children (Gal. iv. 21 – 27); and is, in a mystery, this Mount Sinai, which thou hast feared will fall on thy head. Now, if she with her children are in bondage, how canst thou expect by them to be made free? This Legality, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is likely to be: ye cannot be justified by the works of the law; for by the deeds of the law no man living can be rid of his burden: therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman is an alien, and Mr. Legality is a cheat; and for his son Civility, notwithstanding his simpering looks, he is but a hypocrite, and cannot help thee. Believe me, there is nothing in all this noise, that thou hast heard of these sottish men, but a design to beguile thee of thy salvation, by turning thee from the way in which I had set thee. After this, Evangelist called aloud to the heavens for confirmation of what he had said; and with that there came words and fire out of the mountain under which poor Christian stood, that made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were thus pronounced: "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are

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written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10).

Now Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met with Mr. Worldly Wiseman; still calling himself a thousand fools for hearkening to his counsel: he also was greatly ashamed to think that this gentleman's arguments, flowing only from the flesh, should have that prevalency with him as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done, he applied himself again to Evangelist in words and sense as follow: —

Chr. Sir, what think you? Is there hope? May I now go back, and go up to the Wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel. But may my sin be forgiven?

Evan. Then said Evangelist to him, Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast committed two evils: thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths. Yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good-will for men; only, said he, take heed that thou turn not aside again, "lest thou perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little" (Ps. ii. 12). Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God-speed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WICKET-GATE.

So Christian went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor, if any asked him, would he vouchsafe them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe till again he was got into the way which he left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. vii. 7).

He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying, —

> May I now enter here? Will he within
> Open to sorry me, though I have been
> An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
> Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high.

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Good-will, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

Chr. Here is a poor burdened sinner. I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would, therefore, sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in.

Good-will. I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, What means that? The other told him: A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in.

Then said Christian, I rejoice and tremble. So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither.

Chr. Evangelist bid me come hither and knock (as I did); and he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do.

Good-w. An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it.

Chr. Now I begin to reap the benefits of my hazards.

Good-w. But how is it that you came alone?

Chr. Because none of my neighbors saw their danger as I saw mine.

Good-w. Did any of them know of your coming?

Chr. Yes; my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again: also, some of my neighbors stood crying and calling after me to return: but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

Good-w. But did none of them follow you, to persuade you to go back?

Chr. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable; but when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back, but Pliable came with me a little way.

Good-w. But why did he not come through?

Chr. We, indeed, came both together until we came at the Slough of Despond, into the which we also suddenly fell. And then was my neighbor Pliable discouraged, and

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would not venture further. Wherefore, getting out again, on that side next to his own house, he told me I should possess the brave country alone for him; so he went his way, and I came mine, — he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

Good-w. Then said Good-will, Alas, poor man! is the celestial glory of so little esteem with him, that he counteth it not worth running the hazards of a few difficulties to obtain it?

Chr. Truly, said Christian, I have said the truth of Pliable; and if I should also say all the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment betwixt him and myself. It is true, he went back to his own house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the carnal arguments of one Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

Good-w. O, did he light upon you? What! he would have had you a-sought for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality! They are both of them a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

Chr. Yes, as far as I durst. I went to find out Mr. Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore, there I was forced to stop.

Good-w. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; it is well you escaped being by it dashed in pieces.

Chr. Why, truly, I do not know what had become of me there, had not Evangelist happily met me again, as I was musing in the midst of my dumps; but it was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit, indeed, for death by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord. But, O, what a favor is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here!

Good-w. We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all that they have done before they came hither. They are "in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37); and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? *That* is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his Apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go.

Chr. But, said Christian, are there no turnings or windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?

Good-w. Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide. But thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, the right only being straight and narrow (Matt. vii. 14).

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian asked him further if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help.

He told him, As to thy burden, be content to bear it, until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back of itself.

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him, that by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God-speed.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

THEN he went on till he came to the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over. At last one came to the door, and asked who was there.

Chr. Sir, here is a traveller, who was bid by an acquaintance of the goodman of this house to call here for my profit: I would therefore speak with the master of the house. So he called for the master of the house; who, after a little time, came to Christian, and asked him what he would have.

Chr. Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; and I was told by the man that stands at the gate at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be a help to me on my journey.

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Inter. Then said the Interpreter, Come in; I will show that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him. So he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it: It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; he stood as if he pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

Chr. Then said Christian, What meaneth this?

Inter. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand. He can beget children (1 Cor. iv. 15), travail in birth with children (Gal. iv. 19), and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips; it is to show thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners, even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men: and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head; that is to show thee that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have showed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorized to be thy guide, in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way. Wherefore, take good heed to what I have showed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlor that was full of dust, because never swept; the which after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now, when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room; the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

Chr. Then said Christian, What means this?

Inter. The Interpreter answered, This parlor is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel: the dust is his original sin and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first, is the Law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about that the room could not by him be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it; for it doth not give power to subdue (Rom. vii. 9; 1 Cor. xv. 56; Rom. v. 20).

Again, as thou sawest the damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of glory to inhabit (John xv. 3; Eph. v. 26; Acts xv. 9; Rom. xvi. 25, 26; John xv. 13).

I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, What is the reason of the discontent of Passion? The Interpreter answered, The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now. But Patience is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet: the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

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Chr. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me.

Inter. So he said, These two lads are figures: Passion, of the men of this world; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come. For as here thou seest, Passion will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now; they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is of more authority with them than are all the divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

Chr. Then said Christian, Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags.

Inter. Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last: for first must give place to last, because last must have his time to come; but last gives place to nothing, for there is not another to succeed. He, therefore, that hath his portion first, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion last, must have it lastingly: therefore it is said of Dives, "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented" (Luke xvi. 25).

Chr. Then I perceive it is not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

Inter. You say truth: "for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 18). But though this be so, yet since things present and our fleshy appetite are such near neighbors one to another; and, again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another; therefore it is that the first of these so suddenly fall into amity, and that distance is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said Christian, What means this?

The Interpreter answered, This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the Devil: but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire.

Then said Christian, What means this?

The Interpreter answered, This is Christ, who continually, with the oil of his grace (2 Cor. xii. 9), maintains the work already begun in the heart; by the means of which, notwithstanding what the Devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire; that is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul.

I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately palace, beautiful to behold; at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted. He saw also, upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, May we go in thither?

Then the Interpreter took him and led him up towards the door of the palace; and, behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein; he saw also, that in the doorway stood many men in armor, to keep it, being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian some-

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what in amaze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, Set down my name, sir: the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put an helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door of the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace (Acts xiv. 22); at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying, —

Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win.

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.

Now, said Christian, let me go hence. Nay, stay, said the Interpreter, till I have showed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go on thy way. So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage.

Now the man, to look on, seemed very sad; he sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said Christian, What means this? At which the Interpreter bid him talk with the man.

Then said Christian to the man, What art thou? The man answered, I am what I was not once.

Chr. What wast thou once?

Man. The man said, I was once a fair and flourishing professor, both in mine own eyes and also in the eyes of others; I was once, as I thought, fair for the Celestial City, and had then even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither (Luke viii. 13).

Chr. Well, but what art thou now?

Man. I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out; O, now I cannot!

Chr. But how camest thou in this condition?

Man. I left off to watch and be sober; I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts; I sinned against the light of the word and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit, and he is gone; I tempted the Devil, and he is come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and he has left me; I have so hardened my heart that I cannot repent.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, But is there no hope for such a man as this? Ask him, said the Interpreter. Nay, said Christian, pray, sir, do you.

Inter. Then said the Interpreter, Is there no hope, but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?

Man. No, none at all.

Inter. Why, the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

Man. I have crucified him to myself afresh (Heb. vi. 6); I have despised his person (Luke xix. 14); I have despised his righteousness; I have "counted his blood an unholy thing"; I have "done despite to the Spirit of grace" (Heb. x. 28, 29): therefore I have shut myself out of all the promises, and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, fearful threatenings of certain judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour me as an adversary.

Inter. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

Man. For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight; but now every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me like a burning worm.

Inter. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

Man. God hath denied me repentance. His word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, himself hath shut me up in this iron cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity!

Inter. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee.

Chr. Well, said Christian, this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery. Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?

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Inter. Tarry till I shall show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed; and as he put on his raiment he shook and trembled. Then said Christian, Why doth this man thus tremble? The Interpreter then bid him tell to Christian the reason of his so doing. So he began, and said, This night, as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and, behold, the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a Man sit upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven: they were all in flaming fire; also the heavens were on a burning flame. I heard then a voice saying, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" and with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains (1 Cor. xv. 52; 1 Thess. iv. 16; Jude 14; 2 Thess. i. 7, 8; John v. 28, 29; Rev. xx. 11–14; Isa. xxvi. 21; Dan. vii. 10; Ps. xcv. 1–3; Mic. vii. 16, 17). Then I saw the Man that sat upon the cloud open the book and bid the world draw near. Yet there was, by reason of a fierce flame which issued out and came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the Judge and the prisoners at the bar (Mal. iii. 2, 3; Dan. vii. 9, 10). I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the Man that sat on the cloud, "Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake" (Matt. iii. 12, xiii. 30; Mal. iv. 1). And with that the bottomless pit opened, just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came, in an abundant manner, smoke, and coals of fire, with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, "Gather my wheat into the garner" (Luke iii. 17). And with that I saw many catched up, and carried away into the clouds; but I was left behind (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). I also sought to hide myself, but I could not; for the Man that sat upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into my mind, and my conscience did accuse me on every side (Rom. ii. 14, 15). Upon this I awakened from my sleep.

Chr. But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?

Man. Why, I thought that the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it; but this frighted me most, that the angels gathered up several, and left me behind; also the pit of hell opened her mouth just where I stood. My conscience, too, affected me; and, as I thought, the Judge had always his eye upon me, showing indignation in his countenance.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Hast thou considered all these things?

Chr. Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

Inter. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the City. So Christian went on his way, saying,—

Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand:
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they show'd me were; and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter! to thee.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CROSS AND THE CONTRAST.

Now I saw in my dream that the highway, up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation (Isa. xxvi. 1). Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and

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so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death. Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the Cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks (Zech. xii. 10). Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with, "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (Mark ii. 5); the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment (Zech. iii. 4); the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it (Eph. i. 13), which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate: so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing, —

Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither. What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest Cross! blest Sepulchre! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!

I saw then in my dream, that he went on thus, even until he came at a bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. The name of the one was Simple, another Sloth, and the third Presumption.

Christian then seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if peradventure he might awake them, and cried, You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast (Prov. xxiii. 34), for the Dead Sea is under you, — a gulf that hath no bottom: awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also, and I will help you off with your irons. He also told them, If he that "goeth about like a roaring lion" comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth (1 Pet. v. 8). With that they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, I see no danger. Sloth said, Yet a little more sleep! And Presumption said, Every fat must stand upon its own bottom; what is the answer else that I should give thee? And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

Yet was he troubled to think that men in that danger should so little esteem the kindness of him that so freely offered to help them, both by awakening of them, counselling of them, and proffering to help them off with their irons. And as he was troubled thereabout, he espied two men come tumbling over the wall on the left hand of the narrow way; and they made up apace to him. The name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus entered with them into discourse.

Chr. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither go you?

Form. and *Hyp.* We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Zion.

Chr. Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that "he that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber"? (John x. 1.)

Form. and *Hyp.* They said, that to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that, therefore, their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done.

Chr. But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to violate his revealed will?

Form. and *Hyp.* They told him, that, as for that, he needed not trouble his head thereabout; for what they did they had custom for, and could produce, if need were, testimony that would witness it, for more than a thousand years.

Chr. But, said Christian, will your practice stand a trial at law?

Form. and *Hyp.* They told him that custom, it being of so long a standing as above a thousand years, would, doubtless, now be admitted as a thing legal by any impartial judge. And beside, said they, if we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? If we are in, we are in. Thou art but in the way, who, as we perceive, came in

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at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall: wherein, now, is thy condition better than ours?

Chr. I walk by the rule of my Master; you walk by the rude working of your fancies. You are counted thieves already by the Lord of the way; therefore I doubt you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in by yourselves, without his direction; and shall go out by yourselves, without his mercy.

To this they made him but little answer; only they bid him look to himself. Then I saw that they went on, every man in his way, without much conference one with another, save that these two men told Christian that, as to laws and ordinances, they doubted not but they should as conscientiously do them as he. Therefore, said they, we see not wherein thou differest from us, but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbors to hide the shame of thy nakedness.

Chr. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door (Gal. ii. 16). And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before. And besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the City, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have his coat on my back, — a coat that he gave me freely in the day that he stripped me of my rags. I have, moreover, a mark in my forehead, of which, perhaps, you have taken no notice; which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you, moreover, that I had then given me a roll, sealed, to comfort me by reading as I go on the way; I was also bid to give it in at the Celestial Gate, in token of my certain going in after it: all which things, I doubt, you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably: also he would be often reading in the roll, that one of the Shining Ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

I BEHELD, then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways, besides that which came straight from the gate: one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof, to refresh himself (Isa. xlix. 10); and then began to go up the hill, saying, —

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend, —
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear!
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill; but when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again, with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now, the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood; and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked, then, after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to

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his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the Cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise" (Prov. vi. 6). And with that Christian started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace, till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust: to whom Christian said, Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way. Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place. But, said he, the further we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

Chr. Then said Christian, You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own country, *that* is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But, thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein, and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not! Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbor that is on the side of the hill; and, falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart! Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbor where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind (Rev. ii. 4, 5). Thus, therefore, he now went on, bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, O wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the daytime (1 Thess. v. 7, 8); that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! How many steps have I took in vain! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin; they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once: yea now, also, I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. O that I had not slept!

Now by this time he was come to the arbor again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last (as Christian would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll! the which he, with trembling and haste, catched up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again! for this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But O, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this

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CHRISTIAN MEETS MISTRUST AND TIMOROUS.

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made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he again began to condole with himself: O thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun; darkness must cover the path of my feet; and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep. Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and, behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste, and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? (Mark xiii. 34–37.) Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is; and for discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter. He heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going?

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

Por. What is your name?

Chr. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first was Graceless; I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem (Gen. ix. 27).

Por. But how doth it happen that you come so late? The sun is set.

Chr. I had been here sooner, but that, "wretched man that I am!" I slept in the arbor that stands on the hillside. Nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that, in my sleep, I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced with sorrow of heart to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it; and now I am come.

Por. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, This man is on a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion; but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night; so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way; and he told her. At last she asked his name; so he said, It is Christian, and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, be-

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cause, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord"; this house was built by the Lord of the hill, on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together that, until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time; and they appointed Piety and Prudence and Charity to discourse with him; and thus they began: —

Piety. Come, good Christian, since we have been so loving to you, to receive you in our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your pilgrimage.

Chr. With a very good will; and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

Piety. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

Chr. I was driven out of my native country by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears; to wit, that unavoidable destruction did attend me, if I abode in that place where I was.

Piety. But how did it happen that you came out of your country this way?

Chr. It was as God would have it; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go; but by chance there came a man, even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the Wicket-gate, which else I should never have found, and so he set me into the way that hath led me directly to this house.

Piety. But did you not come by the house of the Interpreter?

Chr. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance of which will stick by me as long as I live; especially three things: to wit, how Christ, in despite of Satan, maintains his work of grace in the heart; how the man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy; and also the dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of judgment was come.

Piety. Why, did you hear him tell his dream?

Chr. Yes, and a dreadful one it was. I thought it made my heart ache as he was telling of it; but yet I am glad I heard it.

Piety. Was that all you saw at the house of the Interpreter?

Chr. No: he took me, and had me where he showed me a stately palace, and how the people were clad in gold that were in it; and how there came a venturous man and cut his way through the armed men that stood in the door to keep him out; and how he was bid to come in and win eternal glory. Methought those things did ravish my heart. I would have stayed at that good man's house a twelvemonth, but that I knew I had further to go.

Piety. And what saw you else in the way?

Chr. Saw! why, I went but a little further, and I saw One, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon the tree; and the very sight of him made my burden fall off my back (for I groaned under a very heavy burden; but then it fell down from off me). It was a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before; yea, and while I stood looking up (for then I could not forbear looking), three Shining Ones came to me. One of them testified that my sins were forgiven me; another stripped me of my rags, and gave me this broidered coat which you see; and the third set the mark which you see in my forehead, and gave me this sealed roll (and with that he plucked it out of his bosom).

Piety. But you saw more than this, did you not?

Chr. The things that I have told you were the best; yet some other matters I saw, as, namely, I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep, a little out of the way, as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw Formality and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion; but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them, but they would not believe. But, above all, I found it hard work to get up this hill, and as hard

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to come by the lions' mouths; and truly if it had not been for the good man, the porter that stands at the gate, I do not know but that, after all, I might have gone back again; but now, I thank God I am here, and I thank you for receiving of me.

Then Prudence thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

Pru. Do you not think sometimes of the country from whence you came?

Chr. Yes, but with much shame and detestation: truly, if I had been mindful of that country from whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better country, that is, an heavenly" (Heb. xi. 15, 16).

Pru. Do you not yet bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

Chr. Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations, with which all my countrymen, as well as myself, were delighted: but now all those things are my grief; and, might I but choose mine own things, I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would be doing of that which is best, that which is worst is with me (Rom. vii).

Pru. Do you not find sometimes as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

Chr. Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me.

Pru. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances, at times, as if they were vanquished?

Chr. Yes: when I think what I saw at the Cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it; also, when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

Pru. And what is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?

Chr. Why, there I hope to see Him alive that did hang dead on the cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me: there, they say, there is no death (Isa. xxv. 8; Rev. xxi. 4); and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For, to tell you truth, I love him, because I was by him eased of my burden; and I am weary of my inward sickness. I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, "Holy, holy, holy."

Then said Charity to Christian, Have you a family? Are you a married man?

Chr. I have a wife and four small children.

Cha. And why did you not bring them along with you?

Chr. Then Christian wept, and said, O, how willingly would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on pilgrimage.

Cha. But you should have talked to them, and have endeavored to have shown them the danger of being behind.

Chr. So I did; and told them also what God had shown to me of the destruction of our city; "but I seemed to them as one that mocked," and they believed me not (Gen. xix. 14).

Cha. And did you pray to God that he would bless your counsel to them?

Chr. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children were very dear unto me.

Cha. But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? for I suppose that destruction was visible enough to you.

Chr. Yes, over and over and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me.

Cha. But what could they say for themselves, why they came not?

Chr. Why, my wife was afraid of losing this world, and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth: so what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone.

Cha. But did you not, with your vain life, damp all that you, by words, used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?

Chr. Indeed, I cannot commend my life, for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein. I know, also, that a man by his conversation may soon overthrow what, by argument or persuasion, he doth labor to fasten upon others for their good. Yet this

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I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by any unseemly action, to make them averse to going on pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of things, for their sakes, in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say, that if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my neighbor.

Cha. Indeed, Cain hated his brother, "because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous" (1 John iii. 12); and if thy wife and children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby show themselves to be implacable to good, and "thou hast delivered thy soul from their blood" (Ezek. iii. 19).

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished "with fat things, and wine that was well refined": and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill; as, namely, about what he had done, and wherefore he did what he did, and why he had builded that house: and by what they said, I perceived that he had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain "him that had the power of death"; but not without great danger to himself, — which made me love him the more (Heb. ii. 14).

For, as they said, and as I believed (said Christian), he did it with the loss of much blood. But that which put glory of grace into all he did was, that he did it out of pure love to his country. And, besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had been and spoke with him since he did die on the cross; and they have attested that they had it from his own lips, that he is such a lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the east to the west.

They, moreover, gave an instance of what they affirmed; and that was, he had stripped himself of his glory, that he might do this for the poor; and that they heard him say and affirm, "that he would not dwell in the mountain of Zion alone." They said, moreover, that he had made many pilgrims princes, though by nature they were beggars born, and their original had been the dunghill (1 Sam. ii. 8; Ps. cxiii. 7).

Thus they discoursed together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke, and sang: —

Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thus to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to heaven!

So in the morning they all got up; and, after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first they had him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity; in which, as I remember in my dream, they showed him first the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the son of the Ancient of Days, and came by that eternal generation. Here also was more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service; and how he had placed them in such habitations, that could neither by length of days nor decays of nature be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of his servants had done; as, how they had "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens" (Heb. xi. 33, 34).

They then read again, in another part of the records of the house, where it was showed how willing their Lord was to receive into his favor any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his person and proceedings. Here, also, were several other histories of many other famous things, of all which Christian had a view; as of things both ancient and modern: together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.

The next day they took him, and had him into the armory, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had

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provided for pilgrims; as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

They also showed him some of the engines with which some of his servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses's rod; the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath; and the sword, also, with which the Lord will kill the Man of Sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They showed him, besides, many excellent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forward; but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains; which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was: so he consented and stayed.

When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south. So he did; and, behold, at a great distance (Isa. xxxiii. 16, 17), he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence, said they, thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armory. So they did; and when they came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being, therefore, thus accoutred, walketh out with his friends to the gate; and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrim pass by. Then the porter answered, Yes.

Chr. Pray, did you know him? said he.

Por. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

Chr. O, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbor: he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

Por. He has got by this time below the hill.

Chr. Well, said Christian, good porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me.

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went his way.

Whilst Christian is among his godly friends,
Their golden mouths make him sufficient 'mends
For all his griefs; and when they let him go,
He 's clad with northern steel from top to toe.

CHAPTER IX.

APOLLYON.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him: his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin

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to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts: therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him: —

Apol. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

Chr. I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, — "for the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23); therefore, when I was come to years, I did, as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee: but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

Chr. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

Apol. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "changed a bad for a worse"; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Chr. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apol. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Chr. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee. And besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further: I am his servant, and I will follow him.

Apol. Consider, again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! And, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of their hands: but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so will I deliver thee.

Chr. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end: and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

Apol. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

Chr. Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?

Apol. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond. Thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy

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choice thing. Thou wast, also, almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions. And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

Chr. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful, and ready to forgive. But, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, being sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Apol. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Apol. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further: here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now! And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise!" (Mic. vii. 8;) and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Rom. viii. 37). And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more (James iv. 7).

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight, — he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he had perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward! But it was the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to Him that delivered me "out of the mouth of the lion," to Him that did help me against Apollyon. And so he did, saying, —

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harness'd out: and he, with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.
But blessed Michael helpéd me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life; the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before: so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

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CHAPTER X.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Now, at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now, this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits; a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man" (but a Christian) "passed through, and where no man dwelt" (Jer. ii. 6).

Now Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon; as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land (Numb. xiii.), making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:—

Chr. Whither are you going?

Men. They said, Back! back! and we would have you to do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Chr. Why, what's the matter? said Christian.

Men. Matter! said they; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little further, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

Chr. But what have you met with? said Christian.

Men. Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death (Ps. xliv. 19); but that, by good hap, we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

Chr. But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men. Seen! why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch: we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit: we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons: and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion. Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order (Ps. cvii. 10; Job. iii. 5, x. 22).

Chr. Then said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven (Jer. ii. 6).

Men. Be it thy way: we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted; and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag King David once did fall, and had, no doubt, therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out (Ps. lxix. 14, 15).

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that ofttimes, when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be; and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called all-prayer (Eph. vi. 18). So he cried in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul" (Ps. cxvi. 4). Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen,

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and these dreadful noises were heard by him, for several miles together; and, coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half-way through the valley. He remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger; and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward: so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!" so they gave back, and came no further.

One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice. And thus I perceived it: Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so much before; yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it: but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears or to know from whence these blasphemies came.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me" (Ps. xxiii. 4).

Then he was glad, and that for these reasons:—

First, Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. And why not, thought he, with me? though, by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it (Job ix. 11).

Thirdly, For that he hoped, could he overtake them, to have company by and by.

So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke: then said Christian, He hath "turned the shadow of death into the morning" (Amos v. 8).

Now, morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand and the quag that was on the other; also how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both: also now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off; for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, "He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death" (Job xii. 22).

Now was Christian much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them more before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note, that though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous: for, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings down there, that, had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he, "His candle shineth upon my head, and by his light I walk through darkness" (Job xxix. 3).

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly: and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in

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old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger; whereat I somewhat wondered: but I have learnt since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet, at the sight of the old man that sat in the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spake to him, though he could not go after him, saying, You will never mend till more of you be burnt. But he held his peace, and set a good face on it; and so went by, and catched no hurt. Then sang Christian —

O world of wonders! (I can say no less,)
That I should be preserved in that distress
That I have met with here! O blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me!
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in:
Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been catched, entangled, and cast down:
But since I live, let JESUS wear the crown.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL.

Now, as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them. Up there, therefore, Christian went; and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, Ho! ho! so-ho! stay, and I will be your companion. At that, Faithful looked behind him; to whom Christian cried, Stay, stay, till I come up to you. But Faithful answered, No; I am upon my life, and the avenger of blood is behind me.

At this Christian was somewhat moved, and putting to all his strength, he quickly got up with Faithful, and did also overrun him; so the last was first. Then did Christian vain-gloriously smile, because he had got the start of his brother; but not taking good heed to his feet, he suddenly stumbled and fell, and could not rise again, until Faithful came up to help him.

Then I saw in my dream they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage; and thus Christian began:—

Chr. My honored and well-beloved brother Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you; and that God has so tempered our spirits, that we can walk as companions in this so pleasant a path.

Faith. I had thought, dear friend, to have had your company quite from our town; but you did get the start of me; wherefore I was forced to come this much of the way alone.

Chr. How long did you stay in the City of Destruction, before you set out after me on your pilgrimage?

Faith. Till I could stay no longer; for there was great talk, presently after you were gone out, that our city would, in short time, with fire from heaven, be burned down to the ground.

Chr. What! did your neighbors talk so?

Faith. Yes; it was for a while in everybody's mouth.

Chr. What! and did no more of them but you come out to escape the danger?

Faith. Though there was, as I said, a great talk thereabout, yet I do not think they did firmly believe it; for, in the heat of the discourse, I heard some of them deridingly speak of you and of your desperate journey (for so they called this your pilgrimage). But I did believe, and do still, that the end of our city will be with fire and brimstone from above; and therefore I have made my escape.

Chr. Did you hear no talk of neighbor Pliable?

Faith. Yes, Christian; I heard that he followed you till he came at the Slough of Despond, where, as some said, he fell in; but he would not be known to have so done; but I am sure he was soundly bedabbled with that kind of dirt.

Chr. And what said the neighbors to him?

Faith. He hath, since his going back, been had greatly in derision, and that among all sorts of people: some do mock and despise

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him, and scarce will any set him on work. He is now seven times worse than if he had never gone out of the city.

Chr. But why should they be so set against him, since they also despise the way that he forsook?

Faith. O, they say, Hang him; he is a turn-coat; he was not true to his profession! I think God has stirred up even his enemies to hiss at him, and make him a proverb, because he hath forsaken the way (Jer. xxix. 18, 19).

Chr. Had you no talk with him before you came out?

Faith. I met him once in the streets, but he leered away on the other side, as one ashamed of what he had done: so I spake not to him.

Chr. Well, at my first setting out, I had hopes of that man; but now I fear he will perish in the overthrow of the city. For it has happened to him according to the true proverb, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" (2 Pet. ii. 22).

Faith. These are my fears of him too; but who can hinder that which will be?

Chr. Well, neighbor Faithful, said Christian, let us leave him, and talk of things that more immediately concern ourselves. Tell me, now, what you have met with in the way as you came; for I know you have met with some things, or else it may be writ for a wonder.

Faith. I escaped the Slough that I perceived you fell into, and got up to the gate without that danger; only I met with one whose name was Wanton, who had like to have done me a mischief.

Chr. It was well you escaped her net. Joseph was hard put to it by her, and he escaped her as you did; but it had like to have cost him his life (Gen. xxxix. 11–13). But what did she do to you?

Faith. You cannot think, but that you know something what a flattering tongue she had; she lay at me hard to turn aside with her, promising me all manner of content.

Chr. Nay; she did not promise you the content of a good conscience.

Faith. You know what I mean,—all carnal and fleshly content.

Chr. Thank God you have escaped her: the abhorred of the Lord shall fall into her ditch (Prov. xxii. 14).

Faith. Nay, I know not whether I did wholly escape her or no.

Chr. Why, I trow you did not consent to her desires?

Faith. No, not to defile myself; for I remembered an old writing that I had seen, which said, "Her steps take hold of hell" (Prov. v. 5). So I shut mine eyes, because I would not be bewitched with her looks (Job xxxi. 1). Then she railed on me, and I went my way.

Chr. Did you meet with no other assault as you came?

Faith. When I came to the foot of the hill called Difficulty, I met with a very aged man, who asked me what I was, and whither bound. I told him that I am a pilgrim, going to the Celestial City. Then said the old man, Thou lookest like an honest fellow; wilt thou be content to dwell with me for the wages that I shall give thee? Then I asked him his name, and where he dwelt. He said his name was Adam the First, and that he dwelt in the town of Deceit (Eph. iv. 22). I asked him then what was his work, and what the wages that he would give. He told me that his work was *many delights;* and his wages, that I should be his heir at last. I further asked him what house he kept, and what other servants he had. So he told me, that his house was maintained with all the dainties of the world; and that his servants were those of his own begetting. Then I asked if he had any children. He said that he had but three daughters, "the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life" (1 John ii. 16); and that I should marry them all if I would. Then I asked how long time he would have me live with him. And he told me, as long as he lived himself.

Chr. Well, and what conclusion came the old man and you to at last?

Faith. Why, at first I felt myself somewhat inclinable to go with the man, for I thought he spake very fair; but, looking in his forehead, as I talked with him, I saw there written, "Put off the old man with his deeds."

Chr. And how then?

Faith. Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he

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flattered, when he got me home to his house he would sell me for a slave. So I bid him forbear to talk, for I would not come near the door of his house. Then he reviled me, and told me that he would send such a one after me, that should make my way bitter to my soul. So I turned to go away from him; but just as I turned myself to go thence, I felt him take hold of my flesh, and give me such a deadly twitch back, that I thought he had pulled part of me after himself. This made me cry, "O wretched man!" (Rom. vii. 24.) So I went on my way up the hill.

Now when I had got about half-way up, I looked behind me, and saw one coming after me, swift as the wind: so he overtook me just about the place where the settle stands.

Chr. Just there, said Christian, did I sit down to rest me; but, being overcome with sleep, I there lost this roll out of my bosom.

Faith. But, good brother, hear me out. So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow; for down he knocked me, and laid me for dead. But when I was a little come to myself again, I asked him wherefore he served me so. He said, because of my secret inclining to Adam the First: and with that he struck me another deadly blow on the breast, and beat me down backward; so I lay at his foot as dead as before. So, when I came to myself again, I cried him mercy: but he said, I know not how to show mercy; and with that knocked me down again. He had doubtless made an end of me, but that one came by and bid him forbear.

Chr. Who was that that bid him forbear?

Faith. I did not know him at first; but as he went by, I perceived the holes in his hands and in his side; then I concluded that he was our Lord. So I went up the hill.

Chr. That man that overtook you was Moses. He spareth none, neither knoweth he how to show mercy to those that transgress his law.

Faith. I know it very well; it was not the first time that he has met with me. It was he that came to me when I dwelt securely at home, and that told me he would burn my house over my head if I stayed there.

Chr. But did you not see the house that stood there on the top of the hill, on the side of which Moses met you?

Faith. Yes, and the lions too, before I came at it: but for the lions, I think they were asleep, for it was about noon; and because I had so much of the day before me, I passed by the porter, and came down the hill.

Chr. He told me, indeed, that he saw you go by; but I wish you had called at the house, for they would have showed you so many rarities, that you would scarce have forgot them to the day of your death. — But pray tell me, did you meet nobody in the Valley of Humility?

Faith. Yes; I met with one Discontent, who would willingly have persuaded me to go back again with him. His reason was, for that the valley was altogether without honor. He told me, moreover, that there to go was the way to disobey all my friends, as Pride, Arrogancy, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, with others, who, he knew, as he said, would be very much offended if I made such a fool of myself as to wade through this valley.

Chr. Well, and how did you answer him?

Faith. I told him that although all these that he named might claim kindred of me, and that rightly, for indeed they were my relations according to the flesh, yet, since I became a pilgrim, they have disowned me, as I also have rejected them; and therefore they were to me now no more than if they had never been of my lineage. I told him, moreover, that as to this valley, he had quite misrepresented the thing; for, "before honor is humility," and "a haughty spirit before a fall." Therefore, said I, I had rather go through this valley to the honor that was so accounted by the wisest, than choose that which he esteemed most worthy our affections.

Chr. Met you with nothing else in that valley?

Faith. Yes, I met with Shame; but of all the men that I met with in my pilgrimage, he, I think, bears the wrong name. The others would be said nay, after a little argumentation and somewhat else; but this bold-faced Shame would never have done.

Chr. Why, what did he say to you?

Faith. What! why he objected against religion itself. He said it was a pitiful, low, sneaking business, for a man to mind religion. He said that a tender conscience was an un-

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manly thing; and that for a man to watch over his words and ways, so as to tie up himself from that hectoring liberty that the brave spirits of the times accustom themselves unto, would make him the ridicule of the times. He objected also, that but few of the mighty, rich, or wise were ever of my opinion (1 Cor. i. 26; iii. 18; Phil. iii. 7, 8; John vii. 48); nor any of them neither, before they were persuaded to be fools, and to be of a voluntary fondness to venture the loss of all, for nobody knows what. He, moreover, objected the base and low estate and condition of those that were chiefly the pilgrims of the times in which they lived; also their ignorance and want of understanding in all natural science. Yea, he did hold me to it at that rate also, about a great many more things than here I relate; as, that it was a *shame* to sit whining and mourning under a sermon, and a *shame* to come sighing and groaning home; that it was a *shame* to ask my neighbor forgiveness for petty faults, or to make restitution where I have taken from any. He said, also, that religion made a man grow strange to the great, because of a few vices (which he called by finer names); and made him own and respect the base, because of the same religious fraternity: and is not this, said he, a *shame*?

Chr. And what did you say to him?

Faith. Say! I could not tell what to say at the first. Yea, he put me so to it, that my blood came up in my face; even this Shame fetched it up, and had almost beat me quite off. But at last I began to consider, that "that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke xvi. 15). And I thought again, this Shame tells me what men are; but he tells me nothing what God or the word of God is. And I thought, moreover, that at the day of doom, we shall not be doomed to death or life according to the hectoring spirits of the world, but according to the wisdom and law of the Highest. Therefore, thought I, what God says is best, — indeed is best, though all the men in the world are against it. Seeing, then, that God prefers his religion; seeing God prefers a tender conscience; seeing they that make themselves fools for the kingdom of heaven are wisest, and that the poor man that loveth Christ is richer than the greatest man in the world that hates him; Shame, depart, thou art an enemy to my salvation: shall I entertain thee against my sovereign Lord? How then shall I look him in the face at his coming? Should I now be ashamed of his ways and servants, how can I expect the blessing? (Mark viii. 38.) But, indeed, this Shame was a bold villain; I could scarcely shake him out of my company; yea, he would be haunting of me, and continually whispering me in the ear with some one or other of the infirmities that attend religion. But at last I told him it was but in vain to attempt further in this business; for those things that he disdained, in those did I see most glory: and so at last I got past this importunate one. And when I had shaken him off, then I began to sing, —

> The trials that those men do meet withal,
> That are obedient to the heavenly call,
> Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,
> And come, and come, and come again afresh;
> That now, or some time else, we by them may
> Be taken, overcome, and cast away.
> O, let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims, then,
> Be vigilant, and quit themselves like men!

Chr. I am glad, my brother, that thou didst withstand this villain so bravely; for of all, as thou sayest, I think he has the wrong name; for he is so bold as to follow us in the streets, and to attempt to put us to shame before all men; that is, to make us ashamed of that which is good. But if he was not himself audacious, he would never attempt to do as he does. But let us still resist him; for, notwithstanding all his bravadoes, he promoteth the fool, and none else. "The wise shall inherit glory," said Solomon; "but shame shall be the promotion of fools" (Prov. iii. 35).

Faith. I think we must cry to him for help against Shame, who would have us to be valiant for the truth upon the earth.

Chr. You say true; but did you meet nobody else in that valley?

Faith. No, not I; for I had sunshine all the rest of the way through that, and also through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Chr. 'T was well for you; I am sure it fared far otherwise with me. I had for a long season, as soon almost as I entered into that valley, a dreadful combat with that foul fiend Apollyon; yea, I thought verily he would have killed me, especially when he

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got me down, and crushed me under him, as if he would have crushed me to pieces; for as he threw me, my sword flew out of my hand: nay, he told me he was sure of me; but I cried to God, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles. Then I entered into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and had no light for almost half the way through it. I thought I should have been killed there over and over: but at last day brake, and the sun rose, and I went through that which was behind with far more ease and quiet.

CHAPTER XII.

TALKATIVE.

MOREOVER, I saw in my dream, that, as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name is Talkative, walking at a distance beside them; for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk. He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand. To this man Faithful addressed himself in this manner:—

Faith. Friend, whither away? Are you going to the heavenly country?

Talk. I am going to the same place.

Faith. That is well: then I hope we may have your good company.

Talk. With a very good will, will I be your companion.

Faith. Come on, then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable.

Talk. To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you, or with any other; and I am glad that I have met with those that incline to so good a work: for, to speak the truth, there are but few that care thus to spend their time, as they are in their travels, but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit; and this hath been a trouble to me.

Faith. That is indeed a thing to be lamented; for what things so worthy of the use of the tongue and mouth of men on earth, as are the things of the God of heaven?

Talk. I like you wonderful well, for your sayings are full of conviction; and I will add, what thing is so pleasant, and what so profitable, as to talk of the things of God? What things so pleasant (that is, if a man hath any delight in things that are wonderful)? For instance: if a man doth delight to talk of the history or the mystery of things; or if a man doth love to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things recorded so delightful, and so sweetly penned, as in the Holy Scriptures?

Faith. That is true; but to be profited by such things in our talk, should be that which we design.

Talk. That is it that I said; for to talk of such things is most profitable; for by so doing a man may get knowledge of many things, as of the vanity of earthly things, and the benefit of things above. Thus in general: but more particularly, by this a man may learn the necessity of the new birth, the insufficiency of our works, the need of Christ's righteousness, &c. Besides, by this a man may learn, by talk, what it is to repent, to believe, to pray, to suffer, or the like: by this also a man may learn what are the great promises and consolations of the gospel, to his own comfort. Further, by this a man may learn to refute false opinions, to vindicate the truth, and also to instruct the ignorant.

Faith. All this is true; and glad am I to hear these things from you.

Talk. Alas! the want of this is the cause why so few understand the need of faith, and the necessity of a work of grace in their soul, in order to eternal life; but ignorantly live in the works of the law, by which a man can by no means obtain the kingdom of heaven.

Faith. But, by your leave, heavenly knowledge of these is the gift of God; no man attaineth to them by human industry, or only by the talk of them.

Talk. All this I know very well; for a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven: all is of grace, not of works. I could give you a hundred scriptures for the confirmation of this.

Faith. Well, then, said Faithful, what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?

Talk. What you will: I will talk of things heavenly, of things earthly; things moral, or things evangelical; things sacred, or things profane; things past, or things to come; things foreign, or things at home;

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things more essential, or things circumstantial, provided that all be done to our profit.

Faith. Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him (but softly), What a brave companion have we got! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim.

Chr. At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile, with that tongue of his, twenty of them that know him not.

Faith. Do you know him, then?

Chr. Know him! yes, better than he knows himself.

Faith. Pray, what is he?

Chr. His name is Talkative: he dwelleth in our town. I wonder that you should be a stranger to him; only I consider that our town is large.

Faith. Whose son is he? and whereabout does he dwell?

Chr. He is the son of one Say-well; he dwelt in Prating Row; and is known of all that are acquainted with him, by the name of Talkative in Prating Row; and, notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

Faith. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

Chr. That is, to them who have not thorough acquaintance with him; for he is best abroad; near home he is ugly enough. Your saying that he is a pretty man brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures show best at a distance, but very near, more unpleasing.

Faith. But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

Chr. God forbid that I should jest (although I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely. I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk: as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth. Religion hath no place in his heart or house or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.

Faith. Say you so? then am I in this man greatly deceived.

Chr. Deceived! you may be sure of it. Remember the proverb, "They say, and do not" (Matt. xxiii. 3). But "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power" (1 Cor. iv. 20). He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith, and of the new birth; but he knows but only to talk of them. I have been in his family, and have observed him both at home and abroad; and I know what I say of him is the truth. His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savor. There is there neither prayer, nor sign of repentance for sin; yea, the brute, in his kind, serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion to all that know him; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him (Rom. ii. 24, 25). Thus say the common people that know him, A saint abroad, and a devil at home. His poor family finds it so: he is such a churl, such a railer at, and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him say, It is better to deal with a Turk than with him; for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This Talkative (if it be possible) will go beyond them, — defraud, beguile, and overreach them. Besides, he brings up his sons to follow his steps; and if he findeth in any of them a foolish timorousness (for so he calls the first appearance of a tender conscience), he calls them fools and blockheads, and by no means will employ them in much, or speak to their commendations before others. For my part, I am of opinion that he has, by his wicked life, caused many to stumble and fall; and will be, if God prevent not, the ruin of many more.

Faith. Well, my brother, I am bound to believe you; not only because you say you know him, but also because, like a Christian, you make your reports of men. For I cannot think that you speak these things of ill-will, but because it is even so as you say.

Chr. Had I known him no more than you, I might perhaps have thought of him as at the first you did; yea, had he received this report at their hands only that are enemies to religion, I should have thought it had been a slander, — a lot that often falls from bad men's mouths upon good men's names and professions. But all these things, yea,

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and a great many more as bad, of my own knowledge, I can prove him guilty of. Besides, good men are ashamed of him, — they can neither call him brother nor friend ; the very naming of him among them makes them blush, if they know him.

Faith. Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

Chr. They are two things indeed, and are as diverse as are the soul and the body ; for as the body without the soul is but a dead carcass, so saying, if it be alone, is but a dead carcass also. The soul of religion is the practical part : " Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 22–27). This, Talkative is not aware of ; he thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian ; and thus he deceiveth his own soul. Hearing is but as the sowing of the seed ; talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit is indeed in the heart and life. And let us assure ourselves, that at the day of doom men shall be judged according to their fruits (Matt. xiii., xxv). It will not be said then, Did you believe ? but, Were you doers, or talkers only ? and accordingly shall they be judged. The end of the world is compared to our harvest ; and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. Not that anything can be accepted that is not of faith, but I speak this to show you how insignificant the profession of Talkative will be at that day.

Faith. This brings to my mind that of Moses, by which he describeth the beast that is clean (Lev. xi. ; Deut. xiv.). He is such a one that parteth the hoof and cheweth the cud ; not that parteth the hoof only, or that cheweth the cud only. The hare cheweth the cud, but yet is unclean, because he parteth not the hoof. And this truly resembleth Talkative : he cheweth the cud, he seeketh knowledge ; he cheweth upon the word, but he divideth not the hoof. He parteth not with the way of sinners ; but, as the hare, he retaineth the foot of a dog or bear, and therefore he is unclean.

Chr. You have spoken, for aught I know, the true gospel sense of those texts ; and I will add another thing : Paul calleth some men, yea, and those great talkers too, " sounding brass and tinkling cymbals " (1 Cor. xiii. 1–3) ; that is, as he expounds them in another place, " things without life, giving sound " (1 Cor. xiv. 7). Things without life, that is, without the true faith and grace of the gospel ; and, consequently, things that shall never be placed in the kingdom of heaven among those that are the children of life ; though their sound, by their talk, be as if it were the tongue or voice of an angel.

Faith. Well, I was not so fond of his company at first, but I am as sick of it now. What shall we do to be rid of him ?

Chr. Take my advice, and do as I bid you, and you shall find that he will soon be sick of your company too, except God shall touch his heart, and turn it.

Faith. What would you have me to do ?

Chr. Why, go to him, and enter into some serious discourse about the *power* of religion ; and ask him plainly (when he has approved of it, for that he will) whether this thing be set up in his heart, house, or conversation.

Then Faithful stepped forward again, and said to Talkative, Come, what cheer ? How is it now ?

Talk. Thank you, well. I thought we should have had a great deal of talk by this time.

Faith. Well, if you will, we will fall to it now : and since you left it with me to state the question, let it be this : How doth the saving grace of God discover itself when it is in the heart of man ?

Talk. I perceive, then, that our talk must be about the power of things. Well, it is a very good question, and I shall be willing to answer you ; and take my answer in brief thus : First, Where the grace of God is in the heart, it causeth there a great outcry against sin. Secondly, . . .

Faith. Nay, hold ; let us consider of one at once. I think you should rather say, It shows itself by inclining the soul to abhor its sin.

Talk. Why, what difference is there between crying out against, and abhorring of sin ?

Faith. O, a great deal ! A man may cry out against sin, of policy ; but he cannot abhor it, but by virtue of a godly antipathy against it. I have heard many cry out against sin in the pulpit, who yet can abide it well enough in the heart, house, and con-

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versation. Joseph's mistress cried out with a loud voice, as if she had been very holy; but she would willingly, notwithstanding that, have committed uncleanness with him (Gen. xxxix. 15). Some cry out against sin, even as the mother cries out against her child in her lap, when she calleth it slut and naughty girl, and then falls to hugging and kissing it.

Talk. You lie at the catch, I perceive.

Faith. No, not I; I am only for setting things right. But what is the second thing whereby you would prove a discovery of a work of grace in the heart?

Talk. Great knowledge of gospel mysteries.

Faith. This sign should have been first: but, first or last, it is also false; for knowledge, great knowledge, may be obtained in the mysteries of the gospel, and yet no work of grace in the soul (1 Cor. xiii.). Yea, if a man have all knowledge, he may yet be nothing; and so, consequently, be no child of God. When Christ said, "Do ye know all these things?" and the disciples had answered, Yes; he addeth, "Blessed are ye if ye do them." He doth not lay the blessing in the knowing of them, but in the doing of them. For there is a knowledge that is not attended with doing: "He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not." A man may know like an angel, and yet be no Christian: therefore your sign of it is not true. Indeed, *to know* is a thing that pleaseth talkers and boasters; but *to do* is that which pleaseth God. Not that the heart can be good without knowledge; for without that the heart is naught. There is, therefore, knowledge and knowledge; knowledge that resteth in the bare speculation of things; and knowledge that is accompanied with the grace of faith and love, which puts a man upon doing even the will of God from the heart: the first of these will serve the talker; but without the other, the true Christian is not content. "Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart" (Ps. cxix. 34).

Talk. You lie at the catch again; this is not for edification.

Faith. Well, if you please, propound another sign how this work of grace discovereth itself where it is.

Talk. Not I; for I see we shall not agree.

Faith. Well, if you will not, will you give me leave to do it?

Talk. You may use your liberty.

Faith. A work of grace in the soul discovereth itself, either to him that hath it, or to standers by.

To him that hath it, thus: It gives him conviction of sin, especially of the defilement of his nature, and the sin of unbelief (for the sake of which he is sure to be damned, if he findeth not mercy at God's hand, by faith in Jesus Christ) (John xvi. 8; Rom. vii. 24; John xvi. 9; Mark xvi. 16). This sight and sense of things worketh in him sorrow and shame for sin; he findeth, moreover, revealed in him the Saviour of the world, and the absolute necessity of closing with him for life; at the which he findeth hungerings and thirstings after him; to which hungerings, &c., the promise is made (Ps. xxxviii. 18; Jer. xxxi. 19; Gal. ii. 16; Acts iv. 12; Matt. v. 6; Rev. xxi. 6). Now, according to the strength or weakness of his faith in his Saviour, so is his joy and peace, so is his love to holiness, so are his desires to know him more, and also to serve him in this world. But though I say it discovereth itself thus unto him, yet it is but seldom that he is able to conclude that this is a work of grace; because his corruptions now, and his abused reason, make his mind to misjudge in this matter: therefore in him that hath this work, there is required a very sound judgment before he can, with steadiness, conclude that this is a work of grace.

To others it is thus discovered: 1. By an experimental confession of his faith in Christ (Rom. x. 10; Phil. i. 27; Matt. v. 19). 2. By a life answerable to that confession; to wit, a life of holiness, — heart-holiness, family-holiness (if he hath a family), and by conversation-holiness in the world: which in the general teacheth him, inwardly, to abhor his sin, and himself for that, in secret; to suppress it in his family and to promote holiness in the world; not by talk only, as a hypocrite or talkative person may do, but by a practical subjection in faith and love to the power of the word (John xiv. 15; Ps. l. 23; Job xlii. 5, 6; Ezek. xx. 43). And now, sir, as to this brief description of the work of grace, and also the discovery of it, if you have aught to object, object; if not,

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then give me leave to propound to you a second question.

Talk. Nay, my part is not now to object, but to hear: let me, therefore, have your second question.

Faith. It is this: Do you experience this first part of this description of it? and doth your life and conversation testify the same? or standeth your religion in word or in tongue, and not in deed and truth? Pray, if you incline to answer me in this, say no more than you know the God above will say Amen to; and also nothing but what your conscience can justify you in: "for, not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." Besides, to say I am thus and thus, when my conversation and all my neighbors tell me I lie, is great wickedness.

Talk. Then Talkative at first began to blush; but, recovering himself, thus he replied: You come now to experience, to conscience, and God; and to appeal to him for justification of what is spoken. This kind of discourse I did not expect: nor am I disposed to give an answer to such questions; because I count not myself bound thereto, unless you take upon you to be a catechiser; and, though you should so do, yet I may refuse to make you my judge. But, I pray, will you tell me why you ask me such questions?

Faith. Because I saw you forward to talk, and because I knew not that you had aught else but notion. Besides, to tell you all the truth, I have heard of you that you are a man whose religion lies in talk, and that your conversation gives this your mouth-profession the lie. They say, you are a spot among Christians, and that religion fareth the worse for your ungodly conversation; that some have already stumbled at your wicked ways, and that more are in danger of being destroyed thereby: your religion, and an alehouse, and covetousness, and uncleanness, and swearing, and lying, and vain company-keeping, &c., will stand together. The proverb is true of you which is said of a whore, to wit, that "She is a shame to all women." So are you a shame to all professors.

Talk. Since you are ready to take up reports, and to judge so harshly as you do, I cannot but conclude you are some peevish or melancholy man, not fit to be discoursed with; and so adieu.

Chr. Then came up Christian, and said to his brother, I told you how it would happen; your words and his lusts could not agree. He had rather leave your company than reform his life. But he is gone, as I said: let him go, the loss is no man's but his own. He has saved us the trouble of going from him; for he continuing (as I suppose he will do) as he is, he would have been but a blot in our company: besides, the Apostle says, "From such withdraw thyself."

Faith. But I am glad we had this little discourse with him; it may happen that he will think of it again: however, I have dealt plainly with him, and so am clear of his blood, if he perisheth.

Chr. You did well to talk so plainly to him as you did. There is but little of this faithful dealing with men nowadays, and that makes religion to stink so in the nostrils of many, as it doth; for they are these talkative fools, whose religion is only in word, and are debauched and vain in their conversation, that (being so much admitted into the fellowship of the godly) do puzzle the world, blemish Christianity, and grieve the sincere. I wish that all men would deal with such as you have done: then should they either be made more conformable to religion, or the company of saints would be too hot for them. Then did Faithful say, —

> How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes!
> How bravely doth he speak! How he presumes
> To drive down all before him! But so soon
> As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
> That 's past the full, into the wane he goes;
> And so will all, but he that heart-work knows.

Thus they went on, talking of what they had seen by the way, and so made that way easy which would otherwise, no doubt, have been tedious to them; for now they went through a wilderness.

CHAPTER XIII.

VANITY FAIR.

Now, when they were got almost quite out of this wilderness, Faithful chanced to cast his eye back, and espied one coming after them, and he knew him. O, said Faithful

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to his brother, who comes yonder? Then Christian looked, and said, It is my good friend Evangelist. Ay, and my good friend too, said Faithful; for it was he that set me on the way to the gate. Now was Evangelist come up with them, and thus saluted them: —

Evan. Peace be with you, dearly beloved; and peace be to your helpers.

Chr. Welcome, welcome, my good Evangelist; the sight of thy countenance brings to my remembrance thy ancient kindness and unwearied laboring for my eternal good.

Faith. And a thousand times welcome, said good Faithful. Thy company, O sweet Evangelist, how desirable it is to us poor pilgrims!

Evan. Then saith Evangelist, How hath it fared with you, my friends, since the time of our last parting? What have you met with, and how have you behaved yourselves?

Then Christian and Faithful told him of all things that had happened to them in the way; and how, and with what difficulty, they had arrived to that place.

Evan. Right glad am I, said Evangelist, not that you have met with trials, but that you have been victors; and for that you have, notwithstanding many weaknesses, continued in the way to this very day.

I say, right glad am I of this thing, and that for mine own sake and yours. I have sowed, and you have reaped; and the day is coming when "both he that sowed and they that reaped shall rejoice together": that is, if you hold out; "for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not" (John iv. 36; Gal. vi. 9). The crown is before you, and it is an incorruptible one; "so run, that ye may obtain" it (1 Cor. ix. 24 – 27). Some there be that set out for this crown, and, after they have gone far for it, another comes in and takes it from them; "hold fast, therefore, that you have; let no man take your crown" (Rev. iii. 11). You are not yet out of the gun-shot of the Devil: "you have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin": let the kingdom be always before you, and believe steadfastly concerning things that are invisible: let nothing that is on this side the other world get within you: and, above all, look well to your own hearts, and to the lusts thereof, for they are "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Set your faces like a flint; you have all power in heaven and earth on your side.

Chr. Then Christian thanked him for his exhortation; but told him, withal, that they would have him speak further to them for their help the rest of the way; and the rather, for that they well knew that he was a prophet, and could tell them of things that might happen unto them, and also how they might resist and overcome them. To which request Faithful also consented. So Evangelist began as followeth: —

Evan. My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, that you must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of heaven; and, again, that in every city bonds and afflictions abide you: and therefore you cannot expect that you should long go on your pilgrimage without them in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow: for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore you will soon come into a town that you will by and by see before you; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard but they will kill you: and be you sure that one or both of you must seal the testimony which you hold with blood; but be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life. He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, and his pain perhaps great, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with in the rest of his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and quit yourselves like men; and commit the keeping of your souls to your God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither,

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is vanity: as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity" (Eccles. i.; ii. 11, 17; xi. 8; Isa. xl. 17).

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing: I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years agone, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair, — a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity; and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair, there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as, in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz. countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world" (1 Cor. v. 10). The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too: yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities (Matt. iv. 8, 9; Luke iv. 5 – 7). This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for, —

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them (1 Cor. iv. 9). Some said they were fools; some, they were bedlams; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world: so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8).

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (Ps. cxix. 37); and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven (Phil. iii. 20, 21).

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, said, We "buy the truth" (Prov. xxiii. 23). At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking re-

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proachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. xi. 13–16); and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would "buy the truth." But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into a cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport or malice or revenge; the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and "not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing," and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further orders should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, therefore, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend, Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have the preferment: but, committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then, a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hate-good. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof were this:—

"That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had

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won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace: the parties that were won to us were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable bench, that he is —

Judge. Hold! Give him his oath. (So they sware him.) Then he said, —

Envy. My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Judge. Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

Envy. My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they sware him; so he began: —

Super. My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we do still worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned: and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pick. My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility: and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

Faith. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

Judge. Sirrah! sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

Faith. 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or customs,

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or people were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith; which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country: and so the Lord have mercy upon me!

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe): Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river (Exod. i). There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into a fiery furnace (Dan. iii). There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions' den (Dan. vi). Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first, among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space. But He that overrules all things, having the power of their

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rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way; and as he went, he sang, saying: —

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord; with whom thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights.
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For, though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone; for there was one whose name was Hopeful (being made so by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behavior in their sufferings at the fair), who joined himself unto him, and, entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus, one died to bear testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with Christian in his pilgrimage. This Hopeful also told Christian, that there were many more of the men in the fair that would take their time, and follow after.

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the fair, they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends: so they said to him, What countryman, sir? and how far go you this way? He told them that he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the Celestial City; but told them not his name.

From Fair-speech! said Christian. Is there any good that lives there? (Prov. xxvi. 25.)

By-ends. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

Chr. Pray, sir, what may I call you? said Christian.

By-ends. I am a stranger to you, and you to me: if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

Chr. This town of Fair-speech, said Christian, I have heard of; and, as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place.

By-ends. Yes, I will assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there.

Chr. Pray, who are your kindred there? if a man may be so bold.

By-ends. Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name); also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side; and, to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

Chr. Are you a married man?

By-ends. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman; she was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honorable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. It is true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, — yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud him.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow, Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends, of Fair-speech; and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth; and, if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you. Is not your name Mr. By-ends, of Fair-speech?

By-ends. This is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

Chr. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

By-ends. Never, never! The worst that

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ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby: but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing; but let not the malicious load me, therefore, with reproach.

Chr. I thought, indeed, that you were the man that I heard of; and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

By-ends. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it; you shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

Chr. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion. You must also own Religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

By-ends. You must not impose nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

Chr. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

Now I saw in my dream that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him; but one of them, looking back, saw three men following Mr. By-ends; and, behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low *congé;* and they also gave him a compliment. The men's names were Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, men that Mr. By-ends had been formerly acquainted with; for in their minority they were schoolfellows, and were taught by one Mr. Gripeman, a schoolmaster in Love-gain, which is a market town in the county of Coveting, in the north. This schoolmaster taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion; and these four gentleman had attained much of the art of their master, so that they could each of them have kept such a school themselves.

Well, when they had, as I said, thus saluted each other, Mr. Money-love said to Mr. By-ends, Who are they upon the road before us? (for Christian and Hopeful were yet within view.)

By-ends. They are a couple of far countrymen, that, after their mode, are going on pilgrimage.

Money-love. Alas! why did they not stay, that we might have had their good company? for they, and we, and you, sir, I hope, are all going on a pilgrimage.

By-ends. We are so, indeed; but the men before us are so rigid, and love so much their own notions, and do also so lightly esteem the opinions of others, that, let a man be never so godly, yet if he jumps not with them in all things, they thrust him quite out of their company.

Save-all. That is bad: but we read of some that are righteous overmuch; and such men's rigidness prevails with them to judge and condemn all but themselves. But, I pray, what, and how many, were the things wherein you differed?

By-ends. Why, they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is duty to rush on their journey all weathers; and I am waiting for wind and tide. They are for hazarding all for God at a clap; and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men are against them; but I am for religion in what, and so far as, the times and my safety will bear it. They are for Religion when in rags and contempt; but I am for him when he walks in his golden slippers, in the sunshine, and with applause.

Hold-the-world. Ay, and hold you there still, good Mr. By-ends; for, for my part, I can count him but a fool, that, having the liberty to keep what he has, shall be so unwise as to lose it. Let us be wise as serpents. It is best to make hay when the sun shines. You see how the bee lieth still all winter, and bestirs her only when she can have profit with pleasure. God sends sometimes rain, and sometimes sunshine: if they be such fools to go through the first, yet let us be content to take fair weather along with us. For my part, I like that religion best that will stand with the security of God's good

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blessings unto us; for who can imagine, that is ruled by his reason, since God has bestowed upon us the good things of this life, but that he would have us keep them for his sake? Abraham and Solomon grew rich in religion. And Job says, that a good man shall lay up gold as dust. But he must not be such as the men before us, if they be as you have described them.

Save-all. I think that we are all agreed in this matter, and therefore there needs no more words about it.

Money-love. No, there needs no more words about this matter, indeed; for he that believes neither Scripture nor reason (and you see we have both on our side) neither knows his own liberty nor seeks his own safety.

By-ends. My brethren, we are, as you see, going all on pilgrimage; and, for our better diversion from things that are bad, give me leave to propound unto you this question: —

Suppose a man, a minister, or a tradesman, &c., should have an advantage lie before him to get the good blessings of this life, yet so as that he can by no means come by them except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinarily zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before; — may he not use these means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest man?

Money-love. I see the bottom of your question; and with these gentlemen's good leave I will endeavor to shape you an answer. And first, to speak to your question as it concerns a *minister* himself. Suppose a minister, a worthy man, possessed but of a very small benefice, and has in his eye a greater, more fat and plump by far; he has also now an opportunity of getting of it, yet so as by being more studious, by preaching more frequently and zealously, and, because the temper of the people requires it, by altering of some of his principles: for my part, I see no reason but a man may do this (provided he has a call), ay, and more a great deal besides, and yet be an honest man. For why, —

1. His desire of a greater benefice is lawful (this cannot be contradicted), since it is set before him by Providence: so then, he may get it, if he can, making no question for conscience' sake.

2. Besides, his desire after that benefice makes him more studious, a more zealous preacher, &c., and so makes him a better man, yea, makes him better improve his parts; which is according to the mind of God.

3. Now, as for his complying with the temper of his people, by dissenting, to serve them, some of his principles, this argueth — (1.) That he is of a self-denying temper; (2.) Of a sweet and winning deportment; and so (3.) More fit for the ministerial function.

4. I conclude, then, that a minister that changes a small for a great should not, for so doing, be judged as covetous; but rather, since he is improved in his parts and industry thereby, be counted as one that pursues his call, and the opportunity put into his hand to do good.

And now to the second part of the question, which concerns the *tradesman* you mentioned. Suppose such an one to have but a poor employ in the world, but, by becoming religious, he may mend his market, perhaps get a rich wife, or more and far better customers to his shop: for my part, I see no reason but that this may be lawfully done. For why —

1. To become religious is a virtue, by what means soever a man becomes so.

2. Nor is it unlawful to get a rich wife, or more custom to my shop.

3. Besides, the man that gets these by becoming religious gets that which is good, of them that are good, by becoming good himself; so then here is a good wife, and good customers, and good gain, and all these by becoming religious, which is good: therefore, to become religious to get all these is a good and profitable design.

This answer, thus made by this Mr. Money-love to Mr. By-ends' question, was highly applauded by them all; wherefore they concluded, upon the whole, that it was most wholesome and advantageous. And because, as they thought, no man was able to contradict it, and because Christian and Hopeful were yet within call, they jointly agreed to assault them with the question as soon as they overtook them; and the rather because they had opposed Mr. By-ends before. So they called after them, and they stopped, and stood still till they came up to them: but they concluded, as they went, that not Mr. By-ends, but old Mr. Hold-the-world, should propound the question to them; be-

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cause, as they supposed, their answer to him would be without the remainder of that heat that was kindled betwixt Mr. By-ends and them at their parting a little before.

So they came up to each other, and, after a short salutation, Mr. Hold-the-world propounded the question to Christian and his fellow, and bid them to answer it if they could.

Chr. Then said Christian, Even a babe in religion may answer ten thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves, as it is in the sixth of John, how much more abominable is it to make of him and religion a stalking-horse, to get and enjoy the world! Nor do we find any other than heathens, hypocrites, devils, and witches, that are of this opinion.

1. Heathens: for when Hamor and Shechem had a mind to the daughter and cattle of Jacob, and saw that there was no way for them to come at them but by becoming circumcised, — they say to their companions, "If every male of us be circumcised, as they are circumcised, shall not their cattle, and their substance, and every beast of theirs, be ours?" Their daughter and their cattle were that which they sought to obtain, and their religion the stalking-horse they made use of to come at them. Read the whole story (Gen. xxxiv. 20 – 23).

2. The hypocritical Pharisees were also of this religion: long prayers were their pretence; but to get widows' houses was their intent; and greater damnation was from God their judgment (Luke xx. 46, 47).

3. Judas, the devil, was also of this religion: he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein; but he was lost, cast away, and the very son of perdition.

4. Simon the witch was of this religion too: for he would have had the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith; and his sentence from Peter's mouth was according (Acts viii. 19 – 23).

5. Neither will it out of my mind but that that man that takes up religion for the world will throw away religion for the world; for so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same. To answer the question, therefore, affirmatively, as I perceive you have done, and to accept of, as authentic, such answer, is both heathenish, hypocritical, and devilish; and your reward will be according to your works.

Then they stood staring one upon another, but had not wherewith to answer Christian. Hopeful also approved of the soundness of Christian's answer; so there was a great silence among them. Mr. By-ends and his company also staggered and kept behind, that Christian and Hopeful might outgo them. Then said Christian to his fellow, If these men cannot stand before the sentence of men, what will they do with the sentence of God? And if they are mute when dealt with by vessels of clay, what will they do when they shall be rebuked by the flames of a devouring fire?

Then Christian and Hopeful outwent them again, and went till they came at a delicate plain, called Ease, where they went with much content; but that plain was but narrow, so they were quickly got over it. Now, at the further side of that plain was a little hill called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brink of the pit, the ground, being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain; some also had been maimed there, and could not, to their dying day, be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream, that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas (gentleman-like), to call passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellow, Ho! turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing.

Chr. What thing so deserving as to turn us out of the way to see it?

Demas. Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.

Hope. Then said Hopeful, Let us go see.

Chr. Not I, said Christian: I have heard of this place before now, and how many have there been slain; and, besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage.

Then Christian called to Demas, saying, Is not the place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?

Demas. Not very dangerous, except to

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those that are careless. (But withal he blushed as he spake.)

Chr. Then said Christian to Hopeful, Let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way.

Hope. I will warrant you, when By-ends comes up, if he hath the same invitation as we, he will turn in thither to see.

Chr. No doubt thereof, for his principles lead him that way; and a hundred to one but he dies there.

Demas. Then Demas called again, saying, But will you not come over and see?

Chr. Then Christian roundly answered, saying, Demas, thou art an enemy to the right ways of the Lord of this way, and hast been already condemned for thine own turning aside, by one of his Majesty's judges (2 Tim. iv. 10); and why seekest thou to bring us into the like condemnation? Besides, if we at all turn aside, our Lord the King will certainly hear thereof, and will there put us to shame, where we would stand with boldness before him.

Demas cried again, that he also was one of their fraternity; and that, if they would tarry a little, he also himself would walk with them.

Chr. Then said Christian, What is thy name? Is it not the same by which I have called thee?

Demas. Yes, my name is Demas; I am the son of Abraham.

Chr. I know you: Gehazi was your great-grandfather, and Judas your father; and you have trod in their steps. It is but a devilish prank that thou usest. Thy father was hanged for a traitor, and thou deservest no better reward (2 Kings v. 20; Matt. xxvi. 14, 15; xxvii. 3–5). Assure thyself that, when we come to the King, we will do him word of this thy behavior. Thus they went their way.

By this time By-ends and his companions were come again within sight, and they at the first beck went over to Demas. Now, whether they fell into the pit by looking over the brink thereof, or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered in the bottom by the damps that commonly arise, of these things I am not certain; but this I observed, that they never were seen again in the way. Then sang Christian, —

By-ends and silver Demas both agree:
One calls, the other runs, that he may be
A sharer in his lucre; so these do
Take up in this world, and no further go.

Now I saw that, just on the other side of this plain, the pilgrims came to a place where stood an old monument hard by the highway-side, at the sight of which they were both concerned, because of the strangeness of the form thereof; for it seemed to them as if it had been a woman transformed into the shape of a pillar. Here, therefore, they stood looking and looking upon it, but could not for a time tell what they should make thereof. At last Hopeful espied written above the head thereof a writing in an unusual hand; but he, being no scholar, called to Christian (for he was learned) to see if he could pick out the meaning: so he came, and after a little laying of letters together, he found the same to be this, "Remember Lot's wife." So he read it to his fellow; after which they both concluded that that was the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned for her looking back with a covetous heart, when she was going from Sodom for safety (Gen. xix. 26). Which sudden and amazing sight gave them occasion of this discourse: —

Chr. Ah, my brother! this is a seasonable sight: it came opportunely to us after the invitation which Demas gave us to come over to view the hill Lucre; and had we gone over, as he desired us, and as thou wast inclined to do, my brother, we had, for aught I know, been made ourselves, like this woman, a spectacle for those that shall come after to behold.

Hope. I am sorry that I was so foolish, and am made to wonder that I am not now as Lot's wife; for wherein was the difference betwixt her sin and mine? She only looked back; and I had a desire to go see. Let grace be adored, and let me be ashamed that ever such a thing should be in mine heart.

Chr. Let us take notice of what we see here, for our help for time to come. This woman escaped one judgment, for she fell not by the destruction of Sodom; yet she was destroyed by another, as we see she is turned into a pillar of salt.

Hope. True; and she may be to us both caution and example; caution, that we should shun her sin; or a sign of what judgment will overtake such as shall not be prevented by this caution: so Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with the two hundred and fifty

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THE PILLAR OF SALT.

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men that perished in their sin, did also become a sign or example to others to beware (Numb. xxvi. 9, 10). But, above all, I muse at one thing, to wit, how Demas and his fellows can stand so confidently yonder to look for that treasure, which this woman, but for looking behind her after (for we read not that she stepped one foot out of the way), was turned into a pillar of salt; especially since the judgment which overtook her did make her an example, within sight of where they are; for they cannot choose but see her, did they but lift up their eyes.

Chr. It is a thing to be wondered at, and it argueth that their hearts are grown desperate in the case; and I cannot tell who to compare them to so fitly as to them that pick pockets in the presence of the judge, or that will cut purses under the gallows. It is said of the men of Sodom, that they were "sinners exceedingly," because they were sinners "before the Lord," — that is, in his eyesight, and notwithstanding the kindnesses that he had showed them; for the land of Sodom was now like the garden of Eden heretofore (Gen. xiii. 10 – 13). This, therefore, provoked him the more to jealousy, and made their plague as hot as the fire of the Lord out of heaven could make. And it is most rationally to be concluded, that such, even such as these are, that shall sin in the sight, yea, and that too in despite of such examples that are set continually before them, to caution them to the contrary, must be partakers of severest judgments.

Hope. Doubtless thou hast said the truth; but what a mercy is it, that neither thou, but especially I, am not made myself this example! This ministereth occasion to us to thank God, to fear before him, and always to remember Lot's wife.

CHAPTER XV.

DOUBTING CASTLE AND GIANT DESPAIR.

I SAW, then, that they went on their way to a pleasant river; which David the king called "the river of God"; but John, "the river of the water of life" (Ps. lxv. 9; Rev. xxii. 1; Ezek. xlvii. 1 – 9). Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river: here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant, and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, that bore all manner of fruit; and the leaves of the trees were good for medicine: with the fruit of these trees they were also much delighted; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept; for here they might lie down safely (Ps. xxiii. 2; Isa. xiv. 30). When they awoke they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang, —

Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the highway-side.
The meadows green, beside their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them; and he that can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not, as yet, at their journey's end), they ate and drank, and departed.

Now, I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted; at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender, by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way (Numb. xxi. 4). Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for better way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and, behold, a path lay along by the way, on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian. Here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hope. But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

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Chr. That is not like, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did (and his name was Vain-confidence): so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark, so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit (Isa. ix. 16), which was on purpose there made by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall: so they called to know the matter; but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain and thunder and lighten, in a very dreadful manner; and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, O that I had kept on my way!

Chr. Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hope. I was afraid on it at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Chr. Good brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hope. Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Chr. I am glad I have with me a merciful brother: but we must not stand thus; let us try to go back again.

Hope. But, good brother, let me go before.

Chr. No, if you please, let me go first, that, if there be any danger, I may be first therein; because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hope. No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. — Then, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying, "Set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest: turn again" (Jer. xxxi. 21). But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until the daybreak; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance (Ps. lxxxviii. 18). Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was

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through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done: to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part I know not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life"; and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! (Job vii. 15.) Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide: but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," &c. And let us consider, again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him, as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, that made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die? or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in? or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure awhile. The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel: but when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing

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they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel; and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth: —

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear or see or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through! and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also, this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain, nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardship than to make away themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces: and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too: but that lock went damnable hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence, "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is

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kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 't was to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care
Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare
Lest they, for trespassing, his pris'ners are,
Whose castle 's Doubting, and whose name 's Despair.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

THEY went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains; which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before: so they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now there were on the top of these mountains Shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway-side. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary pilgrims, when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these? and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

Shep. These mountains are Immanuel's Land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them (John x. 11).

Chr. Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shep. You are just in your way.

Chr. How far is it thither?

Shep. Too far for any but those who shall get thither indeed.

Chr. Is the way safe, or dangerous?

Shep. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; "but the transgressors shall fall therein" (Hos. xiv. 9).

Chr. Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shep. The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge, "not to be forgetful to entertain strangers" (Heb. xiii. 2); therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the Shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer, as in other places), as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? for but few of them that begin to come hither do show their face on these mountains. But when the Shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand, and had them to their tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said, moreover, We would that ye should stay here awhile, to be acquainted with us; and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains. They then told them that they were content to stay. So they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains. So they went forth with them, and walked awhile, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Shall we show these pilgrims some wonders? So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of a hill called Error, which was very steep on the furthest side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said Christian, What meaneth this? The Shepherds answered, Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus, as concerning the faith of the resurrection of the body? (2 Tim. ii. 17, 18.) They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied, as you see, for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this mountain.

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another mountain, and the name of that

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is Caution, and bid them look afar off: which when they did, they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there; and they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said Christian, What means this? The Shepherds then answered, Did you not see, a little below these mountains, a stile that led into a meadow, on the left hand of this way? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, From that stile there goes a path that leads directly to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair; and these (pointing to them among the tombs) came once on pilgrimage, as you do now, even till they came to that same stile; and because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that meadow, and there were taken by Giant Despair, and cast into Doubting Castle; where, after they had been awhile kept in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day, that the saying of the wise man might be fulfilled, "He that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead" (Prov. xxi. 16). Then Christian and Hopeful looked upon one another with tears gushing out, but yet said nothing to the Shepherds.

Then I saw in my dream, that the Shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a hill; and they opened the door, and bid them look in. They looked in, therefore, and saw that within it was very dark and smoky; they also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of brimstone. Then said Christian, What means this? The Shepherds told them, This is a by-way to hell, — a way that hypocrites go in at; namely, such as sell their birthright, with Esau; such as sell their Master, with Judas; such as blaspheme the gospel, with Alexander; and that lie and dissemble, with Ananias and Sapphira his wife.

Hope. Then said Hopeful to the Shepherds, I perceive that these had on them, even every one, a show of pilgrimage, as we have now; had they not?

Shep. Yes, and held it a long time too.

Hope. How far might they go on in pilgrimage in their days, since they, notwithstanding, were thus miserably cast away?

Shep. Some further, and some not so far as these mountains.

Then said the pilgrims one to another, We have need to cry to the Strong for strength.

Shep. Ay, and you will have need to use it, when you have it, too!

By this time the pilgrims had a desire to go forward, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here show to the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective-glass. The pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion: so they had them to the top of a high hill called Clear, and gave them their glass to look.

Then they essayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the Shepherds had shown them, made their hands shake: by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the glass; yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place. Then they went away, and sang this song:—

Thus by the Shepherds secrets are revealed,
Which from all other men are kept concealed.
Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way; another of them bid them beware of the Flatterer; the third bid them take heed that they sleep not upon the Enchanted Ground; and the fourth bid them God-speed. So I awoke from my dream.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ENCHANTED GROUND AND THE DESCENT THERETO.

And I slept, and dreamed again, and saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains along the highway towards the city. Now, a little below these mountains, on the left hand, lieth the country of Conceit; from which country there comes into the way in

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which the pilgrims walked a little crooked lane. Here, therefore, they met with a very brisk lad, that came out of that country; and his name was Ignorance. So Christian asked him from what parts he came, and whither he was going?

Ignor. Sir, I was born in the country that lieth off there a little on the left hand, and I am going to the Celestial City.

Chr. But how do you think to get in at the gate? for you may find some difficulty there.

Ignor. As other good people do, said he.

Chr. But what have you to show at that gate, that may cause that the gate should be opened to you?

Ignor. I know my Lord's will, and I have been a good liver; I pay every man his own; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

Chr. But thou camest not in at the Wicket-gate that is at the head of this way; thou camest in hither through that same crooked lane; and therefore, I fear, however thou mayest think of thyself, when the reckoning day shall come, thou wilt have laid to thy charge that thou art a thief and a robber, instead of getting admittance into the city.

Ignor. Gentlemen, ye be utter strangers to me, — I know you not; be content to follow the religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine. I hope all will be well. And as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it; nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine, pleasant, green lane, that comes down from our country, the next way into the way.

When Christian saw that the man was wise in his own conceit, he said to Hopeful whisperingly, "There is more hope of a fool than of him" (Prov. xxvi. 12); and said, moreover, "When he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool" (Eccl. x. 3). What, shall we talk further with him, or outgo him at present, and so leave him to think of what he hath heard already, and then stop again for him afterwards, and see if by degrees we can do any good to him? Then said Hopeful, —

> Let Ignorance a little while now muse
> On what is said, and let him not refuse
> Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain
> Still ignorant of what 's the chiefest gain.
> God saith, those that no understanding have,
> Although he made them, them he will not save.

Hope. He further added, It is not good, I think, to say all to him at once; let us pass him by, if you will, and talk to him anon, even as he is able to bear it.

So they both went on, and Ignorance he came after. Now when they had passed him a little way, they entered into a very dark lane, where they met a man whom seven devils had bound with seven strong cords, and were carrying of him back to the door that they saw on the side of the hill (Matt. xii. 45; Prov. v. 22). Now good Christian began to tremble, and so did Hopeful his companion; yet as the devils led away the man, Christian looked to see if he knew him; and he thought it might be one Turn-away, that dwelt in the town of Apostasy; but he did not perfectly see his face, for he did hang his head like a thief that is found. But being once past, Hopeful looked after him, and espied on his back a paper with this inscription, "Wanton professor and damnable apostate."

Then said Christian to his fellow, Now I call to remembrance that which was told me of a thing that happened to a good man hereabout. The name of the man was Little-faith; but a good man, and he dwelt in the town of Sincere. The thing was this: At the entering in at this passage, there comes down from Broadway Gate a lane called Deadman's Lane; so called because of the murders that are commonly done there; and this Little-faith going on pilgrimage, as we do now, chanced to sit down there, and slept. Now there happened at that time to come down the lane, from Broadway Gate, three sturdy rogues, and their names were Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt (three brothers); and they, espying Little-faith where he was, came galloping up with speed. Now the good man was just awake from his sleep, and was getting up to go on his journey. So they came up all to him, and with threatening language bid him stand. At this Little-faith looked as white as a clout, and had

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neither power to fight nor fly. Then said Faint-heart, Deliver thy purse. But he making no haste to do it (for he was loath to lose his money), Mistrust ran up to him, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, pulled out thence a bag of silver. Then he cried out, Thieves! thieves! With that Guilt, with a great club that was in his hand, struck Little-faith on the head, and with that blow felled him flat to the ground, where he lay bleeding as one that would bleed to death. All this while the thieves stood by. But, at last, they hearing that some were upon the road, and fearing lest it should be one Great-grace, that dwells in the town of Good-confidence, they betook themselves to their heels, and left this good man to shift for himself. Now, after a while, Little-faith came to himself, and, getting up, made shift to scrabble on his way. This was the story.

Hope. But did they take from him all that ever he had?

Chr. No; the place where his jewels were they never ransacked; so those he kept still. But, as I was told, the good man was much afflicted for his loss; for the thieves had got most of his spending-money. That which they got not (as I said) were jewels; also he had a little odd money left, but scarce enough to bring him to his journey's end (1 Pet. iv. 18). Nay (if I was not misinformed), he was forced to beg as he went, to keep himself alive; for his jewels he might not sell. But beg, and do what he could, he went, as we say, with many a hungry belly the most part of the rest of the way.

Hope. But is it not a wonder they got not from him his certificate, by which he was to receive his admittance at the Celestial Gate?

Chr. It is a wonder; but they got not that, though they missed it not through any good cunning of his; for he, being dismayed with their coming upon him, had neither power nor skill to hide anything: so it was more by good providence than by his endeavor that they missed of that good thing (2 Tim. i. 14; 1 Pet. i. 5, 9).

Hope. But it must needs be a comfort to him that they got not this jewel from him.

Chr. It might have been great comfort to him, had he used it as he should; but they that told me the story said that he made but little use of it all the rest of the way, and that because of the dismay that he had in the taking away his money. Indeed, he forgot it a great part of the rest of his journey; and besides, when at any time it came into his mind, and he began to be comforted therewith, then would fresh thoughts of his loss come again upon him, and those thoughts would swallow up all.

Hope. Alas, poor man! this could not but be a great grief to him.

Chr. Grief! ay, a grief indeed. Would it not have been so to any of us, had we been used as he, to be robbed, and wounded too, and that in a strange place, as he was! It is a wonder he did not die with grief, poor heart! I was told that he scattered almost all the rest of the way with nothing but doleful and bitter complaints; telling also to all that overtook him, or that he overtook in the way as he went, where he was robbed, and how; who they were that did it, and what he lost; how he was wounded, and that he hardly escaped with life.

Hope. But it is a wonder that his necessity did not put him upon selling or pawning some of his jewels, that he might have wherewith to relieve himself in his journey.

Chr. Thou talkest like one upon whose head is the shell to this very day. For what should he pawn them, or to whom should he sell them? In all that country where he was robbed, his jewels were not accounted of; nor did he want that relief which could from thence be administered to him. Besides, had his jewels been missing at the gate of the Celestial City, he had (and that he knew well enough) been excluded from an inheritance there; and that would have been worse to him than the appearance and villany of ten thousand thieves.

Hope. Why art thou so tart, my brother? Esau sold his birthright, and that for a mess of pottage (Heb. xii. 16); and that birthright was his greatest jewel: and if he, why might not Little-faith do so too?

Chr. Esau did sell his birthright, indeed, and so do many besides, and by so doing exclude themselves from the chief blessing, as also that caitiff did; but you must put a difference betwixt Esau and Little-faith, and also betwixt their estates. Esau's birthright was typical, but Little-faith's jewels were not so. Esau's belly was his god, but Little-faith's belly was not so. Esau's want lay in

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his fleshly appetite, Little-faith's did not so. Besides, Esau could see no further than to the fulfilling of his lusts: "Behold, I am at the point to die" (said he); "and what profit shall this birthright do to me!" (Gen. xxv. 32.) But Little-faith, though it was his lot to have but a little faith, was by his little faith kept from such extravagances, and made to see and prize his jewels more than to sell them, as Esau did his birthright. You read not anywhere that Esau had faith, no, not so much as a little; therefore no marvel if, where the flesh only bears sway (as it will in that man where no faith is to resist), if he sells his birthright, and his soul and all, and that to the devil of hell, for it is with such as it is with the ass, who in her occasion cannot be turned away (Jer. ii. 24). When their minds are set upon their lusts, they will have them, whatever they cost. But Little-faith was of another temper; his mind was on things divine; his livelihood was upon things that were spiritual, and from above: therefore, to what end should he that is of such a temper sell his jewels (had there been any that would have bought them) to fill his mind with empty things? Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with hay; or can you persuade the turtle-dove to live upon carrion like the crow? Though faithless ones can, for carnal lusts, pawn or mortgage or sell what they have, and themselves outright to boot, yet they that have faith, saving faith, though but a little of it, cannot do so. Here, therefore, my brother, is thy mistake.

Hope. I acknowledge it; but yet your severe reflection had almost made me angry.

Chr. Why, I did but compare thee to some of the birds that are of the brisker sort, who will run to and fro in untrodden paths with the shell upon their heads. But pass by that, and consider the matter under debate, and all shall be well betwixt thee and me.

Hope. But, Christian, these three fellows, I am persuaded in my heart, are but a company of cowards: would they have run else, think you, as they did, at the noise of one that was coming on the road? Why did not Little-faith pluck up a greater heart? He might, methinks, have stood one brush with them, and have yielded when there had been no remedy.

Chr. That they are cowards, many have said, but few have found it so in the time of trial. As for a great heart, Little-faith had none; and I perceive by thee, my brother, hadst thou been the man concerned, thou art but for a brush, and then to yield. And, verily, since this is the height of thy stomach, now they are at a distance from us, should they appear to thee as they did to him, they might put thee to second thoughts.

But consider, again, they are but journeymen thieves; they serve under the king of the bottomless pit, who, if need be, will come in to their aid himself, and his voice is as the roaring of a lion (Ps. vii. 2; 1 Pet. v. 8). I myself have been engaged as this Little-faith was, and I found it a terrible thing. These three villains set upon me, and I beginning, like a Christian, to resist, they gave but a call, and in came their master. I would, as the saying is, have given my life for a penny; but that, as God would have it, I was clothed with armor of proof. Ay, and yet, though I was so harnessed, I found it hard work to quit myself like a man. No man can tell what in that combat attends us, but he that hath been in the battle himself.

Hope. Well, but they ran, you see, when they did but suppose that one Great-grace was in the way.

Chr. True, they have often fled, both they and their master, when Great-grace hath but appeared; and no marvel, for he is the King's champion. But I trow you will put some difference between Little-faith and the King's champion. All the King's subjects are not his champions; nor can they, when tried, do such feats of war as he. Is it meet to think that a little child should handle Goliath as David did; or that there should be the strength of an ox in a wren? Some are strong, some are weak; some have great faith, some have little: this man was one of the weak, and therefore he went to the wall.

Hope. I would it had been Great-grace for their sakes.

Chr. If it had been, he might have had his hands full; for I must tell you, that though Great-grace is excellent good at his weapons, and has, and can, so long as he keeps them at sword's point, do well enough with them, yet if they get within him, even Faint-heart, Mistrust, or the other, it shall go hard but they will throw up his heels: and when a man is down, you know, what can he do?

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Whoso looks well upon Great-grace's face shall see those scars and cuts there, that shall easily give demonstration of what I say. Yea, once I heard that he should say (and that when he was in the combat), "We despaired even of life." How did these sturdy rogues and their fellows make David groan, mourn, and roar! Yea, Heman and Hezekiah, too, though champions in their day, were forced to bestir them, when by these assaulted; and yet, notwithstanding, they had their coats soundly brushed by them. Peter, upon a time, would go try what he could do; but though some do say of him that he is the prince of the Apostles, they handled him so, that they made him at last afraid of a sorry girl.

Besides, their king is at their whistle; he is never out of hearing; and if at any time they be put to the worst, he, if possible, comes in to help them; and of him it is said, "The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee: sling-stones are turned with him into stubble. Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear" (Job xli. 26–29). What can a man do in this case? It is true, if a man could, at every turn, have Job's horse, and had skill and courage to ride him, he might do notable things: for "his neck is clothed with thunder; he will not be afraid as a grasshopper; the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting" (Job xxxix. 19–25).

But for such footmen as thou and I are, let us never desire to meet with an enemy, nor vaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled, nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood; for such commonly come by the worst when tried. Witness Peter, of whom I made mention before: he would swagger, ay, he would; he would, as his vain mind prompted him to say, do better, and stand more for his Master than all men; but who so foiled and run down by these villains as he?

When, therefore, we hear that such robberies are done on the King's highway, two things become us to do:—

First, To go out harnessed, and to be sure to take a shield with us: for it was for want of that, that he that laid so lustily at Leviathan could not make him yield; for, indeed, if that be wanting, he fears us not at all. Therefore he that had skill hath said, "Above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" (Eph. vi. 16).

It is good, also, that we desire of the King a convoy, yea, that he will go with us himself. This made David rejoice when in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Moses was rather for dying where he stood, than to go one step without his God (Exod. xxxiii. 15). O my brother, if he will but go along with us, what need we be afraid of ten thousands that shall set themselves against us? (Ps. iii. 5–8; xxvii. 1–3). But without him, the proud helpers fall under the slain (Isa. x. 4).

I, for my part, have been in the fray before now; and though, through the goodness of Him that is best, I am, as you see, alive, yet I cannot boast of my manhood. Glad shall I be if I meet with no more such brunts; though I fear we are not got beyond all danger. However, since the lion and the bear have not as yet devoured me, I hope God will also deliver us from the next uncircumcised Philistine. Then sang Christian,—

Poor Little-faith! Hast been among the thieves?
Wast robbed? Remember this: Whoso believes,
And gets more faith, shall then a victor be
Over ten thousand,—else scarce over three.

So they went on, and Ignorance followed. They went then till they came at a place where they saw a way put itself into their way, and seemed withal to lie as straight as the way which they should go: and here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them; therefore here they stood still to consider. And as they were thinking about the way, behold a man black of flesh, but covered with a very

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light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there. They answered they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take. Follow me, said the man; it is thither that I am going. So they followed him in the way that but now came into the road, which by degrees turned, and turned them so far from the city that they desired to go to, that in little time their faces were turned away from it: yet they followed him. But by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. Then they saw where they were. Wherefore there they lay crying some time, for they could not get themselves out.

Chr. Then said Christian to his fellow, Now do I see myself in error. Did not the Shepherds bid us beware of the Flatterer? As is the saying of the wise man, so we have found it this day, "A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet" (Prov. xxix. 5).

Hope. They also gave us a note of directions about the way, for our more sure finding thereof; but therein we have also forgotten to read, and have not kept ourselves from the paths of the destroyer. Here David was wiser than we; for, saith he, "Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer" (Ps. xvii. 4).

Thus they lay bewailing themselves in the net. At last they espied a Shining One coming towards them with a whip of small cord in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they did there. They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white, who bid us, said they, follow him, for he was going thither too. Then said he with the whip, It is Flatterer, a false apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light (Prov. xxix. 5; Dan. xi. 32; 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14). So he rent the net and let the men out. Then said he to them, Follow me, that I may set you in your way again. So he led them back to the way which they had left to follow the Flatterer. Then he asked them, saying, Where did you lie the last night? They said, With the Shepherds, upon the Delectable Mountains. He asked them then if they had not of the Shepherds a note of direction for the way. They answered, Yes. But did you, said he, when you were at a stand, pluck out and read your note? They answered, No. He asked them, Why? They said they forgot. He asked, moreover, if the Shepherds did not bid them beware of the Flatterer? They answered, Yes; but we did not imagine, said they, that this fine-spoken man had been he (Rom. xvi. 18).

Then I saw in my dream, that he commanded them to lie down; which when they did, he chastised them sore, to teach them the good way wherein they should walk (Deut. xxv. 2; 2 Chron. vi. 27); and as he chastised them, he said, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent" (Rev. iii. 19). This done, he bid them go on their way, and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds. So they thanked him for all his kindness, and went softly along the right way, singing, —

Come hither, you that walk along the way;
See how the pilgrims fare that go astray:
They catchèd are in an entangled net,
'Cause they good counsel lightly did forget:
'T is true they rescued were; but yet, you see,
They 're scourged to boot. Let this your caution be.

Now, after a while, they perceived, afar off, one coming softly and alone, all along the highway to meet them. Then said Christian to his fellow, Yonder is a man with his back turned towards Zion, and he is coming to meet us.

Hope. I see him; let us take heed to ourselves now, lest he should prove a Flatterer also. So he drew nearer and nearer, and at last came up unto them. His name was Atheist; and he asked them whither they were going.

Chr. We are going to Mount Zion.

Then Atheist fell into a very great laughter.

Chr. What is the meaning of your laughter?

Ath. I laugh to see what ignorant persons you are, to take upon you so tedious a journey, and you are like to have nothing but your travel for your pains.

Chr. Why, man, do you think we shall not be received?

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Ath. Received! there is no such place as you dream of in all this world.

Chr. But there is in the world to come.

Ath. When I was at home in mine own country, I heard as you now affirm, and from that hearing went out to see, and have been seeking this city this twenty years, but find no more of it than I did the first day I set out (Jer. xxii. 12; Eccles. x. 15).

Chr. We have both heard, and believe, that there is such a place to be found.

Ath. Had not I, when at home, believed, I had not come thus far to seek; but finding none (and yet I should, had there been such a place to be found, for I have gone to seek it further than you), I am going back again, and will seek to refresh myself with the things that I then cast away for hopes of that which, I now see, is not.

Chr. Then said Christian to Hopeful his fellow, Is it true which this man hath said?

Hope. Take heed, he is one of the Flatterers: remember what it hath cost us once already for hearkening to such kind of fellows. What! no Mount Zion? Did we not see from the Delectable Mountains the gate of the city? Also, are we not now to walk by faith? (2 Cor. v. 7.) Let us go on, said Hopeful, lest the man with the whip overtake us again. You should have taught me that lesson, which I will round you in the ears withal: "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge" (Prov. xix. 27). I say, my brother, cease to hear him, and let us "believe to the saving of the soul" (Heb. x. 39).

Chr. My brother, I did not put the question to thee for that I doubted of the truth of our belief myself, but to prove thee, and to fetch from thee a fruit of the honesty of thy heart. As for this man, I know that he is blinded by the god of this world. Let thee and me go on, knowing that we have belief of the truth: and "no lie is of the truth" (1 John ii. 21).

Hope. Now do I rejoice in hope of the glory of God. So they turned away from the man; and he, laughing at them, went his way.

I saw then in my dream that they went until they came into a certain country whose air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy of sleep: wherefore he said unto Christian, I do now begin to grow so drowsy that I can scarcely hold up mine eyes; let us lie down here and take one nap.

Chr. By no means, said the other; lest sleeping we never awake more.

Hope. Why, my brother? sleep is sweet to the laboring man; we may be refreshed if we take a nap.

Chr. Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that, that we should beware of sleeping: "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober" (1 Thess. v. 6).

Hope. I acknowledge myself in a fault; and had I been here alone I had by sleeping run the danger of death. I see it is true that the wise man saith, "Two are better than one" (Eccles. iv. 9). Hitherto hath thy company been my mercy; and thou shalt have a good reward for thy labor.

Chr. Now then, said Christian, to prevent drowsiness in this place let us fall into good discourse.

Hope. With all my heart, said the other.

Chr. Where shall we begin?

Hope. Where God began with us. But do you begin, if you please.

Chr. I will sing you first this song:—

When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither,
And hear how these two pilgrims talk together:
Yea, let them learn of them in any wise
Thus to keep ope their drowsy, slumb'ring eyes.
Saints' fellowship, if it be managed well,
Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.

Chr. Then Christian began, and said, I will ask you a question: How came you to think at first of so doing as you do now?

Hope. Do you mean how came I at first to look after the good of my soul?

Chr. Yes, that is my meaning.

Hope. I continued a great while in the delight of those things which were seen and sold at our fair; things which, I believe now, would have, had I continued in them still, drowned me in perdition and destruction.

Chr. What things are they?

Hope. All the treasures and riches of the world. Also I delighted much in rioting, revelling, drinking, swearing, lying, uncleanness, Sabbath-breaking, and what not, that

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tended to destroy the soul. But I found at last, by hearing and considering of things that are divine, which, indeed, I heard of you, as also of beloved Faithful, that was put to death for his faith and good living in Vanity Fair, that "the end of these things is death" (Rom. vi. 21 – 23); and that for these things' sake "cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience" (Eph. v. 6).

Chr. And did you presently fall under the power of this conviction?

Hope. No; I was not willing presently to know the evil of sin, nor the damnation that follows upon the commission of it; but endeavored, when my mind at first began to be shaken with the word, to shut mine eyes against the light thereof.

Chr. But what was the cause of your carrying of it thus to the first workings of God's blessed Spirit upon you?

Hope. The causes were, — 1. I was ignorant that this was the work of God upon me. I never thought that by awakenings for sin God at first begins the conversion of a sinner. 2. Sin was yet very sweet to my flesh, and I was loath to leave it. 3. I could not tell how to part with mine old companions, their presence and actions were so desirable unto me. 4. The hours in which convictions were upon me were such troublesome and such heart-affrighting hours, that I could not bear, no, not so much as the remembrance of them upon my heart.

Chr. Then, as it seems, sometimes you got rid of your trouble?

Hope. Yes, verily; but it would come into my mind again, and then I should be as bad, nay, worse than I was before.

Chr. Why, what was it that brought your sins to mind again?

Hope. Many things; as, —

1. If I did but meet a good man in the streets; or,
2. If I had heard any read in the Bible; or,
3. If mine head did begin to ache; or,
4. If I were told that some of my neighbors were sick; or,
5. If I heard the bell toll for some that were dead; or,
6. If I thought of dying myself; or,
7. If I heard that sudden death happened to others;
8. But especially when I thought of myself, that I must quickly come to judgment.

Chr. And could you at any time, with ease, get off the guilt of sin, when by any of these ways it came upon you?

Hope. No, not I; for then they got faster hold of my conscience; and then, if I did but think of going back to sin (though my mind was turned against it), it would be double torment to me.

Chr. And how did you do then?

Hope. I thought I must endeavor to mend my life; for else, thought I, I am sure to be damned.

Chr. And did you endeavor to mend?

Hope. Yes; and fled from not only my sins, but sinful company too; and betook me to religious duties, as prayer, reading, weeping for sin, speaking truth to my neighbors, etc. These things did I, with many others, too much here to relate.

Chr. And did you think yourself well then?

Hope. Yes, for a while; but at the last my trouble came tumbling upon me again, and that over the neck of all my reformations.

Chr. How came that about, since you were now reformed?

Hope. There were several things brought it upon me, especially such sayings as these: "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6); — "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16); — "When ye shall have done all those things, say, We are unprofitable" (Luke xvii. 10); with many more such like. From whence I began to reason with myself thus: If *all* my righteousnesses are filthy rags; if by the deeds of the law *no* man can be justified; and if, when we have done *all*, we are yet unprofitable, then it is but a folly to think of heaven by the law. I further thought thus: If a man runs a hundred pounds into the shopkeeper's debt, and after that shall pay for all that he shall fetch, yet, if his old debt stands still in the book uncrossed, for that the shopkeeper may sue him, and cast him into prison till he shall pay the debt.

Chr. Well, and how did you apply this to yourself?

Hope. Why, I thought thus with myself: I have, by my sins, run a great way into God's book, and that my now reforming will not pay off that score; therefore I should think still, under all my present amend-

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ments, But how shall I be freed from that damnation that I have brought myself in danger of by my former transgressions?

Chr. A very good application: but pray go on.

Hope. Another thing that hath troubled me, even since my last amendments, is, that if I look narrowly into the best of what I do now, I still see sin, new sin, mixing itself with the best of that I do: so that now I am forced to conclude, that, notwithstanding my former fond conceits of myself and duties, I have committed sin enough in one duty to send me to hell, though my former life had been faultless.

Chr. And what did you do then?

Hope. Do! I could not tell what to do, until I brake my mind to Faithful; for he and I were well acquainted. And he told me, that unless I could obtain the righteousness of a man that never had sinned, neither mine own, nor all the righteousness of the world, could save me.

Chr. And did you think he spake true?

Hope. Had he told me so when I was pleased and satisfied with mine own amendments, I had called him fool for his pains; but now, since I see mine own infirmity, and the sin that cleaves to my best performance, I have been forced to be of his opinion.

Chr. But did you think, when at first he suggested it to you, that there was such a man to be found, of whom it might justly be said that he never committed sin?

Hope. I must confess the words at first sounded strangely; but after a little more talk and company with him, I had full conviction about it.

Chr. And did you ask him what man this was, and how you must be justified by him?

Hope. Yes; and he told me it was the Lord Jesus, that dwelleth on the right hand of the Most High (Heb. x.): And thus, said he, you must be justified by him, even by trusting to what he hath done by himself in the days of his flesh, and suffered when he did hang on the tree (Rom. iv.; Col. i.; 1 Pet. i.). I asked him, further, how that man's righteousness could be of that efficacy to justify another before God. And he told me he was the mighty God, and did what he did, and died the death also, not for himself, but for me; to whom his doings, and the worthiness of them, should be imputed, if I believed on Him.

Chr. And what did you do then?

Hope. I made my objections against my believing, for that I thought he was not willing to save me.

Chr. And what said Faithful to you then?

Hope. He bid me go to him and see. Then I said it was presumption. But he said, No; for I was invited to come (Matt. xi. 28). Then he gave me a book of Jesus his inditing, to encourage me the more freely to come; and he said, concerning that book, that every jot and tittle thereof stood firmer than heaven and earth (Matt. xxiv. 35). Then I asked him what I must do when I came. And he told me I must entreat upon my knees, with all my heart and soul, the Father to reveal him to me (Ps. xcv. 6; Dan. vi. 10; Jer. xxix. 12, 13). Then I asked him further how I must make my supplication to him. And he said, Go, and thou shalt find him upon a mercy-seat, where he sits all the year long, to give pardon and forgiveness to them that come (Exod. xxv. 22; Lev. xvi. 2; Num. vii. 89; Heb. iv. 16). I told him, that I knew not what to say when I came. And he bid me say to this effect: God be merciful to me a sinner, and make me to know and believe in Jesus Christ; for I see that if his righteousness had not been, or I have not faith in that righteousness, I am utterly cast away. Lord, I have heard that thou art a merciful God, and hast ordained that thy Son Jesus Christ should be the Saviour of the world; and, moreover, that thou art willing to bestow him upon such a poor sinner as I am (and I am a sinner indeed): Lord, take therefore this opportunity, and magnify thy grace in the salvation of my soul, through thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

Chr. And did you do as you were bidden?

Hope. Yes, over and over and over.

Chr. And did the Father reveal his Son to you?

Hope. Not at the first, nor second, nor third, nor fourth, nor fifth, no, nor at the sixth time neither.

Chr. What did you do then?

Hope. What! why, I could not tell what to do.

Chr. Had you not thoughts of leaving off praying?

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Hope. Yes; an hundred times twice told.

Chr. And what was the reason you did not?

Hope. I believed that that was true which had been told me, to wit, that without the righteousness of this Christ, all the world could not save me: and therefore, thought I with myself, If I leave off I die, and I can but die at the throne of grace. And withal this came into my mind, "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry" (Hab. ii. 3). So I continued praying until the Father showed me his Son.

Chr. And how was he revealed unto you?

Hope. I did not see him with my bodily eyes, but with the eyes of my understanding (Eph. i. 18, 19); and thus it was: One day I was very sad,—I think sadder than at any one time in my life; and this sadness was through a fresh sight of the greatness and vileness of my sins. And as I was then looking for nothing but hell, and the everlasting damnation of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus look down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

But I replied, Lord, I am a great, a very great sinner. And he answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. xii. 9). Then I said, But, Lord, what is believing? And then I saw from that saying, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35), that believing and coming was all one; and that he that came, that is, ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he indeed believed in Christ. Then the water stood in mine eyes, and I asked further, But, Lord, may such a great sinner as I am be indeed accepted of thee, and be saved by thee? And I heard him say, "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Then I said, But how, Lord, must I consider of thee in my coming to thee, that my faith may be placed aright upon thee? Then he said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. i. 15): he is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x. 4): he died for our sins, and rose again for our justification (Rom. iv. 25): he loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood (Rev. i. 5): he is mediator betwixt God and us (1 Tim. ii. 5): he ever liveth to make intercession for us." From all which I gathered, that I must look for righteousness in his person, and for satisfaction for my sins by his blood; that what he did in obedience to his Father's law, and in submitting to the penalty thereof, was not for himself, but for him that will accept it for his salvation, and be thankful. And now was my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

Chr. This was a revelation of Christ to your soul indeed; but tell me particularly what effect this had upon your spirit.

Hope. It made me see that all the world, notwithstanding all the righteousness thereof, is in a state of condemnation. It made me see that God the Father, though he be just, can justly justify the coming sinner. It made me greatly ashamed of the vileness of my former life, and confounded me with the sense of mine own ignorance; for there never came thought into my heart before now that showed me so the beauty of Jesus Christ. It made me love a holy life, and long to do something for the honor and glory of the name of the Lord Jesus; yea, I thought that had I now a thousand gallons of blood in my body, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IGNORANCE.

I SAW then in my dream that Hopeful looked back, and saw Ignorance, whom they had left behind, coming after. Look, said he to Christian, how far yonder youngster loitereth behind.

Chr. Ay, ay, I see him: he careth not for our company.

Hope. But I trow it would not have hurt him had he kept pace with us hitherto.

Chr. That is true; but I warrant you he thinketh otherwise.

Hope. That, I think, he doth; but, however, let us tarry for him. (So they did.)

Then Christian said to him, Come away, man; why do you stay so behind?

Ignor. I take my pleasure in walking alone; even more a great deal than in company, unless I like it the better.

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Then said Christian to Hopeful (but softly), Did I not tell you he cared not for our company? But, however, said he, come up and let us talk away the time in this solitary place. Then, directing his speech to Ignorance, he said, Come, how do you do? How stands it between God and your soul now?

Ignor. I hope well; for I am always full of good motions, that come into my mind to comfort me as I walk.

Chr. What good motions? Pray tell us.

Ignor. Why, I think of God and heaven.

Chr. So do the devils and damned souls.

Ignor. But I think of them and desire them.

Chr. So do many that are never like to come there. "The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing" (Prov. xiii. 4).

Ignor. But I think of them, and leave all for them.

Chr. That I doubt; for leaving of all is a hard matter; yea, a harder matter than many are aware of. But why, or by what, art thou persuaded that thou hast left all for God and heaven?

Ignor. My heart tells me so.

Chr. The wise man says, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26).

Ignor. This is spoken of an evil heart; but mine is a good one.

Chr. But how dost thou prove that?

Ignor. It comforts me in hopes of heaven.

Chr. That may be through its deceitfulness; for a man's heart may minister comfort to him, in the hopes of that thing for which he yet has no ground to hope.

Ignor. But my heart and life agree together; and therefore my hope is well grounded.

Chr. Who told thee that thy heart and life agree together?

Ignor. My heart tells me so.

Chr. Ask my fellow if I be a thief! Thy heart tells thee so! Except the word of God beareth witness in this matter, other testimony is of no value.

Ignor. But is it not a good heart that hath good thoughts? and is not that a good life that is according to God's commandments?

Chr. Yes, that is a good heart that hath good thoughts, and that is a good life that is according to God's commandments; but it is one thing, indeed, to have these, and another thing only to think so.

Ignor. Pray, what count you good thoughts, and a life according to God's commandments?

Chr. There are good thoughts of divers kinds; some respecting ourselves, some God, some Christ, and some other things.

Ignor. What be good thoughts respecting ourselves?

Chr. Such as agree with the word of God.

Ignor. When do our thoughts of ourselves agree with the word of God?

Chr. When we pass the same judgment upon ourselves which the word passes. To explain myself: the word of God saith of persons in a natural condition, "There is none righteous, there is none that doeth good" (Rom. iii.). It saith also, that "every imagination of the heart of man is only evil, and that continually" (Gen. vi. 5). And again, "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth" (Gen. viii. 21). Now, then, when we think thus of ourselves, having sense thereof, then are our thoughts good ones, because according to the word of God.

Ignor. I will never believe that my heart is thus bad.

Chr. Therefore thou never hadst one good thought concerning thyself in thy life. But let me go on. As the word passeth a judgment upon our heart, so it passeth a judgment upon our ways; and when our thoughts of our hearts and ways agree with the judgment which the word giveth of both, then are both good, because agreeing thereto.

Ignor. Make out your meaning.

Chr. Why, the word of God saith that man's ways are crooked ways, — not good, but perverse. It saith they are naturally out of the good way, — that they have not known it (Ps. cxxv. 5; Prov. ii. 15; Rom. iii. 17). Now, when a man thus thinketh of his ways, — I say, when he doth sensibly, and with heart-humiliation, thus think, — then hath he good thoughts of his own ways, because his thoughts now agree with the judgment of the word of God.

Ignor. What are good thoughts concerning God?

Chr. Even (as I have said concerning ourselves) when our thoughts of God do agree with what the word saith of him; and that is, when we think of his being and attributes as the word hath taught, — of which I cannot

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now discourse at large. But to speak of him with reference to us: then we have right thoughts of God, when we think that he knows us better than we know ourselves, and can see sin in us when and where we can see none in ourselves; when we think he knows our inmost thoughts, and that our heart, with all its depths, is always open unto his eyes; also, when we think that all our righteousness stinks in his nostrils, and that, therefore, he cannot abide to see us stand before him in any confidence, even in all our best performances.

Ignor. Do you think that I am such a fool as to think God can see no further than I? or that I would come to God in the best of my performances?

Chr. Why, how dost thou think in this matter?

Ignor. Why, to be short, I think I must believe in Christ for justification.

Chr. How! think thou must believe in Christ, when thou seest not thy need of him! Thou neither seest thy original nor actual infirmities; but hast such an opinion of thyself, and of what thou doest, as plainly renders thee to be one that did never see a necessity of Christ's personal righteousness to justify thee before God. How, then, dost thou say, I believe in Christ?

Ignor. I believe well enough for all that.

Chr. How dost thou believe?

Ignor. I believe that Christ died for sinners; and that I shall be justified before God from the curse through his gracious acceptance of my obedience to his law. Or thus: Christ makes my duties, that are religious, acceptable to his Father by virtue of his merits; and so shall I be justified.

Chr. Let me give an answer to this confession of thy faith:—

1. Thou believest with a fantastical faith; for this faith is nowhere described in the word.

2. Thou believest with a false faith; because it taketh justification from the personal righteousness of Christ, and applies it to thy own.

3. This faith maketh not Christ a justifier of thy person, but of thy actions; and of thy person for thy actions' sake, which is false.

4. Therefore this faith is deceitful, even such as will leave thee under wrath in the day of God Almighty: for true justifying faith puts the soul, as sensible of its lost condition by the law, upon flying for refuge unto Christ's righteousness (which righteousness of his is not an act of grace, by which he maketh, for justification, thy obedience accepted with God; but his personal obedience to the law, in doing and suffering for us what that required at our hands): this righteousness, I say, true faith accepteth; under the skirt of which the soul being shrouded, and by it presented as spotless before God, it is accepted, and acquit from condemnation.

Ignor. What! would you have us trust to what Christ in his own person has done without us? This conceit would loosen the reins of our lusts, and tolerate us to live as we list; for what matter how we live, if we may be justified by Christ's personal righteousness from all, when we believe it?

Chr. Ignorance is thy name, and as thy name is, so art thou: even this thy answer demonstrateth what I say. Ignorant thou art of what justifying righteousness is, and as ignorant how to secure thy soul, through the faith of it, from the heavy wrath of God. Yea, thou also art ignorant of the true effects of saving faith in this righteousness of Christ, which is, to bow and win over the heart to God in Christ, to love his name, his word, ways, and people, and not as thou ignorantly imaginest.

Hope. Ask him if ever he had Christ revealed to him from heaven.

Ignor. What! you are a man for revelations! I believe that what both you and all the rest of you say about that matter is but the fruit of distracted brains.

Hope. Why, man! Christ is so hid in God from the natural apprehensions of the flesh, that he cannot by any man be savingly known, unless God the Father reveals him to him.

Ignor. That is your faith, but not mine; yet mine, I doubt not, is as good as yours, though I have not in my head so many whimsies as you.

Chr. Give me leave to put in a word. You ought not so slightly to speak of this matter: for this I will boldly affirm, even as my good companion hath done, that no man can know Jesus Christ but by the revelation of the Father; yea, and faith too, by which the soul layeth hold upon Christ (if it be

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right), must be wrought by the exceeding greatness of his mighty power (Matt. xi. 27; 1 Cor. xii. 3; Eph. i. 17–19); the working of which faith, I perceive, poor Ignorance, thou art ignorant of. Be awakened, then; see thine own wretchedness, and fly to the Lord Jesus; and by his righteousness, which is the righteousness of God (for he himself is God), thou shalt be delivered from condemnation.

Ignor. You go so fast, I cannot keep pace with you; do you go on before: I must stay awhile behind.

Then they said, —

Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel ten times given thee?
And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know,
Erelong, the evil of thy doing so.
Remember, man, in time; stoop, do not fear:
Good counsel, taken well, saves; therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, Ignorance, I 'll warrant thee.

Then Christian addressed thus himself to his fellow: —

Chr. Well, come, my good Hopeful, I perceive that thou and I must walk by ourselves again.

So I saw in my dream that they went on apace before, and Ignorance he came hobbling after. Then said Christian to his companion, It pities me much for this poor man: it will certainly go ill with him at last.

Hope. Alas! there are abundance in our town in his condition, whole families, yea, whole streets, and that of pilgrims too; and if there be so many in our parts, how many, think you, must there be in the place where he was born?

Chr. Indeed, the word saith, "He hath blinded their eyes, lest they should see," &c. But, now we are by ourselves, what do you think of such men? Have they at no time, think you, convictions of sin, and so, consequently, fears that their state is dangerous?

Hope. Nay, do you answer that question yourself, for you are the elder man.

Chr. Then I say, sometimes (as I think) they may; but they being naturally ignorant, understand not that such convictions tend to their good; and therefore they do desperately seek to stifle them, and presumptuously continue to flatter themselves in the way of their own hearts.

Hope. I do believe, as you say, that fear tends much to men's good, and to make them right at their beginning to go on pilgrimage.

Chr. Without all doubt it doth, if it be right; for so says the word, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. i. 7; ix. 10; Ps. cxi. 10; Job xxviii. 28).

Hope. How will you describe right fear?

Chr. True or right fear is discovered by three things: —

1. By its rise; it is caused by saving convictions for sin.

2. It driveth the soul to lay fast hold of Christ for salvation.

3. It begetteth and continueth in the soul a great reverence of God, his word, and ways; keeping it tender, and making it afraid to turn from them, to the right hand or to the left, to anything that may dishonor God, break its peace, grieve the Spirit, or cause the enemy to speak reproachfully.

Hope. Well said; I believe you have said the truth. — Are we now almost got past the Enchanted Ground?

Chr. Why, are you weary of this discourse?

Hope. No, verily, but that I would know where we are.

Chr. We have not now above two miles further to go thereon. — But let us return to our matter. Now the ignorant know not that such convictions as tend to put them in fear are for their good, and therefore they seek to stifle them.

Hope. How do they seek to stifle them?

Chr. 1. They think that those fears are wrought by the devil (though indeed they are wrought of God); and thinking so, they resist them, as things that directly tend to their overthrow. 2. They also think that these fears tend to the spoiling of their faith, when, alas for them, poor men that they are, they have none at all! and therefore they harden their hearts against them. 3. They presume they ought not to fear, and therefore, in despite of them, wax presumptuously confident. 4. They see that those fears tend to take away from them their pitiful old self-holiness, and therefore they resist them with all their might.

Hope. I know something of this myself; for before I knew myself, it was so with me.

Chr. Well, we will leave, at this time, our neighbor Ignorance by himself, and fall upon another profitable question.

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Hope. With all my heart; but you shall still begin.

Chr. Well then, did you not know, about ten years ago, one Temporary in your parts, who was a forward man in religion then?

Hope. Know him! yes; he dwelt in Graceless, a town about two miles off Honesty, and he dwelt next door to one Turnback.

Chr. Right; he dwelt under the same roof with him. Well, that man was much awakened once: I believe that then he had some sight of his sins, and of the wages that were due thereto.

Hope. I am of your mind; for, my house not being above three miles from him, he would ofttimes come to me, and that with many tears. Truly I pitied the man, and was not altogether without hope of him; but one may see, it is not every one that cries, "Lord, Lord."

Chr. He told me once that he was resolved to go on pilgrimage, as we do now; but all of a sudden he grew acquainted with one Save-self, and then he became a stranger to me.

Hope. Now, since we are talking about him, let us a little inquire into the reason of the sudden backsliding of him and such others.

Chr. It may be very profitable, but do you begin.

Hope. Well then, there are, in my judgment, four reasons for it:—

1. Though the consciences of such men are awakened, yet their minds are not changed: therefore, when the power of guilt weareth away, that which provoked them to be religious ceaseth; wherefore they naturally turn to their own course again: even as we see the dog that is sick of what he hath eaten, so long as his sickness prevails, he vomits and casts up all; not that he doeth this of a free mind (if we may say a dog has a mind), but because it troubleth his stomach: but now, when his sickness is over, and so his stomach eased, his desire being not at all alienated from his vomit, he turns him about, and licks up all; and so it is true which is written, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again" (2 Pet. ii. 22). Thus, I say, being hot for heaven by virtue only of the sense and fear of the torments of hell, as their sense of hell and the fears of damnation chill and cool, so their desires for heaven and salvation cool also. So then it comes to pass, that when their guilt and fear is gone, their desires for heaven and happiness die, and they return to their course again.

2. Another reason is, they have slavish fears that do overmaster them: I speak now of the fears that they have of men; "for the fear of man bringeth a snare" (Prov. xxix. 25). So then, though they seem to be hot for heaven so long as the flames of hell are about their ears, yet, when that terror is a little over, they betake themselves to second thoughts, namely, that it is good to be wise, and not to run (for they know not what) the hazard of losing all, or at least of bringing themselves into unavoidable and unnecessary troubles; and so they fall in with the world again.

3. The shame that attends religion lies also as a block in their way: they are proud and haughty, and religion in their eye is low and contemptible; therefore, when they have lost their sense of hell and the wrath to come, they return again to their former course.

4. Guilt, and to meditate terror, are grievous to them. They like not to see their misery before they come into it; though perhaps the sight of it first, if they loved that sight, might make them fly whither the righteous fly and are safe: but because they do, as I hinted before, even shun the thoughts of guilt and terror, therefore, when once they are rid of their awakenings about the terrors and wrath of God, they harden their hearts gladly, and choose such ways as will harden them more and more.

Chr. You are pretty near the business, for the bottom of all is, for want of a change in their mind and will. And therefore they are but like the felon that standeth before the judge: he quakes and trembles, and seems to repent most heartily, but the bottom of all is the fear of the halter: not that he hath any detestation of the offence, as is evident, because, let but this man have his liberty, and he will be a thief, and so a rogue still; whereas, if his mind was changed, he would be otherwise.

Hope. Now I have showed you the reasons of their going back, do you show me the manner thereof.

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Chr. So I willingly will :—

1. They draw off their thoughts, all that they may, from the remembrance of God, death, and judgment to come.

2. Then they cast off by degrees private duties, as closet prayer, curbing their lusts, watching, sorrow for sin, and the like.

3. Then they shun the company of lively and warm Christians.

4. After that they grow cold to public duty; as hearing, reading, godly conference, and the like.

5. Then they begin to pick holes, as we say, in the coats of some of the godly, and that devilishly, that they may have a seeming color to throw religion (for the sake of some infirmity they have espied in them) behind their backs.

6. Then they begin to adhere to, and associate themselves with carnal, loose, and wanton men.

7. Then they give way to carnal and wanton discourses in secret; and glad are they if they can see such things in any that are counted honest, that they may the more boldly do it through their example.

8. After this they begin to play with little sins openly.

9. And then, being hardened, they show themselves as they are. Thus, being launched again into the gulf of misery, unless a miracle of grace prevent it, they everlastingly perish in their own deceivings.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAND OF BEULAH — THE FORDS OF THE RIVER — AT HOME.

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and entering into the country of Beulah (Isa. lxii. 4), whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land (Cant. ii. 10–12). In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them" (Isa. lxii. 5). Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage (ver. 8). Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" (ver. 11.) Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, "The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord, Sought out," &c. (ver. 12).

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out, because of their pangs, "If ye find my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love" (Cant. v. 8).

But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way; to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties (Deut. xxiii. 24); he also showed them there the King's walks, and the arbors where he delighted to be: and here they tarried and slept.

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Now I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold, Rev. xxi. 18) was so extremely glorious that they could not, as yet, with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose (2 Cor. iii. 18). So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also, their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian, then, and his companion asked the men to go along with them; so they told them they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over. The river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52). The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; For, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

Then they addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me! Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here, also, as they who stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful, also, would endeavor to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us: but Christian would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother! said he, surely if I was right, he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. They are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men" (Ps. lxxiii. 4, 5). These troubles and distresses that you go through in these

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waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was as in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added this word, Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, O, I see him again! and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii. 2). Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms: also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds: they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the "Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect" (Heb. xii. 22–24). You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxii. 5). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; "for the former things are passed away" (Isa. lxv. 16, 17). You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath "taken away from the evil to come," and that are now "resting in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness" (Isa. lvii. 1, 2). The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears and sufferings for the King by the way (Gal. vi. 7, 8). In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for there "you shall see him as he is" (1 John iii. 2). There, also, you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also shall you be clothed with glory and majesty, and put in an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him (1 Thess. iv. 13–17; Jude 14, 15, Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3).

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to

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whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb" (Rev. xix. 9). There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side: some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view; and they thought they heard all the bells therein ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever, — O, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, —

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.
(Rev. xxii. 14.)

Then I saw in my dream that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some looked from above over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation," said he, "which keepeth the truth, may enter in" (Isa. xxvi. 2).

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD" (Matt. xxv. 23). I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "BLESSING AND HONOR AND GLORY AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOR EVER AND EVER" (Rev. v. 13).

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" (Rev. iv. 8.) And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river-side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-hope, a ferryman, that with

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his boat helped him over: so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate; only he came alone, neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence came you? and what would you have? He answered, I have eaten and drunk in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets. Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? but the man answered never a word. So they told the King; but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city, to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. So I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream.

CONCLUSION.

Now, Reader, I have told my Dream to thee;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbor: but take heed
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting, evil ensues.

Take heed, also, that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream:
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of my matter see.

Put by the curtains, look within the veil;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find,
As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrappèd up in ore?—
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 't will make me dream again.

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THE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Part Second.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE MANNER OF THE SETTING OUT OF CHRISTIAN'S WIFE AND CHILDREN, THEIR DANGEROUS JOURNEY, AND SAFE ARRIVAL AT THE DESIRED COUNTRY.

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THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF SENDING FORTH

HIS

SECOND PART OF THE PILGRIM.

Go now, my little Book, to every place
Where my *first Pilgrim* has but shown his face;
Call at their door. If any say, *Who's there?*
Then answer thou, CHRISTIANA *is here.*
If they bid thee *come in*, then enter thou,
With all thy boys; and then, as thou know'st how,
Tell who they are also, from whence they came.
Perhaps they 'll know them by their looks or name.
But if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not entertain
One CHRISTIAN *a Pilgrim?* If they say
They did, and were delighted in his way;
Then let them know that those related were
Unto him: yea, his wife and children are.
Tell them that they have left their house and home,
Are turnèd Pilgrims, seek a world to come:
That they *have* met with hardships in the way;
That they *do* meet with troubles night and day;
That they have trod on serpents, fought with devils,
Have also overcome a many evils:
Yea, tell them also of the next, who have,
Of love to *Pilgrimage*, been stout and brave
Defenders of that way: and how they still
Refuse this world, to do their Father's will.
Go tell them also of those dainty things
That Pilgrimage unto the Pilgrim brings.
Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
Belovèd of their King, under his care;
What goodly mansions for them he provides,
Though they meet with rough winds and swelling tides;
How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
Who to their Lord, and by his ways hold fast.
Perhaps with heart and hand they will embrace
Thee, as they did my firstling, and will grace
Thee and thy fellows with such cheer and fare,
As show will they of Pilgrims lovers are.

OBJECTION I.

But how, if they will not believe of me
That I am truly thine; 'cause some there be
That counterfeit the Pilgrim and his name, —
Seek, by disguise, to seem the very same;
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who?

ANSWER.

'T is true, some have of late, to counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own my title set;
Yea, others half my name and title too
Have stitchèd to their book, to make them do.
But yet they, by their features, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whosoe'er they are.
If such thou meet'st with, then thine only way,
Before them all, is to *say out thy say*,
In thine own native language, which no man
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.
If, after all, they still of you shall doubt,
Thinking that you, like gypsies, go about
In naughty wise the country to defile,
Or that you seek good people to beguile
With things unwarrantable; send for me,
And I will testify you Pilgrims be;
Yea, I will testify that only you
My Pilgrims are, — and that alone will do.

OBJECTION II.

But yet, perhaps, I may inquire for him
Of those who wish him damnèd life and limb.
What shall I do, when I at such a door
For Pilgrims ask, and they shall rage the more?

ANSWER.

Fright not thyself, my Book, for such bugbears
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears.
My Pilgrim's book has travell'd sea and land,
Yet could I never come to understand
That it was slighted or turn'd out of door,
By any kingdom, were they rich or poor.
In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My Pilgrim is esteem'd a friend, a brother.
In Holland too, 't is said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is, with some, worth more than gold.
Highlanders and wild Irish can agree
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'T is in New England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving countenance,

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As to be trimm'd, new clothed, and deck'd with gems,
That it may show its features and its limbs.
Yet more; so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily sing and talk.
If you draw nearer home, it will appear,
My Pilgrim knows no ground of shame or fear;
City and country will him entertain,
With *Welcome, Pilgrim;* yea, they can't refrain
From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shows his head in any company.
Brave gallants do my Pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much; yea, value it above
Things of a greater bulk; yea, with delight
Say, my lark's leg is better than a kite.
Young ladies, and young gentlewomen too,
Do no small kindness to my Pilgrim shew:
Their cabinets, their bosoms, and their hearts,
My Pilgrim has; 'cause he to them imparts
His pretty riddles in such wholesome strains,
As yield them profit double to their pains
Of reading: yea, I think I may be bold
To say some prize him far above their gold.
The very children that do walk the street,
If they do but my holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will, will wish him well, and say,
He is the only stripling of the day.
They that have never seen him, yet admire
What they have heard of him, and much desire
To have his company, and hear him tell
Those pilgrim stories which he knows so well.
Yea, some who did not love him at the first,
But call'd him *fool* and *noddy*, say they must,
Now they have seen and heard him, him commend,
And to those whom they love they do him send.
Wherefore, my SECOND PART, thou need'st not be
Afraid to show thy head: none can hurt thee,
That wish but well to him that went before,
'Cause thou com'st after with a second store
Of things as good, as rich, as profitable,
For young, for old, for stagg'ring, and for stable.

OBJECTION III.

But some there be that say, He laughs too loud;
And some do say, His head is in a cloud.
Some say, His words and stories are so dark,
They know not how, by them, to find his mark.

ANSWER.

One may, I think, say, Both his laughs and cries
May well be guess'd at by his wat'ry eyes.
Some things are of that nature, as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.
When Jacob saw his Rachel with the sheep,
He did at the same time both kiss and weep.
Whereas some say, *A cloud is in his head*,
That doth but show how wisdom 's coverèd
With its own mantles, and to stir the mind
To a search after what it fain would find.
Things that seem to be hid in words obscure,
Do but the godly mind the more allure
To study what those sayings should contain
That speak to us in such a cloudy strain.
I also know a dark similitude
Will on the fancy more itself intrude,
And will stick faster, in the heart and head,
Than things from similes not borrowèd.
Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels. Behold! thou art sent
To friends, not foes; to friends that will give place
To thee, thy Pilgrims and thy words embrace.
Besides, what my first Pilgrim left conceal'd,
Thou, my brave second Pilgrim, hast reveal'd:
What Christian left lock'd up, and went his way,
Sweet Christiana opens with her key.

OBJECTION IV.

But some love not the method of your first:
Romance they count it: throw 't away as dust.
If I should meet with such, what should I say?
Must I slight them as they slight me, or nay?

ANSWER.

My Christiana, if with such thou meet,
By all means, in all loving wise, them greet:
Render them not reviling for revile;
But if they frown, I prithee on them smile:
Perhaps 't is nature, or some ill report,
Has made them thus despise, or thus retort.
Some love no cheese, some love no fish, and some
Love not their friends, nor their own house or home;
Some start at pig, slight chicken, love not fowl
More than they love a cuckoo or an owl.
Leave such, my Christiana, to their choice,
And seek those who to find thee will rejoice;
By no means strive, but in most humble wise,
Present thee to them in thy Pilgrim's guise.
Go, then, my little Book, and show to all
That entertain and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close shut up from the rest;
And wish what thou shalt show them may be blest
To them for good, may make them choose to be
Pilgrims better by far than thee or me.
Go, then, I say, tell all men who thou art;
Say, I am Christiana, and my part
Is now with my four sons, to tell you what
It is for men to take a Pilgrim's lot.
Go, also, tell them who and what they be
That now do go on pilgrimage with thee:
Say, Here 's my neighbor, Mercy; she is one
That has long time with me a Pilgrim gone.
Come, see her in her virgin face, and learn
'Twixt idle ones and Pilgrims to discern.
Yea, let young damsels learn of her to prize
The world which is to come, in any wise.
When little tripping maidens follow God,
And leave old doting sinners to his rod,
'T is like those days wherein the young ones cried
Hosanna! to whom old ones did deride.
Next tell them of old Honest, whom you found
With his white hairs, treading the Pilgrim's ground;
Yea, tell them how plain-hearted this man was,
How after his good Lord he bare his cross.
Perhaps with some gray head this may prevail
With Christ to fall in love, and sin bewail.
Tell them also, how Master Fearing went
On pilgrimage, and how the time he spent

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In solitariness, with fears and cries;
And how, at last, he won the joyful prize.
He *was* a good man, though much down in spirit;
He *is* a good man, and doth life inherit.
Tell them of Master Feeble-mind also,
Who, not before, but still behind would go.
Show them also, how he had like been slain,
And how one Great-heart did his life regain.
This man was true of heart, though weak in grace;
One might true godliness read in his face.
Then tell them of Master Ready-to-halt,
A man with crutches, but much without fault;
Tell them how Master Feeble-mind and he
Did love, and in opinions much agree:
And let all know, though weakness was their chance,
Yet sometimes one could sing, the other dance.
Forget not Master Valiant-for-the-truth,
That man of courage, though a very youth.
Tell every one his spirit was so stout,
No man could ever make him face about;
And how Great-heart and he could not forbear,
But put down Doubting Castle, slay Despair.
Overlook not Master Despondency,
Nor Much-afraid, his daughter, though they lie
Under such mantles as may make them look
(With some) as if their God had them forsook.
They softly went, but sure; and, at the end,
Found that the Lord of Pilgrims was their friend.
When thou hast told the world of all these things,
Then turn about, my Book, and touch these strings;
Which, if but touchèd, will such music make,
They 'll make a cripple dance, a giant quake.
These riddles that lie couch'd within thy breast,
Freely propound, expound; and for the rest
Of thy mysterious lines, let them remain
For those whose nimble fancies shall them gain.
Now may this little Book a blessing be
To those that love this little Book and me:
And may its buyer have no cause to say,
His money is but lost or thrown away.
Yea, may this SECOND PILGRIM yield that fruit
As may with each good Pilgrim's fancy suit:
And may it persuade some that go astray,
To turn their feet and heart to the right way,
Is the hearty prayer of the Author,
JOHN BUNYAN.

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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIANA.

COURTEOUS COMPANIONS,—Some time since, to tell you my dream that I had of Christian the Pilgrim, and of his dangerous journey toward the Celestial Country, was pleasant to me, and profitable to you. I told you then, also, what I saw concerning his wife and children, and how unwilling they were to go with him on pilgrimage; insomuch that he was forced to go on his progress without them; for he durst not run the danger of that destruction which he feared would come by staying with them in the City of Destruction: wherefore, as I then showed you, he left them and departed.

Now it hath so happened, through the multiplicity of business, that I have been much hindered and kept back from my wonted travels into those parts whence he went, and so could not, till now, obtain an opportunity to make further inquiry after whom he left behind, that I might give you an account of them. But having had some concerns that way of late, I went down again thitherward. Now, having taken up my lodgings in a wood, about a mile off the place, as I slept I dreamed again.

And as I was in my dream, behold, an aged gentleman came by where I lay; and because he was to go some part of the way that I was travelling, methought I got up and went with him. So as we walked, and, as travellers usually do, it was as if we fell into discourse, and our talk happened to be about Christian and his travels; for thus I began with the old man:—

Sir, said I, what town is that there below, that lieth on the left hand of our way?

Then said Mr. Sagacity (for that was his name), It is the City of Destruction, a populous place, but possessed with a very ill-conditioned and idle sort of people.

I thought that was that city, quoth I; I went once myself through that town, and, therefore, know that this report you give of it is true.

Sag. Too true! I wish I could speak truth in speaking better of them that dwell therein.

Well, sir, quoth I, then I perceive you to be a well-meaning man, and so one that takes pleasure to hear and tell of that which is good. Pray, did you never hear what happened to a man some time ago in this town, whose name was Christian, that went on pilgrimage up towards the higher regions?

Sag. Hear of him! ay, and I also heard of the molestations, troubles, wars, captivities, cries, groans, frights, and fears that he met with and had in his journey. Besides, I must tell you, all our country rings of him: there are but few houses that have heard of him and his doings but have sought after and got the records of his pilgrimage: yea, I think I may say that his hazardous journey has got a many well-wishers to his ways; for though, when he was here, he was fool in every man's mouth, yet, now he is gone, he is highly commended of all. For it is said he lies bravely where he is; yea, many of them that are resolved never to run his hazards, yet have their mouths water at his gains.

They may, quoth I, well think, if they think anything that is true, that he liveth

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well where he is; for he now lives at and in the Fountain of Life, and has what he has without labor and sorrow, for there is no grief mixed therewith. But, pray, what talk have the people about him?

Sag. Talk! the people talk strangely about him. Some say that he now walks in white (Rev. iii. 4; vi. 11); that he has a chain of gold about his neck; that he has a crown of gold, beset with pearls, upon his head. Others say that the Shining Ones, that sometimes showed themselves to him in his journey, are become his companions, and that he is as familiar with them in the place where he is, as here one neighbor is with another. Besides, it is confidently affirmed concerning him, that the King of the place where he is has bestowed upon him already a very rich and pleasant dwelling at court, and that he every day eateth and drinketh and walketh and talketh with him, and receiveth of the smiles and favors of him that is Judge of all there (Zech. iii. 7; Luke xiv. 15). Moreover, it is expected of some, that his Prince, the Lord of that country, will shortly come into these parts, and will know the reason, if they can give any, why his neighbors set so little by him, and had him so much in derision, when they perceived that he would be a pilgrim (Jude 14, 15). For they say, that now he is so in the affections of his Prince, and that his Sovereign is so much concerned with the indignities that were cast upon Christian, when he became a pilgrim, that he will look upon all as if done unto himself (Luke x. 16): and no marvel, for it was for the love that he had to his Prince that he ventured as he did.

I dare say, quoth I, I am glad on it; I am glad for the poor man's sake, for that he now has rest from his labor (Rev. xiv. 13), and for that he now reapeth the benefit of his tears with joy (Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6); and for that he has got beyond the gunshot of his enemies, and is out of the reach of them that hate him. I also am glad, for that a rumor of these things is noised abroad in this country; — who can tell but that it may work some good effect on some that are left behind? But pray, sir, while it is fresh in my mind, do you hear anything of his wife and children? Poor hearts! I wonder in my mind what they do.

Sag. Who! Christiana and her sons? They are like to do as well as did Christian himself; for though they all played the fool at the first, and would by no means be persuaded by either the tears or entreaties of Christian, yet second thoughts have wrought wonderfully with them; so they have packed up, and are also gone after him.

Better and better, quoth I: but what! wife and children and all?

Sag. It is true: I can give you an account of the matter, for I was upon the spot at the instant, and was thoroughly acquainted with the whole affair.

Then, said I, a man, it seems, may report it for a truth?

Sag. You need not fear to affirm it; I mean that they are all gone on pilgrimage, both the good woman and her four boys. And being we are (as I perceive) going some considerable way together, I will give you an account of the whole of the matter.

This Christiana (for that was her name from the day that she, with her children, betook themselves to a pilgrim's life), after her husband was gone over the river, and she could hear of him no more, her thoughts began to work in her mind. First, for that she had lost her husband, and for that the loving bond of that relation was utterly broken betwixt them. For you know, said he to me, nature can do no less but entertain the living with many a heavy cogitation, in the remembrance of the loss of loving relations. This, therefore, of her husband did cost her many a tear. But this was not all; for Christiana did also begin to consider with herself, whether her unbecoming behavior towards her husband was not one cause that she saw him no more, and that in such sort he was taken away from her. And upon this came into her mind, by swarms, all her unkind, unnatural, and ungodly carriages to her dear friend; which also clogged her conscience, and did load her with guilt. She was, moreover, much broken with calling to remembrance the restless groans, brinish tears, and self-bemoanings of her husband, and how she did harden her heart against all his entreaties and loving persuasions of her and her sons to go with him; yea, there was not anything that Christian either said to her or did before her, all the while that his burden did hang on his back, but it returned upon her like a flash of lightning,

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and rent the caul of her heart in sunder: specially that bitter outcry of his, "What shall I do to be saved?" did ring in her ears most dolefully.

Then said she to her children, Sons, we are all undone. I have sinned away your father, and he is gone: he would have had us with him, but I would not go myself; I also have hindered you of life. With that the boys fell all into tears, and cried out to go after their father. O, said Christiana, that it had been but our lot to go with him! then had it fared well with us, beyond what it is like to do now. For though I formerly foolishly imagined, concerning the troubles of your father, that they proceeded of a foolish fancy that he had, or for that he was overrun with melancholy humors; yet now it will not out of my mind but that they sprang from another cause, to wit, for that the Light of light was given him (James i. 23–25); by the help of which, as I perceive, he has escaped the snares of death. Then they all wept again, and cried out, O, woe worth the day!

The next night Christiana had a dream; and, behold, she saw as if a broad parchment was opened before her, in which was recorded the sum of her ways; and the times, as she thought, looked very black upon her. Then she cried out aloud in her sleep, Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner! (Luke xviii. 13,) and the little children heard her.

After this, she thought she saw two very ill-favored ones standing by her bedside, and saying, What shall we do with this woman? for she cries out for mercy, waking and sleeping. If she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her, as we have lost her husband. Wherefore we must, by one way or other, seek to take her off from the thoughts of what shall be hereafter, else all the world cannot help it but she will become a pilgrim.

Now she awoke in a great sweat, also a trembling was upon her; but after a while she fell to sleeping again. And then she thought she saw Christian her husband in a place of bliss among many immortals, with a harp in his hand, standing and playing upon it before One that sat upon a throne, with a rainbow about his head. She saw also as if he bowed his head with his face to the paved work that was under the Prince's feet, saying, I heartily thank my Lord and King for bringing of me into this place. Then shouted a company of them that stood round about, and harped with their harps; but no man living could tell what they said, but Christian and his companions.

Next morning, when she was up, had prayed to God, and talked with her children awhile, one knocked hard at the door; to whom she spake out, saying, If thou comest in God's name, come in. So he said, Amen, and opened the door, and saluted her with, Peace be to this house. The which when he had done, he said, Christiana, knowest thou wherefore I am come? Then she blushed and trembled; also her heart began to wax warm with desires to know whence he came, and what was his errand to her. So he said unto her, My name is Secret; I dwell with those that are high. It is talked of where I dwell, as if thou hadst a desire to go thither; also, there is a report that thou art aware of the evil thou hast formerly done to thy husband, in hardening of thy heart against his way, and in keeping of these thy babes in their ignorance. Christiana, the Merciful One has sent me to tell thee that he is a God ready to forgive, and that he taketh delight to multiply to pardon offences. He would also have thee know that he inviteth thee to come into his presence, to his table, and that he will feed thee with the fat of his house, and with the heritage of Jacob thy father.

There is Christian, thy husband that was, with legions more, his companions, ever beholding that face that doth minister life to beholders; and they will all be glad when they shall hear the sound of thy feet step over thy Father's threshold.

Christiana at this was greatly abashed in herself, and, bowing her head to the ground, this visitor proceeded and said, Christiana, here is also a letter for thee, which I have brought from thy husband's King. So she took it and opened it, but it smelt after the manner of the best perfume (Song i. 3); also it was written in letters of gold. The contents of the letter was: That the King would have her do as did Christian her husband; for that was the way to come to his city, and to dwell in his presence with joy forever. At this the good woman was quite overcome; so she cried out to her visitor, Sir, will you carry me and my children with

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you, that we may also go and worship this King?

Then said the visitor, Christiana, the bitter is before the sweet. Thou must through troubles, as did he that went before thee, enter this Celestial City. Wherefore I advise thee to do as did Christian thy husband. Go to the Wicket-gate yonder, over the plain, for that stands in the head of the way up which thou must go, and I wish thee all good speed. Also I advise that thou put this letter in thy bosom; that thou read therein to thyself, and to thy children, until you have got it by rote of heart; for it is one of the songs that thou must sing while thou art in this house of thy pilgrimage (Ps. cxix. 54); also this thou must deliver in at the further gate.

Now I saw in my dream, that this old gentleman, as he told me the story, did himself seem to be greatly affected therewith. He, moreover, proceeded, and said, So Christiana called her sons together, and began thus to address herself unto them: My sons, I have, as you may perceive, been of late under much exercise in my soul about the death of your father; not for that I doubt at all of his happiness, for I am satisfied now that he is well. I have been also much affected with the thoughts of mine own state and yours, which I verily believe is by nature miserable. My carriages also to your father in his distress is a great load to my conscience; for I hardened both my own heart and yours against him, and refused to go with him on pilgrimage.

The thoughts of these things would now kill me outright, but that for a dream which I had last night, and but for the encouragement that this stranger has given me this morning. Come, my children, let us pack up, and be gone to the gate that leads to the Celestial Country, that we may see your father, and be with him and his companions in peace, according to the laws of that land.

Then did her children burst out into tears, for joy that the heart of their mother was so inclined. So their visitor bade them farewell; and they began to prepare to set out for their journey.

But while they were thus about to be gone, two of the women that were Christiana's neighbors came up to her house, and knocked at her door. To whom she said as before, If you come in God's name, come in. At this the women were stunned; for this kind of language they used not to hear, or to perceive to drop from the lips of Christiana. Yet they came in; but, behold, they found the good woman a preparing to be gone from her house.

So they began and said, Neighbor, pray what is your meaning by this?

Christiana answered and said to the eldest of them, whose name was Mrs. Timorous, I am preparing for a journey. (This Timorous was daughter to him that met Christian upon the Hill of Difficulty, and would have had him go back for fear of the lions.)

Tim. For what journey, I pray you?

Chr. Even to go after my good husband. And with that she fell a-weeping.

Tim. I hope not so, good neighbor; pray, for your poor children's sakes, do not so unwomanly cast away yourself.

Chr. Nay, my children shall go with me; not one of them is willing to stay behind.

Tim. I wonder in my very heart what or who has brought you into this mind?

Chr. O neighbor, knew you but as much as I do, I doubt not but that you would go with me.

Tim. Prithee, what new knowledge hast thou got, that so worketh off thy mind from thy friends, and that tempteth thee to go, nobody knows where?

Chr. Then Christiana replied, I have been sorely afflicted since my husband's departure from me; but especially since he went over the river. But that which troubleth me most is, my churlish carriages to him when he was under his distress. Besides, I am now as he was then; nothing will serve me but going on pilgrimage. I was a-dreaming last night that I saw him. O that my soul was with him! He dwelleth in the presence of the King of the country; he sits and eats with him at his table; he has become a companion of immortals, and has a house now given him to dwell in, to which the best palaces on earth, if compared, seem to me but as a dunghill (2 Cor. v. 1–4). The Prince of the place has also sent for me, with promise of entertainment, if I shall come to him: his messenger was here even now, and has brought me a letter, which invites me to come. And with that she

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plucked out her letter, and read it, and said to them, What now will ye say to this?

Tim. O the madness that has possessed thee and thy husband, to run yourselves upon such difficulties! You have heard, I am sure, what your husband did meet with, even, in a manner, at the first step that he took on his way, as our neighbor Obstinate can yet testify, for he went along with him; yea, and Pliable too, until they, like wise men, were afraid to go any further. We also heard, over and above, how he met with the lions, Apollyon, the Shadow of Death, and many other things. Nor is the danger that he met with at Vanity Fair to be forgotten by thee. For if he, though a man, was so hard put to it, what canst thou, being but a poor woman, do? Consider, also, that these four sweet babes are thy children, thy flesh and thy bones. Wherefore, though thou shouldest be so rash as to cast away thyself, yet, for the sake of the fruit of thy body, keep thou at home.

But Christiana said unto her, Tempt me not, my neighbor. I have now a price put into my hand to get gain, and I should be a fool of the greatest size if I should have no heart to strike in with the opportunity. And for that you tell me of all these troubles that I am like to meet with in the way, they are so far from being to me a discouragement, that they show I am in the right. The bitter must come before the sweet, and that also will make the sweet the sweeter. Wherefore, since you came not to my house in God's name, as I said, I pray you to be gone, and not to disquiet me further.

Then Timorous reviled her, and said to her fellow, Come, neighbor Mercy, let us leave her in her own hands, since she scorns our counsel and company. But Mercy was at a stand, and could not so readily comply with her neighbor; and that for a twofold reason: 1. Her bowels yearned over Christiana. So she said within herself, If my neighbor will needs be gone, I will go a little way with her, and help her. 2. Her bowels yearned over her own soul; for what Christiana had said had taken some hold upon her mind. Wherefore she said within herself again, I will yet have more talk with this Christiana; and if I find truth and life in what she shall say, myself with my heart shall also go with her. Wherefore Mercy began thus to reply to her neighbor Timorous:—

Mer. Neighbor, I did, indeed, come with you to see Christiana this morning; and since she is, as you see, a-taking of her last farewell of her country, I think to walk, this sunshine morning, a little way with her, to help her on the way. But she told her not of the second reason, but kept that to herself.

Tim. Well, I see you have a mind to go a-fooling too; but take heed in time, and be wise. While we are out of danger, we are out; but when we are in, we are in. So Mrs. Timorous returned to her house, and Christiana betook herself to her journey. But when Timorous was got home to her house, she sends for some of her neighbors, to wit, Mrs. Bat's-eyes, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-mind, and Mrs. Know-nothing. So when they were come to her house, she falls to telling the story of Christiana, and of her intended journey. And thus she began her tale:—

Tim. Neighbors, having had little to do this morning, I went to give Christiana a visit; and when I came at the door I knocked, as you know it is our custom. And she answered, If you come in God's name, come in. So in I went, thinking all was well. But, when I came in, I found her preparing herself to depart the town, she and also her children. So I asked her what was her meaning by that. And she told me, in short, that she was now of a mind to go on pilgrimage, as did her husband. She told me also a dream that she had, and how the King of the country where her husband was had sent her an inviting letter to come thither.

Then said Mrs. Know-nothing, And what! do you think she will go?

Tim. Ay, go she will, whatever comes on 't: and methinks I know it by this; for that which was my great argument to persuade her to stay at home (to wit, the troubles she was like to meet with in the way) is one great argument with her to put her forward on her journey. For she told me in so many words, The bitter goes before the sweet; yea, and forasmuch as it so doth, it makes the sweet the sweeter.

Mrs. Bat's-eyes. O, this blind and foolish woman! said she; will she not take warning

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CHRISTIANA AND FAMILY SET OUT.

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by her husband's afflictions? For my part, I see, if he was here again, he would rest himself content in a whole skin, and never run so many hazards for nothing.

Mrs. Inconsiderate also replied, saying, Away with such fantastical fools from the town! a good riddance, for my part, I say, of her. Should she stay where she dwells, and retain this her mind, who could live quietly by her? for she will either be dumpish or unneighborly, or talk of such matters as no wise body can abide. Wherefore, for my part, I shall never be sorry for her departure. Let her go, and let better come in her room. It was never a good world since these whimsical fools dwelt in it.

Then Mrs. Light-mind added as followeth: Come, put this kind of talk away. I was yesterday at Madam Wanton's, where we were as merry as the maids. For who do you think should be there, but I and Mrs. Love-the-flesh, and three or four more, with Mr. Lechery, Mrs. Filth, and some others. So there we had music and dancing, and what else was meet to fill up the pleasure. And, I dare say, my lady herself is an admirably well-bred gentlewoman, and Mr. Lechery is as pretty a fellow.

CHAPTER II.

THE WICKET-GATE.

By this time Christiana was got on her way, and Mercy went along with her. So as they went, her children being there also, Christiana began to discourse. And, Mercy, said Christiana, I take this as an unexpected favor, that thou shouldest set foot out of doors with me to accompany me a little in my way.

Mer. Then said young Mercy (for she was but young), If I thought it would be to purpose to go with you, I would never go near the town any more.

Chr. Well, Mercy, said Christiana, cast in thy lot with me. I well know what will be the end of our pilgrimage. My husband is where he would not but be for all the gold in the Spanish mines. Nor shalt thou be rejected though thou goest but upon my invitation. The King, who hath sent for me and my children, is one that delighteth in mercy. Besides, if thou wilt I will hire thee, and thou shalt go along with me as my servant. Yet we will have all things in common betwixt thee and me: only, go along with me.

Mer. But how shall I be ascertained that I also shall be entertained? Had I this hope but from one that can tell, I would make no stick at all, but would go, being helped by Him that can help, though the way was never so tedious.

Chr. Well, loving Mercy, I will tell thee what thou shalt do: Go with me to the Wicket-gate, and there I will further inquire for thee; and if there thou shalt not meet with encouragement, I will be content that thou shalt return to thy place. I also will pay thee for thy kindness which thou showest to me and my children, in thy accompanying of us in our way as thou dost.

Mer. Then will I go thither, and will take what shall follow; and the Lord grant that my lot may there fall even as the King of heaven shall have his heart upon me.

Christiana then was glad at her heart, not only that she had a companion, but also that for she had prevailed with this poor maid to fall in love with her own salvation. So they went on together, and Mercy began to weep. Then said Christiana, Wherefore weepeth my sister so?

Mer. Alas! said she, who can but lament, that shall but rightly consider what a state and condition my poor relations are in, that yet remain in our sinful town? And that which makes my grief the more heavy is, because they have no instructor, nor any to tell them what is to come.

Chr. Bowels becometh pilgrims; and thou dost for thy friends as my good Christian did for me when he left me; he mourned for that I would not heed nor regard him: but his Lord and ours did gather up his tears, and put them into his bottle; and now both I and thou, and these my sweet babes, are reaping the fruit and benefit of them. I hope, Mercy, these tears of thine will not be lost; for the Truth hath said, that "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," in singing; and, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6).

Then said Mercy:—

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Let the Most Blessed be my guide,
If 't be his blessed will;
Unto his gate, into his fold,
Up to his holy hill.

And let him never suffer me
To swerve or turn aside
From his free grace and holy ways,
Whate'er shall me betide.

And let him gather them of mine
That I have left behind:
Lord, make them pray they may be thine,
With all their heart and mind.

Now my old friend proceeded and said: But when Christiana came up to the Slough of Despond, she began to be at a stand; for, said she, this is the place in which my dear husband had like to have been smothered with mud. She perceived, also, that notwithstanding the command of the King to make this place for pilgrims good, yet it was rather worse than formerly. So I asked if that was true? Yes, said the old gentleman, too true; for that many there be that pretend to be the King's laborers, and that say they are for mending the King's highway, that bring dirt and dung instead of stones, and so mar, instead of mending. Here Christiana, therefore, with her boys, did make a stand. But, said Mercy, Come, let us venture; only let us be wary. Then they looked well to the steps, and made a shift to get staggeringly over.

Yet Christiana had like to have been in, and that not once nor twice. Now they had no sooner got over, but they thought they heard words that said unto them, "Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord" (Luke i. 45).

Then they went on again; and said Mercy to Christiana, Had I as good ground to hope for a loving reception at the Wicket-gate as you, I think no Slough of Despond would discourage me.

Well, said the other, you know your sore, and I know mine; and, good friend, we shall all have enough evil before we come at our journey's end. For can it be imagined, that the people that design to attain such excellent glories as we do, and that are so envied that happiness as we are, but that we shall meet with what fears and scares, with what troubles and afflictions, they can possibly assault us with that hate us?

And now Mr. Sagacity left me to dream out my dream by myself. Wherefore, methought I saw Christiana and Mercy and the boys go all of them up to the gate; to which when they were come they betook themselves to a short debate about how they must manage their calling at the gate, and what should be said to him that did open to them. So it was concluded, since Christiana was the eldest, that she should knock for entrance, and that she should speak to him that did open, for the rest. So Christiana began to knock; and, as her poor husband did, she knocked and knocked again. But, instead of any that answered, they all thought that they heard as if a dog came barking upon them, — a dog, and a great one too; and this made the women and children afraid, nor durst they for a while to knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them. Now, therefore, they were greatly tumbled up and down in their minds, and knew not what to do: knock they durst not, for fear of the dog; go back they durst not, for fear the Keeper of that gate should espy them as they so went, and should be offended with them: at last they thought of knocking again, and knocked more vehemently than they did at the first. Then said the Keeper of the gate, Who is there? So the dog left off to bark, and he opened unto them.

Then Christiana made low obeisance, and said, Let not our Lord be offended with his handmaidens, for that we have knocked at his princely gate. Then said the Keeper, Whence come ye, and what is that you would have?

Christiana answered, We are come from whence Christian did come, and upon the same errand as he; to wit, to be, if it shall please you, graciously admitted by this gate into the way that leads to the Celestial City. And I answer, my Lord, in the next place, that I am Christiana, once the wife of Christian, that now is gotten above.

With that the Keeper of the gate did marvel, saying, What! is she now become a pilgrim that but a while ago abhorred that life? Then she bowed her head, and said, Yes, and so are these my sweet babes also.

Then he took her by the hand and led her in, and said also, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"; and with that he shut up the gate. This done, he called to a trum-

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peter that was above, over the gate, to entertain Christiana with shouting and sound of trumpet for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes (Luke xv. 7).

Now all this while poor Mercy did stand without, trembling and crying, for fear that she was rejected. But when Christiana had gotten admittance for herself and her boys, then she began to make intercession for Mercy.

Chr. And she said, My Lord, I have a companion of mine that stands yet without, that is come hither upon the same account as myself; one that is much dejected in her mind, for that she comes, as she thinks, without sending for; whereas I was sent to by my husband's King to come.

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, for each minute was as long to her as an hour; wherefore she prevented Christiana from a fuller interceding for her by knocking at the gate herself. And she knocked then so loud that she made Christiana to start. Then said the Keeper of the gate, Who is there? and said Christiana, It is my friend.

So he opened the gate, and looked out; but Mercy was fallen down without in a swoon, for she fainted, and was afraid that no gate would be opened to her.

Then he took her by the hand, and said, Damsel, I bid thee arise.

O sir, said she, I am faint; there is scarce life left in me. But he answered, that one once said, "When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord; and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple" (Jonah ii. 7). Fear not, but stand upon thy feet, and tell me wherefore thou art come.

Mer. I am come for that unto which I was never invited, as my friend Christiana was. Hers was from the King, and mine was but from her. Wherefore I fear I presume.

Keep. Did she desire thee to come with her to this place?

Mer. Yes; and, as my Lord sees, I am come; and if there is any grace or forgiveness of sins to spare, I beseech that I, thy poor handmaid, may be partaker thereof.

Then he took her again by the hand, and led her gently in, and said, I pray for all them that believe on me, by what means soever they come unto me. Then said he to those that stood by, Fetch something, and give it to Mercy to smell on, thereby to stay her fainting. So they fetched her a bundle of myrrh; and a while after she was revived.

And now was Christiana and her boys and Mercy received of the Lord at the head of the way, and spoke kindly unto by him. Then said they yet further unto him, We are sorry for our sins, and beg of our Lord his pardon and further information what we must do.

I grant pardon, said he, by word and deed: by word, in the promise of forgiveness: by deed, in the way I obtained it. Take the first from my lips with a kiss (Song i. 2), and the other as it shall be revealed (John xx. 20).

Now I saw in my dream that he spake many good words unto them, whereby they were greatly gladdened. He also had them up to the top of the gate, and showed them by what deed they were saved; and told them withal, that that sight they would have again, as they went along the way, to their comfort.

So he left them awhile in a summer parlor below, where they entered into a talk by themselves; and thus Christiana began: O Lord, how glad am I that we are got in hither?

Mer. So you well may; but I of all have cause to leap for joy.

Chr. I thought one time, as I stood at the gate (because I had knocked, and none did answer), that all our labor had been lost, especially when that ugly cur made such a heavy barking against us.

Mer. But my worst fear was after I saw that you was taken into his favor, and that I was left behind. Now, thought I, it is fulfilled which is written, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other left" (Matt. xxiv. 41). I had much ado to forbear crying out, Undone! undone! And afraid I was to knock any more; but when I looked up to what was written over the gate, I took courage. I also thought that I must either knock again or die; so I knocked, but I cannot tell how; for my spirit now struggled betwixt life and death.

Chr. Can you not tell how you knocked? I am sure your knocks were so earnest that the very sound of them made me start. I

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thought I never heard such knocking in all my life; I thought you would come in by violent hand, or have taken the kingdom by storm (Matt. xi. 12).

Mer. Alas! to be in my case, who that so was could but have done so? You saw that the door was shut upon me, and that there was a most cruel dog thereabout. Who, I say, that was so faint-hearted as I, that would not have knocked with all their might? But, pray, what said my Lord to my rudeness? Was he not angry with me?

Chr. When he heard your lumbering noise, he gave a wonderful innocent smile: I believe what you did pleased him well enough, for he showed no sign to the contrary. But I marvel in my heart why he keeps such a dog. Had I known that before, I fear I should not have had heart enough to have ventured myself in this manner. But now we are in, we are in; and I am glad with all my heart.

Mer. I will ask, if you please, next time he comes down, why he keeps such a filthy cur in his yard: I hope he will not take it amiss.

Ay, do, said the children, and persuade him to hang him; for we are afraid he will bite us when we go hence.

So at last he came down to them again, and Mercy fell to the ground on her face before him, and worshipped, and said, Let my Lord accept of the sacrifice of praise which I now offer unto him with the calves of my lips.

So he said unto her, Peace be to thee; stand up. But she continued upon her face, and said, "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments" (Jer. xii. 1). Wherefore dost thou keep so cruel a dog in thy yard, at the sight of which such women and children as we are ready to fly from thy gate for fear?

He answered and said, That dog has another owner; he also is kept close in another man's ground, only my pilgrims hear his barking: he belongs to the castle which you see there at a distance, but can come up to the walls of this place. He has frighted many an honest pilgrim from worse to better, by the great voice of his roaring. Indeed, he that owneth him doth not keep him of any good-will to me or mine, but with intent to keep the pilgrims from coming to me, and that they may be afraid to knock at this gate for entrance. Sometimes, also, he has broken out, and has worried some that I loved; but I take all at present patiently. I also give my pilgrims timely help; so they are not delivered up to his power, to do to them what his doggish nature would prompt him to. But what, my purchased one! I trow, hadst thou known never so much beforehand, thou wouldst not have been afraid of a dog. The beggars that go from door to door will, rather than they will lose a supposed alms, run the hazard of the bawling, barking, and biting, too, of a dog; and shall a dog, a dog in another man's yard, a dog whose barking I turn to the profit of pilgrims, keep any from coming to me? I deliver them from the lions, their darling from the power of the dog.

Mer. Then said Mercy, I confess my ignorance; I spake what I understood not: I acknowledge that thou dost all things well.

Chr. Then Christiana began to talk of their journey, and to inquire after the way. So he fed them, and washed their feet, and set them in the way of his steps, according as he had dealt with her husband before. So I saw in my dream that they walked on in their way, and had the weather very comfortable to them.

Then Christiana began to sing, saying: —

Bless'd be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be;
And blessed also be the man
That hereto movèd me.

'T is true, 't was long ere I began
To seek to live forever:
But now I run fast as I can;
'T is better late than never.

Our tears to joy, our fears to faith,
Are turnèd, as we see;
That our beginning (as one saith)
Shows what our end will be.

Now there was, on the other side of the wall that fenced in the way up which Christiana and her companions were to go, a garden, and that garden belonged to him whose was that barking dog of whom mention was made before. And some of the fruit trees that grew in that garden shot their branches over the wall: and being mellow, they that found them did gather them up, and oft ate

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of them to their hurt. So Christiana's boys (as boys are apt to do), being pleased with the trees, and with the fruit that did hang thereon, did plash them, and began to eat. Their mother did also chide them for so doing, but still the boys went on.

Well, said she, my sons, you transgress, for that fruit is none of ours; — but she did not know that they did belong to the enemy; I will warrant you, if she had, she would have been ready to die for fear. But that passed, and they went on their way. Now, by that they were gone about two bow-shots from the place that led them into the way, they espied two very ill-favored ones coming down apace to meet them. With that, Christiana and Mercy her friend covered themselves with their veils, and so kept on their journey; the children also went on before; so that at last they met together. Then they that came down to meet them, came just up to the women, as if they would embrace them; but Christiana said, Stand back, or go peaceably by, as you should. Yet these two, as men that are deaf, regarded not Christiana's words, but began to lay hands upon them. At that Christiana, waxing very wroth, spurned at them with her feet. Mercy also, as well as she could, did what she could to shift them. Christiana again said to them, Stand back and be gone; for we have no money to lose, being pilgrims, as you see, and such, too, as live upon the charity of our friends.

Ill-favored. Then said one of the two of the men, We make no assault upon you for money, but are come out to tell you, that if you will but grant one small request, which we shall ask, we will make women of you forever.

Chr. Now Christiana, imagining what they should mean, made answer again, We will neither hear, nor regard, nor yield to what you shall ask. We are in haste, — cannot stay; our business is a business of life and death. So again she and her companion made a fresh essay to go past them; but they letted them in their way.

Ill-fav. And they said, We intend no hurt to your lives; it is another thing we would have.

Chr. Ay, quoth Christiana, you would have us body and soul, for I know it is for that you are come; but we will die rather upon the spot than suffer ourselves to be brought into such snares as shall hazard our well-being hereafter. And with that they both shrieked out, and cried, Murder! murder! and so put themselves under those laws that are provided for the protection of women (Deut. xxii. 23 - 27). But the men still made their approach upon them, with design to prevail against them. They therefore cried out again.

Now, they being, as I said, not far from the gate in at which they came, their voice was heard from where they were, thither: wherefore some of the house came out, and knowing that it was Christiana's tongue, they made haste to her relief. But by that they were got within sight of them, the women were in a very great scuffle; the children also stood crying by. Then did he that came in for their relief call out to the ruffians, saying, What is that thing that you do? Would you make my Lord's people to transgress? He also attempted to take them; but they did make their escape over the wall into the garden of the man to whom the great dog belonged; so the dog became their protector. This Reliever then came up to the women, and asked them how they did. So they answered, We thank thy Prince, pretty well, only we have been somewhat affrighted; we thank thee also, for that thou camest in to our help, for otherwise we had been overcome.

Reliever. So after a few more words, this Reliever said as followeth: I marvelled much when you were entertained at the gate above, being ye knew that ye were but weak women, that you petitioned not the Lord there for a conductor; then might you have avoided these troubles and dangers; for he would have granted you one.

Chr. Alas! said Christiana, we were so taken with our present blessing, that dangers to come were forgotten by us: besides, who could have thought, that so near the King's palace there could have lurked such naughty ones? Indeed, it had been well for us had we asked our Lord for one; but since our Lord knew it would be for our profit, I wonder he sent not one along with us.

Rel. It is not always necessary to grant things not asked for, lest, by so doing, they become of little esteem; but when the want of a thing is felt, it then comes under, in the

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eyes of him that feels it, that estimate that properly is its due, and so, consequently, will be thereafter used. Had my Lord granted you a conductor, you would not either have so bewailed that oversight of yours, in not asking for one, as now you have occasion to do. So all things work for good, and tend to make you more wary.

Chr. Shall we go back again to my Lord, and confess our folly, and ask one?

Rel. Your confession of your folly I will present him with. To go back again you need not; for in all places where you shall come, you will find no want at all; for in every of my Lord's lodgings which he has prepared for the reception of his pilgrims, there is sufficient to furnish them against all attempts whatsoever. But, as I said, "he will be inquired of by them, to do it for them" (Ezek. xxxvi. 37). And it is a poor thing that is not worth asking for. When he had thus said, he went back to his place, and the pilgrims went on their way.

Mer. Then said Mercy, What a sudden blank is here! I made account we had now been past all danger, and that we should never see sorrow more.

Chr. Thy innocency, my sister, said Christiana to Mercy, may excuse thee much; but as for me, my fault is so much the greater, for that I saw this danger before I came out of the doors, and yet did not provide for it when provision might have been had. I am therefore much to be blamed.

Mer. Then said Mercy, How knew you this before you came from home? Pray open to me this riddle.

Chr. Why, I will tell you: Before I set foot out of doors, one night, as I lay in my bed, I had a dream about this; for methought I saw two men, as like these as ever the world they could look, stand at my bed's feet, plotting how they might prevent my salvation. I will tell you their very words. They said (it was when I was in my troubles), What shall we do with this woman? for she cries out, waking and sleeping, for forgiveness. If she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her, as we have lost her husband. This, you know, might have made me take heed, and have provided when provision might have been had.

Mer. Well, said Mercy, as by this neglect we have an occasion ministered unto us to behold our own imperfections, so our Lord has taken occasion thereby to make manifest the riches of his grace; for he, as we see, has followed us with unasked kindness, and has delivered us from their hands that were stronger than we, of his mere good pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

THUS, now when they had talked away a little more time, they drew nigh to a house which stood in the way, which house was built for the relief of pilgrims; as you will find more fully related in the First Part of these Records of the Pilgrim's Progress. So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter); and when they came to the door, they heard a great talk in the house. They then gave ear, and heard, as they thought, Christiana mentioned by name; for you must know that there went along, even before her, a talk of her and her children's going on pilgrimage. And this thing was the more pleasing to them, because they had heard that she was Christian's wife, that woman who was some time ago so unwilling to hear of going on pilgrimage. Thus, therefore, they stood still, and heard the good people within commending her, who they little thought stood at the door. At last Christiana knocked, as she had done at the gate before. Now, when she had knocked, there came to the door a young damsel named Innocent, and opened the door and looked, and, behold, two women were there.

Damsel. Then said the damsel to them, With whom would you speak in this place?

Chr. Christiana answered, We understand that this is a privileged place for those that are become pilgrims, and we now at this door are such; wherefore we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we at this time are come; for the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loath to-night to go any further.

Dams. Pray, what may I call your name, that I may tell it to my Lord within?

Chr. My name is Christiana; I was the wife of that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way; and these be his four chil-

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dren. This maiden also is my companion, and is going on pilgrimage too.

Innocent. Then ran Innocent in (for that was her name), and said to those within, Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana, and her children, and her companion, all waiting for entertainment here! Then they leaped for joy, and went and told their Master. So he came to the door, and looking upon her, he said, Art thou that Christiana whom Christian, the good man, left behind him, when he betook himself to a pilgrim's life?

Chr. I am that woman that was so hard-hearted as to slight my husband's troubles, and that left him to go on his journey alone; and these are his four children: but now I also am come, for I am convinced that no way is right but this.

Inter. Then is fulfilled that which also is written of the man that said to his son, "Go work to-day in my vineyard: and he said to his father, I will not; but afterward he repented and went" (Matt. xxi. 28, 29).

Chr. Then said Christiana, So be it, Amen. God make it a true saying upon me, and grant that I may be found at the last of him in peace, without spot, and blameless!

Inter. But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham. We were talking of thee but now, for tidings have come to us before, how thou art become a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in. So he had them all into the house.

So, when they were within, they were bidden sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the pilgrims in the house came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled, for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys; they stroked them over the faces with the hand, in token of their kind reception of them. They also carried it lovingly to Mercy; and bid them all welcome into their Master's house. After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his Significant Rooms, and showed them what Christiana's husband had seen some time before. Here, therefore, they saw the man in the cage, the man and his dream, the man that cut his way through his enemies, and the picture of the biggest of them all, together with the rest of those things that were then so profitable to Christian.

This done, and after these things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.

Then said Christiana, I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is a figure of a man of this world: is it not, good sir?

Inter. Thou hast said the right, said he; and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks and the dust of the floor, than to what He says that calls to him from above with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show that heaven is but as a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also showed thee that the man could look no way but downwards; it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God.

Chr. Then said Christiana, O deliver me from this muck-rake!

Inter. That prayer, said the Interpreter, has lain by till it is almost rusty. "Give me not riches," is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand (Prov. xxx. 8). Straws and sticks and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after.

With that Mercy and Christiana wept, and said, It is, alas! too true.

When the Interpreter had shown them this, he had them into the very best room in the house (a very brave room it was): so he bid them look round about, and see if they could find anything profitable there. Then they looked round and round; for there was nothing there to be seen but a very great spider on the wall, and that they overlooked.

Mer. Then said Mercy, Sir, I see nothing; but Christiana held her peace.

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Inter. But, said the Interpreter, look again; and she therefore looked again, and said, Here is not anything but an ugly spider, who hangs by her hands upon the wall. Then said he, Is there but one spider in all this spacious room? Then the water stood in Christiana's eyes, for she was a woman quick of apprehension; and she said, Yea, Lord, there is here more than one; yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in her. The Interpreter then looked pleasantly upon her, and said, Thou hast said the truth. This made Mercy blush, and the boys to cover their faces; for they all began now to understand the riddle.

Then said the Interpreter again, "The spider taketh hold with her hands (as you see), and is in kings' palaces" (Prov. xxx. 28). And wherefore is this recorded, but to show you, that how full of the venom of sin soever you be, yet you may, by the hand of faith, lay hold of and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King's house above.

Chr. I thought, said Christiana, of something of this, but I could not imagine it all. I thought that we were like spiders, and that we looked like ugly creatures, in what fine room soever we were; but that by this spider, this venomous and ill-favored creature, we were to learn how to act faith, that came not into my mind: and yet she has taken hold with her hands, as I see, and dwells in the best room in the house. God has made nothing in vain.

Then they seemed all to be glad; but the water stood in their eyes; yet they looked one upon another, and also bowed before the Interpreter.

He had them then into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lift up her head and her eyes towards heaven. See, said he, what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up. Yet again, said he, observe and look. So they gave heed and perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method towards her chickens: 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3. She had a brooding note. And, 4. She had an outcry (Matt. xxiii. 37).

Now, said he, compare this hen to your King, and these chickens to his obedient ones. For, answerable to her, himself hath his methods, which he walketh in towards his people. By his common call he gives nothing; by his special call, he always has something to give; he has also a brooding voice, for them that are under his wing; and he has an outcry, to give the alarm when he seeth the enemy come. I chose, my darlings, to lead you into the room where such things are, because you are women, and they are easy for you.

Chr. And, sir, said Christiana, pray let us see some more. So he had them into the slaughter-house, where was a butcher killing of a sheep; and, behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently. Then said the Interpreter, You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up with wrongs without murmurings and complaints. Behold how quietly she taketh her death, and, without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your King doth call you his sheep.

After this, he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers; and he said, Do you see all these? So Christiana said, Yes. Then said he again, Behold, the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and color, and smell, and virtue; and some are better than some; also, where the gardener hath set them, there they stand, and quarrel not with one another.

Again, he had them into his field, which he had sowed with wheat and corn; but when they beheld, the tops of all were cut off, only the straw remained. He said again, This ground was dunged and ploughed and sowed; but what shall we do with the crop? Then said Christiana, Burn some, and make muck of the rest. Then said the Interpreter again, Fruit, you see, is that thing you look for, and for want of that you condemn it to the fire, and to be trodden under foot of men; beware that in this you condemn not yourselves.

Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth. So the Interpreter said, Look here. So they looked, and Mercy wondered; but Christiana said, What a disparagement is

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it to such a pretty little bird as the robin-redbreast is, he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man! I had thought they had lived upon crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter: I like him worse than I did.

The Interpreter then replied, This robin is an emblem, very apt to set forth some professors by; for, to sight, they are, as this robin, pretty of note, color, and carriage. They seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere; and, above all others, to desire to associate with them, and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly, and the appointments of the Lord; but when they are by themselves, as the robin, they can catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water.

So, when they were come again into the house, because supper as yet was not ready, Christiana again desired that the Interpreter would either show or tell of some other things that are profitable.

Then the Interpreter began, and said: The fatter the sow is, the more she desires the mire; the fatter the ox is, the more gamesomely he goes to the slaughter; and the more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil.

There is a desire in women to go neat and fine; and it is a comely thing to be adorned with that that in God's sight is of great price.

It is easier watching a night or two, than to sit up a whole year together: so it is easier for one to begin to profess well, than to hold out as he should to the end.

Every shipmaster, when in a storm, will willingly cast that overboard that is of the smallest value in the vessel; but who will throw the best out first? None but he that feareth not God.

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful unto him; but he that forgets his Saviour is unmerciful to himself.

He that lives in sin, and looks for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company-keeper.

Whispering and change of thoughts prove that sin is in the world.

If the world, which God sets light by, is counted a thing of that worth with men; what is heaven, which God commendeth?

If the life that is attended with so many troubles is so loath to be let go by us, what is the life above?

Everybody will cry up the goodness of men; but who is there that is, as he should, affected with the goodness of God?

We seldom sit down to meat, but we eat and leave; so there is in Jesus Christ more merit and righteousness than the whole world has need of.

When the Interpreter had done, he takes them out into his garden again, and had them to a tree whose inside was all rotten and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves. Then said Mercy, What means this? This tree, said he, whose outside is fair, and whose inside is rotten, it is to which many may be compared that are in the garden of God; who with their mouths speak high in behalf of God, but in deed will do nothing for him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing, but to be tinder for the devil's tinder-box.

Now supper was ready, the table spread, and all things set on the board; so they sat down and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals; so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had. His song was this: —

The Lord is only my support,
And he that doth me feed;
How can I then want anything
Whereof I stand in need?

When the song and music was ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that at first did move her to betake herself to a pilgrim's life. Christiana answered, First, the loss of my husband came into my mind, at which I was heartily grieved; but all that was but natural affection. Then, after that, came the troubles and pilgrimage of my husband into my mind, and also how like a churl I had carried it to him as to that. So guilt took hold of my mind, and would have

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drawn me into the pond, but that opportunely I had a dream of the well-being of my husband, and a letter sent me by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him. The dream and the letter together so wrought upon my mind, that they forced me to this way.

Inter. But met you with no opposition before you set out of doors?

Chr. Yes; a neighbor of mine, one Mrs. Timorous (she was akin to him that would have persuaded my husband to go back for fear of the lions). She all-to-befooled me for, as she called it, my intended desperate adventure; she also urged what she could to dishearten me to it, — the hardships and troubles that my husband met with in the way: but all this I got over pretty well. But a dream that I had of two ill-looking ones, that I thought did plot how to make me miscarry in my journey, that hath troubled me much; yea, it still runs in my mind, and makes me afraid of every one that I meet, lest they should meet me to do me a mischief, and to turn me out of the way. Yea, I may tell my Lord, though I would not have everybody know of it, that between this and the gate by which we got into the way, we were both so sorely assaulted, that we were made to cry out, Murder! and the two that made this assault upon us were like the two that I saw in my dream.

Then said the Interpreter, Thy beginning is good, thy latter end shall greatly increase. So he addressed himself to Mercy, and said to her, And what moved thee to come hither, sweet heart?

Then Mercy blushed and trembled, and for a while continued silent.

Inter. Then said he, Be not afraid; only believe, and speak thy mind.

Mer. So she began, and said, Truly, sir, my want of experience is that which makes me covet to be in silence, and that also that fills me with fears of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions and dreams, as my friend Christiana can; nor know I what it is to mourn for my refusing of the counsel of those that were good relations.

Inter. What was it, then, dear heart, that hath prevailed with thee to do as thou hast done?

Mer. Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone from our town, I and another went accidentally to see her. So we knocked at the door and went in. When we were within, and seeing what she was doing, we asked what was her meaning. She said, she was sent for to go to her husband; and then she up and told us how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling in a curious place, among immortals, wearing a crown, playing upon a harp, eating and drinking at his Prince's table, and singing praises to him for bringing him thither, &c. Now methought, while she was telling these things unto us, my heart burned within me. And I said in my heart, if this be true, I will leave my father and my mother and the land of my nativity, and will, if I may, go along with Christiana.

So I asked her further of the truth of these things, and if she would let me go with her; for I saw now that there was no dwelling, but with the danger of ruin, any longer in our town. But yet I came away with a heavy heart; not for that I was unwilling to come away, but for that so many of my relations were left behind. And I am come, with all the desire of my heart, and will go, if I may, with Christiana, unto her husband and his King.

Inter. Thy setting out is good, for thou hast given credit to the truth; thou art a Ruth, who did, for the love she bare to Naomi, and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother, and the land of her nativity, to come out and go with a people that she knew not heretofore. "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust" (Ruth ii. 11, 12).

Now supper was ended, and preparation was made for bed: the women were laid singly alone, and the boys by themselves. Now when Mercy was in bed, she could not sleep for joy, for that now her doubts of missing at last were removed further from her than ever they were before: so she lay blessing and praising God, who had had such favor for her.

In the morning they arose with the sun, and prepared themselves for their departure; but the Interpreter would have them tarry awhile; For, said he, you must orderly go from hence. Then said he to the damsel that first opened to them, Take them and have them into the garden to the bath, and

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there wash them, and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered by travelling. Then Innocent the damsel took them and had them into the garden, and brought them to the bath; so she told them that there they must wash and be clean, for so her master would have the women to do that called at his house as they were going on pilgrimage. They then went in and washed, yea, they and the boys and all; and they came out of that bath, not only sweet and clean, but also much enlivened and strengthened in their joints. So when they came in, they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

When they were returned out of the garden from the bath, the Interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, "Fair as the moon." Then he called for the seal, where with theyused to be sealed that were washed in his bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the places whither they were yet to go. Now the seal was the contents and sum of the passover which the children of Israel did eat when they came out from the land of Egypt (Exod. xiii. 8–10); and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces. It also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like them of angels.

Then said the Interpreter again to the damsel that waited upon these women, Go into the vestry, and fetch out garments for these people. So she went and fetched out white raiment, and laid it down before him. So he commanded them to put it on: it was "fine linen, white and clean." When the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other; for that they could not see that glory each one on herself which they could see in each other. Now, therefore, they began to esteem each other better than themselves. For, You are fairer than I am, said one; and, You are more comely than I am, said another. The children also stood amazed to see into what fashion they were brought.

The Interpreter then called for a manservant of his, one Great-heart, and bid him take sword and helmet and shield; And take these my daughters, said he, and conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next. So he took his weapons and went before them; and the Interpreter said, God speed. Those also that belonged to the family sent them away with many a good wish. So they went on their way, and sang: —

This place has been our second stage;
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things that, from age to age,
To others hid have been.

The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,
The chicken, too, to me
Have taught a lesson; let me then
Conformèd to it be.

The butcher, garden, and the field,
The robin and his bait,
Also the rotten tree, doth yield
Me argument of weight;

To move me for to watch and pray,
To strive to be sincere;
To take my cross up day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CROSS AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

Now I saw in my dream, that they went on, and Great-heart went before them. So they went, and came to the place where Christian's burden fell off his back, and tumbled into a sepulchre. Here, then, they made a pause; and here also they blessed God. Now, said Christiana, it comes to my mind what was said to us at the gate, to wit, that we should have pardon by word and deed; by word, that is, by the promise; by deed, to wit, in the way it was obtained. What the promise is, of that I know something; but what it is to have pardon by deed, or in the way that it was obtained, Mr. Great-heart, I suppose you know; wherefore, if you please, let us hear your discourse thereof.

Great. Pardon by the deed done is pardon obtained by some one for another that hath need thereof; not by the person pardoned, but in the way, saith another, in which I have obtained it. So then, to speak to the question more at large, the pardon that you and Mercy and these boys have attained was obtained by another, to wit, by him that let

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you in at the gate; and he hath obtained it in this double way; he has performed righteousness to cover you, and spilt his blood to wash you in.

Chr. But if he parts with his righteousness to us, what will he have for himself?

Great. He has more righteousness than you have need of, or than he needeth himself.

Chr. Pray make that appear.

Great. With all my heart; but first I must premise, that he of whom we are now about to speak is one that has not his fellow. He has two natures in one person, plain to be distinguished, impossible to be divided. Unto each of these natures a righteousness belongeth, and each righteousness is essential to that nature; so that one may as easily cause the nature to be extinct as to separate its justice or righteousness from it. Of these righteousnesses, therefore, we are not made partakers, so as that they, or any of them, should be put upon us that we might be made just, and live thereby. Besides these, there is a righteousness which this person has, as these two natures are joined in one. And this is not the righteousness of the Godhead, as distinguished from the manhood; nor the righteousness of the manhood as distinguished from the Godhead; but a righteousness which standeth in the union of both natures, and may properly be called the righteousness that is essential to his being prepared of God to the capacity of the mediatory office which he was to be intrusted with. If he parts with his first righteousness, he parts with his Godhead; if he parts with his second righteousness, he parts with the purity of his manhood; if he parts with this third, he parts with that perfection that capacitates him to the office of mediation. He has, therefore, another righteousness, which standeth in performance, or obedience to a revealed will; and that is it that he puts upon sinners, and that by which their sins are covered. Wherefore he saith, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 19).

Chr. But are the other righteousnesses of no use to us?

Great. Yes; for though they are essential to his natures and office, and so cannot be communicated unto another, yet it is by virtue of them that the righteousness that justifies is for that purpose efficacious. The righteousness of his Godhead gives virtue to his obedience; the righteousness of his manhood giveth capability to his obedience to justify; and the righteousness that standeth in the union of these two natures to his office giveth authority to that righteousness to do the work for which it is ordained.

So then, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God, has no need of; for he is God without it. There is a righteousness that Christ, as man, has no need of to make him so; for he is perfect man without it. Again, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God-man, has no need of; for he is perfectly so without it. Here, then, is a righteousness that Christ, as God, as man, as God-man, has no need of with reference to himself, and therefore he can spare it; a justifying righteousness, that he for himself wanteth not, and therefore he giveth it away. Hence it is called "the gift of righteousness" (Rom. v. 17). This righteousness, since Christ Jesus the Lord has made himself under the law, must be given away; for the law doth not only bind him that is under it to "do justly," but to use charity. Wherefore he must, he ought, by the law, if he hath two coats, to give one to him that hath none. Now, our Lord, indeed, hath two coats, one for himself, and one to spare; wherefore he freely bestows one upon those that have none. And thus, Christiana and Mercy, and the rest of you that are here, doth your pardon come by deed, or by the work of another man. Your Lord Christ is he that has worked, and has given away what he wrought for to the next poor beggar he meets.

But, again, in order to pardon by deed, there must something be paid to God as a price, as well as something prepared to cover us withal. Sin has delivered us up to the just curse of a righteous law: now from this curse we must be justified by way of redemption, a price being paid for the harms we have done; and this is by the blood of your Lord, who came and stood in your place and stead, and died your death for your transgressions. Thus has he ransomed you from your transgressions by blood, and covered your polluted and deformed souls with righteousness (Rom. iv. 24; Gal. iii. 13); for the sake of which God passeth by you,

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and will not hurt you when he comes to judge the world.

Chr. This is brave. Now I see that there was something to be learned by our being pardoned by word and deed. Good Mercy, let us labor to keep this in mind; and, my children, do you remember it also. But, sir, was not this it that made my good Christian's burden fall from off his shoulders, and that made him give three leaps for joy?

Great. Yes, it was the belief of this that cut those strings, that could not be cut by other means; and it was to give him a proof of the virtue of this that he was suffered to carry his burden to the cross.

Chr. I thought so; for though my heart was lightful and joyous before, yet it is ten times more lightsome and joyous now. And I am persuaded by what I have felt (though I have felt but little as yet), that if the most burdened man in the world was here, and did see and believe as I now do, it would make his heart the more merry and blithe.

Great. There is not only comfort and the ease of a burden brought to us by the sight and consideration of these, but an endeared affection begot in us by it; for who can, if he doth but once think that pardon comes not only by promise, but thus, but be affected by the way and means of his redemption, and so with the man that hath wrought it for him?

Chr. True; methinks it makes my heart bleed to think that he should bleed for me. O thou loving One! O thou blessed One! thou deservest to have me; thou hast bought me: thou deservest to have me all; thou hast paid for me ten thousand times more than I am worth! No marvel that this made the water stand in my husband's eyes, and that it made him trudge so nimbly on: I am persuaded he wished me with him; but, vile wretch that I was! I let him come all alone. O Mercy, that thy father and mother were here! yea, and Mrs. Timorous, also! nay, I wish now with all my heart that here was Madam Wanton too. Surely, surely, their hearts would be affected; nor could the fear of the one, nor the powerful lusts of the other, prevail with them to go home again, and to refuse to become good pilgrims.

Great. You speak now in the warmth of your affections. Will it, think you, be always thus with you? Besides, this is not communicated to every one, nor to every one that did see your Jesus bleed. There were that stood by, and that saw the blood run from his heart to the ground, and yet were so far off this, that, instead of lamenting, they laughed at him; and, instead of becoming his disciples, did harden their hearts against him. So all that you have, my daughters, you have by peculiar impression made by a divine contemplating upon what I have spoken to you. Remember that it was told you that the hen by her common call gives no meat to her chickens. This you have, therefore, by a special grace.

Now I saw still in my dream, that they went on until they were come to the place that Simple and Sloth and Presumption lay and slept in, when Christian went by on pilgrimage; and, behold, they were hanged up in irons a little way off on the other side.

Mer. Then said Mercy to him that was their guide and conductor, What are those three men? and for what are they hanged there?

Great. These three men were men of very bad qualities. They had no mind to be pilgrims themselves, and whomsoever they could they hindered. They were for sloth and folly themselves, and whomsoever they could persuade with they made so too; and withal taught them to presume that they should do well at last. They were asleep when Christian went by; and now you go by they are hanged.

Mer. But could they persuade any to be of their opinion?

Great. Yes; they turned several out of the way. There was Slow-pace that they persuaded to do as they. They also prevailed with one Short-wind, with one No-heart, with one Linger-after-lust, and with one Sleepy-head, and with a young woman, her name was Dull, to turn out of the way, and become as they. Besides, they brought up an ill report of your Lord, persuading others that he was a taskmaster. They also brought up an evil report of the good land, saying it was not half so good as some pretended it was. They also began to vilify his servants, and to count the very best of them meddlesome, troublesome busybodies. Further, they would call the bread of God husks; the comforts of his children, fancies; the travel and labor of pilgrims, things to no purpose.

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Chr. Nay, said Christiana, if they were such, they shall never be bewailed by me. They have but what they deserve; and I think it is well that they hang so near the highway, that others may see and take warning. But had it not been well if their crimes had been engraven on some plate of iron or brass, and left here, even where they did their mischief, for a caution to other bad men?

Great. So it is, as you well may perceive, if you will go a little to the wall.

Mer. No, no; let them hang, and their names rot, and their crimes live forever against them. I think it a high favor that they were hanged before we came hither; who knows else what they might have done to such poor women as we are? Then she turned it into a song, saying:—

Now then, you three hang there, and be a sign
To all that shall against the truth combine.
And let him that comes after fear this end,
If unto pilgrims he is not a friend.
And thou, my soul, of all such men beware,
That unto holiness opposers are.

Thus they went on till they came at the foot of the Hill Difficulty, where, again, the good Mr. Great-heart took an occasion to tell them of what happened there when Christian himself went by. So he had them first to the spring. Lo, said he, this is the spring that Christian drank of, before he went up this hill; and then it was clear and good, but now it is dirty with the feet of some that are not desirous that pilgrims here should quench their thirst (Ezek. xxxiv. 18). Thereat Mercy said, And why so envious, trow? But, said the guide, it will do, if taken up and put into a vessel that is sweet and good; for then the dirt will sink to the bottom, and the water will come out by itself more clear. Thus, therefore, Christiana and her companions were compelled to do. They took it up, and put it into an earthen pot, and so let it stand till the dirt was gone to the bottom, and then they drank thereof.

Next, he showed them the two by-ways that were at the foot of the hill, where Formality and Hypocrisy lost themselves. And, said he, these are dangerous paths. Two were here cast away when Christian came by. And although, as you see, these ways are since stopped up with chains, posts, and a ditch, yet there are that will choose to adventure here rather than take the pains to go up this hill.

Chr. "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. xiii. 15). It is a wonder that they can get into those ways without danger of breaking their necks.

Great. They will venture; yea, if at any time any of the King's servants do happen to see them, and do call unto them, and tell them that they are in the wrong ways, and do bid them beware of the danger, then they will railingly return them answer, and say, "As for the word that thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee; but we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth," &c. (Jer. xliv. 16, 17). Nay, if you look a little further, you shall see that these ways are made cautionary enough, not only by these posts, and ditch, and chain, but also by being hedged up; yet they will choose to go there.

Chr. They are idle; they love not to take pains; up-hill way is unpleasant to them. So it is fulfilled unto them as it is written, "The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns" (Prov. xv. 19). Yea, they will rather choose to walk upon a snare, than to go up this hill, and the rest of this way to the city.

Then they set forward, and began to go up the hill, and up the hill they went; but before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant, and said, I dare say this is a breathing hill: no marvel if they that love their ease more than their souls choose to themselves a smoother way. Then said Mercy, I must sit down; also the least of the children began to cry. Come, come, said Great-heart, sit not down here, for a little above is the Prince's arbor. Then took he the little boy by the hand, and led him up thereto.

When they were come to the arbor, they were very willing to sit down, for they were all in a pelting heat. Then said Mercy, How sweet is rest to them that labor! (Matt. xi. 28.) And how good is the Prince of pilgrims, to provide such resting-places for them! Of this arbor I have heard much; but I never saw it before. But here let us beware of sleeping; for, as I have heard, for that it cost poor Christian dear.

Then said Mr. Great-heart to the little ones, Come, my pretty boys, how do you do?

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What think you now of going on pilgrimage? Sir, said the least, I was almost beat out of heart; but I thank you for lending me a hand at my need. And I remember now what my mother hath told me, namely, that the way to heaven is as up a ladder, and the way to hell is as down a hill. But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death.

Then said Mercy, But the proverb is, "To go down the hill is easy." But James said (for that was his name), The day is coming when, in my opinion, going down hill will be hardest of all. 'T is a good boy, said his master; thou hast given her a right answer. Then Mercy smiled, but the little boy did blush.

Chr. Come, said Christiana, will you eat a bit, a little to sweeten your mouths, while you sit here to rest your legs? For I have here a piece of pomegranate, which Mr. Interpreter put into my hand just when I came out of his doors. He gave me also a piece of a honeycomb, and a little bottle of spirits. I thought he gave you something, said Mercy, because he called you aside. Yes, so he did, said the other. But, said Christiana, it shall still be as I said it should when at first we came from home; thou shalt be a sharer in all the good that I have, because thou so willingly didst become my companion. Then she gave to them, and they did eat, both Mercy and the boys. And, said Christiana to Mr. Great-heart, Sir, will you do as we? But he answered, You are going on pilgrimage, and presently I shall return. Much good may what you have do to you. At home I eat the same every day. Now, when they had eaten and drunk, and had chatted a little longer, their guide said to them, The day wears away; if you think good, let us prepare to be going. So they got up to go, and the little boys went before. But Christiana forgot to take her bottle of spirits with her; so she sent her little boy back to fetch it. Then said Mercy, I think this is a losing place. Here Christian lost his roll; and here Christiana left her bottle behind her. Sir, what is the cause of this? So their guide made answer, and said, The cause is sleep, or forgetfulness. Some sleep when they should keep awake, and some forget when they should remember; and this is the very cause why often, at the resting-places, some pilgrims in some things come off losers. Pilgrims should watch, and remember what they have already received under their greatest enjoyments; but for want of doing so, ofttimes their rejoicing ends in tears and their sunshine in a cloud; — witness the story of Christian at this place.

When they were come to the place where Mistrust and Timorous met Christian to persuade him to go back for fear of the lions, they perceived as it were a stage, and before it, towards the road, a broad plate, with a copy of verses written thereon; and, underneath, the reason of raising up of that stage in that place rendered. The verses were these: —

> Let him that sees this stage take heed
> Unto his heart and tongue;
> Lest if he do not, here he speed
> As some have long agone.

The words underneath the verses were, This stage was built to punish such upon, who, through timorousness or mistrust, shall be afraid to go further on pilgrimage; also, on this stage both Mistrust and Timorous were burnt through the tongue with a hot iron, for endeavoring to hinder Christian on his journey.

Then said Mercy, This is much like to the saying of the Beloved: "What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper" (Ps. cxx. 3, 4).

So they went on, till they came within sight of the lions. Now, Mr. Great-heart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion; but yet, when they were come up to the place where the lions were, the boys that went before were glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the lions; so they stepped back, and went behind. At this their guide smiled, and said, How now, my boys! do you love to go before when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear?

Now, as they went up, Mr. Great-heart drew his sword, with intent to make a way for the pilgrims in spite of the lions. Then there appeared one that, it seems, had taken upon him to back the lions; and he said to the pilgrims' guide, What is the cause of your coming hither? Now the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of

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his slaying of pilgrims; and he was of the race of the giants.

Great. Then said the pilgrims' guide, These women and children are going on pilgrimage; and this is the way they must go; and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.

Grim. This is not their way, neither shall they go therein. I am come forth to withstand them, and to that end will back the lions.

Now, to say truth, by reason of the fierceness of the lions, and of the grim carriage of him that did back them, this way had of late lain much unoccupied, and was almost all grown over with grass.

Chr. Then said Christiana, Though the highways have been unoccupied heretofore, and though the travellers have been made in time past to walk through by-paths, it must not be so now I am risen, — "now I am risen a mother in Israel" (Judges v. 6, 7).

Grim. Then he swore by the lions that it should; and therefore bid them turn aside, for they should not have passage there.

Great. But their guide made first his approach unto Grim, and laid so heavily at him, with his sword, that he forced him to a retreat.

Grim. Then said he that attempted to back the lions, Will you slay me upon mine own ground?

Great. It is the King's highway that we are in, and in his way it is that thou hast placed thy lions; but these women and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions. And with that he gave him again a downright blow, and brought him upon his knees. With this blow he also broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off an arm. Then did the giant roar so hideously, that his voice frighted the women; and yet they were glad to see him lie sprawling upon the ground. Now the lions were chained, and so of themselves could do nothing. Wherefore, when old Grim, that intended to back them, was dead, Mr. Great-heart said to the pilgrims, Come now, and follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions. They therefore went on, but the women trembled as they passed by them; the boys also looked as if they would die; but they all got by without further hurt.

CHAPTER V.

THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

Now, then, they were within sight of the porter's lodge, and they soon came up unto it; but they made the more haste after this to go thither, because it is dangerous travelling there in the night. So when they were come to the gate, the guide knocked and the porter cried, Who is there? But as soon as the guide had said, It is I, he knew his voice, and came down (for the guide had oft before that come thither as a conductor of pilgrims). When he was come down, he opened the gate, and seeing the guide standing just before it (for he saw not the women, for they were behind him), he said unto him, How now, Mr. Great-heart, what is your business here so late to-night? I have brought, said he, some pilgrims hither, where, by my Lord's commandment, they must lodge: I had been here some time ago, had I not been opposed by the giant that did use to back the lions. But I, after a long and tedious combat with him, have cut him off, and have brought the pilgrims hither in safety.

Por. Will you not go in, and stay till morning?

Great. No; I will return to my Lord to-night.

Chr. O sir, I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage: you have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counselling of us, that I shall never forget your favor towards us.

Mer. Then said Mercy, O that we might have thy company to our journey's end! How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is, without a friend and defender?

James. Then said James, the youngest of the boys, Pray, sir, be persuaded to go with us, and help us, because we are so weak, and the way so dangerous as it is.

Great. I am at my Lord's commandment: if he shall allot me to be your guide quite through, I will willingly wait upon you. But here you failed at first; for when he bid me come thus far with you, then you should have begged me of him to go quite through with you, and he would have granted your request. However, at present I must with-

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draw; and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, adieu.

Then the porter, Mr. Watchful, asked Christiana of her country and of her kindred; and, she said, I came from the City of Destruction; I am a widow woman, and my husband is dead; his name was Christian the pilgrim. How! said the porter, was he your husband? Yes, said she, and these are his children; and this (pointing to Mercy) is one of my towns-women. Then the porter rang his bell, as at such times he is wont, and there came to the door one of the damsels, whose name was Humble-mind; and to her the porter said, Go tell it within, that Christiana, the wife of Christian, and her children are come hither on pilgrimage. She went in, therefore, and told it. But, O, what noise for gladness was there within, when the damsel did but drop that out of her mouth!

So they came with haste to the porter, for Christiana stood still at the door. Then some of the most grave said unto her, Come in, Christiana, come in, thou wife of that good man; come in, thou blessed woman; come in, with all that are with thee. So she went in, and they followed her that were her children and her companions. Now, when they were gone in, they were had into a very large room, where they were bidden to sit down: so they sat down, and the chief of the house was called to see and welcome the guests. Then they came in, and understanding who they were, did salute each other with a kiss, and said, Welcome, ye vessels of the grace of God; welcome to us your friends.

Now, because it was somewhat late, and because the pilgrims were weary with their journey, and also made faint with the sight of the fight and of the terrible lions, therefore they desired, as soon as might be, to prepare to go to rest. Nay, said those of the family, refresh yourselves first with a morsel of meat: for they had prepared for them a lamb, with the accustomed sauce belonging thereto (Exod. xii. 21; John i. 29); for the porter had heard before of their coming, and had told it to them within. So when they had supped, and ended their prayer with a psalm, they desired they might go to rest. But let us, said Christiana, if we may be so bold as to choose, be in that chamber that was my husband's when he was here. So they had them up thither, and they lay all in a room. When they were at rest, Christiana and Mercy entered into discourse about things that were convenient.

Chr. Little did I think once, that when my husband went on pilgrimage, I should ever have followed.

Mer. And you as little thought of lying in his bed and in his chamber to rest, as you do now.

Chr. And much less did I ever think of seeing his face with comfort, and of worshipping the Lord the King with him; and yet now I believe I shall.

Mer. Hark! don't you hear a noise?

Chr. Yes; it is, as I believe, a noise of music, for joy that we are here.

Mer. Wonderful! Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here!

Thus they talked awhile, and then betook themselves to sleep. So in the morning, when they were awake, Christiana said to Mercy, —

Chr. What was the matter, that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you was in a dream.

Mer. So I was, and a sweet dream it was; but are you sure I laughed?

Chr. Yes; you laughed heartily: but prithee, Mercy, tell me thy dream.

Mer. I was a dreaming that I sat all alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart. Now, I had not sat there long, but methought many were gathered about me, to see me and to hear what it was that I said. So they hearkened, and I went on bemoaning the hardness of my heart. At this, some of them laughed at me, some called me fool, and some began to thrust me about. With that, methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings towards me. So he came directly to me, and said, Mercy, what aileth thee? Now, when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, "Peace be to thee." He also wiped mine eyes with his handkerchief, and clad me in silver and gold. He put a chain about my neck, and ear-rings in mine ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head (Ezek. xvi. 8 – 12). Then he took me by the hand, and said, Mercy, come after me. So he went up, and I followed, till we came at a golden

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gate. Then he knocked; and, when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat, and he said to me, Welcome, daughter. The place looked bright and twinkling, like the stars, or rather like the sun; and I thought that I saw your husband there. So I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?

Chr. Laugh! ay, and well you might, to see yourself so well. For you must give me leave to tell you, that I believe it was a good dream; and that, as you have begun to find the first part true, so you shall find the second at last. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not; in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed" (Job xxxiii. 14–16). We need not, when abed, lie awake to talk with God; he can visit us while we sleep, and cause us then to hear his voice. Our heart ofttimes wakes when we sleep; and God can speak to that, either by words, by proverbs, by signs and similitudes, as well as if one was awake.

Mer. Well, I am glad of my dream, for I hope erelong to see it fulfilled, to the making me laugh again.

Chr. I think it is now high time to rise, and to know what we must do.

Mer. Pray, if they invite us to stay awhile, let us willingly accept of the offer. I am the willinger to stay awhile here, to grow better acquainted with these maids. Methinks Prudence, Piety, and Charity have very comely and sober countenances.

Chr. We shall see what they will do.

So when they were up and ready, they came down, and they asked one another of their rest, and if it was comfortable or not.

Mer. Very good, said Mercy; it was one of the best night's lodgings that ever I had in my life.

Then said Prudence and Piety, If you will be persuaded to stay here awhile, you shall have what the house will afford.

Char. Ay, and that with a very good will, said Charity.

So they consented, and stayed there about a month or above, and became very profitable one to another. And because Prudence would see how Christiana had brought up her children, she asked leave of her to catechise them. So she gave her free consent. Then she began at the youngest, whose name was James.

Prud. And she said, Come, James, canst thou tell me who made thee?

James. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

Prud. Good boy. And canst thou tell me who saves thee?

James. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

Prud. Good boy still. But how doth God the Father save thee?

James. By his grace.

Prud. How doth God the Son save thee?

James. By his righteousness, death, and blood, and life.

Prud. And how doth God the Holy Ghost save thee?

James. By his illumination, by his renovation, and by his preservation.

Then said Prudence to Christiana, You are to be commended for thus bringing up your children. I suppose I need not ask the rest these questions, since the youngest of them can answer them so well. I will therefore now apply myself to the next youngest.

Prud. Then she said, Come, Joseph (for his name was Joseph), will you let me catechise you?

Jos. With all my heart.

Prud. What is man?

Jos. A reasonable creature, so made by God, as my brother said.

Prud. What is supposed by this word, "saved"?

Jos. That man, by sin, has brought himself into a state of captivity and misery.

Prud. What is supposed by his being saved by the Trinity?

Jos. That Sin is so great and mighty a tyrant, that none can pull us out of his clutches but God; and that God is so good and loving to man, as to pull him indeed out of this miserable state.

Prud. What is God's design in saving poor men?

Jos. The glorifying of his name, of his grace and justice, &c., and the everlasting happiness of his creature.

Prud. Who are they that must be saved?

Jos. Those that accept of his salvation.

Prud. Good boy, Joseph; thy mother has

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taught thee well, and thou hast hearkened unto what she has said unto thee.

Then said Prudence to Samuel (who was the eldest but one), Come, Samuel, are you willing that I should catechise you also?

Sam. Yes, forsooth, if you please.

Prud. What is heaven?

Sam. A place and state most blessed, because God dwelleth there.

Prad. What is hell?

Sam. A place and state most woful, because it is the dwelling-place of sin, the devil, and death.

Prud. Why wouldst thou go to heaven?

Sam. That I may see God, and serve him without weariness; that I may see Christ, and love him everlastingly; that I may have that fulness of the Holy Spirit in me that I can by no means here enjoy.

Prud. A very good boy also, and one that has learned well.

Then she addressed herself to the eldest, whose name was Matthew; and she said to him, Come, Matthew, shall I also catechise you?

Matt. With a very good will.

Prud. I ask then, if there was ever anything that had a being antecedent to or before God?

Matt. No, for God is eternal; nor is there anything, except himself, that had a being until the beginning of the first day: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is."

Prud. What do you think of the Bible?

Matt. It is the holy word of God.

Prud. Is there nothing written therein but what you understand?

Matt. Yes; a great deal.

Prud. What do you do when you meet with such places therein that you do not understand?

Matt. I think God is wiser than I. I pray also that he will please to let me know all therein that he knows will be for my good.

Prud. How believe you as touching the resurrection of the dead?

Matt. I believe they shall rise, the same that was buried; the same in nature, though not in corruption. And I believe this upon a double account: First, because God has promised it; Secondly, because he is able to perform it.

Then said Prudence to the boys, You must still hearken to your mother, for she can learn you more. You must also diligently give ear to what good talk you shall hear from others; for for your sakes do they speak good things. Observe, also, and that with carefulness, what the heavens and the earth do teach you; but especially be much in the meditation of that book that was the cause of your father's becoming a pilgrim. I, for my part, my children, will teach you what I can while you are here, and shall be glad if you will ask me questions that tend to godly edifying.

Now, by that these pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good-will unto her, and his name was Mr. Brisk; a man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion, but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice or more to Mercy, and offered love unto her.

Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring. Her mind also was to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon them that had need. And Mr. Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. I will warrant her a good housewife, quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one that pretended to religion; but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which was good.

Nay then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.

Prudence then replied, that there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given to him; for continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor would quickly cool his courage.

So the next time he comes, he finds her at her old work a-making of things for the poor. Then said he, What! always at it? Yes, said she, either for myself or others. And what canst thou earn a day? quoth he. I

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do these things, said she, "that I may be rich in good works, laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. vi. 17–19). Why, prithee, what dost thou with them? said he. Clothe the naked, said she. With that his countenance fell. So he forbore to come at her again. And when he was asked the reason why, he said that Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill conditions.

When he had left her, Prudence said, Did I not tell thee that Mr. Brisk would soon forsake thee? yea, he will raise up an ill report of thee; for, notwithstanding his pretence to religion, and his seeming love to Mercy, yet Mercy and he are of tempers so different, that I believe they will never come together.

Mer. I might have had husbands afore now, though I spake not of it to any; but they were such as did not like my conditions, though never did any of them find fault with my person. So they and I could not agree.

Prud. Mercy in our days is little set by, any further than as to its name: the practice which is set forth by thy conditions there are but few that can abide.

Mer. Well, said Mercy, if nobody will have me, I will die a maid, or my conditions shall be to me as a husband: for I cannot change my nature; and to have one that lies cross to me in this, that I purpose never to admit of as long as I live. I had a sister named Bountiful, that was married to one of these churls; but he and she could never agree; but because my sister was resolved to do as she had begun, that is, to show kindness to the poor, therefore her husband first cried her down at the cross, and then turned her out of his doors.

Prud. And yet he was a professor, I warrant you.

Mer. Yes, such a one as he was, and of such as the world is now full: but I am for none of them all.

Now, Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, fell sick, and his sickness was sore upon him, for he was much pained in his bowels, so that he was with it, at times, pulled as it were both ends together. There dwelt also not far from thence one Mr. Skill, an ancient and well-approved physician. So Christiana desired it, and they sent for him, and he came. When he was entered the room, and had a little observed the boy, he concluded that he was sick of the gripes. Then he said to his mother, What diet has Matthew of late fed upon? Diet! said Christiana, nothing but that which is wholesome. The physician answered, This boy has been tampering with something that lies in his maw undigested, and that will not away without means. And I tell you that he must be purged, or else he will die.

Sam. Then said Samuel, Mother, mother, what was that which my brother did gather up and eat, so soon as we were come from the gate that is at the head of this way? You know that there was an orchard on the left hand, on the other side of the wall, and some of the trees hung over the wall, and my brother did plash and eat.

Chr. True, my child, said Christiana, he did take thereof, and did eat: naughty boy as he was, I did chide him, and yet he would eat thereof.

Skill. I knew he had eaten something that was not wholesome food; and that food, to wit, that fruit, is even the most hurtful of all. It is the fruit of Beelzebub's orchard. I do marvel that none did warn you of it; many have died thereof.

Chr. Then Christiana began to cry; and she said, O naughty boy! and, O careless mother! what shall I do for my son?

Skill. Come, do not be too much dejected; the boy may do well again, but he must purge and vomit.

Chr. Pray, sir, try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it costs.

Skill. Nay, I hope I shall be reasonable. So he made him a purge, but it was too weak; it was said it was made of the blood of a goat, the ashes of a heifer, and with some of the juice of hyssop, &c. (Heb. x. 1–4). When Mr. Skill had seen that that purge was too weak, he made him one to the purpose; it was made *ex carne et sanguine Christi* (John vi. 54–57; Heb. ix. 14) (you know physicians give strange medicines to their patients): and it was made up into pills with a promise or two, and a proportionable quantity of salt (Mark ix. 49). Now he was to take them three at a time, fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of the tears of repentance (Zech. xii. 10).

When this potion was prepared and brought

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to the boy, he was loath to take it, though torn with the gripes as if he should be pulled in pieces. Come, come, said the physician, you must take it. It goes against my stomach, said the boy. I must have you take it, said his mother. I shall vomit it up again, said the boy. Pray, sir, said Christiana to Mr. Skill, how does it taste? It has no ill taste, said the doctor; and with that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue. O Matthew, said she, this potion is sweeter than honey. If thou lovest thy mother, if thou lovest thy brothers, if thou lovest Mercy, if thou lovest thy life, take it. So with much ado, after a short prayer for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it wrought kindly with him. It caused him to purge, it caused him to sleep and rest quietly; it put him into a fine heat and breathing sweat, and did quite rid him of his gripes. So in a little time he got up, and walked about with a staff, and would go from room to room, and talk with Prudence, Piety, and Charity of his distemper, and how he was healed.

So when the boy was healed, Christiana asked Mr. Skill, saying, Sir, what will content you for your pains and care to and of my child? And he said, You must pay the Master of the College of Physicians, according to rules made in that case and provided (Heb. xiii. 11 – 15).

Chr. But, sir, said she, what is this pill good for else?

Skill. It is a universal pill; it is good against all the diseases that pilgrims are incident to; and when it is well prepared it will keep good, time out of mind.

Chr. Pray, sir, make me up twelve boxes of them; for if I can get these, I will never take other physic.

Skill. These pills are good to prevent diseases, as well as to cure when one is sick. Yea, I dare say it, and stand to it, that if a man will but use this physic as he should it will make him live forever (John vi. 50). But, good Christiana, thou must give these pills no other way but as I have prescribed; for, if you do, they will do no good. So he gave unto Christiana physic for herself, and her boys, and for Mercy; and bid Matthew take heed how he ate any more green plums; and kissed them and went his way.

It was told you before, that Prudence bid the boys, that if at any time they would, they should ask her some questions that might be profitable, and she would say something to them.

Matt. Then Matthew, who had been sick, asked her, Why, for the most part, physic should be bitter to our palates?

Prud. To show how unwelcome the word of God and the effects thereof are to a carnal heart.

Matt. Why does physic, if it does good, purge and cause that we vomit?

Prud. To show that the word, when it works effectually, cleanseth the heart and mind. For look, what the one doth to the body, the other doth to the soul.

Matt. What should we learn by seeing the flame of our fire go upwards; and by seeing the beams and sweet influences of the sun strike downwards?

Prud. By the going up of the fire we are taught to ascend to heaven by fervent and hot desires; and by the sun's sending his heat, beams, and sweet influences downwards, we are taught that the Saviour of the world, though high, reacheth down with his grace and love to us below.

Matt. Where have the clouds their water?

Prud. Out of the sea.

Matt. What may we learn from that?

Prud. That ministers should fetch their doctrine from God.

Matt. Why do they empty themselves upon the earth?

Prud. To show that ministers should give out what they know of God to the world.

Matt. Why is the rainbow caused by the sun?

Prud. To show that the covenant of God's grace is confirmed to us in Christ.

Matt. Why do the springs come from the sea to us through the earth?

Prud. To show that the grace of God comes to us through the body of Christ.

Matt. Why do some of the springs rise out of the tops of the high hills?

Prud. To show that the Spirit of grace shall spring up in some that are great and mighty, as well as in many that are poor and low.

Matt. Why doth the fire fasten upon the candle-wick?

Prud. To show that unless grace doth

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kindle upon the heart, there will be no true light of life in us.

Matt. Why is the wick and tallow and all spent to maintain the light of the candle?

Prud. To show that body and soul and all should be at the service of, and spend themselves to maintain in good condition that grace of God that is in us.

Matt. Why doth the pelican pierce her own breast with her bill?

Prud. To nourish her young ones with her blood; and thereby to show that Christ, the blessed, so loveth his young, his people, as to save them from death by his blood.

Matt. What may one learn by hearing the cock crow?

Prud. Learn to remember Peter's sin and Peter's repentance. The cock's crowing shows also that day is coming on: let then the crowing of the cock put thee in mind of that last and terrible day of judgment.

Now, about this time their month was out; wherefore they signified to those of the house that it was convenient for them to up and be going. Then said Joseph to his mother, It is convenient that you forget not to send to the house of Mr. Interpreter, to pray him to grant that Mr. Great-heart should be sent unto us, that he may be our conductor the rest of the way. Good boy, said she, I had almost forgot. So she drew up a petition, and prayed Mr. Watchful, the porter, to send it by some fit man to her good friend, Mr. Interpreter; who, when it was come, and he had seen the contents of the petition, said to the messenger, Go tell them that I will send him.

When the family where Christiana was saw that they had a purpose to go forward, they called the whole house together, to give thanks to their King for sending of them such profitable guests as these. Which done, they said to Christiana, And shall we not show thee something, according as our custom is to do to pilgrims, on which thou mayest meditate when thou art upon the way? So they took Christiana, her children, and Mercy into the closet, and showed them one of the apples that Eve did eat of, and that she also did give to her husband, and that for the eating of which they both were turned out of Paradise; and asked her what she thought that was. Then Christiana said, It is food or poison, I know not which. So they opened the matter to her, and she held up her hands and wondered (Gen. iii. 6; Rom. vii. 24).

Then they had her to a place, and showed her Jacob's ladder (Gen. xxviii. 12). Now at that time there were some angels ascending upon it. So Christiana looked and looked, to see the angels go up; and so did the rest of the company. Then they were going into another place to show them something else; but James said to his mother, Pray bid them stay here a little longer, for this is a curious sight. So they turned again, and stood feeding their eyes with this so pleasant a prospect (John i. 51).

After this they had them into a place where did hang up a golden anchor. So they bid Christiana take it down; for, said they, you shall have it with you, for it is of absolute necessity that you should, that you may lay hold of that within the veil, and stand steadfast, in case you should meet with turbulent weather. So they were glad thereof (Heb. vi. 19).

Then they took them, and had them to the mount upon which Abraham, our father, had offered up Isaac, his son, and showed them the altar, the wood, the fire, and the knife; for they remain to be seen to this very day (Gen. xxii. 9). When they had seen it, they held up their hands and blessed themselves, and said, O what a man for love to his Master, and for denial to himself, was Abraham!

After they had showed them all these things, Prudence took them into the dining-room, where stood a pair of excellent virginals: so she played upon them, and turned what she had showed them into this excellent song, saying:—

Eve's apple we have showèd you,
Of that be you aware:
You have seen Jacob's ladder too,
Upon which angels are.

An anchor you receivèd have;
But let not these suffice,
Until, with Ab'ram, you have gave
Your best a sacrifice.

Now about this time one knocked at the door; so the porter opened, and, behold, Mr. Great-heart was there. But when he was come in, what joy was there! for it came now afresh again into their minds how

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but a while ago he had slain old Grim Bloody-man, the giant, and had delivered them from the lions.

Then said Mr. Great-heart to Christiana and to Mercy, My Lord has sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates; he has also sent the boys some figs and raisins to refresh you in your way.

Then they addressed themselves to their journey; and Prudence and Piety went along with them. When they came at the gate, Christiana asked the porter if any of late went by? He said, No; only one, some time since, who also told me that of late there had been a great robbery committed on the King's highway, as you go: but, he said, the thieves are taken, and will shortly be tried for their lives. Then Christiana and Mercy were afraid; but Matthew said, Mother, fear nothing, as long as Mr. Great-heart is to go with us, and be our conductor.

Then said Christiana to the porter, Sir, I am much obliged to you for all the kindnesses that you have showed me since I came hither; and also for that you have been so loving and kind to my children. I know not how to gratify your kindness: wherefore, pray, as a token of my respects to you, accept of this small mite. So she put a gold angel in his hand; and he made her a low obeisance, and said, Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head want no ointment. Let Mercy live, and not die, and let not her works be few. And to the boys he said, Do you fly youthful lusts, and follow after godliness with them that are grave and wise; so shall you put gladness into your mother's heart and obtain praise of all that are sober-minded. So they thanked the porter, and departed.

Now I saw in my dream that they went forward until they were come to the brow of the hill, where Piety, bethinking herself, cried out, Alas! I have forgot what I intended to bestow upon Christiana and her companions; I will go back and fetch it. So she ran and fetched it. While she was gone, Christiana thought she heard in a grove, a little way off on the right hand, a most curious, melodious note, with words much like these: —

Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly show'd to me,
That in thy house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

And, listening still, she thought she heard another answer it saying: —

For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

So Christiana asked Prudence what it was that made those curious notes. They are, said she, our country birds: they sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the spring, when the flowers appear and the sun shines warm; and then you may hear them all day long (Song ii. 11, 12). I often, said she, go out to hear them; we also ofttimes keep them tame in our house. They are very fine company for us when we are melancholy; also they make the woods and groves and solitary places desirous to be in.

By this time Piety was come again; so she said to Christiana, Look here, I have brought thee a scheme of all those things that thou hast seen at our house, upon which thou mayest look when thou findest thyself forgetful, and call those things again to remembrance for thy edification and comfort.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

Now they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the valley, Piety said to Christiana, This is the place where Christian your husband met with the foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had: I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage; as long as you have here Mr. Great-heart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare the better. So when these two had committed the pilgrims unto the conduct of their guide, he went forward, and they went after.

Great. Then said Mr. Great-heart, We need not be so afraid of this valley; for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it to ourselves. It is true, Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he had also

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a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips that he got in his going down the hill; for they that get slips there must look for combats here. And hence it is that this valley has got so hard a name. For the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of an opinion that that place is haunted with some foul fiend or evil spirit; when, alas! it is for the fruit of their doing that such things do befall them there.

This Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over; and I am persuaded, if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts something that might give us an account why Christian was so hardly beset in this place.

Then James said to his mother, Lo, yonder stands a pillar, and it looks as if something was written thereon; let us go and see what it is. So they went, and found there written, Let Christian's slips before he came hither, and the battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after.

Lo, said their guide, did not I tell you that there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why Christian was so hard beset in this place? Then, turning himself to Christiana, he said, No disparagement to Christian, more than to many others whose hap and lot it was. For it is easier going up than down this hill; and that can be said but of few hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man, he is at rest; he also had a brave victory over his enemy: let Him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse, when we come to be tried, than he. But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. It is fat ground; and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in summer-time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is; also how beautified with lilies (Song ii. 1). I have also known many laboring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation (for "God resisteth the proud, but gives more, more grace to the humble," James iv. 6; 1 Pet. v. 5); for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over: but the way is the way, and there is an end.

Now, as they were going along, and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favored countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sang. Hark, said Mr. Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith; so they hearkened, and he said: —

He that is down needs fear no fall;
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it, or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
  That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age.

Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet. But we will proceed in our discourse.

In this valley our Lord formerly had his country house. He loved much to be here; he loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise and from the hurryings of this life. All states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation as in other places he is apt to be. This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls

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here, and have in this place found the words of life (Hos. xii. 4, 5).

Did I say our Lord had here in former days his country house, and that he loved here to walk? I will add, in this place, and to the people that live and trace these grounds, he has left a yearly revenue, to be faithfully paid them at certain seasons, for their maintenance by the way, and for their further encouragement to go on in their pilgrimage (Matt. xi. 29).

Sam. Now, as they went on, Samuel said to Mr. Great-heart, Sir, I perceive that in this valley my father and Apollyon had their battle; but whereabout was the fight? for I perceive this valley is large.

Great. Your father had that battle with Apollyon at a place yonder before us, in a narrow passage, just beyond Forgetful Green. And, indeed, that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts; for if at any time the pilgrims meet with any brunt, it is when they forget what favors they have received, and how unworthy they are of them. This is the place, also, where others have been hard put to it. — But more of the place when we are come to it; for I persuade myself, that to this day there remains either some sign of the battle, or some monument to testify that such a battle there was fought.

Mer. Then said Mercy, I think I am as well in this valley as I have been anywhere else in all our journey. The place, methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to be in such places where there is no rattling with coaches, nor rumbling with wheels. Methinks here one may, without much molestation, be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him. Here one may think, and break at heart, and melt in one's spirit, until one's eyes become "like the fish-pools in Heshbon" (Song vii. 4). They that go rightly through this "Valley of Baca make it a well; the rain" that God sends down from heaven upon them that are here "also filleth the pools" (Ps. lxxxiv. 6, 7). This valley is that from whence also the King will give to his their vineyards (Hos. ii. 15); and they that go through it shall sing, as Christian did, for all he met with Apollyon.

Great. It is true, said their guide. I have gone through this valley many a time, and never was better than when here. I have also been a conductor to several pilgrims, and they have confessed the same. "To this man will I look," saith the King, "even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word" (Isa. lxvi. 2).

Now they were come to the place where the afore-mentioned battle was fought. Then said the guide to Christiana, her children, and Mercy, This is the place; on this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him. And look, did I not tell you? here is some of your husband's blood upon these stones to this day! Behold, also, how here and there are yet to be seen upon the place some of the shivers of Apollyon's broken darts. See also how they did beat the ground with their feet as they fought, to make good their places against each other; how, also, with their by-blows, they did split the very stones in pieces. Verily, Christian did here play the man, and showed himself as stout as could, had he been here, even Hercules himself. When Apollyon was beat, he made his retreat to the next valley, that is called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, unto which we shall come anon.

Lo, yonder also stands a monument, on which is engraven this battle, and Christian's victory, to his fame throughout all ages. So, because it stood just on the wayside before them, they stepped to it, and read the writing, which, word for word, was this: —

Hard by here was a battle fought,
Most strange, and yet most true:
Christian and Apollyon sought
Each other to subdue.

The man so bravely played the man,
He made the fiend to fly;
Of which a monument I stand,
The same to testify.

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death; and this valley was longer than the other; a place, also, most strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify: but these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-heart was their conductor.

When they were entered upon this valley, they thought that they heard a groaning, as

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of dead men, — a very great groaning. They thought, also, that they did hear words of lamentation, spoken as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake, the women also looked pale and wan; but their guide bid them be of good comfort.

So they went on a little further, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there; they heard also a kind of hissing, as of serpents, but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place? But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet, lest haply, said he, you be taken in some snare.

Now James began to be sick, but I think the cause thereof was fear; so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that she had given her at the Interpreter's house, and three of the pills that Mr. Skill had prepared; and the boy began to revive. Thus they went on, till they came to about the middle of the valley; and then Christiana said, Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us; a thing of such a shape, such as I have not seen. Then said Joseph, Mother, what is it? An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing, said she. But, mother, what is it like? said he. It is like I cannot tell what, said she. And now it was but a little way off. Then said she, It is nigh.

Well, well, said Mr. Great-heart, let them that are most afraid keep close to me. So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it; but when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights. Then remembered they what had been said some time ago, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you" (James iv. 7).

They went therefore on, as being a little refreshed; but they had not gone far, before Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came a great padding pace after; and it had a hollow voice of roaring; and at every roar that it gave it made all the valley echo, and their hearts to ache, save the heart of him that was their guide. So it came up; and Mr. Great-heart went behind, and put the pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on apace, and Mr. Great-heart addressed himself to give him battle. But when he saw that it was determined that resistance should be made, he also drew back and came no further (1 Peter v. 8, 9).

Then they went on again, and their conductor did go before them, till they came at a place where was cast up a pit the whole breadth of the way; and before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the pilgrims, Alas! now what shall we do? But their guide made answer, Fear not; stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also. So they stayed there, because their path was marred. They then also thought that they did hear more apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies; the fire, also, and smoke of the pit, was much easier to be discerned. Then said Christiana to Mercy, Now I see what my poor husband went through. I have heard much of this place, but I never was here before now. Poor man! he went here all alone in the night; he had night almost quite through the way; also these fiends were busy about him, as if they would have torn him in pieces. Many have spoken of it, but none can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death should mean, until they come in it themselves. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy" (Prov. xiv. 10). To be here is a fearful thing.

Great. This is like doing business in great waters, or like going down into the deep; this is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains; now it seems as if the earth, with its bars, were about us forever. But "let them that walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God" (Isa. l. 10). For my part, as I have told you already, I have gone often through this valley, and have been much harder put to it than now I am, and yet you see I am alive. I would not boast, for that I am not mine own saviour; but I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, let us pray for light to Him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke, not only these, but all the satans in hell.

So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance; for there was now no let in their way, no, not there where but now they were stopped with a pit. Yet they

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were not got through the valley; so they went on still, and, behold, great stinks and loathsome smells, to the great annoyance of them.

Then said Mercy to Christiana, There is not such pleasant being here as at the gate, or at the Interpreter's, or at the house where we lay last.

O, but, said one of the boys, it is not so bad to go through here, as it is to abide here always; and, for aught I know, one reason why we must go this way to the house prepared for us, is, that our home might be made the sweeter to us.

Well said, Samuel, quoth the guide; thou hast now spoken like a man. Why, if ever I get out here again, said the boy, I think I shall prize light and good way better than ever I did in all my life. Then said the guide, We shall be out by and by.

So on they went, and Joseph said, Cannot we see to the end of this valley as yet? Then said the guide, Look to your feet, for we shall presently be among the snares. So they looked to their feet, and went on; but they were troubled much with the snares. Now, when they were come among the snares, they espied a man cast into the ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all rent and torn. Then said the guide, That is one Heedless, that was a-going this way: he has lain there a great while. There was one Take-heed with him when he was taken and slain, but he escaped their hands. You cannot imagine how many are killed hereabout; and yet men are so foolishly venturous as to set out lightly on pilgrimage, and to come without a guide. Poor Christian! it was a wonder that he here escaped. But he was beloved of his God: also he had a good heart of his own, or else he could never have done it.

Now they drew towards the end of the way; and just where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry; and he called Great-heart by his name, and said unto him, How many times have you been forbidden to do these things? Then said Mr. Great-heart, What things? What things! quoth the giant; you know what things; but I will put an end to your trade. But pray, said Mr. Great-heart, before we fall to it, let us understand wherefore we must fight. (Now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do.) Quoth the giant, You rob the country, and rob it with the worst of thefts. These are but generals, said Mr. Great-heart; come to particulars, man.

Then said the giant, Thou practisest the craft of a kidnapper; thou gatherest up women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, to the weakening of my master's kingdom. But now Great-heart replied, I am a servant of the God of heaven; my business is to persuade sinners to repentance. I am commanded to do my endeavor to turn men, women, and children, "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God"; and if this be indeed the ground of thy quarrel, let us fall to it as soon as thou wilt.

Then the giant came up, and Mr. Great-heart went to meet him; and, as he went, he drew his sword; but the giant had a club. So, without more ado, they fell to it, and at the first blow the giant struck Mr. Great-heart down upon one of his knees. With that the women and children cried out. So Mr. Great-heart, recovering himself, laid about him in full lusty manner, and gave the giant a wound in his arm. Thus he fought for the space of an hour, to that height of heat, that the breath came out of the giant's nostrils as the heat doth out of a boiling caldron.

Then they sat down to rest them, but Mr. Great-heart betook himself to prayer; also the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time that the battle did last.

When they had rested them and taken breath they both fell to it again; and Mr. Great-heart, with a full blow, fetched the giant down to the ground. Nay, hold, and let me recover, quoth he. So Mr. Great-heart fairly let him get up. So to it they went again, and the giant missed but little of all-to-breaking Mr. Great-heart's skull with his club.

Mr. Great-heart, seeing that, runs to him in the full heat of his spirit, and pierceth him under the fifth rib. With that the giant began to faint, and could hold up his club no longer. Then Mr. Great-heart seconded his blow, and smote the head of the giant

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from his shoulders. Then the women and children rejoiced, and Mr. Great-heart also praised God for the deliverance he had wrought.

When this was done, they amongst them erected a pillar, and fastened the giant's head thereon, and wrote under it, in letters that passengers might read : —

He that did wear this head was one
That pilgrims did misuse ;
He stopp'd their way, he spared none,
But did them all abuse :
Until that I, Great-heart, arose,
The pilgrims' guide to be ;
Until that I did him oppose
That was their enemy.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HONEST AND MR. FEARING.

Now I saw that they went on to the ascent that was a little way off cast up to be a prospect for pilgrims (that was the place from whence Christian had the first sight of Faithful his brother). Wherefore here they sat down and rested ; they also here did eat and drink and make merry, for that they had gotten deliverance from this so dangerous an enemy. As they sat thus and did eat, Christiana asked the guide if he had caught no hurt in the battle ? Then said Mr. Great-heart, No, save a little on my flesh ; yet that also shall be so far from being to my detriment, that it is at present a proof of my love to my master and you ; and shall be a means, by grace, to increase my reward at last (2 Cor. iv).

Chr. But was you not afraid, good sir, when you saw him come out with his club ?

Great. It is my duty, said he, to mistrust my own ability, that I may have reliance on Him that is stronger than all.

Chr. But what did you think when he fetched you down to the ground at the first blow ?

Great. Why, I thought, quoth he, that so my Master himself was served, and yet he it was that conquered at the last.

Matt. When you all have thought what you please, I think God has been wonderful good unto us, both in bringing us out of this valley and in delivering us out of the hand of this enemy ; for my part, I see no reasen why we should distrust our God any more, since he has now, and in such a place as this, given us such testimony of his love as this.

Then they got up and went forward. Now a little before them stood an oak ; and under it, when they came to it, they found an old pilgrim fast asleep. They knew that he was a pilgrim by his clothes and his staff and his girdle.

So the guide, Mr. Great-heart, awaked him ; and the old gentleman, as he lifted up his eyes, cried out, What 's the matter ? Who are you ? and what is your business here ?

Great. Come, man, be not so hot ; here are none but friends. Yet the old man gets up, and stands upon his guard, and will know of them what they were. Then said the guide, My name is Great-heart : I am the guide of these pilgrims, which are going to the Celestial Country.

Hon. Then said Mr. Honest, I cry you mercy. I feared that you had been of the company of those that some time ago did rob Little-faith of his money ; but now I look better about me, I perceive you are honester people.

Great. Why, what would or could you have done, to have helped yourself, if we indeed had been of that company ?

Hon. Done ! why, I would have fought as long as breath had been in me ; and had I so done, I am sure you could never have given me the worst on it ; for a Christian can never be overcome, unless he should yield of himself.

Great. Well said, father Honest, quoth the guide ; for by this I know thou art a cock of the right kind, for thou hast said the truth.

Hon. And by this, also, I know that thou knowest what true pilgrimage is ; for all others do think that we are the easiest overcome of any.

Great. Well, now we are so happily met, pray let me crave your name, and the name of the place you came from.

Hon. My name I cannot : but I came from the town of Stupidity ; it lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction.

Great. O, are you that countryman ? Then I deem I have half a guess of you ; your name is Old Honesty, is it not ?

Hon. So the old gentleman blushed, and said, Not Honesty in the abstract : but Honest is my name ; and I wish that my

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nature shall agree to what I am called. But, sir, said the old gentleman, how could you guess that I am such a man, since I came from such a place?

Great. I had heard of you before, by my Master; for he knows all things that are done on the earth: but I have often wondered that any should come from your place, for your town is worse than is the City of Destruction itself.

Hon. Yes; we lie more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless; but was a man in a mountain of ice, yet if the Sun of Righteousness will arise upon him, his frozen heart shall feel a thaw; and thus it has been with me.

Great. I believe it, father Honest, I believe it; for I know the thing is true.

Then the old gentleman saluted all the pilgrims with a holy kiss of charity, and asked them of their names, and how they had fared since they set out on their pilgrimage.

Chr. Then said Christiana, My name, I suppose, you have heard of: good Christian was my husband, and these four were his children. But can you think how the old gentleman was taken when she told him who she was! He skipped, he smiled, and blessed them with a thousand good wishes, saying:—

Hon. I have heard much of your husband, and of his travels and wars, which he underwent in his days. Be it spoken to your comfort, the name of your husband rings over all these parts of the world; his faith, his courage, his enduring, and his sincerity under all, has made his name famous.

Then he turned him to the boys, and asked of them their names, which they told him. And then said he unto them: Matthew, be thou like Matthew, the publican, not in vice, but in virtue (Matt. x. 3). Samuel, said he, be thou like Samuel, the prophet, a man of faith and prayer (Ps. xcix. 6). Joseph, said he, be thou like Joseph in Potiphar's house, chaste, and one that flies from temptation (Gen. xxxix). And James, be thou like James the Just, and like James the brother of our Lord (Acts i. 13, 14). Then they told him of Mercy, and how she had left her own town and her kindred to come along with Christiana and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, Mercy, is thy name? by mercy shalt thou be sustained, and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the Fountain of Mercy in the face with comfort.

All this while the guide, Mr. Great-heart, was very much pleased, and smiled upon his companion.

Now, as they walked along together, the guide asked the old gentleman if he did not know one Mr. Fearing, that came on pilgrimage out of his parts.

Hon. Yes, very well, said he. He was a man that had the root of the matter in him; but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met with in all my days.

Great. I perceive you knew him; for you have given a very right character of him.

Hon. Knew him! I was a great companion of his; I was with him most an end: when he first began to think of what would come upon us hereafter, I was with him.

Great. I was his guide from my Master's house to the gates of the Celestial City.

Hon. Then you knew him to be a troublesome one.

Great. I did so: but I could very well bear it; for men of my calling are oftentimes intrusted with the conduct of such as he was.

Hon. Well, then, pray let us hear a little of him, and how he managed himself under your conduct.

Great. Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of, that had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I hear that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for above a month together; nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hand. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said, he should die if he came not to it; and yet was dejected at every difficulty, and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way. Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know how, he ventured, and so got over; but when he was over, he would scarce believe it. He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was.

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So he came up to the gate, you know what I mean, that stands at the head of this way, and there also he stood a good while, before he would adventure to knock. When the gate was opened, he would give back, and give place to others, and say that he was not worthy. For, for all he got before some to the gate, yet many of them went in before him. There the poor man would stand shaking and shrinking; I dare say it would have pitied one's heart to have seen him. Nor would he go back again. At last he took the hammer that hanged on the gate in his hand, and gave a small rap or two; then one opened to him, but he shrank back as before. He that opened stepped out after him and said, Thou trembling one, what wantest thou? With that he fell down to the ground. He that spoke to him wondered to see him so faint; so he said to him, Peace be to thee; up, for I have set open the door to thee; come in, for thou art blessed. With that he got up, and went in trembling; and when he was in he was ashamed to show his face. Well, after he had been entertained there awhile, as you know how the manner is, he was bid to go on his way, and also told the way he should take. So he came till he came to our house. But as he behaved himself at the gate, so he did at my master the Interpreter's door. He lay thereabout in the cold a good while, before he would adventure to call; yet he would not go back, — and the nights were long and cold then. Nay, he had a note of necessity in his bosom to my Master to receive him and grant him the comfort of his house, and also to allow him a stout and valiant conductor, because he was himself so chicken-hearted a man; and yet, for all that, he was afraid to call at the door. So he lay up and down thereabouts, till, poor man, he was almost starved; yea, so great was his dejection, that though he saw several others, for knocking, get in, yet he was afraid to venture. At last, I think, I looked out of the window, and perceiving a man to be up and down about the door, I went out to him and asked what he was. But, poor man, the water stood in his eyes; so I perceived what he wanted. I went, therefore, in and told it in the house, and we showed the thing to our Lord: so he sent me out again to entreat him to come in; but, I dare say, I had hard work to do it. At last he came in; and I will say that for my Lord he carried it wonderful lovingly to him. There were but few good bits at the table, but some of it was laid upon his trencher. Then he presented the note; and my Lord looked thereon and said his desire should be granted. So, when he had been there a good while, he seemed to get some heart, and to be a little more comfortable. For my Master, you must know, is one of very tender bowels, especially to them that are afraid; wherefore he carried it so towards him as might tend most to his encouragement. Well, when he had had a sight of the things of the place, and was ready to take his journey to go to the city, my Lord, as he did to Christian before, gave him a bottle of spirits and some comfortable things to eat. Thus we set forward, and I went before him; but the man was but of few words, only he would sigh aloud.

When we were come to where the three fellows were hanged, he said he doubted that that would be his end also. Only he seemed glad when he saw the Cross and the Sepulchre. There, I confess, he desired to stay a little to look, and he seemed for a while after to be a little cheery. When he came at the Hill Difficulty, he made no stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions: for you must know that his trouble was not about such things as those; his fear was about his acceptance at last.

I got him in at the house Beautiful, I think, before he was willing. Also, when he was in, I brought him acquainted with the damsels that were of the place; but he was ashamed to make himself much for company. He desired much to be alone; yet he always loved good talk, and often would get behind the screen to hear it. He also loved much to see ancient things, and to be pondering them in his mind. He told me afterwards that he loved to be in those two houses from which he came last, to wit, at the gate, and that of the Interpreter, but that he durst not be so bold to ask.

When he went also from the house Beautiful, down the hill, into the Valley of Humiliation, he went down as well as ever I saw man in my life; for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last. Yea, I think there was a kind of sympathy betwixt that valley and him; for I never

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saw him better in all his pilgrimage than when he was in that valley.

Here he would lie down, embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers that grew in this valley (Lam. iii. 27 – 29). He would now be up every morning by break of day, tracing and walking to and fro in this valley.

But when he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man : not for that he had any inclination to go back, — that he always abhorred ; but he was ready to die for fear. O, the hobgoblins will have me ! the hobgoblins will have me ! cried he ; and I could not beat him out on it. He made such a noise and such an outcry here, that, had they but heard him, it was enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us.

But this I took very great notice of, that this valley was as quiet when he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose those enemies here had now a special check from our Lord, and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it.

It would be too tedious to tell you of all : we will, therefore, only mention a passage or two more. When he was come at Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men in the fair. I feared there we should both have been knocked on the head, so hot was he against their fooleries. Upon the Enchanted Ground he was also very wakeful. But when he was come at the river where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case. Now, now, he said, he should be drowned forever, and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold.

And here, also, I took notice of what was very remarkable ; — the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate, Mr. Great-heart began to take his leave of him, and to wish him a good reception above. So he said, I shall, I shall. Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more.

Hon. Then, it seems, he was well at last ?

Great. Yes, yes ; I never had doubt about him. He was a man of a choice spirit, only he was always kept very low, and that made his life so burdensome to himself and so troublesome to others (Ps. lxxxviii). He was, above many, tender of sin. He was so afraid of doing injuries to others, that he often would deny himself of that which was lawful, because he would not offend (Rom. xiv. 21 ; 1 Cor. viii. 13).

Hon. But what should be the reason that such a good man should be all his days so much in the dark ?

Great. There are two sorts of reasons for it. One is, the wise God will have it so : some must pipe, and some must weep (Matt. xi. 16, 17). Now Mr. Fearing was one that played upon this bass. He and his fellows sound the sackbut, whose notes are more doleful than the notes of other music are ; though, indeed, some say the bass is the ground of music. And, for my part, I care not at all for that profession that begins not in heaviness of mind. The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune. God also plays upon this string first, when he sets the soul in tune for himself. Only here was the imperfection of Mr. Fearing, — he could play upon no other music but this, till towards his latter end.

I make bold to talk thus metaphorically, for the ripening of the wits of young readers ; and because in the Book of the Revelation the saved are compared to a company of musicians that play upon their trumpets and harps, and sing their songs before the throne (Rev. v. 8, 9 ; xiv. 2, 3).

Hon. He was a very zealous man, as one may see by what relation you have given of him. Difficulties, lions, or Vanity Fair, he feared not at all ; it was only sin, death, and hell, that was to him a terror, because he had some doubts about his interest in that celestial country.

Great. You say right ; those were the things that were his troublers : and they, as you have well observed, arose from the weakness of his mind thereabout, not from weakness of spirit as to the practical part of a pilgrim's life. I dare believe that, as the proverb is, he could have bit a firebrand, had it stood in his way ; but the things with which he was oppressed no man ever yet could shake off with ease.

Chr. Then said Christiana, This relation of Mr. Fearing has done me good. I thought

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GREAT-HEART AND MR. FEARING.

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nobody had been like me. But I see there was some semblance betwixt this good man and I; only we differed in two things: his troubles were so great, that they brake out; but mine I kept within. His, also, lay so hard upon him, they made him that he could not knock at the houses provided for entertainment; but my trouble was always such as made me knock the louder.

Mer. If I might also speak my heart, I must say that something of him has also dwelt in me. For I have ever been more afraid of the lake, and the loss of a place in Paradise, than I have been of the loss of other things. O, thought I, may I have the happiness to have a habitation there! It is enough, though I part with all the world to win it.

Matt. Then said Matthew, Fear was one thing that made me think that I was far from having that within me that accompanies salvation. But if it was so with such a good man as he, why may it not also go well with me.

James. No fears, no grace, said James. Though there is not always grace where there is the fear of hell, yet to be sure there is no grace where there is no fear of God.

Great. Well said, James, thou hast hit the mark. For the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and, to be sure, they that want the beginning have neither middle nor end. But we will here conclude our discourse of Mr. Fearing, after we have sent after him this farewell: —

Well, Master Fearing, thou didst fear
Thy God, and wast afraid
Of doing anything, while here,
That would have thee betray'd.
And didst thou fear the lake and pit?
Would others did so too!
For, as for them that want thy wit,
They do themselves undo.

Now I saw that they still went on in their talk. For after Mr. Great-heart had made an end with Mr. Fearing, Mr. Honest began to tell them of another; but his name was Mr. Self-will. He pretended himself to be a pilgrim, said Mr. Honest; but I persuade myself he never came in at the gate that stands at the head of the way.

Great. Had you ever any talk with him about it?

Hon. Yes, more than once or twice; but he would always be like himself, self-willed. He neither cared for man, nor argument, nor yet example: what his mind prompted him to, that he would do, and nothing else could he be got to.

Great. Pray, what principles did he hold? for I suppose you can tell.

Hon. He held, that a man might follow the vices as well as the virtues of the pilgrims; and that if he did both, he should be certainly saved.

Great. How! If he had said, It is possible for the best to be guilty of the vices, as well as to partake of the virtues of pilgrims, he could not much have been blamed; for, indeed, we are exempted from no vice absolutely, but on condition that we watch and strive. But this, I perceive, is not the thing; but, if I understand you right, your meaning is, that he was of that opinion, that it was allowable so to be.

Hon. Ay, ay, so I mean; and so he believed and practised.

Great. But what ground had he for his so saying?

Hon. Why, he said he had the Scripture for his warrant.

Great. Prithee, Mr. Honest, present us with a few particulars.

Hon. So I will. He said, to have to do with other men's wives had been practised by David, God's beloved; and therefore he could do it. He said, to have more women than one, was a thing that Solomon practised; and therefore he could do it. He said, that Sarah and the godly midwives of Egypt lied, and so did saved Rahab; and therefore he could do it. He said, that the disciples went at the bidding of their Master, and took away the owner's ass; and therefore he could do so too. He said, that Jacob got the inheritance of his father in a way of guile and dissimulation; and therefore he could do so too.

Great. Highly base indeed! And you are sure he was of this opinion?

Hon. I have heard him plead for it, bring Scripture for it, bring argument for it, &c.

Great. An opinion that is not fit to be with any allowance in the world.

Hon. You must understand me rightly. He did not say that any man might do this; but that those that had the virtues of those that did such things, might also do the same.

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Great. But what more false than such a conclusion? For this is as much as to say, that because good men heretofore have sinned of infirmity, therefore he had allowance to do it of a presumptuous mind; or if, because a child by the blast of the wind, or for that it stumbled at a stone, fell down and defiled itself in mire, therefore he might wilfully lie down and wallow like a boar therein. Who could have thought that any one could so far have been blinded by the power of lust! But what is written must be true;—they "stumble at the word, being disobedient; whereunto also they were appointed" (1 Pet. ii. 8).—His supposing that such may have the godly men's virtues, who addict themselves to their vices, is also a delusion as strong as the other. It is just as if the dog should say, I have, or may have, the qualities of the child, because I lick up its stinking excrements. To eat up the sin of God's people (Hos. iv. 8) is no sign of one that is possessed with their virtues. Nor can I believe that one who is of this opinion can at present have faith or love in him. But I know you have made some strong objections against him; prithee what can he say for himself?

Hon. Why, he says, to do this by way of opinion seems abundance more honest than to do it and yet hold contrary to it in opinion.

Great. A very wicked answer. For though to let loose the bridle to lusts, while our opinions are against such things, is bad; yet to sin, and plead a toleration so to do, is worse: the one stumbles beholders accidentally, the other pleads them into the snare.

Hon. There are many of this man's mind, that have not this man's mouth; and that makes going on pilgrimage of so little esteem as it is.

Great. You have said the truth, and it is to be lamented; but he that feareth the King of Paradise shall come out of them all.

Chr. There are strange opinions in the world. I know one that said, it was time enough to repent when they come to die.

Great. Such are not overwise. That man would have been loath, might he have had a week to run twenty miles in for his life, to have deferred that journey to the last hour of that week.

Hon. You say right; and yet the generality of them that count themselves pilgrims do indeed do thus. I am, as you see, an old man, and have been a traveller in this road many a day; and I have taken notice of many things.—I have seen some that have set out as if they would drive all the world afore them, who yet have, in few days, died as they in the wilderness, and so never got sight of the promised land.—I have seen some that have promised nothing at first setting out to be pilgrims, and that, one would have thought, could not have lived a day, that have yet proved very good pilgrims.—I have seen some who have run hastily forward, that again have, after a little time, run as fast just back again.—I have seen some who have spoken very well of a pilgrim's life at first, that, after a while, have spoken as much against it.—I have heard some, when they first set out for Paradise, say positively there is such a place, who, when they have been almost there, have come back again, and said there is none.—I have heard some vaunt what they would do, in case they should be opposed, that have, even at a false alarm, fled faith, the pilgrim's way, and all.

Now, as they were thus on their way, there came one running to meet them, and said, Gentlemen, and you of the weaker sort, if you love life, shift for yourselves, for the robbers are before you.

Great. Then said Mr. Great-heart, They be the three that set upon Little-faith heretofore. Well, said he, we are ready for them: so they went on their way. Now they looked at every turning when they should have met with the villains: but whether they heard of Mr. Great-heart, or whether they had some other game, they came not up to the pilgrims.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GUESTS OF GAIUS.

CHRISTIANA then wished for an inn for herself and her children, because they were weary. Then said Mr. Honest, There is one a little before us, where a very honorable disciple, one Gaius, dwells (Rom. xvi. 23). So they all concluded to turn in thither; and the rather, because the old

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gentleman gave him so good a report. So when they came to the door, they went in, not knocking, for folks used not to knock at the door of an inn. Then they called for the master of the house, and he came to them. So they asked if they might lie there that night.

Gaius. Yes, gentlemen, if you be true men, for my house is for none but pilgrims. Then was Christiana, Mercy, and the boys the more glad, for that the innkeeper was a lover of pilgrims. So they called for rooms, and he showed them one for Christiana and her children and Mercy, and another for Mr. Great-heart and the old gentleman.

Great. Then said Mr. Great-heart, Good Gaius, what hast thou for supper? for these pilgrims have come far to-day, and are weary.

Gaius. It is late, said Gaius, so we cannot conveniently go out to seek food; but such as we have you shall be welcome to, if that will content.

Great. We will be content with what thou hast in the house; forasmuch as I have proved thee, thou art never destitute of that which is convenient.

Then he went down and spake to the cook, whose name was Taste-that-which-is-good, to get ready supper for so many pilgrims. This done, he comes up again, saying, Come, my good friends, you are welcome to me, and I am glad that I have a house to entertain you; and while supper is making ready, if you please, let us entertain one another with some good discourse. So they all said, Content.

Gaius. Then said Gaius, Whose wife is this aged matron? and whose daughter is this young damsel?

Great. The woman is the wife of one Christian, a pilgrim of former times; and these are his four children. The maid is one of her acquaintance, one that she hath persuaded to come with her on pilgrimage. The boys take all after their father, and covet to tread in his steps; yea, if they do but see any place where the old pilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same.

Gaius. Then said Gaius, Is this Christian's wife, and are these Christian's children? I knew your husband's father, yea, also his father's father. Many have been good of this stock; their ancestors dwelt first at Antioch (Acts xi. 26). Christian's progenitors (I suppose you have heard your husband talk of them) were very worthy men. They have, above any that I know, showed themselves men of great virtue and courage for the Lord of pilgrims, his ways, and them that loved him. I have heard of many of your husband's relations that have stood all trials for the sake of the truth. Stephen, that was one of the first of the family from whence your husband sprang, was knocked on the head with stones (Acts vii. 59, 60). James, another of this generation, was slain with the edge of the sword (Acts xii. 2). To say nothing of Paul and Peter, men anciently of the family from whence your husband came, there was Ignatius, who was cast to the lions; Romanus, whose flesh was cut by pieces from his bones; and Polycarp, that played the man in the fire. There was he that was hanged up in a basket in the sun, for the wasps to eat; and he whom they put into a sack, and cast him into the sea to be drowned. It would be utterly impossible to count up all of that family who have suffered injuries and death for the love of a pilgrim's life. Nor can I but be glad to see that thy husband has left behind him four such boys as these. I hope they will bear up their father's name, and tread in their father's steps, and come to their father's end.

Great. Indeed, sir, they are likely lads; they seem to choose heartily their father's ways.

Gaius. That is it that I said. Wherefore Christian's family is like still to spread abroad upon the face of the ground, and yet to be numerous upon the face of the earth; wherefore let Christiana look out some damsels for her sons, to whom they may be betrothed, &c., that the name of their father, and the house of his progenitors, may never be forgotten in the world.

Hon. It is a pity this family should fall, and be extinct.

Gaius. Fall it cannot, but be diminished it may; but let Christiana take my advice, and that is the way to uphold it. And, Christiana, said this innkeeper, I am glad to see thee and thy friend Mercy together here, a lovely couple. And may I advise, take Mercy into a nearer relation to thee: if she will, let her be given to Matthew, thy

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eldest son. It is the way to preserve you a posterity in the earth. So this match was concluded, and in process of time they were married; but more of that hereafter.

Gaius also proceeded, and said, I will now speak on the behalf of women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman (Gen. iii.) so also did life and health. "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4). Yea, to show how much those that came after did abhor the act of the mother, this sex, in the Old Testament, coveted children, if happily this or that woman might be the mother of the Saviour of the world. — I will say again, that when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in him before either man or angel (Luke i). I read not that ever any man gave unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women followed him and "ministered to him of their substance" (Luke viii. 2, 3). It was a woman that washed his feet with tears (Luke vii. 37 – 50), and a woman that anointed his body to the burial (John xi. 2; xii. 3). They were women that wept when he was going to the cross (Luke xxiii. 27); and women that followed him from the cross (Matt. xxvii. 55, 56; Luke xxiii. 55); and that sat by his sepulchre when he was buried (Matt. xxvii. 61). They were women that were first with him at his resurrection-morn (Luke xxiv. 1); and women that brought tidings first to his diciples that he was risen from the dead (Luke xxiv. 22, 23). Women, therefore, are highly favored, and show by these things that they are sharers with us in the grace of life.

Now the cook sent up to signify that supper was almost ready, and sent one to lay the cloth, the trenchers, and to set the salt and bread in order.

Then said Matthew, The sight of this cloth, and of this forerunner of the supper, begetteth in me a greater appetite to my food than I had before.

Gaius. So let all ministering doctrines to thee, in this life, beget in thee a greater desire to sit at the supper of the great King in his kingdom; for all preaching, books, and ordinances here, are but as the laying of the trenchers and as setting of salt upon the board, when compared with the feast that our Lord will make for us when we come to his house.

So supper came up. And first a heave-shoulder and a wave-breast were set on the table before them (Lev. vii. 32 – 34; x. 14, 15); to show that they must begin their meal with prayer and praise to God (Ps. xxv. 1; Heb. xiii. 15). The heave-shoulder David lifted up his heart to God with; and with the wave-breast, where his heart lay, with that he used to lean upon his harp when he played. These two dishes were very fresh and good, and they all ate heartily well thereof.

The next they brought up was a bottle of wine, red as blood (Deut. xxxii. 14). So Gaius said to them, Drink freely; this is the juice of the true vine, that makes glad the heart of God and man (Judges ix. 13; John xv. 5). So they drank and were merry.

The next was a dish of milk well crumbed; but Gaius said, Let the boys have that, that they may grow thereby (1 Pet. ii. 1, 2).

Then they brought up in course a dish of butter and honey. Then said Gaius, Eat freely of this; for this is good to cheer up and strengthen your judgments and understandings. This was our Lord's dish when he was a child: "Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know how to refuse the evil, and choose the good" (Isa. vii. 15).

Then they brought them up a dish of apples, and they were very good-tasted fruit. Then said Matthew, May we eat apples, since they were such by and with which the serpent beguiled our first mother?

Then said Gaius: —

Apples were they with which we were beguiled;
Yet sin, not apples, hath our souls defiled,
Apples forbid, if eat, corrupt the blood:
To eat such, when commanded, does us good.
Drink of his flagons, then, thou church, his dove;
And eat his apples, who are sick of love.

Then said Matthew, I made the scruple, because I awhile since was sick with the eating of fruit.

Gaius. Forbidden fruit will make you sick, but not what our Lord has tolerated.

While they were thus talking, they were presented with another dish, and it was a dish of nuts (Song vi. 11). Then said some at the table, Nuts spoil tender teeth, especially the teeth of children: which when Gaius heard, he said: —

Hard text are nuts (I will not call them cheaters),
Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters:

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Ope then the shells, and you shall have the meat;
They here are brought for you to crack and eat.

Then were they very merry, and sat at the table a long time, talking of many things. Then said the old gentleman, My good landlord, while we are cracking your nuts, if you please, do you open this riddle: —

A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had.

Then they all gave good heed, wondering what good Gaius would say; so he sat still awhile, and then thus replied: —

He that bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more.

Then said Joseph, I dare say, sir, I did not think you could have found it out.

O, said Gaius, I have been trained up in this way a great while; nothing teaches like experience. I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and I have found by experience that I have gained thereby. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches" (Prov. xi. 24; xiii. 7).

Then Samuel whispered to Christiana, his mother, and said, Mother, this is a very good man's house; let us stay here a good while, and let my brother Matthew be married here to Mercy, before we go any further. The which Gaius, the host, overhearing, said, With a very good will, my child.

So they stayed there more than a month, and Mercy was given to Matthew to wife. While they stayed here, Mercy, as her custom was, would be making coats and garments to give to the poor, by which she brought up a very good report upon the pilgrims.

But to return again to our story. After supper the lads desired a bed, for that they were weary with travelling. Then Gaius called to show them their chamber; but, said Mercy, I will have them to bed. So she had them to bed, and they slept well: but the rest sat up all night; for Gaius and they were such suitable company, that they could not tell how to part. Then, after much talk of their Lord, themselves, and their journey, old Mr. Honest, he that put forth the riddle to Gaius, began to nod. Then said Great-heart, What, sir, you begin to be drowsy! come, rub up now; here is a riddle for you. Then said Mr. Honest, Let us hear it.

Then said Mr. Great-heart: —

He that will kill must first be overcome;
Who live abroad would, first must die at home.

Ha! said Mr. Honest, it is a hard one; hard to expound, and harder to practise. But come, landlord, said he, I will, if you please, leave my part to you; do you expound it, and I will hear what you say.

No, said Gaius, it was put to you, and it is expected you should answer it.

Then said the old gentleman: —

He first by grace must conquer'd be,
That sin would mortify:
And who that he lives would convince me,
Unto himself must die.

It is right, said Gaius; good doctrine and experience teaches this. For, first, until grace displays itself, and overcomes the soul with its glory, it is altogether without heart to oppose sin. Besides, if sin is Satan's cords, by which the soul lies bound, how should it make resistance, before it is loosed from that infirmity? Secondly, Nor will any that knows either reason or grace believe that such a man can be a living monument of grace that is a slave to his own corruptions. And now it comes in my mind, I will tell you a story worth the hearing. There were two men that went on pilgrimage; the one began when he was young, the other when he was old. The young man had strong corruptions to grapple with; the old man's were decayed with the decays of nature. The young man trod his steps as even as did the old one, and was every way as light as he. Who now, or which of them, had their graces shining clearest, since both seemed to be alike?

Hon. The young man's, doubtless. For that which heads it against the greatest opposition gives best demonstration that it is strongest; especially when it also holdeth pace with that that meets not with half so much; as, to be sure, old age does not. Besides, I have observed that old men have blessed themselves with this mistake, namely, taking the decays of nature for a gracious

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conquest over corruptions, and so have been apt to beguile themselves. Indeed, old men that are gracious are best able to give advice to them that are young, because they have seen most of the emptiness of things. But yet, for an old and a young [man] to set out both together, the young one has the advantage of the fairest discovery of a work of grace within him, though the old man's corruptions are naturally the weakest. — Thus they sat talking till break of day.

Now, when the family was up, Christiana bid her son James that he read a chapter; so he read the 53d of Isaiah. When he had done, Mr. Honest asked why it was said that the Saviour was to come "out of a dry ground"; and also, that "he had no form nor comeliness in him."

Great. Then said Mr. Great-heart, To the first I answer, Because the church of the Jews, of which Christ came, had then lost almost all the sap and spirit of religion. To the second I say, The words are spoken in the person of the unbelievers, who, because they want that eye that can see into our Prince's heart, therefore they judge of him by the meanness of his outside: just like those that know not that precious stones are covered over with a homely crust; who, when they have found one, because they know not what they have found, cast it away again, as men do a common stone.

Well, said Gaius, now you are here, and since, as I know, Mr. Great-heart is good at his weapons, if you please, after we have refreshed ourselves, we will walk into the fields, to see if we can do any good. About a mile from hence there is one Slay-good, a giant, that does much annoy the King's highway in these parts; and I know whereabout his haunt is. He is master of a number of thieves: it would be well if we could clear these parts of him.

So they consented and went; Mr. Great-heart with his sword, helmet, and shield; and the rest with spears and staves.

When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one Feeble-mind in his hands, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose after that to pick his bones; for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters.

Well, so soon as he saw Mr. Great-heart and his friends at the mouth of his cave, with their weapons, he demanded what they wanted.

Great. We want thee; for we are come to revenge the quarrel of the many that thou hast slain of the pilgrims, when thou hast dragged them out of the King's highway; wherefore come out of thy cave. So he armed himself and came out; and to a battle they went, and fought for above an hour, and then stood still to take wind.

Slay. Then said the giant, Why are you here on my ground?

Great. To revenge the blood of pilgrims, as I also told thee before. So they went to it again, and the giant made Mr. Great-heart give back; but he came up again, and, in the greatness of his mind, he let fly with such stoutness at the giant's head and sides, that he made him let his weapon fall out of his hand. So he smote him, and slew him, and cut off his head, and brought it away to the inn. He also took Feeble-mind, the pilgrim, and brought him with him to his lodgings. When they were come home, they showed his head to the family, and then set it up, as they had done others before, for a terror to those that shall attempt to do as he hereafter.

Then they asked Mr. Feeble-mind how he fell into his hands.

Feeble. Then said the poor man, I am a sickly man, as you see; and, because Death did usually once a day knock at my door, I thought I should never be well at home; so I betook myself to a pilgrim's life, and have travelled hither from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind; but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. When I came at the gate that is at the head of the way, the Lord of that place did entertain me freely; neither objected he against my weakly looks, nor against my feeble mind; but gave me such things that were necessary for my journey, and bid me hope to the end. When I came to the house of the Interpreter, I received much kindness there; and because the Hill Difficulty was judged too hard for me, I was carried up that by one of his servants. Indeed, I have found much relief from pilgrims, though none were willing

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to go so softly as I am forced to do; yet still as they came on, they bid me be of good cheer, and said that it was the will of their Lord that comfort should be given to the feeble-minded, and so went on their own pace (1 Thess. v. 14). When I was come up to Assault Lane, then this giant met with me, and bid me prepare for an encounter; but, alas! feeble one that I was, I had more need of a cordial. So he came up and took me. I conceited he should not kill me. Also, when he got me into his den, since I went not with him willingly, I believed I should come out alive again; for I have heard that not any pilgrim that is taken captive by violent hands, if he keeps heart-whole towards his Master, is, by the laws of Providence, to die by the hand of the enemy. Robbed I looked to be, and robbed to be sure I am; but I am, as you see, escaped with life; for the which I thank my King as author, and you as the means. Other brunts I also look for; but this I have resolved on, to wit, to run when I can, to go when I cannot run, and to creep when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank Him that loves me, I am fixed. My way is before me, my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge, though, I am, as you see, but of a feeble mind.

Hon. Then said old Mr. Honest, Have you not, some time ago, been acquainted with one Mr. Fearing, a pilgrim?

Feeble. Acquainted with him! yes; he came from the town of Stupidity, which lieth four degrees to the northward of the City of Destruction, and as many off of where I was born; yet we were well acquainted, for indeed he was my uncle, my father's brother. He and I have been much of a temper. He was a little shorter than I, but yet we were much of a complexion.

Hon. I perceive you know him, and I am apt to believe also that you were related one to another; for you have his whitely look, a cast like his with your eye, and your speech is much alike.

Feeble. Most have said so that have known us both; and, besides, what I have read in him, I have for the most part found in myself.

Gaius. Come, sir, said good Gaius, be of good cheer; you are welcome to me, and to my house; and what thou hast a mind to, call for freely; and what thou woulde'st have my servants to do for thee, they will do it with a ready mind.

Then said Mr. Feeble-mind, This is unexpected favor, and as the sun shining out of a very dark cloud. Did Giant Slay-good intend me this favor when he stopped me, and resolved to let me go no further? Did he intend, that after he had rifled my pockets, I should go to Gaius, mine host? Yet so it is.

Now, just as Mr. Feeble-mind and Gaius were thus in talk, there comes one running, and called at the door, and told that about a mile and a half off there was one Mr. Not-right, a pilgrim, struck dead upon the place where he was with a thunderbolt.

Feeble. Alas! said Mr. Feeble-mind, is he slain? He overtook me some days before I came so far as hither, and would be my company-keeper. He also was with me when Slay-good, the giant, took me; but he was nimble of his heels, and escaped. But it seems he escaped to die, and I was taken to live.

What, one would think, doth seek to slay outright,
Ofttimes delivers from the saddest plight.
That very providence whose face is death,
Doth ofttimes to the lowly life bequeath.
I taken was, he did escape and flee;
Hands crossed gives death to him, and life to me.

Now, about this time, Matthew and Mercy were married; also Gaius gave his daughter Phebe to James, Matthew's brother, to wife; after which time, they yet stayed about ten days at Gaius's house, spending their time and the seasons like as pilgrims used to do.

When they were to depart, Gaius made them a feast, and they did eat and drink and were merry. Now the hour was come that they must be gone; wherefore Mr. Great-heart called for a reckoning. But Gaius told him, that at his house it was not the custom of pilgrims to pay for their entertainment. He boarded them by the year, but looked for his pay from the good Samaritan, who had promised him, at his return, whatsoever charge he was at with them, faithfully to repay him (Luke x. 34, 35). Then said Mr. Great-heart to him:—

Great. "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren, and to strangers; which have born witness of thy charity before the church: whom if thou [yet] bring forward on their journey after a

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godly sort, thou shalt do well" (3 John 5, 6).

Then Gaius took his leave of them all, and of his children, and particularly of Mr. Feeble-mind. He also gave him something to drink by the way.

Now Mr. Feeble-mind, when they were going out of the door, made as if he intended to linger. The which when Mr. Great-heart espied, he said, Come, Mr. Feeble-mind, pray do you go along with us; I will be your conductor, and you shall fare as the rest.

Feeble. Alas! I want a suitable companion. You are all lusty and strong, but I, as you see, am weak; I choose, therefore, rather to come behind, lest, by reason of my many infirmities, I should be both a burden to myself and to you. I am, as I said, a man of a weak and feeble mind, and shall be offended and made weak at that which others can bear. I shall like no laughing; I shall like no gay attire; I shall like no unprofitable questions. Nay, I am so weak a man as to be offended with that which others have liberty to do. I do not yet know all the truth: I am a very ignorant Christian man. Sometimes if I hear some rejoice in the Lord, it troubles me, because I cannot do so too. It is with me as it is with a weak man among the strong, or as with a sick man among the healthy, or as a lamp despised ("He that is ready to slip with his feet is as a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease," Job xii. 5), so that I know not what to do.

Great. But, brother, said Mr. Great-heart, I have it in commission to "comfort the feeble-minded" and to "support the weak" (1 Thess. v. 14). You must needs go along with us: we will wait for you; we will lend you our help (Rom. xiv.); we will deny ourselves of some things, both opinionative and practical, for your sake (1 Cor. viii.); we will not enter into doubtful disputations before you; — we will be made all things to you, rather than you shall be left behind (1 Cor. ix. 22).

Now all this while they were at Gaius's door; and, behold, as they were thus in the heat of their discourse, Mr. Ready-to-halt came by, with his crutches in his hand (Ps. xxxviii. 17); and he also was going on pilgrimage.

Feeble. Then said Mr. Feeble-mind to him, Man, how camest thou hither? I was but just now complaining that I had not a suitable companion, but thou art according to my wish. Welcome, welcome, good Mr. Ready-to-halt, I hope thou and I may be some help.

Ready. I shall be glad of thy company, said the other; and, good Mr. Feeble-mind, rather than we will part, since we are thus happily met, I will lend thee one of my crutches.

Feeble. Nay, said he, though I thank thee for thy good-will, I am not inclined to halt before I am lame. Howbeit, I think, when occasion is, it may help me against a dog.

Ready. If either myself or my crutches can do thee a pleasure, we are both at thy command, good Mr. Feeble-mind.

Thus therefore they went on. Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Honest went before, Christiana and her children went next, and Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt came behind, with his crutches. Then said Mr. Honest: —

Hon. Pray, sir, now we are upon the road, tell us some profitable things of some that have gone on pilgrimage before us.

Great. With a good will. I suppose you have heard how Christian of old did meet with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation; and also what hard work he had, to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Also I think you cannot but have heard how Faithful was put to it with Madam Wanton, with Adam the First, with one Discontent, and Shame; four as deceitful villains as a man can meet with upon the road.

Hon. Yes, I have heard of all this; but indeed good Faithful was hardest put to it with Shame: he was an unwearied one.

Great. Ay; for, as the pilgrim well said, he of all men had the wrong name.

Hon. But pray, sir, where was it that Christian and Faithful met Talkative? That same was also a notable one.

Great. He was a confident fool; yet many follow his ways.

Hon. He had liked to have beguiled Faithful.

Great. Ay, but Christian put him into a way quickly to find him out.

Thus they went on till they came at the place where Evangelist met with Christian and Faithful, and prophesied to them of what should befall them at Vanity Fair.

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Great. Then said their guide, Hereabouts did Christian and Faithful meet with Evangelist, who prophesied to them of what troubles they should meet with at Vanity Fair.

Hon. Say you so? I dare say it was a hard chapter that then he did read unto them.

Great. It was so; but he gave them encouragement withal. But what do we talk of them? they were a couple of lion-like men; they had set their faces like flint. Do not you remember how undaunted they were when they stood before the judge?

Hon. Well; Faithful bravely suffered.

Great. So he did, and as brave things came on it; for Hopeful, and some others, as the story relates it, were converted by his death.

Hon. Well, but pray go on; for you are well acquainted with things.

Great. Above all that Christian met with after he had passed through Vanity Fair, one By-ends was the arch one.

Hon. By-ends! what was he?

Great. A very arch fellow, a downright hypocrite; one that would be religious, which way ever the world went; but so cunning, that he would be sure neither to lose nor suffer for it. He had his mode of religion for every fresh occasion; and his wife was as good at it as he. He would turn and change from opinion to opinion; yea, and plead for so doing too. But so far as I could learn, he came to an ill end with his by-ends; nor did I ever hear that any of his children were ever of any esteem with any that truly feared God.

CHAPTER IX.

VANITY FAIR AND MR. MNASON'S HOUSE.

Now by this time they were come within sight of the town of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is kept. So, when they saw that they were so near the town, they consulted with one another how they should pass through the town; and some said one thing, and some another. At last Mr. Great-heart said, I have, as you may understand, often been a conductor of pilgrims through this town. Now I am acquainted with one Mr. Mnason, a Cyprusian by nation, an old disciple, at whose house we may lodge (Acts xxi. 16). If you think good, said he, we will turn in there.

Content, said old Honest; Content, said Christiana; Content, said Mr. Feeble-mind: and so they said all. Now you must think it was eventide by that they got to the outside of the town; but Mr. Great-heart knew the way to the old man's house. So thither they came; and he called at the door, and the old man within knew his tongue so soon as ever he heard it; so he opened, and they all came in. Then said Mnason their host, How far have you come to-day? So they said, From the house of Gaius, our friend. I promise you, said he, you have gone a good stitch, you may well be a-weary; sit down. So they sat down.

Great. Then said their guide, Come, what cheer, sirs? I dare say you are welcome to my friend.

Mnas. I also, said Mr. Mnason, do bid you welcome; and whatever you want, do but say, and we will do what we can to get it for you.

Hon. Our great want, awhile since, was harbor and good company, and now I hope we have both.

Mnas. For harbor, you see what it is; but for good company, that will appear in the trial.

Great. Well, said Mr. Great-heart, will you have the pilgrims up into their lodging?

Mnas. I will, said Mr. Mnason. So he had them to their respective places; and also showed them a very fair dining-room, where they might be, and sup together, until time was come to go to rest.

Now, when they were set in their places, and were a little cheery after their journey, Mr. Honest asked his landlord if there were any store of good people in the town.

Mnas. We have a few; for indeed they are but a few, when compared with them on the other side.

Hon. But how shall we do to see some of them? for the sight of good men, to them that are going on pilgrimage, is like the appearing of the moon and the stars to them that are sailing upon the seas.

Then Mr. Mnason stamped with his foot, and his daughter Grace came up. So he said unto her, Grace, go you, tell my friends, Mr. Contrite, Mr. Holy-man, Mr. Love-saint,

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Mr. Dare-not-lie, and Mr. Penitent, that I have a friend or two at my house that have a mind this evening to see them.

So Grace went to call them, and they came; and, after salutation made, they sat down together at the table.

Then said Mr. Mnason, their landlord, My neighbors, I have, as you see, a company of strangers come to my house: they are pilgrims; they come from afar, and are going to Mount Zion. But who, quoth he, do you think this is? pointing with his finger to Christiana. It is Christiana, the wife of Christian, that famous pilgrim, who with Faithful his brother were so shamefully handled in our town. At that they stood amazed, saying, We little thought to see Christiana, when Grace came to call us; wherefore this is a very comfortable surprise. Then they asked her of her welfare, and if these young men were her husband's sons. And when she had told them they were, they said, The King whom you love and serve make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace.

Hon. Then Mr. Honest (when they were all sat down) asked Mr. Contrite and the rest in what posture their town was at present.

Contr. You may be sure we are full of hurry in fair-time. It is hard keeping our hearts and spirits in any good order when we are in a cumbered condition. He that lives in such a place as this is, and that has to do with such as we have, has need of an item to caution him to take heed every moment of the day.

Hon. But how are your neighbors for quietness?

Contr. They are much more moderate now than formerly. You know how Christian and Faithful were used at our town; but of late, I say, they have been far more moderate. I think the blood of Faithful lieth with a load upon them till now; for since they burned him, they have been ashamed to burn any more. In those days we were afraid to walk the streets; but now we can show our heads. Then the name of a professor was odious; now, especially in some parts of our town (for you know our town is large), religion is counted honorable.

Then said Mr. Contrite to them, Pray, how fared it with you in your pilgrimage? how stands the country affected towards you?

Hon. It happens to us as it happeneth to wayfaring men; — sometimes our way is clean, sometimes foul; sometimes up-hill, sometimes down-hill; we are seldom at a certainty. The wind is not always on our backs, nor is every one a friend that we meet with in the way. We have met with some notable rubs already, and what are yet behind we know not; but for the most part, we find it true that has been talked of, of old, A good man must suffer trouble.

Contr. You talk of rubs; what rubs have you met withal?

Hon. Nay, ask Mr. Great-heart, our guide; for he can give the best account of that.

Great. We have been beset three or four times already. First, Christiana and her children were beset by two ruffians, that they feared would have taken their lives. We were beset by Giant Bloody-man, Giant Maul, and Giant Slay-good. Indeed, we did rather beset the last than were beset of him. And thus it was: After we had been some time at the house of "Gaius, mine host, and of the whole church" (Rom. xvi. 23), we were minded upon a time to take our weapons with us, and so go and see if we could light upon any of those that were enemies to pilgrims (for we heard that there was a notable one thereabouts). Now Gaius knew his haunt better than I, because he dwelt thereabout. So we looked, and looked, till at last we discerned the mouth of his cave: then we were glad, and plucked up our spirits. So we approached up to his den; and, lo, when we came there, he had dragged, by mere force, into his net, this poor man, Mr. Feeble-mind, and was about to bring him to his end. But when he saw us, supposing, as we thought, he had another prey, he left the poor man in his hole, and came out. So we fell to it full sore, and he lustily laid about him; but, in conclusion, he was brought down to the ground, and his head cut off, and set up by the wayside, for a terror to such as should after practise such ungodliness. That I tell you the truth, here is the man himself to affirm it, who was as a lamb taken out of the mouth of the lion.

Feeble. Then said Mr. Feeble-mind, I found this true, to my cost and comfort: to

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my cost, when he threatened to pick my bones every moment; and to my comfort, when I saw Mr. Great-heart and his friends, with their weapons, approach so near for my deliverance.

Holy. Then said Mr. Holy-man, There are two things that they have need to be possessed with that go on pilgrimage: courage and an unspotted life. If they have not courage, they can never hold on their way; and if their lives be loose, they will make the very name of a pilgrim stink.

Love. Then said Mr. Love-saint, I hope this caution is not needful amongst you. But truly, there are many that go upon the road, that rather declare themselves strangers to pilgrimage than strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

Dare. Then said Mr. Dare-not-lie, It is true: they neither have the pilgrim's weed nor the pilgrim's courage; they go not uprightly, but all awry with their feet; one shoe goes inward, and another outward, and their hosen out behind; there a rag, and there a rent, to the disparagement of their Lord.

Pen. These things, said Mr. Penitent, they ought to be troubled for; nor are the pilgrims like to have that grace put upon them and their pilgrim's progress as they desire, until the way is cleared of such spots and blemishes.

Thus they sat talking and spending the time until supper was set upon the table; unto which they went and refreshed their weary bodies; so went to rest.

Now they stayed in this fair a great while, at the house of this Mr. Mnason, who, in process of time, gave his daughter Grace unto Samuel, Christiana's son, to wife, and his daughter Martha to Joseph.

The time, as I said, that they lay here was long (for it was not now as in former times). Wherefore the pilgrims grew acquainted with many of the good people of the town, and did them what service they could. Mercy, as she was wont, labored much for the poor; wherefore their bellies and backs blessed her, and she was there an ornament to her profession.

And, to say the truth for Grace, Phebe, and Martha, they were all of a very good nature, and did much good in their places. They were also all of them very fruitful; so that Christian's name, as was said before, was like to live in the world.

While they lay here there came a monster out of the woods, and slew many of the people of the town. It would also carry away their children, and teach them to suck its whelps. Now, no man in the town durst so much as face this monster; but all men fled when they heard the noise of his coming.

The monster was like unto no one beast upon the earth. Its body was like a dragon, and it had seven heads and ten horns (Rev. vxii. 3). It made great havoc of children, and yet it was governed by a woman. This monster propounded conditions to men; and such men as loved their lives more than their souls accepted of those conditions. So came under.

Now this Mr. Great-heart, together with those that came to visit the pilgrims at Mr. Mnason's house, entered into a covenant to go and engage this beast, if perhaps they might deliver the people of this town from the paws and mouth of this so devouring a they serpent.

Then did Mr. Great-heart, Mr. Contrite, Mr. Holy-man, Mr. Dare-not-lie, and Mr. Penitent, with their weapons, go forth to meet him. Now the monster was at first very rampant, and looked upon these enemies with great disdain; but they so belabored him, being sturdy men at arms, that they made him make a retreat: so they came home to Mr. Mnason's house again.

The monster, you must know, had his certain seasons to come out in, and to make his attempts upon the children of the people of the town; also these seasons did these valiant worthies watch him in, and did still continually assault him, insomuch that in process of time he became not only wounded but lame; also, he has not made that havoc of the townsmen's children as formerly he had done; and it is verily believed by some that this beast shall die of his wounds.

This, therefore, made Mr. Great-heart and his fellows of great fame in this town; so that many of the people that wanted their taste of things, yet had a reverent esteem and respect for them. Upon this account, therefore, it was that these pilgrims got not much hurt here. True, there were some of the baser sort that could see no more than a mole nor understand more than a beast;

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these had no reverence for these men, nor took they notice of their valor or adventures.

Well, the time grew on that the pilgrims must go on their way; wherefore they prepared for their journey. They sent for their friends; they conferred with them; they had some time set apart, therein to commit each other to the protection of their Prince. There were, again, that brought of such things as they had, that were fit for the weak and the strong, for the women and the men, and so laded them with such things as were necessary (Acts xxviii. 10). Then they set forward on their way; and their friends accompanying them so far as was convenient, they again committed each other to the protection of their King, and parted.

They, therefore, that were of the pilgrims' company went on, and Mr. Great-heart went before them. Now the women and children being weakly, they were forced to go as they could bear; by this means Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeble-mind had more to sympathize with their condition.

When they were gone from the townsmen, and when their friends had bid them farewell, they quickly came to the place where Faithful was put to death. There, therefore, they made a stand, and thanked Him that had enabled him to bear his cross so well; and the rather because they now found that they had a benefit by such a manly suffering as his was.

They went on, therefore, after this, a good way further, talking of Christian and Faithful, and how Hopeful joined himself to Christian after that Faithful was dead.

Now they were come up with the Hill Lucre, where the silver mine was, which took Demas off from his pilgrimage, and into which, as some think, By-ends fell and perished; wherefore they considered that. But when they were come to the old monument that stood over against the Hill Lucre, to wit, to the Pillar of Salt that stood also within view of Sodom and its stinking lake, they marvelled, as did Christian before, that men of that knowledge and ripeness of wit as they were should be so blinded as to turn aside here. Only they considered again, that nature is not affected with the harms that others have met with, especially if that thing upon which they look has an attracting virtue upon the foolish eye.

CHAPTER X.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS AND THE SHEPHERDS.

I SAW now that they went on till they came at the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains; — to the river where the fine trees grow on both sides, and whose leaves, if taken inwardly, are good against surfeits; where the meadows are green all the year long; and where they might lie down safely (Ps. xxiii).

By this river-side, in the meadow, there were cotes and folds for sheep, a house built for the nourishing and bringing up of those lambs, the babes of those women that go on pilgrimage. Also there was here one that was intrusted with them, who could have compassion, and that could gather these lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and that could gently lead those that are with young (Heb. v. 2; Isa. xl. 11). Now to the care of *this Man*, Christiana admonished her four daughters to commit their little ones, that by these waters they might be housed, harbored, succored, and nourished, and that none of them might be lacking in time to come. This Man, if any of them go astray, or be lost, he will bring them again; he will also bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen them that are sick (Jer. xxiii. 4; Ezek. xxxiv. 11 – 16). Here they will never want meat, drink, and clothing; here they will be kept from thieves and robbers; for this Man will die before one of those committed to his trust shall be lost. Besides, here they shall be sure to have good nurture and admonition, and shall be taught to walk in right paths, — and that, you know, is a favor of no small account. Also here, as you see, are delicate waters, pleasant meadows, dainty flowers, variety of trees, and such as bear wholesome fruit, — fruit not like that that Matthew ate of, that fell over the wall out of Beelzebub's garden; but fruit that procureth health where there is none, and that continueth and increaseth it where it is.

So they were content to commit their little ones to him; and that which was also an encouragement to them so to do was, for that all this was to be at the charge of the King, and so was as an hospital for young children and orphans.

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Now they went on; and when they were come to By-path Meadow, to the stile over which Christian went with his fellow Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair, and put into Doubting Castle, they sat down, and consulted what was best to be done; to wit, now that they were so strong, and had got such a man as Mr. Great-heart for their conductor, whether they had not best to make an attempt upon the giant, demolish his castle, and if there were any pilgrims in it, to set them at liberty before they went any further. So one said one thing, and another said the contrary. One questioned if it was lawful to go upon unconsecrated ground; another said they might, provided their end was good; but Mr. Great-heart said, Though that assertion offered last cannot be universally true, yet I have a commandment to resist sin, "to overcome evil," to "fight the good fight of faith"; and, I pray, with whom should I fight this good fight, if not with Giant Despair? I will, therefore, attempt the taking away of his life, and the demolishing of Doubting Castle. Then said he, Who will go with me? Then said old Honest, I will. And so will we too, said Christiana's four sons, Matthew, Samuel, James, and Joseph; for they were young men and strong (1 John ii. 13, 14). So they left the women in the road, and with them Mr. Feeble-mind, and Mr. Ready-to-halt with his crutches, to be their guard, until they came back; for in that place, though Giant Despair dwelt so near, they keeping in the road, a little child might lead them (Isa. xi. 6).

So Mr. Great-heart, old Honest, and the four young men, went to go up to Doubting Castle, to look for Giant Despair. When they came at the castle gate, they knocked for entrance with an unusual noise. At that the old giant comes to the gate, and Diffidence his wife follows. Then said he, Who and what is he that is so hardy, as after this manner to molest the Giant Despair? Mr. Great-heart replied, It is I, Great-heart, one of the King of the Celestial Country's conductors of pilgrims to their place; and I demand of thee that thou open thy gates for my entrance. Prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle.

Now Giant Despair, because he was a giant, thought no man could overcome him; and again thought he, Since heretofore I have made a conquest of angels, shall Great-heart make me afraid? So he harnessed himself, and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head, a breastplate of fire girded to him, and he came out in iron shoes, with a great club in his hand. Then these six men made up to him, and beset him behind and before; also when Diffidence the giantess came up to help him, old Mr. Honest cut her down at one blow. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground, but was very loath to die. He struggled hard, and had, as they say, as many lives as a cat; but Great-heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders.

Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle; and that, you know, might with ease be done, since Giant Despair was dead. They were seven days in destroying of that; and in it of pilgrims they found one Mr. Despondency, almost starved to death, and one Much-afraid, his daughter: these two they saved alive. But it would have made you a-wondered to have seen the dead bodies that lay here and there in the castle-yard, and how full of dead men's bones the dungeon was.

When Mr. Great-heart and his companions had performed this exploit, they took Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid into their protection; for they were honest people, though they were prisoners in Doubting Castle, to that tyrant Giant Despair. They, therefore, I say, took with them the head of the giant (for his body they had buried under a heap of stones), and down to the road and to their companions they came, and showed them what they had done. Now when Feeble-mind and Ready-to-halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so since they were so merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter, named Much-afraid, by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but, I promise you,

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he footed it well: also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely.

As for Mr. Despondency, the music was not much to him; he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him some of her bottle of spirits, for present relief, and then prepared him something to eat; and in a little time the old gentleman came to himself, and began to be finely revived.

Now I saw in my dream, when all these things were finished, Mr. Great-heart took the head of Giant Despair, and set it upon a pole by the highway-side, right over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to pilgrims that came after, to take heed of entering into his grounds.

Then he writ under it, upon a marble stone, these verses following: —

This is the head of him whose name only
In former times did pilgrims terrify.
His castle 's down; and Diffidence, his wife,
Brave Mr. Great-heart has bereft of life.
Despondency, his daughter Much-afraid,
Great-heart for them also the man has play'd.
Who hereof doubts, if he 'll but cast his eye
Up hither may his scruples satisfy.
This head, also, when doubting cripples dance,
Doth show from fear they have deliverance.

When these men had thus bravely showed themselves against Doubting Castle, and had slain Giant Despair, they went forward, and went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains, where Christian and Hopeful refreshed themselves with the varieties of the place. They also acquainted themselves with the Shepherds there, who welcomed them, as they had done Christian before, unto the Delectable Mountains.

Now, the Shepherds, seeing so great a train follow Mr. Great-heart (for with him they were well acquainted), they said unto him, Good sir, you have got a goodly company here. Pray where did you find all these?

Then Mr. Great-heart replied: —

First, here is Christiana and her train,
Her sons, and her sons' wives, who, like the wain,
Keep by the pole, and do by compass steer
From sin to grace, else they had not been here:
Next, here 's old Honest come on pilgrimage;
Ready-to-halt, too, who, I dare engage,
True-hearted is: and so is Feeble-mind,
Who willing was not to be left behind:
Despondency, good man, is coming after,
And so also is Much-afraid his daughter.
May we have entertainment here, or must
We further go? Let 's know whereon to trust.

Then said the Shepherds, This is a comfortable company. You are welcome to us; for we have for the feeble, as for the strong. Our Prince has an eye to what is done to the least of these (Matt. xxv. 40); therefore infirmity must not be a block to our entertainment. So they had them to the palace door, and then said unto them, Come in, Mr. Feeble-mind; Come in, Mr. Ready-to-halt; Come in, Mr. Despondency, and Mrs. Much-afraid his daughter. These, Mr. Great-heart, said the Shepherds to the guide, we call in by name, for that they are most subject to draw back; but as for you, and the rest that are strong, we leave you to your wonted liberty.

Then said Mr. Great-heart, This day I see that grace doth shine in your faces, and that you are my Lord's Shepherds indeed; for that you have not pushed these diseased neither with side nor shoulder, but have rather strewed their way into the palace with flowers, as you should (Ezek. xxxiv. 21).

So the feeble and weak went in, and Mr. Great-heart and the rest did follow. When they were also set down, the Shepherds said to those of the weaker sort, What is it that you would have? for, said they, all things must be managed here for the supporting of the weak, as well as the warning of the unruly. So they made them a feast of things easy of digestion, and that were pleasant to the palate and nourishing; the which when they had received, they went to their rest, each one respectively unto his proper place.

When morning was come, because the mountains were high, and the day clear, and because it was the custom of the Shepherds to show to the pilgrims before their departure some rarities, therefore, after they were ready, and had refreshed themselves, the Shepherds took them out into the fields, and showed them first what they had shown to Christian before.

Then they had them to some new places. The first was to Mount Marvel, where they looked, and beheld a man at a distance, that tumbled the hills about with words. Then they asked the Shepherds what that should mean. So they told them, that that man

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was the son of one Mr. Great-grace, of whom you read in the First Part of the Records of the Pilgrim's Progress. And he is set there to teach pilgrims how to believe down, or to tumble out of their way, what difficulties they shall meet with, by faith (Mark xi. 23, 24). Then said Mr. Great-heart, I know him: he is a man above many.

Then they had them to another place, called Mount Innocent; and there they saw a man clothed all in white; and two men, Prejudice and Ill-will, continually casting dirt upon him. Now, behold, the dirt, whatsoever they cast at him, would in a little time fall off again, and his garment would look as clear as if no dirt had been cast thereat. Then said the pilgrims, What means this? The Shepherds answered, This man is named Godly-man, and this garment is to show the innocency of his life. Now, those that throw dirt at him, are such as hate his well-doing: but, as you see the dirt will not stick upon his clothes, so it shall be with him that liveth truly innocently in the world. Whoever they be that would make such men dirty, they labor all in vain: for God, by that a little time is spent, will cause that their innocence shall break forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noonday.

Then they took them, and had them to Mount Charity, where they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him, yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less. Then said they, What should this be? This is, said the Shepherds, to show you that he who has a heart to give of his labor to the poor shall never want wherewithal. He that watereth shall be watered himself. And the cake that the widow gave to the prophet did not cause that she had ever the less in her barrel.

They had them also to a place where they saw one Fool and one Want-wit washing an Ethiopian, with intention to make him white; but the more they washed him the blacker he was. Then they asked the Shepherds what that should mean. So they told them, saying, Thus shall it be with the vile person: all means used to get such a one a good name shall in conclusion tend but to make him more abominable. Thus it was with the Pharisees; and so shall it be with all hypocrites.

Then said Mercy, the wife of Matthew, to Christiana her mother, Mother, I would, if it might be, see the hole in the hill, or that commonly called the by-way to hell. So her mother brake her mind to the Shepherds. Then they went to the door. It was in the side of a hill; and they opened it, and bid Mercy hearken awhile. So she hearkened, and heard one saying, Cursed be my father, for holding of my feet back from the way of peace and life! Another said, O that I had been torn in pieces before I had, to save my life, lost my soul! And another said, If I were to live again, how would I deny myself, rather than come to this place! Then there was as if the very earth had groaned and quaked under the feet of this young woman for fear. So she looked white, and came trembling away, saying, Blessed be he and she that are delivered from this place!

Now when the Shepherds had shown them all these things, then they had them back to the palace, and entertained them with what the house would afford. But Mercy, being a young and breeding woman, longed for something that she saw there, but was ashamed to ask. Her mother-in-law then asked her what she ailed, for she looked as one not well. Then said Mercy, There is a looking-glass hangs up in the dining-room, off which I cannot take my mind: if, therefore, I have it not, I think I shall miscarry. Then said her mother, I will mention thy wants to the Shepherds, and they will not deny it thee. But she said, I am ashamed that these men should know that I longed. Nay, my daughter, said she, it is no shame, but a virtue to long for such a thing as that. So Mercy said, Then, mother, if you please, ask the Shepherds if they are willing to sell it.

Now the glass was one of a thousand. It would present a man one way, with his own features exactly; and, turn it but another way, and it would show one the very face and similitude of the Prince of pilgrims himself. Yea, I have talked with them that can tell, and they have said that they have seen the very crown of thorns upon his head, by looking in that glass: they have therein also seen the holes in his hands, in his feet,

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and his side. Yea, such an excellency is there in that glass, that it will show him to one, where they have a mind to see him; whether living or dead; whether in earth or heaven; whether in a state of humiliation, or in his exaltation; whether coming to suffer, or coming to reign (James i. 23; 1 Cor. xiii. 12; 2 Cor. iii. 18).

Christiana therefore went to the Shepherds apart (now the names of the Shepherds are Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere), and said unto them, There is one of my daughters, a breeding woman, that I think doth long for something that she hath seen in this house; and she thinks that she shall miscarry if she should by you be denied.

Experience. Call her, call her; she shall assuredly have what we can help her to. So they called her, and said to her, Mercy, what is that thing thou wouldst have? Then she blushed, and said, The great glass that hangs up in the dining-room. So Sincere ran and fetched it, and with a joyful consent it was given her. Then she bowed her head, and gave thanks, and said, By this I know that I have obtained favor in your eyes.

They also gave to the other young women such things as they desired, and to their husbands great commendations, for that they had joined with Mr. Great-heart to the slaying of Giant Despair, and the demolishing of Doubting Castle.

About Christiana's neck the Shepherds put a bracelet, and so they did about the necks of her four daughters; also they put ear-rings in their ears and jewels on their foreheads.

When they were minded to go hence, they let them go in peace, but gave not to them those certain cautions which before were given to Christian and his companion. The reason was, for that these had Great-heart to be their guide, who was one that was well acquainted with things, and so could give them their cautions more seasonably, to wit, even then when the danger was nigh the approaching. What cautions Christian and his companion had received of the Shepherds they had also lost by that the time was come that they had need to put them in practice. Wherefore here was the advantage that this company had over the other.

From hence they went on singing, and they said:—

Behold, how fitly are the stages set,
For their relief that pilgrims are become!
And how they us receive without one let,
That make the other life our mark and home!

What novelties they have to us they give,
That we, though pilgrims, joyful lives may live;
They do upon us, too, such things bestow,
That show we pilgrims are, where'er we go.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH.

When they were gone from the Shepherds, they quickly came to the place where Christian met with one Turn-away, that dwelt in the town of Apostasy. Wherefore of him Mr. Great-heart, their guide, did now put them in mind, saying, This is the place where Christian met with one Turn-away, who carried with him the character of his rebellion at his back. And this I have to say concerning this man:—he would hearken to no counsel, but once afalling, persuasion could not stop him (Heb. x. 26-29). When he came to the place where the Cross and the Sepulchre were, he did meet with one that bid him look there; but he gnashed with his teeth, and stamped, and said he was resolved to go back to his own town. Before he came to the gate, he met with Evangelist, who offered to lay hands on him, to turn him into the way again. But this Turn-away resisted him, and having done much despite unto him, he got away over the wall, and so escaped his hand.

Then they went on; and just at the place where Little-faith formerly was robbed, there stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all bloody. Then said Mr. Great-heart, What art thou? The man made answer, saying, I am one whose name is Valiant-for-truth. I am a pilgrim, and am going to the Celestial City. Now as I was in my way, there were three men did beset me, and propounded unto me these three things: 1. Whether I would become one of them; 2. Or go back from whence I came; 3. Or die upon the place. To the first I answered, I had been a true man a long season, and therefore it could not be expected that I now should cast

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in my lot with thieves (Prov. i. 10–14). Then they demanded what I would say to the second. So I told them that the place from whence I came, had I not found incommodity there, I had not forsaken it at all; but finding it altogether unsuitable to me, and very unprofitable for me, I forsook it for this way. Then they asked me what I said to the third. And I told them, my life cost more dear far than that I should lightly give it away. Besides, you have nothing to do thus to put things to my choice; wherefore at your peril be it if you meddle. Then these three, to wit, Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic, drew upon me, and I also drew upon them. So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of above three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valor, and have also carried away with them some of mine. They are but just now gone: I suppose they might, as the saying is, hear your horse dash, and so they betook themselves to flight.

Great. But here was great odds, three against one.

Valiant. It is true; but little or more are nothing to him that has the truth on his side. "Though an host should encamp against me," said one, "my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident," &c. (Ps. xxvii. 3). Besides, said he, I have read in some records, that one man has fought an army: and how many did Samson slay with the jawbone of an ass! (Judges xv. 15, 16.)

Great. Then said the guide, Why did you not cry out, that some might have come in for your succor?

Valiant. So I did, to my King, who, I knew, could hear, and afford invisible help, and that was sufficient for me.

Great. Then said Great-heart to Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Thou hast worthily behaved thyself. Let me see thy sword. So he showed it him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon awhile, he said, Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade (Isa. ii. 3).

Valiant. It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it and skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding, if he can but tell how to lay on. Its edges will never blunt. It will cut flesh and bones and soul and spirit and all (Eph. vi. 12–17; Heb. iv. 12).

Great. But you fought a great while; I wonder you was not weary.

Valiant. I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand; and when they were joined together as if a sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood ran through my fingers, then I fought with most courage (2 Sam. xxiii. 10).

Great. Thou hast done well. Thou hast "resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Thou shalt abide by us, come in and go out with us; for we are thy companions.

Then they took him and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had to refresh him; and so they went on together.

Now, as they went on, because Mr. Great-heart was delighted in him (for he loved one greatly that he found to be a man of his hands), and because there were with his company them that were feeble and weak, therefore he questioned with him about many things; as, first, what countryman he was.

Valiant. I am of Dark-land; for there I was born, and there my father and mother are still.

Great. Dark-land, said the guide; doth not that lie upon the same coast with the City of Destruction?

Valiant. Yes, it doth. Now, that which caused me to come on pilgrimage was this: We had one Mr. Tell-true come into our parts, and he told it about what Christian had done, that went from the City of Destruction; namely, how he had forsaken his wife and children, and had betaken himself to a pilgrim's life. It was also confidently reported, how he had killed a serpent that did come out to resist him in his journey; and how he got through to whither he intended. It was also told, what welcome he had at all his Lord's lodgings, especially when he came to the gates of the Celestial City; for there, said the man, he was received with sound of trumpet by a company of Shining Ones. He told it also how all the bells in the city did ring for joy at his reception, and what golden garments he was clothed with; with many other things that now I shall forbear to relate. In a word, that man so told the story of Christian and his travels, that my heart fell into a burning haste to be gone after him; nor could father

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or mother stay me. So I got from them, and am come thus far on my way.

Great. You came in at the gate, did you not?

Valiant. Yes, yes; for the same man also told us, that all would be nothing, if we did not begin to enter this way at the gate.

Great. Look you, said the guide to Christiana, the pilgrimage of your husband, and what he has gotten thereby, is spread abroad far and near.

Valiant. Why, is this Christian's wife?

Great. Yes, that it is; and these also are her four sons.

Valiant. What! and going on pilgrimage too?

Great. Yes, verily; they are following after.

Valiant. It glads me at heart. Good man! how joyful will he be when he shall see them that would not go with him, yet to enter after him in at the gates into the city!

Great. Without doubt it will be a comfort to him; for, next to the joy of seeing himself there, it will be a joy to meet there his wife and children.

Valiant. But, now you are upon that, pray let me hear your opinion about it. Some make a question, whether we shall know one another when we are there.

Great. Do they think they shall know themselves then, or that they shall rejoice to see themselves in that bliss? And if they think they shall know and do these, why not know others, and rejoice in their welfare also? Again, since relations are our second self, though that state will be dissolved there, yet why may it not be rationally concluded that we shall be more glad to see them there, than to see they are wanting?

Valiant. Well, I perceive whereabouts you are as to this. Have you any more things to ask me about my beginning to come on pilgrimage?

Great. Yes. Was your father and mother willing that you should become a pilgrim?

Valiant. O no! They used all means imaginable to persuade me to stay at home.

Great. Why, what could they say against it?

Valiant. They said it was an idle life; and if I myself were not inclined to sloth and laziness, I would never countenance a pilgrim's condition.

Great. And what did they say else?

Valiant. Why, they told me that it was a dangerous way; yea, the most dangerous way in the world, said they, is that which the pilgrims go.

Great. Did they show wherein this way is so dangerous?

Valiant. Yes, and that in many particulars.

Great. Name some of them.

Valiant. They told me of the Slough of Despond, where Christian was wellnigh smothered. They told me that there were archers standing ready in Beelzebub Castle, to shoot them that should knock at the Wicket-gate for entrance. They told me also of the wood and dark mountains: of the Hill Difficulty; of the lions; and also of the three giants, Bloody-man, Maul, and Slay-good. They said, moreover, that there was a foul fiend haunted the Valley of Humiliation; and that Christian was by him almost bereft of life. Besides, said they, you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the hobgoblins are; where the light is darkness; where the way is full of snares, pits, traps, and gins. They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, and of the ruin that the pilgrims met with here. Further, they said I must go over the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous; and that, after all this, I should find a river, over which I should find no bridge, and that that river did lie betwixt me and the Celestial Country.

Great. And was this all?

Valiant. No. They also told me that this way was full of deceivers, and of persons that lay in wait there, to turn good men out of the path.

Great. But how did they make that out?

Valiant. They told me that Mr. Worldly Wiseman did there lie in wait to deceive. They also said that there was Formality and Hypocrisy continually on the road. They said also, that By-ends, Talkative, or Demas would go near to gather me up; that the Flatterer would catch me in his net; or that, with green-headed Ignorance, I would presume to go on to the gate, from whence he was sent back to the hole that was in the side of the hill, and made to go the by-way to hell.

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Great. I promise you this was enough to discourage. But did they make an end here?

Valiant. No; stay. They told me also of many that had tried that way of old, and that had gone a great way therein, to see if they could find something of the glory there that so many had so much talked of from time to time; and how they came back again, and befooled themselves for setting a foot out of doors in that path, to the satisfaction of all the country. And they named several that did so, as Obstinate and Pliable, Mistrust and Timorous, Turn-away and old Atheist, with several more, who, they said, had some of them gone far to see if they could find, but not one of them found so much advantage by going as amounted to the weight of a feather.

Great. Said they anything more to discourage you?

Valiant. Yes. They told me of one Mr. Fearing who was a pilgrim; and how he found this way so solitary, that he never had a comfortable hour therein; also, that Mr. Despondency had like to have been starved therein: yea, and also (which I had almost forgot) that Christian himself, about whom there has been such a noise, after all his ventures for a celestial crown, was certainly drowned in the Black River, and never went a foot further, however it was smothered up.

Great. And did none of these things discourage you?

Valiant. No; they seemed but as so many nothings to me.

Great. How came that about?

Valiant. Why, I still believed what Mr. Tell-true had said; and that carried me beyond them all.

Great. Then this was your victory, even your faith.

Valiant. It was so. I believed, and therefore came out, got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me, and, by believing, am come to this place.

Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,—
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,—
He 'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He 'll not fear what men say:
He 'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

By this time they were got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy. And that place was all grown over with briers and thorns, excepting here and there, where was an enchanted arbor, upon which if a man sits, or in which if a man sleeps, it is a question, say some, whether ever he shall rise or wake again in this world. Over this forest, therefore, they went, both one and another, and Mr. Great-heart went before, for that he was the guide; and Mr. Valiant-for-truth, he came behind, being there a guard, for fear, lest peradventure some fiend or dragon or giant or thief should fall upon their rear, and so do mischief. They went on here, each man with his sword drawn in his hand; for they knew it was a dangerous place. Also they cheered up one another as well as they could. Feeble-mind, Mr. Great-heart commanded should come up after him; and Mr. Despondency was under the eye of Mr. Valiant.

Now they had not gone far, but a great mist and darkness fell upon them all; so that they could scarce, for a great while, see the one the other. Wherefore they were forced, for some time, to feel for one another by words; for they walked not by sight. But any one must think that here was but sorry going for the best of them all; but how much worse for the women and children, who both of feet and heart were but tender. Yet so it was, that through the encouraging

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words of him that led in the front, and of him that brought them up behind, they made a pretty good shift to wag along.

The way also was here very wearisome, through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there, on all this ground, so much as one inn or victualling-house, therein to refresh the feebler sort. Here, therefore, was grunting, and puffing, and sighing. While one tumbleth over a bush, another sticks fast in the dirt; and the children, some of them, lost their shoes in the mire; — while one cries out, I am down; and another, Ho! where are you? and a third, The bushes have got such fast hold on me, I think I cannot get away from them.

Then they came at an arbor, warm, and promising much refreshing to the pilgrims; for it was finely wrought above-head, beautified with greens, furnished with benches and settles. It also had in it a soft couch, whereon the weary might lean. This, you must think, all things considered, was tempting; for the pilgrims already began to be foiled with the badness of the way. But there was not one of them that made so much as a motion to stop there; yea, for aught I could perceive, they continually gave so good heed to the advice of their guide, and he did so faithfully tell them dangers, and of the nature of dangers, when they were at them, that usually, when they were nearest to them, they did most pluck up their spirits, and hearten one another to deny the flesh. This arbor was called The Slothful's Friend, on purpose to allure, if it might be, some of the pilgrims there to take up their rest when weary.

I saw then in my dream, that they went on in this their solitary ground, till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way. Now, though when it was light their guide could well enough tell how to miss those ways that led wrong, yet in the dark he was put to a stand. But he had in his pocket a map of all ways leading to or from the Celestial City; wherefore he struck a light (for he never goes, also, without his tinder-box), and takes a view of his book or map, which bids him be careful in that place to turn to the right-hand way. And had he not here been careful to look in his map, they had all, in probability, been smothered in the mud; for just a little before them, and that at the end of the cleanest way, too, was a pit, none knows how deep, full of nothing but mud, there made on purpose to destroy the pilgrims in.

Then thought I with myself, Who that goeth on pilgrimage but would have one of these maps about him, that he may look, when he is at a stand, which is the way he must take?

They went on, then, in this Enchanted Ground, till they came to where there was another arbor, and it was built by the high-way-side. And in that arbor there lay two men, whose names were Heedless and Too-bold. These two went thus far on pilgrimage; but here, being wearied with their journey, they sat down to rest themselves, and so fell fast asleep. When the pilgrims saw them, they stood still, and shook their heads, for they knew that the sleepers were in a pitiful case. Then they consulted what to do; whether to go on and leave them in their sleep, or to step to them and try to awake them. So they concluded to go to them and awake them, — that is, if they could; but with this caution, namely, to take heed that themselves did not sit down, nor embrace the offered benefit of that arbor.

So they went in and spake to the men, and called each one by his name (for the guide, it seems, did know them); but there was no voice nor answer. Then the guide did shake them, and do what he could to disturb them. Then said one of them, I will pay you when I take my money. At which the guide shook his head. I will fight so long as I can hold my sword in my hand, said the other. At that one of the children laughed.

Then said Christiana, What is the meaning of this? The guide said, They talk in their sleep. If you strike them, beat them, or whatever else you do to them, they will answer you after this fashion; or, as one of them said in old time, when the waves of the sea did beat upon him, and he slept as one upon the mast of a ship, "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again" (Prov. xxiii. 34, 35). You know, when men talk in their sleep, they say anything, but their words are not governed either by faith or reason. There is an incoherency in their words now, as there was before betwixt their going on pilgrimage and sitting down here. This,

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THE WEARISOME WAY.

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then, is the mischief of it; — when heedless ones go on pilgrimage, it is twenty to one but they are served thus. For this Enchanted Ground is one of the last refuges that the enemy to pilgrims has; wherefore it is, as you see, placed almost at the end of the way, and so it standeth against us with the more advantage. For when, thinks the enemy, will these fools be so desirous to sit down, as when they are weary? and when so like to be weary, as when almost at their journey's end? Therefore it is, I say, that the Enchanted Ground is placed so nigh to the land Beulah, and so near the end of their race. Wherefore, let pilgrims look to themselves, lest it happen to them as it has done to these, that, as you see, are fallen asleep, and none can wake them.

Then the pilgrims desired, with trembling, to go forward; only they prayed their guide to strike a light, that they might go the rest of their way by the help of the light of a lantern. So he struck a light, and they went by the help of that through the rest of this way, though the darkness was very great (2 Pet. i. 19). But the children began to be sorely weary; and they cried out unto Him that loveth pilgrims, to make their way more comfortable. So by that they had gone a little further, a wind arose that drove away the fog; so the air became more clear. Yet they were not off (by much) of the Enchanted Ground; only now they could see one another better, and the way wherein they should walk.

Now when they were almost at the end of this ground, they perceived that a little before them was a solemn noise, as of one that was much concerned. So they went on, and looked before them; and, behold, they saw, as they thought, a man upon his knees, with hands and eyes lifted up, and speaking, as they thought, earnestly to one that was above. They drew nigh, but could not tell what he said. So they went softly till he had done. When he had done, he got up, and began to run towards the Celestial City. Then Mr. Great-heart called after him, saying, Soho, friend! let us have your company, if you go, as I suppose you do, to the Celestial City. So the man stopped, and they came up to him. But so soon as Mr. Honest saw him, he said, I know this man. Then said Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Prithee, who is it? It is one, said he, who comes from whereabouts I dwelt. His name is Stand-fast; he is certainly a right good pilgrim.

So they came up one to another. And presently Stand-fast said to old Honest, Ho, father Honest! are you there? Ay, said he, that I am, as sure as you are there. Right glad am I, said Mr. Stand-fast, that I have found you on this road. And as glad am I, said the other, that I espied you upon your knees. Then Mr. Stand-fast blushed, and said, But why, did you see me? Yes, that I did, quoth the other, and with my heart was glad at the sight. Why, what did you think? said Stand-fast. Think! said old Honest; what should I think? I thought we had an honest man upon the road, and therefore should have his company by and by. If you thought not amiss, said Stand-fast, how happy am I! But if I be not as I should, I alone must bear it. That is true, said the other; but your fear doth further confirm me that things are right betwixt the Prince of pilgrims and your soul. For, saith He, "Blessed is the man that feareth alway" (Prov. xxviii. 14).

Valiant. Well, but, brother, I pray thee tell us what was it that was the cause of thy being upon thy knees even now? Was it for that some special mercy laid obligations upon thee, or how?

Stand. Why we are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground; and as I was coming along, I was musing with myself of what a dangerous road the road in this place was, and how many that had come even thus far on pilgrimage had here been stopped and been destroyed. I thought also of the manner of the death with which this place destroyeth men. Those that die here die of no violent distemper. The death which such die is not grievous to them, for he that goeth away in a sleep begins that journey with desire and pleasure; yea, such acquiesce in the will of that disease.

Hon. Then Mr. Honest, interrupting of him, said, Did you see the two men asleep in the arbor?

Stand. Ay, ay, I saw Heedless and Toobold there; and for aught I know, there they will lie till they rot (Prov. x. 7). But let me go on in my tale. As I was thus musing, as I said, there was one in very pleasant attire, but old, who presented her-

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self unto me, and offered me three things, to wit, her body, her purse, and her bed. Now, the truth is, I was both aweary and sleepy; I am also as poor as an owlet, and that, perhaps, the witch knew. Well, I repulsed her once and twice; but she put by my repulses, and smiled. Then I began to be angry; but she mattered that nothing at all. Then she made offers again, and said, if I would be ruled by her, she would make me great and happy; for, said she, I am the mistress of the world, and men are made happy by me. Then I asked her name, and she told me it was Madam Bubble. This set me further from her; but she still followed me with enticements. Then I betook me, as you saw, to my knees, and with hands lifted up, and cries, I prayed to Him that had said He would help. So, just as you came up, the gentlewoman went her way. Then I continued to give thanks for this my great deliverance; for I verily believe she intended no good, but rather sought to make stop of me in my journey.

Hon. Without doubt her designs were bad. But, stay, now you talk of her, methinks I either have seen her, or have read some story of her.

Stand. Perhaps you have done both.

Hon. Madam Bubble! is she not a tall, comely dame, somewhat of a swarthy complexion?

Stand. Right, you hit it; she is just such a one.

Hon. Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?

Stand. You fall right upon it again, for these are her very actions.

Hon. Doth she not wear a great purse by her side, and is not her hand often in it, fingering her money, as if that was her heart's delight?

Stand. It is just so; had she stood by all this while you could not more amply have set her forth before me, nor have better described her features.

Hon. Then he that drew her picture was a good limner, and he that wrote of her said true.

Great. This woman is a witch, and it is by virtue of her sorceries that this ground is enchanted. Whoever doth lay their head down in her lap, had as good lay it down on that block over which the axe doth hang; and whoever lay their eyes upon her beauty are accounted the enemies of God (James iv. 4; 1 John ii. 15). This is she that maintaineth in their splendor all those that are the enemies of pilgrims; yea, this is she that hath bought off many a man from a pilgrim's life. She is a great gossiper; she is always, both she and her daughters, at one pilgrim's heels or another, now commending and then preferring the excellences of this life. She is a bold and impudent slut: she will talk with any man. She always laugheth poor pilgrims to scorn, but highly commends the rich. If there be one cunning to get money in a place, she will speak well of him from house to house. She loveth banqueting and feasting mainly well; she is always at one full table or another. She has given it out in some places that she is a goddess; and therefore some do worship her. She has her times and open places of cheating; and she will say and avow it that none can show a good comparable to hers. She promiseth to dwell with children's children, if they will but love her and make much of her. She will cast out of her purse gold like dust, in some places and to some persons. She loves to be sought after, spoken well of, and to lie in the bosoms of men. She is never weary of commending her commodities, and she loves them most that think best of her. She will promise to some crowns and kingdoms, if they will but take her advice; yet many hath she brought to the halter, and ten thousand times more to hell.

Stand. O, said Stand-fast, what a mercy is it that I did resist her; for whither might she have drawn me!

Great. Whither! nay, none but God knows whither. But in general, to be sure, she would have drawn thee "into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition" (1 Tim. vi. 9). It was she that set Absalom against his father, and Jeroboam against his master. It was she that persuaded Judas to sell his Lord; and that prevailed with Demas to forsake the godly pilgrim's life. None can tell of the mischief that she doth. She makes variance betwixt rulers and subjects, betwixt parents and children, betwixt neighbor and neighbor, betwixt a man and his wife, betwixt a man and himself, betwixt the flesh and the Spirit. Wherefore, good Mr. Stand-

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fast, be as your name is; and "when you have done all, stand."

At this discourse there was among the pilgrims a mixture of joy and trembling; but at length they brake out and sang:—

What danger is the pilgrim in!
How many are his foes!
How many ways there are to sin
No living mortal knows.

Some of the ditch are shy, yet can
Lie tumbling in the mire:
Some, though they shun the frying-pan,
Do leap into the fire.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PILGRIMS AT HOME.

After this I beheld until they were come unto the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked the streets was, More pilgrims have come to town! And another would answer, saying, And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day! They would cry again, There is now a legion of Shining Ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow! Then the pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro. But how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that it tasted a little bitterish to the palate; but it proved sweet when it was down.

In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire, with spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all its trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents whereof were, Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be;

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and we that survive will accompany you to the river-side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she yet read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted; be "faithful unto death," and my King will give you "a crown of life." I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr. Stand-fast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Then said he, I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dryshod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me.

Then came in that good man, Mr. Ready-to-halt, to see her. So she said to him, Thy travel hither has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch, and be ready; for at an hour when ye think not the messenger may come.

After him came in Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid; to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness forever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; "be sober, and hope to the end."

Then she said to Mr. Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living forever, and see thy King with comfort; only I advise thee to repent thee of thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness before he sends for thee; lest thou shouldest, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last words that she was heard to say here were, I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee.

So her children and friends returned to their place, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her.

At her departure her children wept. But Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee, that he expects thee at his table, to sup with him in his kingdom, the next day after Easter; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey.

Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, "I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord" (Eccles. xii. 6).

After this Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, and told them, saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr. Valiant to make his will. And because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him but his crutches and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, These crutches I bequeath to my son that shall tread in my steps, with an hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done.

Then he thanked Mr. Great-heart for his

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conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came at the brink of the river he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say were, Welcome life! So he went his way.

After this Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee; and that in a very little time thou must behold his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message: "Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened" (Eccles. xii. 3).

Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me; for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go, nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim; wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, faith and patience! So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: Trembling man! these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings. And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof: so he gave him a grasshopper to be a burden unto him (Eccles. xii. 5).

Now, Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, forever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts, the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after: and they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes shut ye the doors upon them.

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, Farewell night; welcome day! His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass, awhile after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines: Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night, to present thyself before thy Lord, at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, "All thy daughters of music shall be brought low" (Eccles. xii. 4). Then Mr. Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this. When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places; but Mr. Honest in his life-time had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, Grace reigns! So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain" (Eccles. xii. 6). When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage; and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was

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come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Stand-fast (this Mr. Stand-fast was he that the rest of the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground), for the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr. Stand-fast was put into a muse. Nay, said the messenger, you need not doubt the truth of my message, for here is a token of the truth thereof: "Thy wheel is broken at the cistern" (Eccles. xii. 6). Then he called unto him Mr. Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage, yet, since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children; let me entreat you, at your return (for I know that you will go, and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may yet be a conductor to more of the holy pilgrims), that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath and shall happen unto me. Tell them, moreover, of my happy arrival to this place, and of the present [and] late blessed condition I am in. Tell them also of Christian, and Christiana his wife, and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, except it be prayers and tears for them; of which it will suffice if thou acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail.

When Mr. Stand-fast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Stand-fast, when he was about half-way in, stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. Now methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan (Josh. iii. 17). The waters, indeed, are to the palate bitter and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in his way.

Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed; his strong man bowed under him: and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

As for Christian's children, the four boys that Christiana brought with her, with their wives and children, I did not stay where I was till they were gone over. Also, since I came away, I heard one say that they were yet alive, and so would be for the increase of the Church, in that place where they were, for a time.

Shall it be my lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it an account of what I here am silent about. Meantime, I bid my reader FAREWELL.

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THE LIFE

AND

STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

OF YORK, MARINER:

WHO LIVED EIGHT AND TWENTY YEARS ALL ALONE IN AN UNINHABITED ISLAND ON THE COAST OF AMERICA, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE GREAT RIVER OF OROONOQUE; HAVING BEEN CAST ON SHORE BY SHIPWRECK, WHEREIN ALL THE MEN PERISHED BUT HIMSELF.

WITH

AN ACCOUNT HOW HE WAS AT LAST AS STRANGELY DELIVERED BY PIRATES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[*The above was the original title-page.*]

BY DANIEL DE FOE.

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INTRODUCTION.

DANIEL DEFOE, or De Foe, was born in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in 1660; the son of James Foe, citizen and butcher, of London. His mind seems to have been carefully imbued with religious sentiments at an early age. He was a bold, generous, vivacious boy, who, as he himself tells us, never struck an enemy when he was down. At school he made rapid progress in the various departments of learning; he went through a course of theology; he also studied the rudiments of political science; he acquired a satisfactory knowledge of mathematics, logic, natural philosophy, history, geography; something considerable he knew, too, of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian; and — not least useful accomplishment — he learned to write his mother tongue with ease, accuracy, and vigor.

Soon after he had completed his education, he was placed in the warehouse of a wholesale hose-factor. Seven years later, De Foe, or Foe, as he then called himself, started in business on his own account; and from that time till 1690 we hear but little of him, except that he attempted, and with but little success, to combine the pursuit of politics with that of business. In 1691 appeared his first effort in verse, entitled "A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue: a Satire level'd at Treachery and Ambition; calculated to the Nativity of the Rapparee Plott, and the Modesty of the Jacobite Clergy."

In the following year began the series of distressing commercial difficulties which finally terminated in De Foe's insolvency. There can be no reasonable doubt that they were due to his own want of business habits. A politician and a wit, he was wholly unsuited for the proper management of commercial speculations. But he soon realized this himself, and betook him industriously to his new career as a literary man, wherein he achieved constant and distinguished success. Not attempting any notice of De Foe's political writings, we must recognize his career as a novelist as that in which, despite his valuable services to the cause of freedom and constitutional government, he is best known and most admired by posterity.

In 1719, on the 25th of April, first appeared "THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE." There can be no doubt that the foundation of this fascinating romance, which for a century and a half has been the favorite companion not only of boys, but of men, was afforded by the narrative of Alexander Selkirk's experiences, as recorded by Captain Woodes Rogers in his ac-

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count of "A Cruising Voyage round the World: first to the South Seas, thence to the East Indies, and homeward by the Cape of Good Hope; begun in 1708, and finished in 1711." Alexander Selkirk was a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, where he was born in 1676. In Dampier's expedition to the South Seas he served as a sailor on board Captain Stradling's ship; but, quarrelling with his officer, deserted from the vessel at the island of Juan Fernandez in September, 1704, and there lived alone until rescued by Captain Woodes Rogers in February, 1709.

In whatever form De Foe met with this curious instance of "truth stranger than fiction," it certainly suggested to him the groundwork of "Robinson Crusoe"; — that is, he borrowed from it the idea of the island solitude (and much of the charm of the work is owing to the circumstance that its scenes transpire in a lonely, sea-girdled, remote, and almost inaccessible isle), the construction of the two huts, the abundance of goats, and the clothing made out of their skins. All the rest he owed to his own fertile and inventive genius. For it is invention that is the characteristic of the book, rather than imagination. In reading the modern novels the reader cannot often believe they are true; in reading De Foe's, the thought never crosses his mind that it is *un*true. Its very prosaism renders greater the impression it produces; were it more poetical in form and spirit, it would necessarily be less real.

The success of "Robinson Crusoe" was immediate and unquestionable. The second edition was published only seventeen days after the first; the third edition, twenty-five days later; and the fourth, on the 8th of August. The mine which De Foe had thus opportunely discovered he proceeded to work with his accustomed vigor. On the 20th of August he published a continuation of his immortal fiction, under the title of "The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe; being the Second and Last Part of his Life, and of the Strange Surprising Accounts of his Travels round Three Parts of the Globe." And its reception continued to be so enthusiastic, that De Foe ventured, in August, 1720, on once more appearing before the public under the old familiar colors, drawing, as it were, the moral to the story, in a book which he entitled "Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: with his Vision of the Angelic World." As the second part was inferior to the first, so was the third inferior to the second; and it has so entirely dropped out of public favor that to most readers of "Robinson Crusoe" its existence is wholly unknown. It is not reproduced here.

It is impossible to give here any detailed account of De Foe's long and multifarious literary labors. Of his industry the reader may judge from the fact that a complete list of his works enumerates no less than two hundred and fifty-four; his versatility was no less marked.

Towards the close of the year 1730 he removed from his house at Stoke Newington, "a commodious mansion in about four acres of ground," to London, and took lodgings in what was then a pleasant and reputable locality, Rope-maker's Alley, Moorfields. Here he died of a lethargy, on the evening of Monday, the 26th of April, 1731, in the seventy-first year of his age.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I WAS born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull: he got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called — nay, we call ourselves, and write our name — Crusoe, and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards: what became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father and mother did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally goes, and designed me for the law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons more than a mere wandering inclination I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortunes by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was for men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labor and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, — between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this as the just standard of true felicity,

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when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bid me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labor, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labors of the hands or of the head, not sold to the life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but in easy circumstances sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living, without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, not to precipitate myself into miseries which nature and the station of life I was born in seemed to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavor to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes, as to give me any encouragement to go away. And, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though, he said, he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me that, if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it to be so himself, — I say, I saw the tears run down his face very plentifully, and especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed; and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved that he broke off the discourse, and told me his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

I was sincerely affected with this discourse, — as indeed who could be otherwise? — and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home, according to my father's desire. But, alas! a few days wore it all off; and, in short, to prevent any of my father's further importunities, in a few weeks after I resolved to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither as my first heat of resolution prompted; but I took my mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world, that I should never settle to anything with resolution enough to go through with it, and my father had better give me his consent than force me to go without it; that I was now eighteen years old, which was too late to go apprentice to a trade or clerk to an attorney; that I was sure if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my master before my time was out, and go to sea; and if she would speak to my father to let me go but one voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would

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promise by a double diligence to recover that time I had lost.

This put my mother into a great passion. She told me she knew it would be to no purpose to speak to my father upon any such subject; that he knew too well what was my interest to give his consent to anything so much for my hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing, after such a discourse as I had had with my father, and such kind and tender expressions as she knew my father had used to me; and that, in short, if I would ruin myself, there was no help for me; but I might depend I should never have their consent to it; that, for her part, she would not have so much hand in my destruction; and I should never have it to say that my mother was willing when my father was not.

Though my mother refused to move it to my father, yet, as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the discourse to him, and that my father, after showing a great concern at it, said to her, with a sigh, "That boy might be happy if he would stay at home; but if he goes abroad he will be the miserablest wretch that was ever born. I can give no consent to it."

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose, though in the mean time I continued obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulating with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew my inclinations prompted me to. But being one day at Hull, where I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopement that time; but, I say, being there, and one of my companions being going by sea to London in his father's ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common allurement of seafaring men,—namely, that it should cost me nothing for my passage,—I consulted neither father nor mother any more, nor so much as sent them word of it; but, leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's blessing or my father's, without any consideration of circumstances or consequences, and in an ill hour, God knows, on the 1st of September, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, began sooner or continued longer than mine. The ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber but the wind began to blow, and the waves to rise in a most frightful manner; and, as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body and terrified in my mind. I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my father's house and abandoning my duty; all the good counsel of my parents, my father's tears and my mother's entreaties, came now fresh into my mind; and my conscience, which was not yet come to the pitch of hardness to which it has been since, reproached me with the contempt of advice, and the breach of my duty to God and my father.

All this while the storm increased, and the sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few days after. But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young sailor, and had never known anything of the matter. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more; and in this agony of mind I made many vows and resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my life this one voyage, if ever I got once my foot upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it into a ship again while I lived; that I would take his advice, and never run myself into such miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the goodness of his observations about the middle station of life; how easy, how comfortably, he had lived all his days, and never had been exposed to tempests at sea or troubles on shore; and I resolved that I would, like a true repenting prodigal, go home to my father.

These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and I began to be a little inured to it. However, I was very grave for all that day, being also a little seasick still; but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over, and a charming fine evening followed; the sun went down perfectly clear, and rose so the

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next morning; and, having little or no wind, and a smooth sea, the sun shining upon it, the sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw.

I had slept well in the night, and was now no more sea-sick, but very cheerful, looking with wonder upon the sea that was so rough and terrible the day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now, lest my good resolutions should continue, my companion, who had indeed enticed me away, comes to me, — "Well, Bob," says he, clapping me on the shoulder, "how do you do after it? I warrant you were frightened, wa' n't you, last night, when it blew but a capful of wind?" — "A capful d' you call it?" said I; "'t was a terrible storm." — "A storm, you fool you," replies he; "do you call that a storm? Why, it was nothing at all! Give us but a good ship and sea-room, and we think nothing of such a squall of wind as that. But you 're but a fresh-water sailor, Bob. Come, let us make a bowl of punch, and we 'll forget all that. D' ye see what charming weather 't is now?" To make short this sad part of my story, we went the old way of all sailors. The punch was made, and I was made drunk with it. And in that one night's wickedness I drowned all my repentance, all my reflections upon my past conduct, and all my resolutions for my future. In a word, as the sea was returned to its smoothness of surface and settled calmness by the abatement of that storm, so — the hurry of my thoughts being over, my fears and apprehensions of being swallowed up by the sea being forgotten, and the current of my former desires returned — I entirely forgot the vows and promises that I made in my distress. I found, indeed, some intervals of reflection, and the serious thoughts did, as it were, endeavor to return again sometimes; but I shook them off, and roused myself from them as it were from a distemper, and applying myself to drink and company, soon mastered the return of those fits, — for so I called them, — and I had in five or six days got as complete a victory over conscience as any young fellow, that resolved not to be troubled with it, could desire. But I was to have another trial for it still; and Providence, as in such cases generally it does, resolved to leave me entirely without excuse. For if I would not take this for a deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most hardened wretch among us would confess both the danger and the mercy.

The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads; the wind having been contrary and the weather calm, we had made but little way since the storm. Here we were obliged to come to an anchor, and here we lay, the wind continuing contrary — namely, at southwest — for seven or eight days, during which time a great many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads, as the common harbor where the ships might wait for a wind for the river.

We had not, however, rid here so long, but should have tided it up the river, but that the wind blew too fresh; and after we had lain four or five days blew very hard. However, the roads being reckoned as good as a harbor, the anchorage good, and our ground-tackle very strong, our men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of danger, but spent the time in rest and mirth, after the manner of the sea; but the eighth day, in the morning, the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to strike our topmasts, and make everything snug and close, that the ship might ride as easy as possible. By noon the sea went very high indeed, and our ship rode forecastle in, shipped several seas, and we thought once or twice our anchor had come home, upon which our master ordered out the sheet-anchor; so that we rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end.

By this time it blew a terrible storm indeed, and now I began to see terror and amazement in the faces even of the seamen themselves. The master, though vigilant to the business of preserving the ship, yet, as he went in and out of his cabin by me, I could hear him softly to himself say several times, "Lord, be merciful to us; we shall be all lost, we shall be all undone," and the like. During these first hurries I was stupid, lying still in my cabin, which was in the steerage, and cannot describe my temper. I could ill reassume the first penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon and hardened myself against. I thought the bitterness of death had been past, and that this would be nothing, too, like the first. But

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when the master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully frighted. I got up out of my cabin and looked out; but such a dismal sight I never saw. The sea went mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four minutes. When I could look about, I could see nothing but distress round us. Two ships that rode near us we found had cut their masts by the board, being deeply laden; and our men cried out that a ship which rode about a mile ahead of us was foundered. Two more ships, being driven from their anchors, were run out of the roads to sea at all adventures, and that with not a mast standing. The light ships fared the best, as not so much laboring in the sea; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away with only their spritsail out before the wind.

Towards evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the foremast, which he was very unwilling to; but the boatswain protesting to him that if he did not the ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the foremast, the mainmast stood so loose and shook the ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear deck.

Any one may judge what a condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young sailor, and who had been in such a fright before at but a little. But if I can express at this distance the thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in tenfold more horror of mind upon account of my former convictions, and the having returned from them to the resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at death itself; and these, added to the terror of the storm, put me into such a condition that I can by no words describe it. But the worst was not come yet. The storm continued with such fury that the seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a worse. We had a good ship; but she was deep laden, and wallowed in the sea, that the seamen every now and then cried out she would founder. It was my advantage in one respect that I did not know what they meant by founder, till I inquired. However, the storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, — the master, the boatswain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their prayers, and expecting every moment when the ship would go to the bottom. In the middle of the night, and under all the rest of our distresses, one of the men that had been down on purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a leak; another said there was four foot water in the hold.

Then all hands were called to the pump. At that very word my heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the side of my bed where I sat, into the cabin. However, the men roused me, and told me that I that was able to do nothing before was as well able to pump as another, at which I stirred up and went to the pump, and worked very heartily. While this was doing, the master, seeing some light colliers, who, not able to ride out the storm, were obliged to slip and run away to sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a gun as a signal of distress. I, who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happened. In a word, I was so surprised that I fell down in a swoon. As this was a time when everybody had his own life to think of, nobody minded me, or what was become of me; but another man stepped up to the pump, and, thrusting me aside with his foot, let me lie, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to myself.

We worked on; but, the water increasing in the hold, it was apparent that the ship would founder; and though the storm began to abate a little, yet, as it was not possible she could swim till we might run into a port, so the master continued firing guns for help, and a light ship, who had rode it out just ahead of us, ventured a boat out to help us. It was with the utmost hazard the boat came near us; but it was impossible for us to get on board, or for the boat to lie near the ship's side, till at last, the men rowing very heartily, and venturing their lives to save ours, our men cast them a rope over the stern with a buoy to it, and then veered it out a great length, which they, after great labor and hazard, took hold of, and we hauled them close under our stern, and got all into their boat. It was to no purpose for them or us after we were in the boat to think of reaching to their own ship, so all agreed to let her

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drive, and only to pull her in towards shore as much as we could; and our master promised them, that if the boat was staved upon shore, he would make it good to their master; so, partly rowing and partly driving, our boat went away to the northward, sloping towards the shore almost as far as Winterton Ness.

We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship when we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a ship foundering in the sea. I must acknowledge I had hardly eyes to look up when the seamen told me she was sinking; for from that moment they rather put me into the boat than that I might be said to go in. My heart was, as it were, dead within me, partly with fright, partly with horror of mind and the thoughts of what was yet before me.

While we were in this condition, the men yet laboring at the oar to bring the boat near the shore, we could see, when our boat, mounting the waves, we were able to see the shore, a great many people running along the shore to assist us when we should come near; but we made but slow way towards the shore, nor were we able to reach the shore, till, being past the lighthouse at Winterton, the shore falls off to the westward towards Cromer, and so the land broke off a little the violence of the wind. Here we got in, and though not without much difficulty, got all safe on shore, and walked afterwards on foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate men, we were used with great humanity, as well by the magistrates of the town, who assigned us good quarters, as by particular merchants and owners of ships, and had money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit.

Had I now had the sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my father, an emblem of our blessed Saviour's parable, had even killed the fatted calf for me; for, hearing the ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Roads, it was a great while before he had any assurance that I was not drowned.

But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though I had several times loud calls from my reason and my more composed judgment to go home, yet I had no power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge that it is a secret overruling decree that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our eyes open. Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have pushed me forward against the calm reasonings and persuasions of my most retired thoughts, and against two such visible instructions as I had met with in my first attempt.

My comrade, who had helped to harden me before, and who was the master's son, was now less forward than I. The first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three days, for we were separated in the town to several quarters, — I say, the first time he saw me, it appeared his tone was altered, and looking very melancholy, and shaking his head, asked me how I did, and telling his father who I was, and how I had come this voyage only for a trial, in order to go further abroad. His father, turning to me with a very grave and concerned tone, "Young man," says he, "you ought never to go to sea any more; you ought to take this for a plain and visible token that you are not to be a seafaring man." — "Why, sir," said I; "will you go to sea no more?" — "That is another case," said he. "It is my calling, and therefore my duty; but as you made this voyage for a trial, you see what a taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist. Perhaps this is all befallen us on your account, like Jonah in the ship of Tarshish. Pray," continues he, "what are you? and on what account did you go to sea?" Upon that I told him some of my story, at the end of which he burst out with a strange kind of passion, "What had I done," says he, "that such an unhappy wretch should come into my ship? I would not set my foot in the same ship with thee again for a thousand pounds." This, indeed, was, as I said, an excursion of his spirits, which were yet agitated by the sense of his loss, and was further than he could have authority to go. However, he afterwards talked very gravely to me; exhorted me to go back to my father, and not tempt Providence to my ruin; told me I might see a visible hand of Heaven

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against me. "And, young man," said he, "depend upon it, if you do not go back, wherever you go you will meet with nothing but disasters and disappointments, till your father's words are fulfilled upon you."

We parted soon after, for I made him little answer, and I saw him no more. Which way he went I know not. As for me, having some money in my pocket, I travelled to London by land; and there, as well as on the road, had many struggles with myself, what course of life I should take, and whether I should go home or go to sea.

As to going home, shame opposed the best motions that offered to my thoughts; and it immediately occurred to me how I should be laughed at among the neighbors, and should be ashamed to see, not my father and mother only, but even everybody else; from whence I have since often observed how incongruous and irrational the common temper of mankind is, especially of youth, to that reason which ought to guide them in such cases, — namely, that they are not ashamed to sin, and yet are ashamed to repent; not ashamed of the action for which they ought justly to be esteemed fools, but are ashamed of the returning, which only can make them be esteemed wise men.

In this state of life, however, I remained some time, uncertain what measures to take and what course of life to lead. An irresistible reluctance continued to going home; and as I stayed awhile, the remembrance of the distress I had been in wore off; and as that abated, the little motion I had in my desires to a return wore off with it, till at last I quite laid aside the thoughts of it, and looked out for a voyage.

That evil influence which carried me first away from my father's house, that hurried me into the wild and indigested notion of raising my fortune, and that impressed those conceits so forcibly upon me as to make me deaf to all good advice, and to the entreaties and even command of my father, — I say, the same influence, whatever it was, presented the most unfortunate of all enterprises to my view, and I went on board a vessel bound to the coast of Africa, or, as our sailors vulgarly call it, a voyage to Guinea.

It was my great misfortune that in all these adventures I did not ship myself as a sailor, whereby, though I might indeed have worked a little harder than ordinary, yet at the same time I had learned the duty and office of a foremast man, and in time might have qualified myself for a mate or lieutenant, if not for a master. But as it was always my fate to choose for the worse, so I did here; for, having money in my pocket, and good clothes upon my back, I would always go on board in the habit of a gentleman. And so I neither had any business in the ship, or learned to do any.

It was my lot, first of all, to fall into pretty good company in London, which does not always happen to such loose and misguided young fellows as I then was, the Devil generally not omitting to lay some snare for them very early. But it was not so with me. I first fell acquainted with the master of a ship who had been on the coast of Guinea; and who, having had very good success there, was resolved to go again; and who, taking a fancy to my conversation, which was not at all disagreeable at that time, hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me if I would go the voyage with him I should be at no expense; I should be his messmate and his companion; and if I could carry anything with me, I should have all the advantage of it that the trade would admit, and perhaps I might meet with some encouragement.

I embraced the offer, and, entering into a strict friendship with this captain, who was an honest and plain-dealing man, I went the voyage with him, and carried a small adventure with me, which, by the disinterested honesty of my friend the captain, I increased very considerably; for I carried about £ 40 in such toys and trifles as the captain directed me to buy. This £ 40 I had mustered together by the assistance of some of my relations whom I corresponded with, and who, I believe, got my father, or at least my mother, to contribute so much as that to my first adventure.

This was the only voyage which I may say was successful in all my adventures, and which I owe to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain, under whom also I got a competent knowledge of the mathematics and the rules of navigation, learned how to keep an account of the ship's course, take an observation, and, in short, to understand some things that were needful to be under-

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stood by a sailor. For, as he took delight to introduce me, I took delight to learn; and, in a word, this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold-dust for my adventure, which yielded me in London at my return almost £ 300; and this filled me with those aspiring thoughts which have since so completed my ruin.

Yet even in this voyage I had my misfortunes too, particularly that I was continually sick, being thrown into a violent calenture by the excessive heat of the climate, our principal trading being upon the coast, from the latitude of fifteen degrees north even to the line itself.

I was now set up for a Guinea trader; and my friend, to my great misfortune, dying soon after his arrival, I resolved to go the same voyage again; and I embarked in the same vessel with one who was his mate in the former voyage, and had now got the command of the ship. This was the unhappiest voyage that ever man made; for, though I did not carry quite £ 100 of my new-gained wealth, so that I had £ 200 left, and which I lodged with my friend's widow, who was very just to me, yet I fell into terrible misfortunes in this voyage; and the first was this, namely, our ship making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather between those islands and the African shore, was surprised in the gray of the morning by a Turkish rover of Sallee, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We crowded also as much canvas as our yards would spread or our masts carry to have got clear; but finding the pirate gained upon us, and would certainly come up with us in a few hours, we prepared to fight, our ship having twelve guns, and the rogue eighteen. About three in the afternoon he came up with us, and bringing to by mistake just athwart our quarter, instead of athwart our stern, as he intended, we brought eight of our guns to bear on that side, and poured in a broadside upon him, which made him sheer off again, after returning our fire and pouring in also his small shot from near two hundred men which he had on board. However, we had not a man touched, all our men keeping close. He prepared to attack us again, and we to defend ourselves; but laying us on board the next time upon our other quarter, he entered sixty men upon our decks, who immediately fell to cutting and hacking the decks and rigging. We plied them with small-shot, half-pikes, powder-chests, and such like, and cleared our deck of them twice. However, to cut short this melancholy part of our story, our ship being disabled, and three of our men killed and eight wounded, we were obliged to yield, and were carried all prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

The usage I had there was not so dreadful as at first I apprehended, nor was I carried up the country to the Emperor's court, as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the captain of the rover as his proper prize, and made his slave, being young and nimble, and fit for his business. At this surprising change of my circumstances from a merchant to a miserable slave, I was perfectly overwhelmed; and now I looked back upon my father's prophetic discourse to me, that I should be miserable, and have none to relieve me, which I thought was now so effectually brought to pass, that it could not be worse; that now the hand of Heaven had overtaken me, and I was undone without redemption. But, alas! this was but a taste of the misery I was to go through, as will appear in the sequel of this story.

As my new patron or master had taken me home to his house, so I was in hopes that he would take me with him when he went to sea again, believing that it would some time or other be his fate to be taken by a Spanish or Portugal man-of-war, and that then I should be set at liberty. But this hope of mine was soon taken away; for when he went to sea he left me on shore to look after his little garden and do the common drudgery of slaves about his house; and when he came home again from his cruise, he ordered me to lie in the cabin to look after the ship.

Here I meditated nothing but my escape, and what method I might take to effect it, but found no way that had the least probability in it. Nothing presented to make the supposition of it rational; for I had nobody to communicate it to that would embark with me, — no fellow-slave, no Englishman, Irishman, or Scotsman there but myself; so that for two years, though I often pleased myself with the imagination, yet I never had the

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least encouraging prospect of putting it in practice.

After about two years an odd circumstance presented itself, which put the old thought of making some attempt for my liberty again in my head. My patron lying at home longer than usual without fitting out his ship, which, as I heard, was for want of money, he used constantly, once or twice a week, sometimes oftener, if the weather was fair, to take the ship's pinnace, and go out into the road a fishing; and as he always took me and a young Maresco with him to row the boat, we made him very merry, and I proved very dexterous in catching fish, insomuch that sometimes he would send me with a Moor, one of his kinsmen, and the youth, — the Maresco, as they called him, — to catch a dish of fish for him.

It happened one time, that going a fishing in a stark calm morning, a fog rose so thick that, though we were not half a league from the shore, we lost sight of it; and, rowing we knew not whither or which way, we labored all day and all the next night, and when the morning came we found we had pulled off to sea, instead of pulling in for the shore, and that we were at least two leagues from the shore. However, we got well in again, though with a great deal of labor and some danger; for the wind began to blow pretty fresh in the morning: but particularly we were all very hungry.

But our patron, warned by this disaster, resolved to take more care of himself for the future, and having lying by him the longboat of our English ship which he had taken, he resolved he would not go a fishing any more without a compass and some provision. So he ordered the carpenter of his ship, who also was an English slave, to build a little state-room or cabin in the middle of the longboat, like that of a barge, with a place to stand behind it to steer and haul home the main-sheet; and room before for a hand or two to stand and work the sails. She sailed with what we call a shoulder-of-mutton sail, and the boom gibed over the top of the cabin which lay very snug and low, and had in it room for him to lie, with a slave or two, and a table to eat on, with some small lockers to put in some bottles of such liquor as he thought fit to drink, particularly his bread, rice, and coffee.

We went frequently out with this boat, a fishing. And as I was most dexterous to catch fish for him, he never went without me. It happened that he had appointed to go out in this boat, either for pleasure or for fish, with two or three Moors of some distinction in that place, and for whom he had provided extraordinarily, and had therefore sent on board the boat overnight a larger store of provisions than ordinary, and had ordered me to get ready three fuzees with powder and shot which were on board his ship, for that they designed some sport of fowling as well as fishing.

I got all things ready as he had directed, and waited the next morning with the boat washed clean, her ancient and pendants out, and everything to accommodate his guests. When by and by my patron came on board alone, and told me his guests had put off going upon some business that fell out, and ordered me with the man and boy as usual to go out with the boat and catch them some fish; for that his friends were to sup at his house, and commanded that, as soon as I had got some fish, I should bring it home to his house; all which I prepared to do.

This moment my former notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts; for now I found I was like to have a little ship at my command, and, my master being gone, I prepared to furnish myself, not for a fishing business, but for a voyage, though I knew not, neither did I so much as consider, whither I should steer; for anywhere to get out of that place was my way.

My first contrivance was to make a pretence to speak to this Moor to get something for our subsistence on board; for I told him we must not presume to eat of our patron's bread. He said that was true; so he brought a large basket of rusk or biscuit of their kind, and three jars with fresh water into the boat. I knew where my patron's case of bottles stood, which it was evident by the make were taken out of some English prize, and I conveyed them into the boat while the Moor was on shore, as if they had been there before for our master. I conveyed also a great lump of beeswax into the boat, which weighed above half a hundred weight, with a parcel of twine or thread, a hatchet, a saw, and a hammer, all which were of great use to us afterwards, especially the wax to make

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candles. Another trick I tried upon him, which he innocently came into also. His name was Ismael, who they call Muly or Moely; so I called to him, "Moely," said I, "our patron's guns are on board the boat; can you not get a little powder and shot? It may be we may kill some alcamies (a fowl like our curlews) for ourselves, for I know he keeps the gunner's stores in the ship."—"Yes," says he, "I'll bring some." And accordingly he brought a great leather pouch which held about a pound and a half of powder, or rather more, and another with shot, that had five or six pounds, with some bullets, and put all into the boat. At the same time I had found some powder of my master's in the great cabin, with which I filled one of the large bottles in the case, which was almost empty, pouring what was in it into another; and thus furnished with everything needful, we sailed out of the port to fish. The castle, which is at the entrance of the port, knew who we were, and took no notice of us; and we were not above a mile out of the port before we hauled in our sail, and set us down to fish. The wind blew from the north-northeast, which was contrary to my desire; for had it blown southerly, I had been sure to have made the coast of Spain, and at least reached to the Bay of Cadiz; but my resolutions were, blow which way it would, I would be gone from the horrid place where I was, and leave the rest to fate.

After we had fished some time and caught nothing,—for when I had fish on my hook, I would not pull them up, that he might not see them,—I said to the Moor, "This will not do; our master will not be thus served; we must stand farther off." He, thinking no harm, agreed; and being in the head of the boat set the sails; and as I had the helm, I ran the boat out near a league farther, and then brought her to, as if I would fish; when, giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was, and making as if I stooped for something behind him, I took him by surprise with my arm under his twist, and tossed him clear overboard into the sea. He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork, and called to me, begged to be taken in; told me he would go all the world over with me. He swam so strong after the boat that he would have reached me very quickly, there being but little wind; upon which I stepped into the cabin, and fetching one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt, and if he would be quiet I would do him none. "But," said I, "you swim well enough to reach to the shore, and the sea is calm; make the best of your way to shore, and I will do you no harm, but if you come near the boat I'll shoot you through the head; for I am resolved to have my liberty." So he turned himself about and swam for the shore; and I make no doubt but he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

I could have been content to have taken this Moor with me and have drowned the boy, but there was no venturing to trust him. When he was gone I turned to the boy, who they called Xury, and said to him, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me, I'll make you a great man; but if you will not stroke your face to be true to me,—that is, swear by Mahomet and his father's beard,—I must throw you into the sea too." The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently, that I could not mistrust him; and swore to be faithful to me, and go all over the world with me.

While I was in view of the Moor that was swimming, I stood out directly to sea with the boat, rather stretching to windward, that they might think me gone towards the strait's mouth (as indeed any one that had been in their wits must have been supposed to do); for who would have supposed we were sailed on to the southward, to the truly barbarian coast, where whole nations of negroes were sure to surround us with their canoes and destroy us; where we could never once go on shore but we should be devoured by savage beasts or more merciless savages of human kind?

But as soon as it grew dusk in the evening I changed my course, and steered directly south and by east, bending my course a little toward the east, that I might keep in with the shore; and having a fair fresh gale of wind and a smooth, quiet sea, I made such sail that I believe by the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon, when I first made the land, I could not be less than one hundred and fifty miles south of Sallee; quite beyond the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, or, in-

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deed, of any other king thereabouts, for we saw no people.

Yet such was the fright I had taken at the Moors, and the dreadful apprehensions I had of falling into their hands, that I would not stop, or go on shore, or come to an anchor, the wind continuing fair, till I had sailed in that manner five days; and then, the wind shifting to the southward, I concluded also that if any of our vessels were in chase of me, they also would now give over. So I ventured to make to the coast, and came to an anchor in the mouth of a little river, I knew not what, or where; neither what latitude, what country, what nation, or what river. I neither saw, nor desired to see, any people; the principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We came into this creek in the evening, resolving to swim on shore as soon as it was dark, and discover the country; but as soon as it was quite dark we heard such dreadful noises of the barking, roaring, and howling of wild creatures, of we knew not what kinds, that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged of me not to go on shore till day. "Well, Xury," said I, "then I won't; but it may be we may see men by day, who will be as bad to us as those lions." — "Then we give them the shoot gun," says Xury, laughing; "make them run away." Such English Xury spoke by conversing among us slaves. However, I was glad to see the boy so cheerful, and I gave him a dram (out of our patron's case of bottles) to cheer him up. After all, Xury's advice was good, and I took it. We dropped our little anchor, and lay still all night, — I say still, for we slept none, — for in two or three hours we saw vast great creatures (we knew not what to call them) of many sorts come down to the sea-shore, and run into the water, wallowing and washing themselves for the pleasure of cooling themselves; and they made such hideous howlings and yellings, that I never indeed heard the like.

Xury was dreadfully frightened, and indeed so was I too. But we were both more frightened when we heard one of these mighty creatures come swimming towards our boat. We could not see him, but we might hear him by his blowing to be a monstrous, huge, and furious beast. Xury said it was a lion, and it might be so for aught I know; but poor Xury cried to me to weigh the anchor, and row away. "No," says I; "Xury, we can slip our cable with the buoy to it, and go off to sea. They cannot follow us far." I had no sooner said so but I perceived the creature (whatever it was) within two oars' length, which something surprised me. However, I immediately stepped to the cabin door, and taking up my gun, fired at him, upon which he immediately turned about, and swam towards the shore again.

But it is impossible to describe the horrible noises, and hideous cries and howlings, that were raised as well upon the edge of the shore as higher within the country, upon the noise or report of the gun, a thing I have some reason to believe those creatures had never heard before. This convinced me that there was no going on shore for us in the night upon that coast; and how to venture on shore in the day was another question, too, for to have fallen into the hands of any of the savages had been as bad as to have fallen into the hands of lions and tigers; at least we were equally apprehensive of the danger of it.

Be that as it would, we were obliged to go on shore somewhere or other for water, for we had not a pint left in the boat. When or where to get it was the point. Xury said, if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would find if there was any water, and bring some to me. I asked him why he would go, — why I should not go and he stay in the boat? The boy answered with so much affection that made me love him ever after. Says he, "If wild mans comes, they eat me; you go away." — "Well, Xury," says I, "we will both go; and if the wild mans come, we will kill them. They shall eat neither of us." So I gave Xury a piece of rusk-bread to eat, and a dram out of our patron's case of bottles which I mentioned before; and we hauled in the boat as near the shore as we thought was proper, and so waded on shore, carrying nothing but our arms and two jars for water.

I did not care to go out of sight of the boat, fearing the coming of canoes with savages down the river; but the boy, seeing a low place about a miles up the country, rambled to it; and by and by I saw him come running towards me. I thought he was pursued by some savage, or frightened with

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some wild beast, and I ran forward towards him to help him; but when I came nearer to him, I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature that he had shot, like a hare, but different in color and longer legs. However, we were very glad of it, and it was very good meat; but the great joy that poor Xury came with was to tell me he had found good water and seen no wild men.

But we found afterwards that we need not take such pains for water, for a little higher up the creek where we were we found the water fresh when the tide was out, which flowed but a little way up. So we filled our jars, and feasted on the hare we had killed, and prepared to go on our way, having seen no footsteps of any human creature in that part of the country.

As I had been one voyage to this coast before, I knew very well that the islands of the Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands also, lay not far off from the coast. But as I had no instruments to take an observation to know what latitude we were in, and did not exactly know, or at least remember what latitude they were in, I knew not where to look for them, or when to stand off to sea towards them; otherwise I might now easily have found some of these islands. But my hope was, that if I stood along this coast till I came to that part where the English traded, I should find some of their vessels upon their usual design of trade, that would relieve and take us in.

By the best of my calculation, that place where I now was must be that country which, lying between the Emperor of Morocco's dominions and the negroes, lies waste and uninhabited except by wild beasts, — the negroes having abandoned it and gone farther south, for fear of the Moors; and the Moors not thinking it worth inhabiting, by reason of its barrenness. And, indeed, both forsaking it because of the prodigious number of tigers, lions, leopards, and other furious creatures which harbor there; so that the Moors use it for their hunting only, where they go like an army, two or three thousand men at a time. And, indeed, for near a hundred miles together upon this coast we saw nothing but a vast uninhabited country by day, and heard nothing but howlings and roaring of wild beasts by night.

Once or twice in the daytime, I thought I saw the Pico of Teneriffe, being the high top of the mountain of Teneriffe in the Canaries; and had a great mind to venture out in hopes of reaching thither; but having tried twice, I was forced in again by contrary winds, the sea also going too high for my little vessel, so I resolved to pursue my first design and keep along the shore.

Several times I was obliged to land for fresh water after we had left this place; and once in particular, being early in the morning, we came to an anchor under a little point of land which was pretty high, and the tide beginning to flow, we lay still to go farther in. Xury, whose eyes were more about him than it seems mine were, calls softly to me, and tells me that we had best go farther off the shore. "For," says he, "look, yonder lies a dreadful monster on the side of that hillock fast asleep." I looked where he pointed, and saw a dreadful monster indeed; for it was a terrible great lion that lay on the side of the shore, under the shade of a piece of the hill, that hung, as it were, a little over him. "Xury," says I, "you shall go on shore and kill him." Xury looked frightened, and said, "Me kill! he eat me at one mouth," — one mouthful he meant. However, I said no more to the boy, but bade him lie still; and I took our biggest gun, which was almost musket-bore, and loaded it with a good charge of powder and with two slugs, and laid it down; then I loaded another gun with two bullets; and the third — for we had three pieces — I loaded with five smaller bullets. I took the best aim I could with the first piece to have shot him into the head, but he lay so with his leg raised a little above his nose, that the slugs hit his leg about the knee, and broke the bone. He started up, growling at first; but finding his leg broke, fell down again; and then got up upon three legs, and gave the most hideous roar that ever I heard. I was a little surprised that I had not hit him on the head. However, I took up the second piece immediately; and though he began to move off, fired again, and shot him into the head, and had the pleasure to see him drop, and make but little noise, but lie struggling for life. Then Xury took heart, and would have me let him go on shore. "Well, go," said I. So the boy jumped into

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the water, and taking a little gun in one hand, swam to the shore with the other hand, and coming close to the creature, put the muzzle of the piece to his ear, and shot him into the head again, which despatched him quite.

This was game indeed to us, but this was no food; and I was very sorry to lose three charges of powder and shot upon a creature that was good for nothing to us. However, Xury said he would have some of him; so he comes on board, and asked me to give him the hatchet. "For what, Xury?" said I. "Me cut off his head," said he. However, Xury could not cut off his head; but he cut off a foot and brought it with him, — and it was a monstrous great one.

I bethought myself, however, that perhaps the skin of him might one way or other be of some value to us; and I resolved to take off his skin if I could. So Xury and I went to work with him; but Xury was much the better workman at it, for I knew very ill how to do it. Indeed, it took us up both the whole day; but at last we got off the hide of him, and spreading it on the top of our cabin, the sun effectually dried it in two days' time, and it afterwards served me to lie upon.

After this stop we made on to the southward continually for ten or twelve days, living very sparing on our provisions, which began to abate very much, and going no oftener into the shore than we were obliged to for fresh water. My design in this was to make the river Gambia or Senegal, — that is to say, anywhere about the Cape de Verd, where I was in hopes to meet with some European ship; and if I did not, I knew not what course I had to take, but to seek out for the islands or perish there among the negroes. I knew that all the ships from Europe — which sailed either to the coast of Guinea, or to Brazil, or to the East Indies — made this cape or those islands; and, in a word, I put the whole of my fortune upon this single point, either that I must meet with some ship or must perish.

When I had pursued this resolution about ten days longer, as I have said, I began to see that the land was inhabited; and in two or three places, as we sailed by, we saw people stand upon the shore to look at us. We could also perceive they were quite black and stark naked. I was once inclined to have gone on shore to them. But Xury was my better counsellor, and said to me, "No, go, no go." However, I hauled in nearer the shore that I might talk to them, and I found they ran along the shore by me a good way. I observed they had no weapons in their hands, — except one, who had a long slender stick, which Xury said was a lance, and that they would throw them a great way with good aim. So I kept at a distance, but talked with them by signs as well as I could; and particularly made signs for something to eat. They beckoned to me to stop my boat, and that they would fetch me some meat. Upon this I lowered the top of my sail and lay by; and two of them ran up into the country, and in less than half an hour came back and brought with them two pieces of dry flesh and some corn, such as is the produce of their country, — but we neither knew what the one or the other was. However, we were willing to accept it, but how to come at it was our next dispute; for I was not for venturing on shore to them, and they were as much afraid of us. But they took a safe way for us all; for they brought it to the shore and laid it down, and went and stood a great way off till we fetched it on board, and then came close to us again.

We made signs of thanks to them, for we had nothing to make them amends. But an opportunity offered that very instant to oblige them wonderfully; for while we were lying by the shore, came two mighty creatures, one pursuing the other (as we took it) with great fury, from the mountains towards the sea. Whether it was the male pursuing the female, or whether they were in sport or in rage, we could not tell, any more than we could tell whether it was usual or strange; but I believe it was the latter, because, in the first place, those ravenous creatures seldom appear but in the night: and, in the second place, we found the people terribly frightened, especially the women. The man that had the lance or dart did not fly from them, but the rest did. However, as the two creatures ran directly into the water, they did not seem to offer to fall upon any of the negroes, but plunged themselves into the sea, and swam about as if they had come for their diversion. At last one of them began to come

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nearer our boat than at first I expected, but I lay ready for him; for I had loaded my gun with all possible expedition, and bade Xury load both the others. As soon as he came fairly within my reach I fired and shot him directly into the head. Immediately he sank down into the water, but rose instantly and plunged up and down as if he was struggling for life. And so indeed he was. He immediately made to the shore; but between the wound, which was his mortal hurt, and the strangling of the water, he died just before he reached the shore.

It is impossible to express the astonishment of these poor creatures at the noise and the fire of my gun; some of them were even ready to die for fear, and fell down as dead with the very terror. But when they saw the creature dead and sunk in the water, and that I made signs to them to come to the shore, they took heart and came to the shore, and began to search for the creature. I found him by his blood staining the water; and by the help of a rope which I slung round him, and gave the negroes to haul, they dragged him on shore, and found that it was a most curious leopard, spotted and fine to an admirable degree; and the negroes held up their hands with admiration to think what it was I had killed him with.

The other creature, frightened with the flash of fire and the noise of the gun, swam on shore, and ran up directly to the mountains from whence they came, nor could I at that distance know what it was. I found quickly the negroes were for eating the flesh of this creature, so I was willing to have them take it as a favor from me; which, when I made signs to them that they might take him, they were very thankful for. Immediately they fell to work with him; and though they had no knife, yet with a sharpened piece of wood they took off his skin as readily and much more readily than we could have done with a knife. They offered me some of the flesh, which I declined, making as if I would give it them; but made signs for the skin, which they gave me very freely, and brought me a great deal more of their provision, which, though I did not understand, yet I accepted. Then I made signs to them for some water, and held out one of my jars to them, turning it bottom upward, to show that it was empty, and that I wanted to have it filled. They called immediately to some of their friends; and there came two women, and brought a great vessel made of earth, and burned, as I suppose, in the sun. This they set down for me as before; and I sent Xury on shore with my jars, and filled them all three. The women were as stark naked as the men.

I was now furnished with roots and corn — such as it was — and water; and leaving my friendly negroes, I made forward for about eleven days more without offering to go near the shore, till I saw the land run out a great length into the sea, at about the distance of four or five leagues before me, and the sea being very calm, I kept a large offing to make this point. At length, doubling the point at about two leagues from the land, I saw plainly land on the other side to seaward. Then I concluded, as it was most certain indeed, that this was the Cape de Verd and those the islands, called from thence Cape de Verd Islands. However, they were at a great distance; and I could not well tell what I had best to do, for if I should be taken with a fresh of wind, I might neither reach one nor the other.

In this dilemma, as I was very pensive, I stepped into the cabin and sat me down, Xury having the helm, when on a sudden the boy cried out, "Master, master, a ship with a sail!" and the foolish boy was frightened out of his wits, thinking it must needs be some of his master's ships sent to pursue us, when I knew we were gotten far enough out of their reach. I jumped out of the cabin, and immediately saw not only the ship, but what she was, namely, that it was a Portuguese ship, and, as I thought, was bound to the coast of Guinea for negroes. But when I observed the course she steered, I was soon convinced they were bound some other way, and did not design to come any nearer to the shore. Upon which I stretched out to sea as much as I could, resolving to speak with them if possible.

With all the sail I could make, I found I should not be able to come in their way, but that they would be gone by before I could make any signal to them. But after I had crowded to the utmost, and begun to despair, they, it seems, saw me by the help of their perspective-glasses, and that it was some European boat, which, as they supposed,

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must belong to some ship that was lost; so they shortened sail to let me come up. I was encouraged with this; and as I had my patron's ancient on board, I made a waft of it to them for a signal of distress, and fired a gun, both which they saw, for they told me they saw the smoke, though they did not hear the gun. Upon these signals they very kindly brought to, and lay by for me, and in about three hours' time I came up with them.

They asked me what I was, in Portuguese and in Spanish and in French, but I understood none of them; but at last a Scotch sailor who was on board called to me; and I answered him, and told him I was an Englishman, that I had made my escape out of slavery from the Moors at Sallee. Then they bade me come on board, and very kindly took me in and all my goods.

It was an inexpressible joy to me, that any one will believe, that I was thus delivered, as I esteemed it, from such a miserable and almost hopeless condition as I was in, and I immediately offered all I had to the captain of the ship as a return for my deliverance; but he generously told me he would take nothing from me, but that all I had should be delivered safe to me when I came to the Brazils. "For," says he, "I have saved your life on no other terms than I would be glad to be saved myself, and it may one time or other be my lot to be taken up in the same condition; besides," said he, "when I carry you to the Brazils, so great a way from your own country, if I should take from you what you have, you will be starved there, and then I only take away that life I have given. No, no, Seignor Inglese," says he, "Mr. Englishman, I will carry you thither in charity, and those things will help you to buy your subsistence there and your passage home again."

As he was charitable in his proposal, so he was just in the performance to a tittle; for he ordered the seamen that none should offer to touch anything I had. Then he took everything into his own possession, and gave me back an exact inventory of them, that I might have them, even so much as my three earthen jars.

As to my boat, it was a very good one, and that he saw, and told me he would buy it of me for the ship's use, and asked me what I would have for it? I told him he had been so generous to me in everything, that I could not offer to make any price of the boat, but left it entirely to him; upon which he told me he would give me a note of his hand to pay me eighty pieces of eight for it at Brazil, and when it came there, if any one offered to give more he would make it up. He offered me also sixty pieces of eight more for my boy Xury; which I was loath to take: not that I was not willing to let the captain have him, but I was very loath to sell the poor boy's liberty, who had assisted me so faithfully in procuring my own. However, when I let him know my reason, he owned it to be just, and offered me this medium, — that he would give the boy an obligation to set him free in ten years, if he turned Christian. Upon this, and Xury saying he was willing to go to him, I let the captain have him.

We had a very good voyage to the Brazils, and arrived in the Bay de Todos los Santos, or All-Saints' Bay, in about twenty-two days after. And now I was once more delivered from the most miserable of all conditions of life; and what to do next with myself I was now to consider.

The generous treatment the captain gave me I can never enough remember. He would take nothing of me for my passage, gave me twenty ducats for the leopard's skin and forty for the lion's skin which I had in my boat, and caused everything I had in the ship to be punctually delivered me; and what I was willing to sell he bought, such as the case of bottles, two of my guns, and a piece of the lump of beeswax, for I had made candles of the rest. In a word, I made about two hundred and twenty pieces of eight of all my cargo; and with this stock I went on shore in the Brazils.

I had not been long here, but being recommended to the house of a good honest man like himself, who had an "ingeino," as they call it, — that is, a plantation and a sugar-house, — I lived with him some time, and acquainted myself by that means with the manner of their planting and making of sugar. And seeing how well the planters lived, and how they grew rich suddenly, I resolved, if I could get license to settle there, I would turn planter among them; resolving in the mean time to find out some way to get my money which I had left in London re-

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mitted to me. To this purpose, getting a kind of a letter of naturalization, I purchased as much land that was uncured as my money would reach, and formed a plan for my plantation and settlement, and such a one as might be suitable to the stock which I proposed to myself to receive from England.

I had a neighbor, a Portuguese of Lisbon, but born of English parents, whose name was Wells, and in much such circumstances as I was. I call him my neighbor, because his plantation lay next to mine, and we went on very sociably together. My stock was but low as well as his, and we rather planted for food than anything else for about two years. However, we began to increase, and our land began to come into order, so that the third year we planted some tobacco, and made each of us a large piece of ground ready for planting canes in the year to come. But we both wanted help, and now I found, more than before, I had done wrong in parting with my boy Xury.

But alas! for me to do wrong that never did right was no great wonder. I had no remedy but to go on. I was gotten into an employment quite remote to my genius, and directly contrary to the life I delighted in, and for which I forsook my father's house, and broke through all his good advice; nay, I was coming into the very middle station, or upper degree of low life, which my father advised me to before, and which, if I resolved to go on with, I might as well have stayed at home, and never have fatigued myself in the world as I had done. And I used often to say to myself, I could have done this as well in England, among my friends, as have gone five thousand miles off to do it among strangers and savages in a wilderness, and at such a distance as never to hear from any part of the world that had the least knowledge of me.

In this manner I used to look upon my condition with the utmost regret. I had nobody to converse with but now and then this neighbor, — no work to be done but by the labor of my hands; and I used to say I lived just like a man cast away upon some desolate island, that had nobody there but himself. But how just has it been, and how should all men reflect that when they compare their present conditions with others that are worse, Heaven may oblige them to make the exchange, and be convinced of their former felicity by their experience, — I say how just has it been that the truly solitary life I reflected on, in an island of mere desolation, should be my lot, who had so often unjustly compared it with the life which I then led; in which, had I continued, I had, in all probability, been exceeding prosperous and rich!

I was in some degree settled in my measures for carrying on the plantation, before my kind friend, the captain of the ship that took me up at sea, went back, — for the ship remained there in providing his loading and preparing for his voyage near three months, — when, telling him what little stock I had left behind me in London, he gave me this friendly and sincere advice. "Seignor Inglese," says he, — for so he always called me, — "if you will give me letters and a procuration here in form to me, with orders to the person who has your money in London, to send your effects to Lisbon to such persons as I shall direct, and in such goods as are proper for this country, I will bring you the produce of them, God willing, at my return. But since human affairs are all subject to changes and disasters, I would have you give orders but for one hundred pounds sterling, which you say is half your stock, and let the hazard be run for the first, so that if it come safe you may order the rest the same way, and if it miscarry you may have the other half to have recourse to for your supply."

This was so wholesome advice, and looked so friendly, that I could not but be convinced it was the best course I could take; so I accordingly prepared letters to the gentlewoman with whom I had left my money, and a procuration to the Portuguese captain, as he desired.

I wrote the English captain's widow a full account of all my adventures; my slavery, escape, and how I had met with the Portuguese captain at sea, the humanity of his behavior, and in what condition I was now in, with all other necessary directions for my supply. And when this honest captain came to Lisbon, he found means, by some of the English merchants there, to send over, not the order only, but a full account of my story, to a merchant at London, who represented it effectually to her; whereupon she not only delivered the money, but out of her

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own pocket sent the Portuguese captain a very handsome present for his humanity and charity to me.

The merchant in London, vesting this hundred pounds in English goods, such as the captain had written for, sent them directly to him at Lisbon, and he brought them all safe to me to the Brazils; among which, without my direction, — for I was too young in my business to think of them, — he had taken care to have all sorts of tools, iron-work, and utensils necessary for my plantation, and which were of great use to me.

When this cargo arrived, I thought my fortune made, for I was surprised with joy of it; and my good steward the captain had laid out the five pounds, which my friend had sent him for a present for himself, to purchase and bring me over a servant under bond for six years' service, and would not accept of any consideration except a little tobacco which I would have him accept, being of my own produce.

Neither was this all. But my goods being all English manufactures, such as cloth, stuffs, bays, and things particularly valuable and desirable in the country, I found means to sell them to a very great advantage; so that I may say I had more than four times the value of my first cargo, and was now infinitely beyond my poor neighbor, — I mean in the advancement of my plantation; for the first thing I did I bought me a negro slave and a European servant also, — I mean another besides that which the captain brought me from Lisbon.

But as abused prosperity is oftentimes made the very means of our greatest adversity, so was it with me. I went on the next year with great success in my plantation. I raised fifty great rolls of tobacco on my own ground, more than I had disposed of for necessaries among my neighbors; and these fifty rolls, being each of above a hundred-weight, were well cured and laid by against the return of the fleet from Lisbon. And now, increasing in business and in wealth, my head began to be full of projects and undertakings beyond my reach, — such as are indeed often the ruin of the best heads in business.

Had I continued in the station I was now in, I had room for all the happy things to have yet befallen me for which my father so earnestly recommended a quiet, retired life, and of which he had so sensibly described the middle station of life to be full of. But other things attended me, and I was still to be the wilful agent of all my own miseries, and particularly to increase my fault and double the reflections upon myself, which in my future sorrows I should have leisure to make. All these miscarriages were procured by my apparent obstinate adherence to my foolish inclination of wandering abroad, and pursuing that inclination in contradiction to the clearest views of doing myself good in a fair and plain pursuit of those prospects and those measures of life which Nature and Providence concurred to present me with and to make my duty.

As I had once done thus in my breaking away from my parents, so I could not be content now, but I must go and leave the happy view I had of being a rich and thriving man in my new plantation, only to pursue a rash and immoderate desire of rising faster than the nature of the thing admitted; and thus I cast myself down again into the deepest gulf of human misery that ever man fell into, or perhaps could be consistent with life and a state of health in the world.

To come, then, by the just degrees to the particulars of this part of my story. You may suppose that having now lived almost four years in the Brazils, and beginning to thrive and prosper very well upon my plantation, I had not only learned the language, but had contracted acquaintance and friendship among my fellow-planters, as well as among the merchants at St. Salvadore, which was our port; and that, in my discourses among them, I had frequently given them an account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea, the manner of trading with the negroes there, and how easy it was to purchase upon the coast for trifles, — such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, hatchets, bits of glass, and the like, — not only gold-dust, Guinea grains, elephants' teeth, &c., but negroes for the service of the Brazils in great numbers.

They listened always very attentively to my discourses on these heads, but especially to that part which related to the buying of negroes; which was a trade at that time not only not far entered into, but, as far as it was, had been carried on by the *assiento*, or permission of the Kings of Spain and Portu-

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gal, and engrossed in the public; so that few negroes were brought, and those excessively dear.

It happened, being in company with some merchants and planters of my acquaintance, and talking of those things very earnestly, three of them came to me the next morning, and told me they had been musing very much upon what I had discoursed with them of the last night, and they came to make a secret proposal to me. And after enjoining me secrecy, they told me that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; that they had all plantations as well as I, and were straitened for nothing so much as servants; that as it was a trade that could not be carried on because they could not publicly sell the negroes when they came home, so they desired to make but one voyage, to bring the negroes on shore privately, and divide them among their own plantations; and, in a word, the question was, whether I would go their supercargo in the ship to manage the trading part upon the coast of Guinea. And they offered me that I should have my equal share of the negroes, without providing any part of the stock.

This was a fair proposal, it must be confessed, had it been made to any one that had not had a settlement and plantation of his own to look after, which was in a fair way of coming to be very considerable, and with a good stock upon it. But for me that was thus entered and established, and had nothing to do but go on as I had begun for three or four years more, and to have sent for the other hundred pounds from England, and who in that time, and with that little addition, could scarce have failed of being worth three or four thousand pounds sterling, and that increasing too, — for me to think of such a voyage was the most preposterous thing that ever man in such circumstances could be guilty of.

But I, that was born to be my own destroyer, could no more resist the offer than I could restrain my first rambling designs when my father's good counsel was lost upon me. In a word, I told them I would go with all my heart if they would undertake to look after my plantation in my absence, and would dispose of it to such as I should direct if I miscarried. This they all engaged to do, and entered into writings or covenants to do so; and I made a formal will, disposing of my plantation and effects, in case of my death, making the captain of the ship that had saved my life, as before, my universal heir, but obliging him to dispose of my effects as I had directed in my will, — one half of the produce being to himself, and the other to be shipped to England. In short, I took all possible caution to preserve my effects and keep up my plantation. Had I used half as much prudence to have looked into my own interest, and have made a judgment of what I ought to have done and not to have done, I had certainly never gone away from so prosperous an undertaking, — leaving all the probable views of a thriving circumstance, and gone upon a voyage to sea, attended with all its common hazards, to say nothing of the reasons I had to expect particular misfortunes to myself.

But I was hurried on, and obeyed blindly the dictates of my fancy rather than my reason. And accordingly, the ship being fitted out and the cargo furnished, and all things done as by agreement by my partners in the voyage, I went on board in an evil hour, — the 1st of September, 1659, — being the same day eight years that I went from my father and mother at Hull in order to act the rebel to their authority and the fool to my own interest.

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons burden; carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes, — such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast when they came about 10 or 12 degrees of northern latitude; which, it seems, was the manner of their course in those days. We had very good weather, only excessively hot, all the way upon our own coast, till we came to the height of Cape St. Augustino; from whence, keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the isle Fernand de Noronha, holding our course northeast by north, and leaving those isles

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on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time; and were by our last observation in 7 degrees 22 minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado or hurricane took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the southeast, came about to the northwest, and then settled into the northeast; from whence it blew in such a terrible manner that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and scudding away before it, let it carry us whither ever fate and the fury of the winds directed. And during these twelve days I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up; nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress, we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men died of the calenture, and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about 11 degrees north latitude, but that he was 22 degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was gotten upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, toward that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River, and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Caribbean Islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes; which, by keeping off at sea, to avoid the indraught of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance both to our ship and to ourselves.

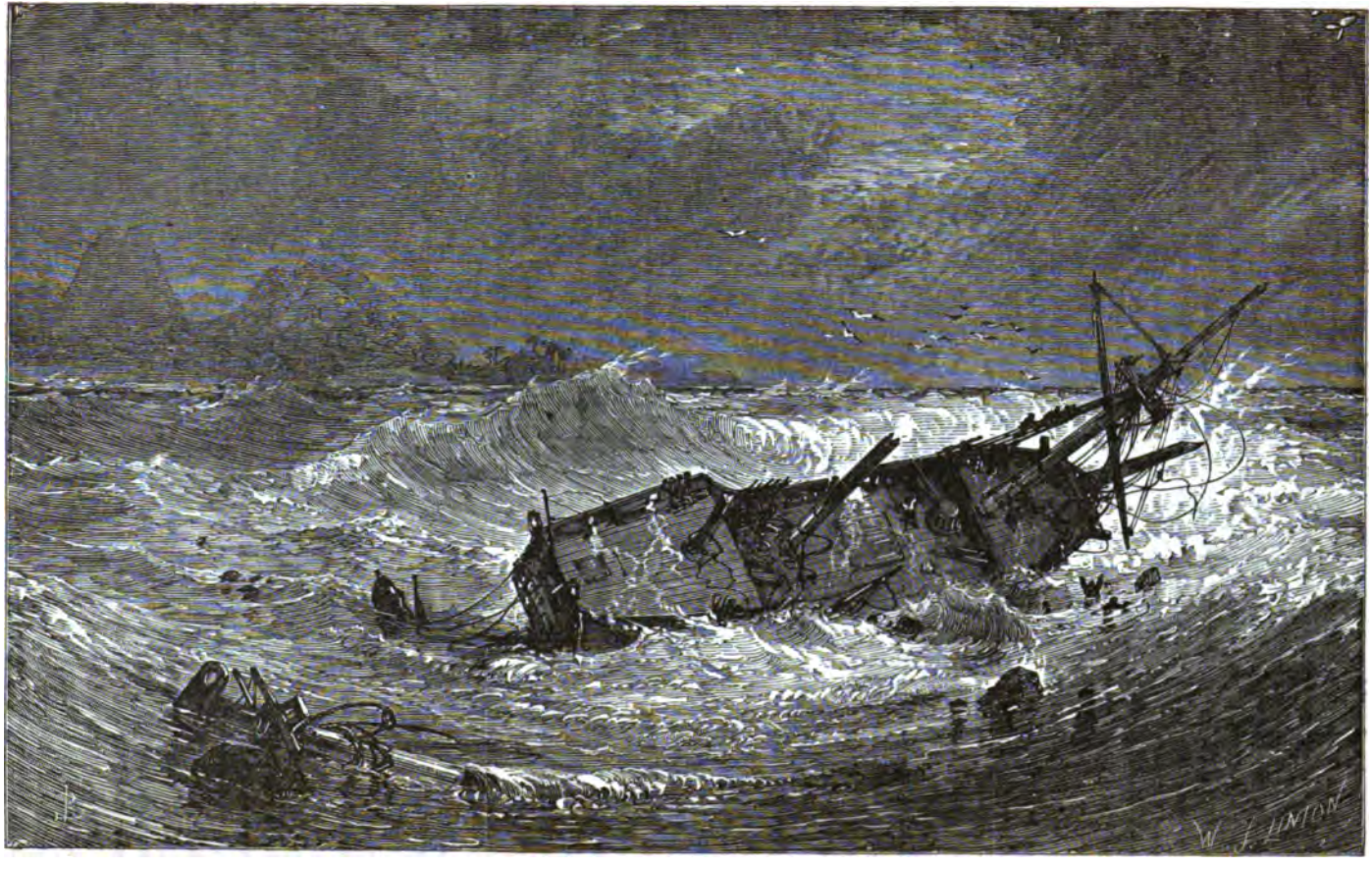
With this design we changed our course, and steered away northwest by west, in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief. But our voyage was otherwise determined; for, being in the latitude of 12 degrees 18 minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that had all our lives been saved as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately, and we were immediately driven into our close quarters to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one who has not been in the like condition to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited; and as the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces, unless the wind by a kind of miracle should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another and expecting death every moment, and every man acting accordingly as preparing for another world, for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea; so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board; but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was

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THE SHIPWRECK.

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no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, they got her slung over the ship's side, and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadfully high upon the shore, and might well be called "den wild zee," as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it: so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner, and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was, if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed or rather driven about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grace*. In a word, it took us with such a fury, that it overset the boat at once, and, separating us as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, O God! for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that a wave, having driven me or rather carried me a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath and raise myself upon the water if I could, and so by swimming to preserve my breathing and pilot myself towards the shore if possible: my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself and begun to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

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The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance: for the blow, taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave; and I do not wonder now at that custom, namely, that when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him, — I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him bleed that very moment they tell him of it, that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart and overwhelm him:

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, "Lord, how was it possible I could get on shore?"

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done, and I soon found my comforts abate, and that in a word I had a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts. And that which was particularly afflicting to me was, that I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs; in a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision, and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began with a heavy heart to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts at that time was, to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die; for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drunk, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavored to place myself so as that if I should sleep I might not fall; and having cut me a short stick like a truncheon for my defence, I took up my lodging, and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself the most refreshed with it that I think I ever was on such an occasion.

When I waked it was broad day, the

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weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the dashing me against it; this being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might have some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed her up upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her, but found a neck or inlet of water between me and the boat which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently that if we had kept on board we had been all safe; that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the fore-chains so low as that with great difficulty, I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had indeed need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains; but hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. But I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, namely,

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bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us; but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but to my great disappointment I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters, and in all about five or six gallons of rack. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, and no room for them. While I was doing this I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me on rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as, first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shiploading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms; and now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder, and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements, — first, a smooth, calm sea; second, the tide rising and setting in to the shore; third, what little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distance from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but, holding up the chests with all my might, stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel; and then, driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, — that is to say, sloping, — there was no place to land, but where one end of my float,

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if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, — for my raft drew about a foot of water, — I thrust her on upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I yet knew not, whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or not inhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as in a ridge from it northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder, and thus armed I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, namely, that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, — of which, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds, neither when I killed them could I tell what was fit for food and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day. But what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible; and as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart, until I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council — that is to say, in my thoughts — whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable. So I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet. I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me. As first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured together,

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with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket-bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead. But this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare foretopsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehensions during my absence from the land that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild-cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away. Upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, — though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked, as pleased, for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more. So she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels, — for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun, and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without, and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day at low water I went on board, and brought away some thing or other. But particularly the third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, the barrel of wet gunpowder; in a word, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still was, that at last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with, — I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three large runlets of rum or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, excepting what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage, and now having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; and, cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron-work I could get; and having cut down the spritsail-yard, and the mizzen-yard, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy and so overloaden, that after I was entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and

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threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of the cable ashore and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring; though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board; and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually as that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no not the taking off of the ground; one of these knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts, I took it away, and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water, for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night; and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen! I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, namely, that I had lost no time, nor abated diligence to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck, as indeed divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make me a cave in the earth or a tent upon the earth. And, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground near the sea, and I believed would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation which I found would be proper for me. First, health and fresh water I just now mentioned. Secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun. Thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts. Fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was

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steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place worn a little way in like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above an hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the north-northwest side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day till it came to a west and by south sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semidiameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the wood, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me. And so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above. And I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, namely, one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock; which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus enclosed all my goods I made up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, that so it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labor and many days before all these things were brought to perfection, and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent, and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself, — O, my powder! My very heart sunk within me when I thought that at one blast all my powder might be destroyed, on which not my defence only, but the providing me food, as I thought, entirely depended. I was nothing near so anxious about my own danger, though had the powder taken fire, I had never known who had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over I laid aside all my works, my building and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes to

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separate the powder and keep it a little and a little in a parcel, in hope that whatever might come it might not all take fire at once, and to keep it so apart that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight; and I think my powder, which in all was about two hundred and forty pounds weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that; so I placed it in my new cave, which in my fancy I called my kitchen, and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time while this was doing I went out once at least every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune, namely, that they were so shy, so subtile, and so swift of foot, that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them: I observed if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me: from whence I concluded that by the position of their optics their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them. So afterwards I took this method; I always climbed the rocks first, to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark. The first shot I made among these creatures I killed a she-goat which had a little kid by her which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily. But when the old one fell the kid stood stock-still by her till I came and took her up; and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure: upon which I laid down the dam and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bred it up tame; but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it and eat it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions (my bread especially) as much as possibly I could.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn; and what I did for that, as also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made I shall give a full account of in its place. But I must first give some little account of myself and of my thoughts about living, which it may well be supposed were not a few.

I had a dismal prospect of my condition; for as I was not cast away upon that island without being driven, as is said, by a violent storm quite out of the course of our intended voyage, and a great way, namely, some hundreds of leagues, out of the ordinary course of the trade of mankind, I had great reason to consider it as a determination of Heaven that in this desolate place and in this desolate manner I should end my life. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections, and sometimes I would expostulate with myself why Providence should thus completely ruin its creatures and render them so absolutely miserable, so without help abandoned, so entirely depressed, that it could hardly be rational to be thankful for such a life.

But something always returned swift upon me to check these thoughts and to reprove me; and particularly one day, walking with my gun in my hand by the seaside, I was very pensive upon the subject of my present condition, when reason, as it were, expostulated with me the other way, thus: Well, you are in a desolate condition, it is true, but pray remember, where are the rest of you? Did not you come eleven of you into the boat,—where are the ten? Why were not they saved and you lost? Why were you singled out? Is it better to be here or there? and then I pointed to the sea. All evils are to be considered with the good that is in them, and with what worse attends them.

Then it occurred to me again how well I was furnished for my subsistence, and what would have been my case if it had not happened, which was an hundred thousand to one, that the ship floated from the place

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where she first struck, and was driven so near to the shore that I had time to get all those things out of her. What would have been my case if I had been to have lived in the condition in which I at first came on shore, without necessaries of life, or necessaries to supply and procure them? Particularly, said I aloud (though to myself), what should I have done without a gun, without ammunition, without any tools to make anything, or to work with; without clothes, bedding, a tent, or any manner of covering; and that now I had all these to a sufficient quantity, and was in a fair way to provide myself in such a manner as to live without my gun when my ammunition was spent; so that I had a tolerable view of subsisting without any want as long as I lived; for I considered from the beginning how I would provide for the accidents that might happen, and for the time that was to come, even not only after my ammunition should be spent, but even after my health or strength should decay.

I confess I had not entertained any notion of my ammunition being destroyed at one blast, — I mean my powder being blown up by lightning, — and this made the thoughts of it so surprising to me when it lightened and thundered, as I observed just now.

And now being to enter into a melancholy relation of a scene of silent life, such perhaps as was never heard of in the world before, I shall take it from its beginning, and continue it in its order. It was, by my account, the 30th of September, when, in the manner as above said, I first set foot upon this horrid island, when the sun, being to us in its autumnal equinox, was almost just over my head; for I reckoned myself, by observation, to be in the latitude of 9 degrees 22 minutes north of the line.

After I had been there about ten or twelve days it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days from the working days; but, to prevent this, I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters, and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore where I first landed, namely, I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1659. Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one, and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

In the next place we are to observe that among the many things which I brought out of the ship in the several voyages which, as above mentioned, I made to it, I got several things of less value, but not all less useful to me, which I omitted setting down before; as, in particular, pens, ink, and paper, several parcels in the captain's, mate's, gunner's, and carpenter's keeping, three or four compasses, some mathematical instruments, dials, perspectives, charts, and books of navigation; all which I huddled together, whether I might want them or no. Also, I found three very good Bibles which came to me in my cargo from England, and which I had packed up among my things; some Portuguese books also, and among them two or three Popish prayer-books, and several other books; all which I carefully secured. And I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats, of whose eminent history I may have occasion to say something in its place; for I carried both the cats with me, and as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship of himself, and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me many years. I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me; I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that he would not do. As I observed before, I found pen, ink, and paper, and I husbanded them to the utmost; and I shall show that, while my ink lasted, I kept things very exact; but after that was gone I could not, for I could not make any ink by any means that I could devise.

And this put me in mind that I wanted many things, notwithstanding all that I had amassed together; and of these, this of ink was one; as also spade, pickaxe, and shovel, to dig or remove the earth; needles, pins, and thread; as for linen I soon learned to want that without much difficulty.

This want of tools made every work I did go on heavily, and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale or surrounded habitation. The piles or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and prepar-

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ing in the woods, and more by far in bringing home; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts, and a third day in driving it into the ground; for which purpose I got a heavy piece of wood at first, but at last bethought myself of one of the iron crows, which, however, though I found it, yet it made driving those posts or piles very laborious and tedious work.

But what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in, nor had I any other employment if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, which I did more or less every day.

I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstance I was reduced to, and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me, for I was like to have but few heirs, as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring upon them, and afflicting my mind; and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might have something to distinguish my case from worse; and I stated it very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered, thus: —

Evil.	Good.
I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.	But I am alive, and not drowned, as all my ship's company was.
I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.	But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew to be spared from death; and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition.
I am divided from mankind, a solitaire, one banished from human society.	But I am not starved, and perishing on a barren place, affording no sustenance.
I have not clothes to cover me.	But I am in a hot climate, where, if I had clothes, I could hardly wear them.
I am without any defence or means to resist any violence of man or beast.	But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been shipwrecked there?
I have no soul to speak to, or relieve me.	But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore, that I have gotten out so many necessary things as will either supply my wants, or enable me to supply myself even as long as I live.

Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony that there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable, but there was something negative or something positive to be thankful for in it; and let this stand as a direction from the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world, that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition, and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship, — I say, giving over these things, I began to apply myself to accommodate my way of living, and to make things as easy to me as I could.

I have already described my habitation, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables; but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside; and after some time, I think it was a year and a half, I raised rafters from it leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees, and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me; but I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place. I had no room to turn myself, so I set myself to enlarge my cave and works farther into the earth; for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed on it; and so, when I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways to the right hand into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out, on the outside of my pale or fortification.

This gave me not only egress and regress,

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as it were, a back-way to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to stow my goods.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, as particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world, — I could not write or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.

So I went to work; and here I must needs observe, that as reason is the substance and original of mathematics, so by stating and squaring everything by reason, and by making the most rational judgment of things, every man may be in time master of every mechanic art. I had never handled a tool in my life, and yet in time, by labor, application, and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had tools; however, I made abundance of things, even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I had brought it to be thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree, but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious deal of time and labor which it took me up to make a plank or board. But my time or labor was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above, in the first place, and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves of the breadth of a foot and a half one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work, and, in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might come easily at them. I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up.

So that had my cave been to be seen, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

And now it was when I began to keep a journal of every day's employment; for indeed at first I was in too much hurry, and not only hurry as to labor, but in too much discomposure of mind, and my journal would have been full of many dull things. For example, I must have said thus: — "*September* 30. After I got to shore and had escaped drowning, instead of being thankful to God for my deliverance, — having first vomited with the great quantity of salt water which was gotten into my stomach, and recovering myself a little, — I ran about the shore, wringing my hands and beating my head and face, exclaiming at my misery, and crying out I was undone, undone! till, tired and faint, I was forced to lie down on the ground to repose, but durst not sleep for fear of being devoured."

Some days after this, and after I had been on board the ship and got all that I could out of her, yet I could not forbear getting up to the top of a little mountain and looking out to sea in hopes of seeing a ship, then fancy at a vast distance I spied a sail, please myself with the hopes of it, and then, after looking steadily till I was almost blind, lose it quite, and sit down and weep like a child, and thus increase my misery by my folly.

But having gotten over these things in some measure, and having settled my household stuff and habitation, made me a table and a chair, and all as handsome about me as I could, I began to keep my journal, of which I shall here give you the copy (though in it will be told all these particulars over again) as long as it lasted, for, having no more ink, I was forced to leave it off.

THE JOURNAL.

September 30, 1659. I, poor, miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm in the offing, came on shore on this dismal unfortunate island, which I called the Island of Despair, all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and myself almost dead.

All the rest of that day I spent in afflicting myself at the dismal circumstances I was

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brought to; namely, I had neither food, house, clothes, weapon, nor place to fly to, and, in despair of any relief, saw nothing but death before me, — either that I should be devoured by wild beasts, murdered by savages, or starved to death for want of food. At the approach of night I slept in a tree for fear of wild creatures, but slept soundly, though it rained all night.

October 1. In the morning I saw, to my great surprise, that the ship had floated with the high tide, and was driven on shore again much nearer the island; which as it was some comfort, on one hand, for, seeing her sit upright, and not broken to pieces, I hoped, if the wind abated, I might get on board and get some food and necessaries out of her for my relief; so on the other hand, it renewed my grief at the loss of my comrades, who, I imagined, if we had all stayed on board, might have saved the ship, or at least that they would not have been all drowned as they were; and that, had the men been saved, we might perhaps have built us a boat out of the ruins of the ship to have carried us to some other part of the world. I spent great part of this day in perplexing myself on these things; but at length, seeing the ship almost dry, I went upon the sand as near as I could, and then swam on board; this day also it continued raining, though with no wind at all.

From the 1st of October to the 24th. All these days entirely spent in many several voyages to get all I could out of the ship, which I brought on shore, every tide of flood, upon rafts. Much rain also in these days, though with some intervals of fair weather; but it seems this was the rainy season.

October 20. I overset my raft, and all the goods I had got upon it; but being in shoal water, and the things being chiefly heavy, I recovered many of them when the tide was out.

October 25. It rained all night and all day, with some gusts of wind, during which time the ship broke in pieces, the wind blowing a little harder than before, and was no more to be seen, except the wreck of her, and that only at low water. I spent this day in covering and securing the goods which I had saved, that the rain might not spoil them.

October 26. I walked about the shore almost all day to find out a place to fix my habitation, greatly concerned to secure myself from an attack in the night either from wild beasts or men. Towards night I fixed upon a proper place under a rock, and marked out a semicircle for my encampment, which I resolved to strengthen with a work, wall, or fortification made of double piles, lined within with cables and without with turf.

From the 26th to the 30th I worked very hard in carrying all my goods to my new habitation, though some part of the time it rained exceeding hard.

The 31st in the morning I went out into the island with my gun to see for some food, and discover the country, when I killed a she-goat, and her kid followed me home, which I afterwards killed also, because it would not feed.

November 1. I set up my tent under a rock, and lay there for the first night, making it as large as I could with stakes driven in to swing my hammock upon.

November 2. I set up all my chests and boards, and the pieces of timber which made my rafts, and with them formed a fence round me, a little within the place I had marked out for my fortification.

November 3. I went out with my gun, and killed two fowls like ducks, which were very good food. In the afternoon went to work to make me a table.

November 4. This morning I began to order my times of work, of going out with my gun, time of sleep, and time of diversion; namely, every morning I walked out with my gun for two or three hours if it did not rain, then employed myself to work till about eleven o'clock, then ate what I had to live on, and from twelve to two I lay down to sleep, the weather being excessive hot; and then in the evening to work again. The working part of this day and of the next were wholly employed in making my table; for I was yet but a very sorry workman, though time and necessity made me a complete natural mechanic soon after, as I believe it would do any one else.

November 5. This day went abroad with my gun and my dog, and killed a wild-cat; her skin pretty soft, but her flesh good for nothing. Every creature I killed I took off the skins and preserved them. Coming back by the sea-shore, I saw many sorts of sea-

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fowls which I did not understand; but was surprised and almost frightened with two or three seals, which while I was gazing at, not well knowing what they were, got into the sea, and escaped me for that time.

November 6. After my morning walk I went to work with my table again, and finished it, though not to my liking; nor was it long before I learned to mend it.

November 7. Now it began to be settled fair weather. The 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and part of the 12th (for the 11th was Sunday), I took wholly up to make me a chair, and with much ado brought it to a tolerable shape, but never to please me; and even in the making I pulled it in pieces several times. *Note.* — I soon neglected my keeping Sundays; for, omitting my mark for them on my post, I forgot which was which.

November 13. This day it rained, which refreshed me exceedingly, and cooled the earth; but it was accompanied with terrible thunder and lightning, which frightened me dreadfully for fear of my powder. As soon as it was over I resolved to separate my stock of powder into as many little parcels as possible, that it might not be in danger.

November 14, 15, 16. These three days I spent in making little square chests or boxes, which might hold about a pound, or two pound at most, of powder; and so putting the powder in, I stowed it in places as secure and remote from one another as possible. On one of these three days I killed a large bird that was good to eat, but I know not what to call it.

November 17. This day I began to dig behind my tent into the rock, to make room for my further conveniency. *Note.* — Three things I wanted exceedingly for this work, namely, a pickaxe, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow or basket. So I desisted from my work, and began to consider how to supply that want, and make me some tools. As for a pickaxe, I made use of the iron crows, which were proper enough, though heavy. But the next thing was a shovel or spade; this was so absolutely necessary, that indeed I could do nothing effectually without it. But what kind of one to make I knew not.

November 18. The next day, in searching the woods, I found a tree of that wood, or like it, which in the Brazils they call the iron-tree, for its exceeding hardness. Of this, with great labor and almost spoiling my axe, I cut a piece, and brought it home too with difficulty enough, for it was exceeding heavy.

The excessive hardness of the wood, and having no other way, made me a long while upon this machine; for I worked it effectually by little and little into the form of a shovel or spade, the handle exactly shaped like ours in England, only that the broad part having no iron shod upon it at bottom, it would not last me so long. However, it served well enough for the uses which I had occasion to put it to; but never was a shovel, I believe, made after that fashion, or so long a making.

I was still deficient, for I wanted a basket or a wheelbarrow. A basket I could not make by any means, having no such things as twigs that would bend to make wicker ware, at least none yet found out. And as to a wheelbarrow, I fancied I could make all but the wheel, but that I had no notion of, neither did I know how to go about it; besides, I had no possible way to make the iron gudgeons for the spindle or axis of the wheel to run in, so I gave it over. And so, for carrying away the earth which I dug out of the cave, I made me a thing like a hod, which the laborers carry mortar in when they serve the bricklayers.

This was not so difficult to me as the making the shovel; and yet this and the shovel, and the attempt which I made in vain to make a wheelbarrow, took me up no less than four days, — I mean always excepting my morning walk with my gun, which I seldom failed, and very seldom failed also bringing home something fit to eat.

November 23. My other work having now stood still because of my making these tools, when they were finished I went on, and working every day as my strength and time allowed, I spent eighteen days entirely in widening and deepening my cave, that it might hold my goods commodiously.

Note. — During all this time I worked to make this room or cave spacious enough to accommodate me as a warehouse or magazine, a kitchen, a dining-room, and a cellar. As for my lodging, I kept to the tent, except that sometimes, in the wet season of the year, it rained so hard that I could not keep

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myself dry; which caused me afterwards to cover all my place within my pale with long poles in the form of rafters, leaning against the rock, and load them with flags and large leaves of trees like a thatch.

December 10. I began now to think my cave or vault finished, when on a sudden (it seems I had made it too large) a great quantity of earth fell down from the top and one side, so much that, in short, it frightened me; and not without reason too, for if I had been under it, I had never wanted a grave-digger. Upon this disaster I had a great deal of work to do over again; for I had the loose earth to carry out, and, which was of more importance, I had the ceiling to prop up, so that I might be sure no more would come down.

December 11. This day I went to work with it accordingly, and got two shores or posts pitched upright to the top, with two pieces of board across over each post. This I finished the next day, and setting more posts up with boards, in about a week more I had the roof secured; and the posts, standing in rows, served me for partitions to part of my house.

December 17. From this day to the 20th I placed shelves, and knocked up nails on the posts to hang everything up that could be hung up; and now I began to be in some order within doors.

December 20. Now I carried everything into the cave, and began to furnish my house, and set up some pieces of board, like a dresser, to order my victuals upon; but boards began to be very scarce with me. Also I made me another table.

December 24. Much rain all night and all day. No stirring out.

December 25. Rain all day.

December 26. No rain, and the earth much cooler than before and pleasanter.

December 27. Killed a young goat, and lamed another so that I caught it, and led it home in a string. When I had it home I bound and splintered up its leg, which was broken. *N. B.* — I took such care of it that it lived, and the leg grew well and as strong as ever; but by my nursing it so long it grew tame, and fed upon the little green at my door, and would not go away. This was the first time that I entertained a thought of breeding up some tame creatures, that I might have food when my powder and shot was all spent.

December 28, 29, 30. Great heats and no breeze, so that there was no stirring abroad, except in the evening, for food. This time I spent in putting all my things in order within doors.

January 1. Very hot still, but I went abroad early and late with my gun, and lay still in the middle of the day. This evening, going farther into the valleys which lie towards the centre of the island, I found there was plenty of goats, though exceeding shy and hard to come at. However, I resolved to try if I could not bring my dog to hunt them down.

January 2. Accordingly, the next day I went out with my dog, and set him upon the goats; but I was mistaken, for they all faced about upon the dog, and he knew his danger too well, for he would not come near them.

January 3. I began my fence or wall, which, being still jealous of my being attacked by somebody, I resolved to make very thick and strong.

N. B. — This wall being described before, I purposely omit what was said in the journal. It is sufficient to observe that I was no less time than from the 3d of January to the 14th of April working, finishing, and perfecting this wall, though it was no more than about twenty-four yards in length, being a half-circle from one place in the rock to another place about eight yards from it, the door of the cave being in the centre behind it.

All this time I worked very hard, the rains hindering me many days, nay, sometimes weeks together; but I thought I should never be perfectly secure till this wall was finished. And it is scarce credible what inexpressible labor everything was done with, especially the bringing piles out of the woods and driving them into the ground, for I made them much bigger than I need to have done.

When this wall was finished, and the outside double fenced with a turf-wall raised up close to it, I persuaded myself that if any people were to come on shore there, they would not perceive anything like a habitation. And it was very well I did so, as may be observed hereafter upon a very remarkable occasion.

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During this time I made my rounds in the woods for game every day when the rain admitted me, and made frequent discoveries in these walks of something or other to my advantage. Particularly I found a kind of wild pigeons, which built not as wood-pigeons, in a tree, but rather as house-pigeons, in the holes of the rocks; and taking some young ones, I endeavored to breed them up tame, and did so; but when they grew older they flew all away, which perhaps was at first for want of feeding them, for I had nothing to give them. However, I frequently found their nests, and got their young ones, which were very good meat.

And now, in the managing my household affairs, I found myself wanting in many things, which I thought at first it was impossible for me to make, as indeed as to some of them it was. For instance, I could never make a cask to be hooped. I had a small runlet or two, as I observed before, but I could never arrive to the capacity of making one by them, though I spent many weeks about it. I could neither put in the heads, nor joint the staves so true to one another as to make them hold water. So I gave that also over.

In the next place, I was at a great loss for candle; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. I remembered the lump of beeswax with which I made candles in my African adventure, but I had none of that now. The only remedy I had was, that when I had killed a goat I saved the tallow; and with a little dish made of clay, which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made me a lamp, and this gave me light, though not a clear, steady light, like a candle. In the middle of all my labors it happened that, rummaging my things, I found a little bag, which, as I hinted before, had been filled with corn for the feeding of poultry, not for this voyage, but before, as I suppose, when the ship came from Lisbon. What little remainder of corn had been in the bag was all devoured with the rats, and I saw nothing in the bag but husks and dust; and being willing to have the bag for some other use (I think it was to put powder in, when I divided it for fear of the lightning, or some such use), I shook the husks of corn out of it on one side of my fortification under the rock.

It was a little before the great rains just now mentioned that I threw this stuff away, taking no notice of anything, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown anything there; when, about a month after or thereabout, I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground, which I fancied might be some plant I had not seen; but I was surprised and perfectly astonished when, after a little longer time, I saw about ten or twelve ears come out, which were perfect green barley, of the same kind as our European, nay, as our English barley.

It is impossible to express the astonishment and confusion of my thoughts on this occasion. I had hitherto acted upon no religious foundation at all; indeed, I had very few notions of religion in my head, nor had entertained any sense of anything that had befallen me otherwise than as a chance, or, as we lightly say, what pleases God; without so much as inquiring into the end of Providence in these things, or his order in governing events in the world. But after I saw barley grow there, in a climate which I knew was not proper for corn, and especially that I knew not how it came there, it startled me strangely, and I began to suggest that God had miraculously caused this grain to grow without any help of seed sown, and that it was so directed purely for my sustenance on that wild, miserable place.

This touched my heart a little, and brought tears out of my eyes; and I began to bless myself that such a prodigy of nature should happen upon my account. And this was the more strange to me, because I saw near it still all along by the side of the rock some other straggling stalks, which proved to be stalks of rice, and which I knew because I had seen it grow in Africa, when I was ashore there.

I not only thought these the pure productions of Providence for my support, but not doubting but that there was more in the place, I went all over that part of the island where I had been before, peering in every corner and under every rock, to see for more of it; but I could not find any. At last it occurred to my thoughts that I had shaken a bag of chickens' meat out in that place, and then the wonder began to cease; and I must confess my religious thankfulness to God's providence began to abate too upon the dis-

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covering that all this was nothing but what was common : though I ought to have been as thankful for so strange and unforeseen providence as if it had been miraculous : for it was really the work of Providence as to me, that should order or appoint that ten or twelve grains of corn should remain unspoiled (when the rats had destroyed all the rest), as if it had been dropped from heaven ; as also that I should throw it out in that particular place, where, it being in the shade of a high rock, it sprang up immediately ; whereas, if I had thrown it anywhere else at that time, it had been burned up and destroyed.

I carefully saved the ears of this corn, you may be sure, in their season, which was about the end of June ; and laying up every corn, I resolved to sow them all again, hoping in time to have some quantity sufficient to supply me with bread. But it was not till the fourth year that I could allow myself the least grain of this corn to eat, and even then but sparingly, as I shall say afterwards in its order ; for I lost all that I sowed the first season by not observing the proper time ; for I sowed it just before the dry season, so that it never came up at all, at least not as it would have done, — of which in its place.

Besides this barley there was, as above, twenty or thirty stalks of rice, which I preserved with the same care, and whose use was of the same kind or to the same purpose, namely, to make me bread, or rather food ; for I found ways to cook it up without baking, though I did that also after some time. But to return to my journal.

I worked excessive hard these three or four months to get my wall done ; and the 14th of April I closed it up, contriving to go into it, not by a door, but over the wall by a ladder, that there might be no sign in the outside of my habitation.

April 16. I finished the ladder ; so I went up with the ladder to the top, and then pulled it up after me, and let it down on the inside. This was a complete enclosure to me, for within I had room enough, and nothing could come at me from without, unless it could first mount my wall.

The very next day after this wall was finished I had almost all my labor overthrown at once, and myself killed. The case was thus : As I was busy in the inside of it, behind my tent, just in the entrance into my cave, I was terribly frightened with a most dreadful surprising thing indeed ; for all on a sudden I found the earth come crumbling down from the roof of my cave and from the edge of the hill over my head, and two of the posts I had set up in the cave cracked in a frightful manner. I was heartily scared, but thought nothing of what was really the cause, — only thinking that the top of my cave was falling in, as some of it had done before ; and for fear I should be buried in it, I ran forward to my ladder, and not thinking myself safe there neither, I got over my wall for fear of the pieces of the hill which I expected might roll down upon me. I was no sooner stepped down upon the firm ground, but I plainly saw it was a terrible earthquake, for the ground I stood on shook three times at about eight minutes' distance with three such shocks as would have overturned the strongest building that could be supposed to have stood on the earth ; and a great piece of the top of a rock, which stood about half a mile from me next the sea, fell down with such a terrible noise as I never heard in all my life. I perceived also the very sea was put into violent motion by it, and I believe the shocks were stronger under the water than on the island.

I was so amazed with the thing itself — having never felt the like or discoursed with any one that had — that I was like one dead or stupefied ; and the motion of the earth made my stomach sick, like one that was tossed at sea. But the noise of the falling of the rock awaked me, as it were, and rousing me from the stupefied condition I was in, filled me with horror, and I thought of nothing then but the hill falling upon my tent and all my household goods, and burying all at once ; and this sank my very soul within me a second time.

After the third shock was over, and I felt no more for some time, I began to take courage ; and yet I had not heart enough to go over my wall again, for fear of being buried alive, but sat still upon the ground, greatly cast down and disconsolate, not knowing what to do. All this while I had not the least serious religious thought, nothing but the common "Lord, have mercy upon me" ; and when it was over that went away too.

While I sat thus, I found the air overcast and grow cloudy, as if it would rain. Soon

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after that the wind rose by little and little, so that in less than half an hour it blew a most dreadful hurricane. The sea was all on a sudden covered over with foam and froth, the shore was covered with the breach of the water, the trees were torn up by the roots, and a terrible storm it was; and this held about three hours and then began to abate; and in two hours more it was stark calm, and began to rain very hard.

All this while I sat upon the ground very much terrified and dejected, when on a sudden it came into my thoughts that these winds and rain being the consequences of the earthquake, the earthquake itself was spent and over, and I might venture into my cave again. With this thought my spirits began to revive, and the rain also helping to persuade me, I went in and sat down in my tent; but the rain was so violent that my tent was ready to be beaten down with it, and I was forced to go into my cave, though very much afraid and uneasy for fear it should fall on my head.

This violent rain forced me to a new work, namely, to cut a hole through my new fortification like a sink to let the water go out, which would else have drowned my cave. After I had been in my cave some time and found still no more shocks of the earthquake follow, I began to be more composed; and now to support my spirits — which indeed wanted it very much — I went to my little store and took a small sup of rum, which however I did then and always very sparingly, knowing I could have no more when that was gone.

It continued raining all that night and great part of the next day, so that I could not stir abroad; but my mind being more composed, I began to think of what I had best do, concluding that if the island was subject to these earthquakes there would be no living for me in a cave, but I must consider of building me some little hut in an open place which I might surround with a wall as I had done here, and so make myself secure from wild beasts or men; but concluded, if I stayed where I was, I should certainly, one time or other, be buried alive.

With these thoughts I resolved to remove my tent from the place where it stood, which was just under the hanging precipice of the hill, and which, if it should be shaken again, would certainly fall upon my tent. And I spent the two next days, being the 19th and 20th of April, in contriving where and how to remove my habitation.

The fear of being swallowed up alive made me that I never slept in quiet, and yet the apprehension of lying abroad without any fence was almost equal to it; but still, when I looked about and saw how everything was put in order, how pleasantly concealed I was, and how safe from danger, it made me very loath to remove.

In the mean time it occurred to me that it would require a vast deal of time for me to do this, and that I must be contented to run the venture where I was, till I had formed a camp for myself, and had secured it so as to remove to it. So with this resolution I composed myself for a time, and resolved that I would go to work with all speed to build me a wall with piles and cables, &c., in a circle as before, and set my tent up in it when it was finished, but that I would venture to stay where I was till it was finished and fit to remove to. This was the 21st.

April 22. The next morning I began to consider of means to put this resolve in execution, but I was at a great loss about my tools. I had three large axes and abundance of hatchets (for we carried the hatchets for traffic with the Indians), but with much chopping and cutting knotty hard wood they were all full of notches and dull; and though I had a grindstone, I could not turn it and grind my tools too. This cost me as much thought as a statesman would have bestowed upon a grand point of politics, or a judge upon the life and death of a man. At length I contrived a wheel with a string to turn it with my foot, that I might have both my hands at liberty. — *Note.* I had never seen any such thing in England, or at least not to take notice how it was done, though since I have observed it is very common there; besides that, my grindstone was very large and heavy. This machine cost me a full week's work to bring it to perfection.

April 28, 29. These two whole days I took up in grinding my tools, my machine for turning my grindstone performing very well.

April 30. Having perceived my bread had been low a great while, now I took a survey of it, and reduced myself to one biscuit-cake a day, which made my heart very heavy.

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May 1. In the morning, looking towards the seaside, the tide being low, I saw something lie on the shore bigger than ordinary, and it looked like a cask. When I came to it, I found a small barrel and two or three pieces of the wreck of the ship, which were driven on shore by the late hurricane; and looking towards the wreck itself, I thought it seemed to lie higher out of the water than it used to do. I examined the barrel which was driven on shore, and soon found it was a barrel of gunpowder; but it had taken water, and the powder was caked as hard as a stone. However, I rolled it farther on shore for the present, and went on upon the sands as near as I could to the wreck of the ship to look for more.

When I came down to the ship, I found it strangely removed. The forecastle, which lay before buried in sand, was heaved up at least six feet: and the stern, which was broken to pieces and parted from the rest by the force of the sea soon after I had left rummaging her, was tossed, as it were, up and cast on one side; and the sand was thrown so high on that side next her stern, that whereas there was a great place of water before, so that I could not come within a quarter of a mile of the wreck without swimming, I could now walk quite up to her when the tide was out. I was surprised with this at first, but soon concluded it must be done by the earthquake. And as by this violence the ship was more broken open than formerly, so many things came daily on shore which the sea had loosened, and which the winds and water rolled by degrees to the land.

This wholly diverted my thoughts from the design of removing my habitation; and I busied myself mightily, that day especially, in searching whether I could make any way into the ship; but I found nothing was to be expected of that kind, for that all the inside of the ship was choked up with sand. However, as I had learned not to despair of anything, I resolved to pull everything to pieces that I could of the ship, concluding that everything I could get from her would be of some use or other to me.

May 3. I began with my saw, and cut a piece of a beam through, which I thought held some of the upper part or quarter-deck together; and when I had cut it through, I cleared away the sand as well as I could from the side which lay highest; but the tide coming in, I was obliged to give over for that time.

May 4. I went a fishing, but caught not one fish that I durst eat of till I was weary of my sport; when, just going to leave off, I caught a young dolphin. I had made me a long line of some rope-yarn, but I had no hooks; yet I frequently caught fish enough, as much as I cared to eat; all which I dried in the sun, and ate them dry.

May 5. Worked on the wreck, cut another beam asunder, and brought three great fir planks off from the decks, which I tied together, and made swim on shore when the tide of flood came on.

May 6. Worked on the wreck, got several iron bolts out of her, and other pieces of iron work; worked very hard, and came home very much tired, and had thoughts of giving it over.

May 7. Went to the wreck again, but with an intent not to work; but found the weight of the wreck had broken itself down, the beams being cut, that several pieces of the ship seemed to lie loose, and the inside of the hold lay so open that I could see into it, but almost full of water and sand.

May 8. Went to the wreck, and carried an iron crow to wrench up the deck, which lay now quite clear of the water or sand. I wrenched open two planks, and brought them on shore also with the tide. I left the iron crow in the wreck for next day.

May 9. Went to the wreck, and with the crow made way into the body of the wreck, and felt several casks, and loosened them with the crow, but could not break them up. I felt also the roll of English lead, and could stir it, but it was too heavy to remove.

May 10, 11, 12, 13, 14. Went every day to the wreck, and got a great deal of pieces of timber and boards, or planks, and two or three hundredweight of iron.

May 15. I carried two hatchets to try if I could not cut a piece off of the roll of lead, by placing the edge of one hatchet and driving it with the other; but as it lay about a foot and a half in the water, I could not make any blow to drive the hatchet.

May 16. It had blowed hard in the night, and the wreck appeared more broken by the force of the water; but I stayed so long in

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the woods to get pigeons for food, that the tide prevented me going to the wreck that day.

May 17. I saw some pieces of the wreck blown on shore, at a great distance, near two miles off me, but resolved to see what they were, and found it was a piece of the head, but too heavy for me to bring away.

May 24. Every day to this day I worked on the wreck, and with hard labor I loosened some things so much with the crow, that the first blowing tide several casks floated out, and two of the seamen's chests; but the wind blowing from the shore, nothing came to land that day but pieces of timber, and a hogshead which had some Brazil pork in it, but the salt water and the sand had spoiled it.

I continued this work every day to the 15th of June, except the time necessary to get food, which I always appointed, during this part of my employment, to be when the tide was up, that I might be ready when it was ebbed out; and by this time I had gotten timber and plank and iron-work enough to have builded a good boat, if I had known how; and also, I got at several times and in several pieces near one hundred-weight of the sheet lead.

June 16. Going down to the seaside, I found a large tortoise or turtle. This was the first I had seen; which it seems, was only my misfortune, not any defect of the place or scarcity: for had I happened to be on the other side of the island, I might have had hundreds of them every day, as I found afterwards; but, perhaps, had paid dear enough for them.

June 17. I spent in cooking the turtle. I found in her threescore eggs; and her flesh was to me at that time the most savory and pleasant that ever I tasted in my life, having had no flesh, but of goats and fowls, since I landed in this horrid place.

June 18. Rained all day, and I stayed within. I thought at this time the rain felt cold, and I was something chilly, which I knew was not usual in that latitude.

June 19. Very ill, and shivering, as if the weather had been cold.

June 20. No rest all night, violent pains in my head, and feverish.

June 21. Very ill. Frightened almost to death with the apprehensions of my sad condition, — to be sick and no help. Prayed to God for the first time since the storm off of Hull; but scarce knew what I said, or why, my thoughts being all confused.

June 22. A little better, but under dreadful apprehensions of sickness.

June 23. Very bad again, cold and shivering, and then a violent headache.

June 24. Much better.

June 25. An ague, very violent. The fit held me seven hours, cold fit and hot, with faint sweats after it.

June 26. Better; and having no victuals to eat, took my gun, but found myself very weak. However, I killed a she-goat, and with much difficulty got it home, and broiled some of it, and ate. I would fain have stewed it, and made some broth, but had no pot.

June 27. The ague again, so violent that I lay abed all day, and neither ate nor drank. I was ready to perish for thirst, but so weak I had not strength to stand up or to get myself any water to drink. Prayed to God again; but was light-headed, and when I was not, I was so ignorant that I knew not what to say; only I lay and cried, "Lord, look upon me; Lord, pity me; Lord, have mercy upon me!" I suppose I did nothing else for two or three hours, till the fit wearing off I fell asleep, and did not wake till far in the night. When I waked I found myself much refreshed, but weak and exceeding thirsty. However, as I had no water in my whole habitation, I was forced to lie till morning, and went to sleep again. In this second sleep I had this terrible dream: —

I thought that I was sitting on the ground on the outside of my wall, where I sat when the storm blew after the earthquake, and that I saw a man descend from a great black cloud, in a bright flame of fire, and light upon the ground. He was all over as bright as a flame, so that I could but just bear to look towards him. His countenance was most inexpressibly dreadful, impossible for words to describe. When he stepped upon the ground with his feet, I thought the earth trembled, just as it had done before in the earthquake; and all the air looked, to my apprehension, as if it had been filled with flashes of fire.

He was no sooner landed upon the earth but he moved forward towards me, with a

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long spear or weapon in his hand, to kill me. And when he came to a rising ground at some distance, he spoke to me, or I heard a voice so terrible, that it is impossible to express the terror of it. All that I can say I understood was this, "Seeing all these things have not brought thee to repentance, now thou shalt die." At which words, I thought he lifted up the spear that was in his hand to kill me.

No one that shall ever read this account will expect that I should be able to describe the horrors of my soul at this terrible vision. I mean, that even while it was a dream, I even dreamed of those horrors. Nor is it any more possible to describe the impression that remained upon my mind, when I awaked and found it was but a dream.

I had, alas! no divine knowledge. What I had received by the good instruction of my father was then worn out by an uninterrupted series, for eight years, of seafaring wickedness, and a constant conversation with nothing but such as were like myself, wicked and profane to the last degree. I do not remember that I had in all that time one thought that so much as tended either to looking upwards toward God, or inwards towards a reflection upon my own ways. But a certain stupidity of soul, without desire of good or conscience of evil, had entirely overwhelmed me, and I was all that the most hardened, unthinking, wicked creature among our common sailors can be supposed to be, not having the least sense, either of the fear of God in danger, or of thankfulness to God in deliverance.

In the relating what is already past of my story, this will be the more easily believed when I shall add, that through all the variety of miseries that had to this day befallen me, I never had so much as one thought of it being the hand of God, or that it was a just punishment for my sin, my rebellious behavior against my father, or my present sins, which were great; or so much as a punishment for the general course of my wicked life. When I was on the desperate expedition on the desert shores of Africa, I never had so much as one thought of what would become of me; or one wish to God to direct me whither I should go, or to keep me from the danger which apparently surrounded me, as well from voracious creatures as cruel savages. But I was merely thoughtless of a God, or a Providence; acted like a mere brute from the principles of nature, and by the dictates of common sense only, and indeed hardly that.

When I was delivered and taken up at sea by the Portuguese captain, well used, and dealt justly and honorably with, as well as charitably, had I not the least thankfulness on my thoughts. When again I was shipwrecked, ruined, and in danger of drowning on this island, I was as far from remorse, or looking on it as a judgment; I only said to myself often that I was an unfortunate dog, and born to be always miserable.

It is true, when I got on shore first here, and found all my ship's crew drowned and myself spared, I was surprised with a kind of ecstasy and some transports of soul, which, had the grace of God assisted, might have come up to true thankfulness. But it ended where it began, in a mere common flight of joy, or, as I may say, being glad I was alive, without the least reflection upon the distinguishing goodness of the hand which had preserved me, and had singled me out to be preserved, when all the rest were destroyed; or an inquiry why Providence had been thus merciful to me, — even just the same common sort of joy which seamen generally have after they have got safe ashore from a shipwreck, which they drown all in the next bowl of punch, and forget almost as soon as it is over; and all the rest of my life was like it.

Even when I was afterwards, on due consideration, made sensible of my condition, how I was cast on this dreadful place, out of the reach of human kind, out of all hope of relief or prospect of redemption, as soon as I saw but a prospect of living, and that I should not starve and perish for hunger, all the sense of my affliction wore off, and I began to be very easy, applied myself to the works proper for my preservation and supply, and was far enough from being afflicted at my condition, as a judgment from Heaven, or as the hand of God against me. These were thoughts which very seldom entered into my head.

The growing up of the corn, as is hinted in my journal, had at first some little influence upon me, and began to affect me with seriousness, as long as I thought it had some-

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thing miraculous in it; but as soon as ever that part of the thought was removed, all the impression which was raised from it wore off also, as I have noted already.

Even the earthquake, though nothing could be more terrible in its nature, or more immediately directing to the Invisible Power which alone directs such things, yet no sooner was the first fright over, but the impression it had made went off also. I had no more sense of God or his judgments, much less of the present affliction of my circumstances being from his hand, than if I had been in the most prosperous condition of life.

But now, when I began to be sick, and a leisurely view of the miseries of death came to place itself before me; when my spirits began to sink under the burden of a strong distemper, and nature was exhausted with the violence of the fever, conscience, that had slept so long, began to awake, and I began to reproach myself with my past life, in which I had so evidently, by uncommon wickedness, provoked the justice of God to lay me under uncommon strokes, and to deal with me in so vindictive a manner.

These reflections oppressed me for the second or third day of my distemper, and in the violence, as well of the fever as of the dreadful reproaches of my conscience, extorted some words from me like praying to God, though I cannot say they were either a prayer attended with desires or with hopes; it was rather the voice of mere fright and distress. My thoughts were confused, the convictions great upon my mind, and the horror of dying in such a miserable condition raised vapors into my head with the mere apprehensions; and in these hurries of my soul I know not what my tongue might express. But it was rather exclamation, such as "Lord, what a miserable creature am I! If I should be sick, I shall certainly die for want of help, and what will become of me?" Then the tears burst out of my eyes, and I could say no more for a good while.

In this interval the good advice of my father came to my mind, and presently his prediction, which I mentioned at the beginning of this story, namely, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery. "Now," said I aloud, "my dear father's words are come to pass; God's justice has overtaken me, and I have none to help or hear me. I rejected the voice of Providence, which had mercifully put me in a posture or station of life wherein I might have been happy and easy; but I would neither see it myself nor learn to know the blessing of it from my parents. I left them to mourn over my folly, and now I am left to mourn under the consequences of it. I refused their help and assistance who would have lifted me into the world, and would have made everything easy to me; and now I have difficulties to struggle with too great for even nature itself to support, and no assistance, no help, no comfort, no advice." Then I cried out, "Lord, be my help; for I am in great distress."

This was the first prayer, if I may call it so, that I had made for many years. But I return to my journal.

June 28. Having been somewhat refreshed with the sleep I had had, and the fit being entirely off, I got up, and though the fright and terror of my dream was very great, yet I considered that the fit of the ague would return again the next day, and now was my time to get something to refresh and support myself when I should be ill. And the first thing I did, I filled a large square case-bottle with water and set it upon my table, in reach of my bed; and to take off the chill or aguish disposition of the water, I put about a quarter of a pint of rum into it, and mixed them together. Then I got me a piece of the goat's flesh and broiled it on the coals, but could eat very little. I walked about, but was very weak, and withal very sad and heavy-hearted in the sense of my miserable condition, dreading the return of my distemper the next day. At night I made my supper of three of the turtle's eggs, which I roasted in the ashes, and ate, as we call it, in the shell; and this was the first bit of meat I had ever asked God's blessing to, even as I could remember, in my whole life.

After I had eaten I tried to walk, but found myself so weak that I could hardly carry the gun (for I never went out without that); so I went but a little way, and sat down upon the ground, looking out upon the sea, which was just before me, and very

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calm and smooth. As I sat here, some such thoughts as these occurred to me: —

What is this earth and sea of which I have seen so much? whence is it produced? and what am I and all the other creatures, wild and tame, human and brutal? whence are we?

Sure we are all made by some secret Power, who formed the earth and sea, the air and sky; and who is that?

Then it followed most naturally, It is God that has made it all. Well, but then it came on strangely, if God has made all these things, he guides and governs them all, and all things that concern them; for the Power that could make all things must certainly have power to guide and direct them.

If so, nothing can happen in the great circuit of his works, either without his knowledge or appointment.

And if nothing happens without his knowledge, he knows that I am here, and am in this dreadful condition; and if nothing happens without his appointment, he has appointed all this to befall me.

Nothing occurred to my thoughts to contradict any of these conclusions; and therefore it rested upon me with the greater force, that it must needs be that God had appointed all this to befall me; that I was brought to this miserable circumstance by his direction, he having the sole power, not of me only, but of everything that happened in the world. Immediately it followed, —

Why has God done this to me? What have I done to be thus used?

My conscience presently checked me in that inquiry, as if I had blasphemed, and methought it spoke to me like a voice: Wretch! dost thou ask what thou hast done? Look back upon a dreadful misspent life, and ask thyself what thou hast not done? Ask, Why is it that thou wert not long ago destroyed? Why wert thou not drowned in Yarmouth Roads? killed in the fight when the ship was taken by the Sallee man-of-war? devoured by the wild beasts on the coast of Africa? or drowned here, when all the crew perished but thyself? Dost thou ask, What have I done?

I was struck dumb with these reflections, as one astonished, and had not a word to say, no, not to answer to myself; but rose up pensive and sad, walked back to my retreat, and went up over my wall, as if I had been going to bed; but my thoughts were sadly disturbed, and I had no inclination to sleep; so I sat down in my chair, and lighted my lamp, for it began to be dark. Now as the apprehension of the return of my distemper terrified me very much, it occurred to my thought that the Brazilians take no physic but their tobacco for almost all distempers; and I had a piece of a roll of tobacco in one of the chests, which was quite cured, and some also that was green and not quite cured.

I went, directed by Heaven no doubt; for in this chest I found a cure both for soul and body. I opened the chest and found what I looked for, namely, the tobacco; and as the few books I had saved lay there too, I took out one of the Bibles which I mentioned before, and which to this time I had not found leisure, or so much as inclination to look into, — I say, I took it out, and brought both that and the tobacco with me to the table.

What use to make of the tobacco I knew not, as to my distemper, or whether it was good for it or no; but I tried several experiments with it, as if I was resolved it should hit one way or other. I first took a piece of a leaf and chewed it in my mouth, which indeed at first almost stupefied my brain, the tobacco being green and strong, and that I had not been much used to it; then I took some and steeped it an hour or two in some rum, and resolved to take a dose of it when I lay down; and lastly, I burned some upon a pan of coals, and held my nose close over the smoke of it as long as I could bear it, as well for the heat as almost for suffocation.

In the interval of this operation, I took up the Bible and began to read; but my head was too much disturbed with the tobacco to bear reading, at least that time. Only having opened the book casually, the first words that occurred to me were these, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

The words were very apt to my case, and made some impression upon my thoughts at the time of reading them, though not so much as they did afterwards; for, as for being delivered, the word had no sound, as I may say, to me; the thing was so remote, so impossible in my apprehension of things, that I began to say as the children of Israel did, when they were promised flesh to eat, "Can God spread a table in the wilderness?"

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so I began to say, Can God himself deliver me from this place? and as it was not for many years that any hope appeared, this prevailed very often upon my thoughts; but, however, the words made a great impression upon me, and I mused upon them very often. It grew now late, and the tobacco had, as I said, dozed my head so much that I inclined to sleep; so I left my lamp burning in the cave lest I should want anything in the night, and went to bed: but, before I lay down, I did what I never had done in all my life, — I kneeled down and prayed to God to fulfil the promise to me, that if I called upon him in the day of trouble, he would deliver me. After my broken and imperfect prayer was over, I drank the rum in which I had steeped the tobacco, which was so strong and rank of the tobacco that indeed I could scarce get it down. Immediately upon this I went to bed. I found presently it flew up in my head violently, but I fell into a sound sleep, and waked no more till, by the sun, it must necessarily be near three o'clock in the afternoon the next day. Nay, to this hour I am partly of the opinion that I slept all the next day and night, and till almost three that day after; for otherwise I knew not how I should lose a day out of my reckoning in the days of the week, as it appeared some years after I had done. For if I had lost it by crossing and recrossing the line, I should have lost more than one day; but, certainly, I lost a day in my account, and never knew which way.

Be that, however, one way or the other, when I awoke I found myself exceedingly refreshed, and my spirits lively and cheerful; when I got up I was stronger than I was the day before, and my stomach better, for I was hungry; and, in short, I had no fit the next day, but continued much altered for the better. This was the 29th.

The 30th was my well day, of course, and I went abroad with my gun, but did not care to travel too far. I killed a sea-fowl or two, something like a brand-goose, and brought them home, but was not very forward to eat them; so I ate some more of the turtle's eggs, which were very good. This evening I renewed the medicine which I had supposed did me good the day before, namely, the tobacco steeped in rum; only I did not take so much as before, nor did I chew any of the leaf, or hold my head over the smoke. However, I was not so well the next day, which was the 1st of July, as I hoped I should have been; for I had a little spice of the cold fit, but it was not much.

July 2. I renewed the medicine all the three ways, and dozed myself with it as at first; and doubled the quantity which I drank.

July 3. I missed the fit for good and all, though I did not recover my full strength for some weeks after. While I was thus gathering strength my thoughts ran exceedingly upon this Scripture, "I will deliver thee"; and the impossibility of my deliverance lay much upon my mind in bar of my ever expecting it. But as I was discouraging myself with such thoughts it occurred to my mind that I pored so much upon my deliverance from the main affliction that I disregarded the deliverance I had received; and I was, as it were, made to ask myself such questions as these, namely, Have I not been delivered, and wonderfully too, from sickness, from the most distressed condition that could be, and that was so frightful to me? And what notice I had taken of it: Had I done my part? God had delivered me, but I had not glorified him; that is to say, I had not owned and been thankful for that as a deliverance. And how could I expect greater deliverance?

This touched my heart very much, and immediately I kneeled down and gave God thanks aloud for my recovery from my sickness.

July 4. In the morning I took the Bible, and, beginning at the New Testament, I began seriously to read it, and imposed upon myself to read awhile every morning and every night, not tying myself to the number of chapters, but as long as my thoughts should engage me. It was not long after I set seriously to this work, but I found my heart more deeply and sincerely affected with the wickedness of my past life. The impression of my dream revived, and the words, "All these things have not brought thee to repentance," ran seriously in my thought. I was earnestly begging of God to give me repentance, when it happened providentially the very day that, reading the Scriptures, I came to these words, "He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance, and to give

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remission." I threw down the book, and with my heart as well as my hands lifted up to heaven, in a kind of ecstasy of joy, I cried out aloud, "Jesus, thou Son of David, Jesus, thou exalted Prince and Saviour, give me repentance!"

This was the first time that I could say, in the true sense of the words, that I prayed in all my life; for now I prayed with a sense of my condition, and with a true Scripture view of hope founded on the encouragement of the Word of God; and from this time, I may say, I began to have hope that God would hear me.

Now I began to construe the words mentioned above, "Call on me, and I will deliver thee," in a different sense from what I had ever done before; for then I had no notion of anything being called deliverance but my being delivered from the captivity I was in: for though I was indeed at large in the place, yet the island was certainly a prison to me, and that in the worst sense in the world; but now I learned to take it in another sense. Now I looked back upon my past life with such horror, and my sins appeared so dreadful, that my soul sought nothing of God but deliverance from the load of guilt that bore down all my comfort. As for my solitary life, it was nothing; I did not so much as pray to be delivered from it, or think of it; it was all of no consideration in comparison to this. And I add this part here, to hint to whoever shall read it, that whenever they come to a true sense of things, they will find deliverance from sin a much greater blessing than deliverance from affliction.

But, leaving this part, I return to my journal.

My condition began now to be, though not less miserable as to my way of living, yet much easier to my mind; and my thoughts being directed, by a constant reading of the Scriptures and praying to God, to things of a higher nature, I had a great deal of comfort within, which till now I knew nothing of. Also, as my health and strength returned, I bestirred myself to furnish myself with everything that I wanted, and make my way of living as regular as I could.

From the 4th of July to the 14th I was chiefly employed in walking about with my gun in my hand, a little and a little at a time, as a man that was gathering up his strength after a fit of sickness; for it was hardly to be imagined how low I was, and to what weakness I was reduced. The application which I made use of was perfectly new, and perhaps what had never cured an ague before, neither can I recommend it to any one to practise, by this experiment; and though it did carry off the fit, yet it rather contributed to weakening me, for I had frequent convulsions in my nerves and limbs for some time.

I learned from it also this in particular, that being abroad in the rainy season was the most pernicious thing to my health that could be, especially in those rains which came attended with storms and hurricanes of wind; for as the rain which came in the dry season was always most accompanied with such storms, so I found that rain was much more dangerous than the rain which fell in September and October.

I had been now in this unhappy island above ten months; all possibility of deliverance from this condition seemed to be entirely taken from me, and I firmly believed that no human shape had ever set foot upon that place. Having now secured my habitation, as I thought, fully to my mind, I had a great desire to make a more perfect discovery of the island, and to see what other productions I might find which I yet knew nothing of.

It was the 15th of July that I began to take a more particular survey of the island itself. I went up the creek first, where, as I hinted, I brought my rafts on shore. I found, after I came about two miles up, that the tide did not flow any higher, and that it was no more than a little brook of running water, and very fresh and good; but this being the dry season, there was hardly any water in some parts of it, at least not enough to run in any stream, so as it could be perceived. On the bank of this brook I found many pleasant savannas, or meadows, plain, smooth, and covered with grass; and on the rising parts of them, next to the higher grounds, where the water, as it might be supposed, never overflowed, I found a great deal of tobacco, green, and growing to a great and very strong stalk. There were divers other plants which I had no notion of, or understanding about, and might perhaps have

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virtues of their own, which I could not find out.

I searched for the cassava root, which the Indians in all that climate make their bread of; but I could find none. I saw large plants of aloes, but did not then understand them. I saw several sugar canes, but wild, and, for want of cultivation, imperfect. I contented myself with these discoveries for this time, and came back musing with myself what course I might take to know the virtue and goodness of any of the fruits or plants which I should discover, but could bring it to no conclusion; for, in short, I had made so little observation while I was in the Brazils, that I knew little of the plants in the field, at least very little that might serve me to any purpose now in my distress.

The next day, the 16th, I went up the same way again, and after going something farther than I had gone the day before, I found the brook, and the savannas began to cease, and the country became more woody than before. In this part I found different fruits, and, particularly, I found melons upon the ground in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees; the vines had spread indeed over the trees, and the clusters of grapes were just now in their prime, very ripe and rich. This was a surprising discovery, and I was exceeding glad of them; but I was warned by my experience to eat sparingly of them, remembering that, when I was ashore in Barbary, the eating of grapes killed several of our Englishmen, who were slaves there, by throwing them into fluxes and fevers. But I found an excellent use for these grapes, and that was to cure or dry them in the sun, and keep them as dried grapes or raisins are kept; which I thought would be, as indeed they were, as wholesome as agreeable to eat, when no grapes might be to be had.

I spent all that evening there, and went not back to my habitation, which, by the way, was the first night, as I might say, I had lain from home. In the night I took my first contrivance, and got up into a tree, where I slept well; and the next morning proceeded upon my discovery, travelling nearly four miles, as I might judge by the length of the valley, keeping still due north, with a ridge of hills on the south and north side of me.

At the end of this march I came to an opening, where the country seemed to descend to the west, and a little spring of fresh water, which issued out of the side of the hill by me, ran the other way, that is, due east; and the country appeared so fresh, so green, so flourishing, everything being in a constant verdure, or flourish of spring, that it looked like a planted garden.

I descended a little on the side of that delicious vale, surveying it with a secret kind of pleasure (though mixed with my other afflicting thoughts), — to think that this was all my own, that I was king and lord of all this country indefeasibly, and had a right of possession; and if I could convey it, I might have it in inheritance as completely as any lord of a manor in England. I saw here abundance of cocoa trees, orange and lemon and citron trees, but all wild, and very few bearing any fruit, at least not then. However, the green limes that I gathered were not only pleasant to eat, but very wholesome; and I mixed their juice afterwards with water, which made it very wholesome, and very cool and refreshing.

I found now I had business enough to gather and carry home; and I resolved to lay up a store, as well of grapes as limes and lemons, to furnish myself for the wet season, which I knew was approaching.

In order to this, I gathered a great heap of grapes in one place, and a lesser heap in another place, and a great parcel of limes and lemons in another place; and, taking a few of each with me, I travelled homeward, and resolved to come again, and bring a bag or sack, or what I could make to carry the rest home.

Accordingly, having spent three days in this journey, I came home; — so I must now call my tent and my cave. But, before I got thither, the grapes were spoiled, — the richness of the fruits and the weight of the juice having broken them, and bruised them, they were good for little or nothing; as to the limes, they were good, but I could bring but a few.

The next day, being the 19th, I went back, having made me two small bags to bring home my harvest. But I was surprised when, coming to my heap of grapes, which were so rich and fine when I gathered them, I found them all spread about, trod to pieces,

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and dragged about, some here, some there, and abundance eaten and devoured. By this I concluded there were some wild creatures thereabouts which had done this, but what they were I knew not.

However, as I found that there was no laying them up on heaps, and no carrying them away in a sack, but that one way they would be destroyed, and the other way they would be crushed with their own weight, I took another course; for I gathered a large quantity of the grapes, and hung them up upon the out branches of the trees, that they might cure and dry in the sun; and as for the limes and lemons, I carried as many back as I could well stand under.

When I came home from this journey I contemplated with great pleasure the fruitfulness of that valley and the pleasantness of the situation, the security from storms on that side the water, and the wood, and concluded that I had pitched upon a place to fix my abode which was by far the worst part of the country. Upon the whole I began to consider of removing my habitation, and to look out for a place equally safe as where I now was situate, if possible, in that pleasant fruitful part of the island.

This thought ran long in my head, and I was exceeding fond of it for some time, the pleasantness of the place tempting me; but when I came to a nearer view of it, and to consider that I was now by the seaside, where it was at least possible that something might happen to my advantage, and by the same ill fate that brought me hither might bring some other unhappy wretches to the same place; and though it was scarce probable that any such thing should ever happen, yet to enclose myself among the hills and woods, in the centre of the island, was to anticipate my bondage, and to render such an affair not only improbable but impossible; and that, therefore, I ought not by any means to remove.

However, I was so enamored of this place, that I spent much of my time there for the whole remaining part of the month of July; and though, upon second thoughts, I resolved as above, not to remove, yet I built me a little kind of a bower, and surrounded it at a distance with a strong fence, being a double hedge, as high as I could reach, well staked, and filled between with brushwood; and here I lay very secure, sometimes two or three nights together, always going over it with a ladder as before; so that I fancied now I had my country house and my seacoast house. And this work took me up to the beginning of August.

I had but newly finished my fence and begun to enjoy my labor, when the rains came on, and made me stick close to my first habitation. For though I had made me a tent like the other, with a piece of a sail, and spread it very well, yet I had not the shelter of a hill to keep me from storms, nor a cave behind me to retreat into when the rains were extraordinary.

About the beginning of August, as I said, I had finished my bower and begun to enjoy myself. The 3d of August I found the grapes I had hung up were perfectly dried, and, indeed, were excellent good raisins of the sun; so I began to take them down from the trees, and it was very happy that I did so, for the rains which followed would have spoiled them, and I had lost the best part of my winter food, for I had above two hundred large bunches of them. No sooner had I taken them all down, and carried most of them home to my cave, but it began to rain, and from hence, which was the 14th of August, it rained more or less every day till the middle of October; and sometimes so violently that I could not stir out of my cave for several days.

In this season I was much surprised with the increase of my family. I had been concerned for the loss of one of my cats, which ran away from me, or as I thought had been dead, and I heard no more tale or tidings of her till, to my astonishment, she came home about the end of August with three kittens! This was the more strange to me because, though I had killed a wild-cat, as I called it, with my gun, yet I thought it was a quite different kind from our European cats; yet the young cats were the same kind of house breed like the old one; and both my cats being females, I thought it very strange. But from these three cats I afterwards came to be so pestered with cats that I was forced to kill them like vermin or wild beasts, and to drive them from my house as much as possible.

From the 14th of August to the 26th incessant rain, so that I could not stir, and was

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now very careful not to be much wet. In this confinement I began to be straitened for food, but venturing out twice, I one day killed a goat, and the last day, which was the 26th, found a very large tortoise, which was a treat to me; and my food was regulated thus: I ate a bunch of raisins for my breakfast, a piece of the goat's flesh or of the turtle for my dinner broiled, — for to my great misfortune I had no vessel to boil or stew anything, — and two or three of the turtle's eggs for my supper.

During this confinement in my cover by the rain, I worked daily two or three hours at enlarging my cave, and by degrees worked it on towards one side till I came to the outside of the hill, and made a door or way out, which came beyond my fence or wall, and so I came in and out this way. But I was not perfectly easy at lying so open; for as I had managed myself before, I was in a perfect enclosure, whereas now I thought I lay exposed and open for anything to come in upon me. And yet I could not perceive that there was any living thing to fear, the biggest creature that I had yet seen upon the island being a goat.

September the 30th. I was now come to the unhappy anniversary of my landing. I cast up the notches on my post, and found I had been on shore 365 days. I kept this day as a solemn fast, setting it apart to religious exercise, prostrating myself on the ground with the most serious humiliation, confessing my sins to God, acknowledging his righteous judgments upon me, and praying to him to have mercy on me through Jesus Christ. And having not tasted the least refreshment for twelve hours, even till the going down of the sun, I then ate a biscuit cake and a bunch of grapes, and went to bed, finishing the day as I began it.

I had all this time observed no Sabbath day; for as at first I had no sense of religion upon my mind, I had after some time omitted to distinguish the weeks by making a longer notch than ordinary for the Sabbath day, and so did not really know what any of the days were. But now, having cast up the days as above, I found I had been there a year; so I divided it into weeks, and set apart every seventh day for a Sabbath; though I found at the end of my account I had lost a day or two in my reckoning.

A little after this my ink began to fail me, and so I contented myself to use it more sparingly, and to write down only the most remarkable events of my life, without continuing a daily memorandum of other things.

The rainy season and the dry season began now to appear regular to me; and I learned to divide them, so as to provide for them accordingly. But I bought all my experience before I had it; and this I am going to relate was one of the most discouraging experiments that I made at all. I have mentioned that I had saved the few ears of barley and rice which I had so surprisingly found springing up, as I thought of themselves, and believe there were about thirty stalks of rice, and about twenty of barley. And now I thought it a proper time to sow it after the rains, the sun being in its southern position going from me.

Accordingly I dug up a piece of ground as well as I could with my wooden spade, and dividing it into two parts, I sowed my grain; but as I was sowing it casually occurred to my thoughts that I would not sow it all at first, because I did not know when was the proper time for it, so I sowed about two thirds of the seed, leaving about a handful of each.

It was a great comfort to me afterwards that I did so, for not one grain of that I sowed this time came to anything; for the dry months following, the earth having had no rain after the seed was sown, it had no moisture to assist its growth, and never came up at all till the wet season had come again, and then it grew as if it had been but newly sown.

Finding my first seed did not grow, which I easily imagined was by the drought, I sought for a moister piece of ground to make another trial in; and I dug up a piece of ground near my new bower, and sowed the rest of my seed in February, a little before the vernal equinox; and this, having the rainy months of March and April to water it, sprung up very pleasantly, and yielded a very good crop. But having part of the seed left only, and not daring to sow all that I had, I had but a small quantity at last, my whole crop not amounting to above half a peck of each kind.

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But by this experiment I was made master of my business, and knew exactly when the proper season was to sow; and that I might expect two seed-times and two harvests every year.

While this corn was growing I made a little discovery, which was of use to me afterwards. As soon as the rains were over and the weather began to settle, which was about the month of November, I made a visit up the country to my bower, where, though I had not been some months, yet I found all things just as I left them. The circle, or double hedge, that I had made was not only firm and entire, but the stakes, which I had cut out of some trees that grew thereabouts, were all shot out and grown with long branches, as much as a willow-tree usually shoots the first year after lopping its head. I could not tell what tree to call it that these stakes were cut from. I was surprised and yet very well pleased to see the young trees grow; and I pruned them, and led them up to grow as much alike as I could; and it is scarce credible how beautiful a figure they grew into in three years. So that, though the hedge made a circle of about twenty-five yards in diameter, yet the trees (such I might now call them) soon covered it; and it was a complete shade, sufficient to lodge under all the dry season.

This made me resolve to cut some more stakes, and make me a hedge like this in a semicircle round my wall, — I mean that of my first dwelling, — which I did; and placing the trees or stakes in a double row, at about eight yards' distance from my first fence, they grew presently, and were at first a fine cover to my habitation, and afterwards served as a defence also, as I shall observe in its order.

I found now that the seasons of the year might generally be divided, not into summer and winter, as in Europe, but into the rainy seasons and the dry seasons, which were generally thus: —

Half February, March, Half April,	Rainy, — the sun being then on or near the Equinox.
Half April, May, June, July, Half August,	Dry, — the sun being then to the north of the Line.
Half August, September, Half October,	Rainy, — the sun being then come back.
Half October, November, December, January, Half February,	Dry, — the sun being then to the south of the Line.

The rainy season sometimes held longer or shorter, as the winds happened to blow, but this was the general observation I made. After I had found, by experience, the ill consequence of being abroad in the rain, I took care to furnish myself with provisions beforehand, that I might not be obliged to go out; and I sat within doors as much as possible during the wet months.

In this time I found much employment (and very suitable also to the time), for I found great occasion of many things which I had no way to furnish myself with but by hard labor and constant application; particularly I tried many ways to make myself a basket, but all the twigs I could get for the purpose proved so brittle that they would do nothing. It proved of excellent advantage to me now, that when I was a boy I used to take great delight in standing at a basket-maker's in the town where my father lived to see them make their wicker-ware; and being, as boys usually are, very officious to help, and a great observer of the manner how they worked those things, and sometimes lending a hand, I had by this means full knowledge of the methods of it, that I wanted nothing but the materials, when it came into my mind that the twigs of that tree from whence I cut my stakes that grew might possibly be as tough as the sallows and willows and osiers in England, and I resolved to try.

Accordingly, the next day I went to my country house, as I called it, and cutting some of the smaller twigs, I found them to my purpose as much as I could desire; whereupon I came the next time prepared with a hatchet to cut down a quantity, which I soon found, for there was great plenty of them. These I set up to dry within my circle or hedge, and when they were fit for use I carried them to my cave, and here, during the next season, I employed myself in making, as well as I could, a great many baskets, both to carry earth, or to carry or lay up anything as I had occasion; and though I

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did not finish them very handsomely, yet I made them sufficiently serviceable for my purpose; and thus afterwards I took care never to be without them. And as my wicker-ware decayed I made more; especially I made strong deep baskets to place my corn in instead of sacks, when I should come to have any quantity of it.

Having mastered this difficulty, and employed a world of time about it, I bestirred myself to see if possible how to supply two wants. I had no vessels to hold anything that was liquid except two runlets, which were almost full of rum, and some glass bottles, some of the common size, and others, which were case-bottles, square, for the holding of water, spirits, &c. I had not so much as a pot to boil anything, except a great kettle, which I saved out of the ship, and which was too big for such use as I desired, — namely, to make broth, and stew a bit of meat by itself. The second thing I would fain have had was a tobacco-pipe, but it was impossible to me to make one; however, I found a contrivance for that too at last.

I employed myself in planting my second row of stakes or piles, and in this wicker-working all the summer or dry season, when another business took me up more time than it could be imagined I could spare.

I mentioned before that I had a great mind to see the whole island, and that I had travelled up the brook, and so on to where I built my bower, and where I had an opening quite to the sea on the other side of the island. I now resolved to travel quite across to the sea-shore on that side; so taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, and a larger quantity of powder and shot than usual, with two biscuit cakes, and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch for my store, I began my journey. When I had passed the vale where my bower stood as above, I came within view of the sea to the west, and it being a very clear day I fairly descried land, whether an island or a continent I could not tell; but it lay very high, extending from the west to the west-southwest, at a very great distance. By my guess it could not be less than fifteen or twenty leagues off.

I could not tell what part of the world this might be, otherwise than that I knew it must be part of America, and, as I concluded by all my observations, must be near the Spanish dominions; and perhaps was all inhabited by savages, where, if I should have landed, I had been in a worse condition than I was now; and therefore I acquiesced in the dispositions of Providence, which I began now to own and to believe ordered everything for the best; I say I quieted my mind with this, and left afflicting myself with fruitless wishes of being there.

Besides, after some pause upon this affair, I considered that if this land was the Spanish coast, I should certainly, one time or other, see some vessel pass or repass one way or other; but if not, then it was the savage coast between the Spanish country and the Brazils, which are indeed the worst of savages, for they are cannibals, or men-eaters, and fail not to murder and devour all the human bodies that fall into their hands.

With these considerations I walked very leisurely forward. I found that side of the island where I now was much pleasanter than mine; the open or savanna fields sweet, adorned with flowers and grass, and full of very fine woods. I saw abundance of parrots, and fain I would have caught one, if possible, to have kept it to be tame, and taught it to speak to me. I did, after some painstaking, catch a young parrot, for I knocked it down with a stick, and having recovered it I brought it home; but it was some years before I could make him speak. However, at last I taught him to call me by my name very familiarly. But the accident that followed, though it be a trifle, will be very diverting in its place.

I was exceedingly diverted with this journey. I found in the low grounds hares, as I thought them to be, and foxes; but they differed greatly from all the other kinds I had met with, nor could I satisfy myself to eat them, though I killed several. But I had no need to be venturous, for I had no want of food, and of that which was very good too; especially these three sorts, namely, goats, pigeons, and turtle or tortoise, which, added to my grapes, Leadenhall Market could not have furnished a table better than I in proportion to the company. And though my case was deplorable enough, yet I had great cause for thankfulness, and that I was not driven to any extremities for food, but rather plenty, even to dainties.

I never travelled in this journey above

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two miles outright in a day, or thereabouts. But I took so many turns and returns to see what discoveries I could make, that I came weary enough to the place where I resolved to sit down for all night; and then I either reposed myself in a tree, or surrounded myself with a row of stakes set upright in the ground, either from one tree to another, or so as no wild creature could come at me without waking me.

As soon as I came to the sea-shore I was surprised to see that I had taken up my lot on the worst side of the island; for here, indeed, the shore was covered with innumerable turtles, whereas on the other side I had found but three in a year and a half. Here was also an infinite number of fowls of many kinds; some which I had seen, and some which I had not seen before, — and many of them very good meat, — but such as I knew not the names of, except those called penguins.

I could have shot as many as I pleased, but was very sparing of my powder and shot, and therefore had more mind to kill a she-goat if I could, which I could better feed on; and though there were many goats here, more than on my side the island, yet it was with much more difficulty that I could come near them, the country being flat and even, and they saw me much sooner than when I was on the hill.

I confess this side of the country was much pleasanter than mine; but yet I had not the least inclination to remove, for as I was fixed in my habitation it became natural to me, and I seemed all the while I was here to be as it were upon a journey, and from home. However, I travelled along the shore of the sea towards the east, I suppose about twelve miles; and then, setting up a great pole upon the shore for a mark, I concluded I would go home again, and that the next journey I took should be on the other side of the island, east from my dwelling, and so round till I came to my post again; of which in its place.

I took another way to come back than that I went, thinking I could easily keep all the island so much in my view that I could not miss finding my first dwelling by viewing the country. But I found myself mistaken; for being come about two or three miles, I found myself descended into a very large valley, but so surrounded with hills, and those hills covered with wood, that I could not see which was my way by any direction but that of the sun, nor even then, unless I knew very well the position of the sun at that time of the day.

It happened, to my further misfortune, that the weather proved hazy for three or four days while I was in this valley; and not being able to see the sun, I wandered about very uncomfortably, and at last was obliged to find out the seaside, look for my post, and come back the same way I went. And then by easy journeys I turned homeward, the weather being exceeding hot, and my gun, ammunition, hatchet, and other things, very heavy.

In this journey my dog surprised a young kid and seized upon it, and I, running in to take hold of it, caught it, and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could; for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two, and so raise a breed of tame goats which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent.

I made a collar to this little creature, and with a string which I made of some rope-yarn which I always carried about me, I led him along, though with some difficulty, till I came to my bower, and there I enclosed him and left him; for I was very impatient to be at home, from whence I had been absent above a month.

I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch and lie down in my hammock-bed. This little wandering journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me, that my own house, as I called it to myself, was a perfect settlement to me compared to that; and it rendered everything about me so comfortable that I resolved I would never go a great way from it again while it should be my lot to stay on the island.

I reposed myself here a week, to rest and regale myself after my long journey; during which most of the time was taken up in the weighty affair of making a cage for my poll, which began now to be a mere domestic, and to be mighty well acquainted with me. Then I began to think of the poor kid which I had penned in within my little circle, and resolved to go and fetch it home or give it

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some food. Accordingly I went, and found it where I left it, for, indeed, it could not get out, but almost starved for want of food. I went and cut boughs of trees, and branches of such shrubs as I could find, and threw it over; and having fed it, I tied it as I did before, to lead it away. But it was so tame with being hungry that I had no need to have tied it, for it followed me like a dog; and as I continually fed it, the creature became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it became from that time one of my domestics also, and would never leave afterwards.

The rainy season of the autumnal equinox was now come, and I kept the 30th of September in the same solemn manner as before; being the anniversary of my landing on the island, having now been there two years, and no more prospect of being delivered than the first day I came there. I spent the whole day in humble and thankful acknowledgments of the many wonderful mercies which my solitary condition was attended with, and without which it might have been infinitely more miserable. I gave humble and hearty thanks that God had been pleased to discover to me even that it was possible I might be more happy in this solitary condition than I should have been in a liberty of society and in all the pleasures of the world; that he could fully make up to me the deficiencies of my solitary state, and the want of human society, by his presence and the communications of his grace to my soul, supporting, comforting, and encouraging me to depend upon his providence here, and hope for his eternal presence hereafter.

It was now that I began sensibly to feel how much more happy this life I now led was, with all its miserable circumstances, than the wicked, cursed, abominable life I led all the past part of my days. And now I changed both my sorrows and my joys; my very desires altered, my affections changed their gusts, and my delights were perfectly new from what they were at my first coming, or indeed for the two years past.

Before, as I walked about, either on my hunting or for viewing the country, the anguish of my soul at my condition would break out upon me on a sudden, and my very heart would die within me to think of the woods, the mountains, the deserts, I was in, and how I was a prisoner locked up with the eternal bars and bolts of the ocean, in an uninhabited wilderness, without redemption. In the midst of the greatest composures of my mind this would break out upon me like a storm, and make me wring my hands and weep like a child. Sometimes it would take me in the middle of my work; and I would immediately sit down and sigh, and look upon the ground for an hour or two together. And this was still worse to me; for if I could burst out into tears or vent myself by words it would go off, and the grief, having exhausted itself, would abate.

But now I began to exercise myself with new thoughts. I daily read the Word of God, and applied all the comforts of it to my present state. One morning, being very sad, I opened the Bible upon these words: "I will never, never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Immediately it occurred that these words were to me. Why else should they be directed in such a manner, just at the moment when I was mourning over my condition as one forsaken of God and man? "Well, then," said I, "if God does not forsake me, of what ill consequence can it be, or what matters it, though the world should all forsake me, seeing, on the other hand, if I had all the world, and should lose the favor and blessing of God, there would be no comparison in the loss?"

From this moment I began to conclude in my mind that it was possible for me to be more happy in this forsaken, solitary condition, than it was probable I should ever have been in any other particular state in the world; and with this thought I was going to give thanks to God for bringing me to this place. I know not what it was, but something shocked my mind at that thought, and I durst not speak the words. "How canst thou be such a hypocrite," said I, even audibly, "to pretend to be thankful for a condition which, however thou mayst endeavor to be contented with, thou wouldst rather pray heartily to be delivered from?" So I stopped there. But though I could not say I thanked God for being there, yet I sincerely gave thanks to God for opening my eyes, by whatever afflicting providences, to see the former condition of my life, and to mourn for my wickedness, and repent. I never opened the Bible or shut it but my very soul within me blessed God for directing my friend in

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England, without any order of mine, to pack it up among my goods, and for assisting me afterwards to save it out of the wreck of the ship.

Thus, and in this disposition of mind, I began my third year. And though I have not given the reader the trouble of so particular account of my works this year as the first, yet in general it may be observed that I was very seldom idle, but having regularly divided my time according to the several daily employments that were before me, — such as, first, my duty to God and the reading the Scriptures, which I constantly set apart some time for thrice every day; secondly, the going abroad with my gun for food, which generally took me up three hours in every morning when it did not rain; thirdly, the ordering, curing, preserving, and cooking what I had killed or caught for my supply, — these took up great part of the day. Also it is to be considered that the middle of the day, when the sun was in the zenith, the violence of the heat was too great to stir out, so that about four hours in the evening was all the time I could be supposed to work in; with this exception, that sometimes I changed my hours of hunting and working, and went to work in the morning and abroad with my gun in the afternoon.

To this short time allowed for labor I desire may be added the exceeding laboriousness of my work, — the many hours which, for want of tools, want of help, and want of skill, everything I did took out my time. For example, I was full two-and-forty days making me a board for a long shelf which I wanted in my cave; whereas, two sawyers, with their tools and a saw-pit, would have cut six of them out of the same tree in half a day.

My case was this: It was to be a large tree which was to be cut down, because my board was to be a broad one. This tree I was three days a cutting down, and two more cutting off the boughs, and reducing it to a log, or piece of timber. With inexpressible hacking and hewing I reduced both the sides of it into chips, till it began to be light enough to move; then I turned it, and made one side of it smooth and flat as a board from end to end; then, turning that side downward, cut the other side, till I brought the plank to be about three inches thick, and smooth on both sides. Any one may judge the labor of my hands in such a piece of work; but labor and patience carried me through that and many other things. I only observe this in particular, to show the reason why so much of my time went away with so little work, namely, that what might be a little to be done with help and tools, was a vast labor and required a prodigious time to do alone and by hand.

But, notwithstanding this, with patience and labor I went through many things; and, indeed, everything that my circumstances made necessary to me to do, as will appear by what follows. I was now — in the months of November and December — expecting my crop of barley and rice. The ground I had manured or dug up for them was not great; for, as I observed, my seed of each was not above the quantity of half a peck, for I had lost one whole crop by sowing in the dry season. But now my crop promised very well, when on a sudden I found I was in danger of losing it all again by enemies of several sorts, which it was scarce possible to keep from it: as, first, the goats and wild creatures which I called hares, which, tasting the sweetness of the blade, lay in it night and day as soon as it came up, and ate it so close that it could get no time to shoot up into stalk. This I saw no remedy for but by making an enclosure about it with a hedge; which I did with a great deal of toil, and the more because it required speed. However, as my arable land was but small, suited to my crop, I got it totally well fenced in about three weeks' time; and shooting some of the creatures in the daytime, I set my dog to guard it in the night, tying him up to a stake at the gate, where he would stand and bark all night long. So in a little time the enemies forsook the place, and the corn grew very strong and well, and began to ripen apace.

But as the beasts ruined me before while my corn was in the blade, so the birds were as likely to ruin me now when it was in the ear; for, going along by the place to see how it throve, I saw my little crop surrounded with fowls of I know not how many sorts, which stood as it were watching till I should be gone. I immediately let fly among them, for I always had my gun with me. I had no sooner shot but there rose up a little

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cloud of fowls, which I had not seen at all, from among the corn itself.

This touched me sensibly, for I foresaw that in a few days they would devour all my hopes; that I should be starved, and never be able to raise a crop at all: and what to do I could not tell. However, I resolved not to lose my corn, if possible, though I should watch it night and day. In the first place, I went among it to see what damage was already done; and found they had spoiled a good deal of it, but that, as it was yet too green for them, the loss was not so great but that the remainder was like to be a good crop if it could be saved.

I stayed by it to load my gun; and then coming away I could easily see the thieves sitting upon all the trees about me, as if they only waited till I was gone away. And the event proved it to be so; for as I walked off as if I was gone, I was no sooner out of their sight but they dropped down one by one into the corn again. I was so provoked that I could not have patience to stay till more came on, knowing that every grain that they ate now was, as it might be said, a peck loaf to me in the consequence; but coming up to the hedge I fired again and killed three of them. This was what I wished for: so I took them up, and served them as we serve notorious thieves in England, namely, hanged them in chains for a terror to others. It is impossible to imagine almost that this should have such an effect as it had; for the fowls would not only not come at the corn, but, in short, they forsook all that part of the island, and I could never see a bird near the place as long as my scarecrows hung there.

This I was very glad of, you may be sure; and about the latter end of December, which was our second harvest of the year, I reaped my crop. I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down; and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broadswords or cutlasses which I saved among the arms out of the ship. However as my first crop was but small, I had no great difficulty to cut it down. In short, I reaped it my way, for I cut nothing off but the ears, and carried it away in a great basket which I had made, and so rubbed it out with my hands; and at the end of all my harvesting I found that out of my half-peck of seed I had near two bushels of rice and above two bushels and a half of barley,—that is to say, by my guess, for I had no measure at that time.

However, this was a great encouragement to me, and I foresaw that in time it would please God to supply me with bread. And yet here I was perplexed again: for I neither knew how to grind or make meal of my corn, or, indeed, how to clean it and part it; nor, if made into meal, how to make bread of it; and if how to make it, yet I knew not how to bake it. These things being added to my desire of having a good quantity for store, and to secure a constant supply, I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to preserve it all for seed against the next season; and in the mean time to employ all my study and hours of working to accomplish this great work of providing myself with corn and bread.

It might be truly said that now I worked for my bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon, namely, the strange multitude of little things necessary in the providing, producing, curing, dressing, making, and finishing this one article of bread. I that was reduced to a mere state of nature found this to my daily discouragement, and was made more and more sensible of it every hour, even after I had got the first handful of seed-corn; which, as I have said, came up unexpectedly, and indeed to a surprise.

First, I had no plough to turn up the earth, no spade or shovel to dig it. Well, this I conquered by making a wooden spade, as I observed before. But this did my work in but a wooden manner; and though it cost me a great many days to make it, yet for want of iron it not only wore out the sooner, but made my work the harder, and made it be performed much worse. However, this I bore with, and was content to work it out with patience, and bear with the badness of the performance. When the corn was sown I had no harrow, but was forced to go over it myself, and drag a great heavy bough of a tree over it, to scratch it, as it may be called, rather than rake or harrow it.

When it was growing and grown, I have observed already, how many things I wanted to fence it, secure it, mow or reap it, cure and carry it home, thrash, part it from the

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chaff, and save it. Then I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and salt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it; and yet all these things I did without, as shall be observed: and yet the corn was an inestimable comfort and advantage to me too. All this, as I said, made everything laborious and tedious to me, but that there was no help for, neither was my time so much loss to me, because, as I had divided it, a certain part of it was every day appointed to these works. And as I resolved to use none of the corn for bread till I had a greater quantity by me, I had the next six months to apply myself wholly by labor and invention to furnish myself with utensils proper for the performing all the operations necessary for the making the corn (when I had it) fit for my use.

But, first, I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow above an acre of ground. Before I did this I had a week's work at least to make me a spade; which, when it was done, was but a sorry one indeed, and very heavy, and required double labor to work with it. However, I went through that, and sowed my seed in two large flat pieces of ground as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge, the stakes of which were all cut of that wood which I had set before, and knew it would grow; so that in one year's time I knew I should have a quick or living hedge, that would want but little repair. This work was not so little as to take me up less than three months, because great part of that time was of the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

Within doors — that is, when it rained, and I could not go out — I found employment on the following occasions, always observing that all the while I was at work I diverted myself with talking to my parrot, and teaching him to speak; and I quickly learned him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud, — POLL, which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. This, therefore, was not my work, but an assistant to my work; for now, as I said, I had a great employment upon my hands, as follows; namely, I had long studied by some means or other to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any such clay, I might botch up some pot as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry and required to be kept so. And as this was necessary in the preparing corn, meal, &c., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having labored hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things — I cannot call them jars — in about two months' labor.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw. And these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success, — such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in

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the fire burned as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself, that certainly they might be made to burn whole if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in; or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside and upon the top till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run; for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on, so I slacked my fire gradually, till the pots began to abate of the red color; and watching them all night that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good — I will not say handsome — pipkins and two other earthen pots as hard burned as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt-pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold before I set one upon the fire again with some water in it to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well. And with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal, and several other ingredients requisite to make it so good as I would have had it been.

My next concern was, to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in; for as to the mill, there was no thought of arriving to that perfection of art with one pair of hands. To supply this want I was at a great loss; for of all trades in the world, I was as perfectly unqualified for a stonecutter as for any whatever; neither had I any tools to go about it with. I spent many a day to find out a great stone big enough to cut hollow, and make fit for a mortar, and could find none at all, except what was in the solid rock, and which I had no way to dig or cut out; nor, indeed, were the rocks in the island of hardness sufficient, but were all of a sandy, crumbling stone, which neither would bear the weight of a heavy pestle, or would break the corn without filling it with sand. So after a great deal of time lost in searching for a stone, I gave it over, and resolved to look out for a great block of hard wood, which I found indeed much easier; and getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it, and formed it in the outside with my axe and hatchet, and then, with the help of fire and infinite labor, made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this I made a great heavy pestle or beater of the wood called the iron-wood, and this I prepared and laid by against I had my next crop of corn, when I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound, my corn into meal to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve, or search, to dress my meal, and to part it from the bran and the husk, without which I did not see it possible I could have any bread. This was a most difficult thing so much as but to think on; for, to be sure, I had nothing like the necessary thing to make it, — I mean fine, thin canvas, or stuff to search the meal through. And here I was at a full stop for many months; nor did I really know what to do. Linen I had none left but what was mere rags. I had goats' hair, but neither knew I how to weave it or spin it; and had I known how, here were no tools to work it with. All the remedy that I found for this was, that at last I did remember I had among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship some neckcloths of calico or muslin; and with some pieces of these I made three small sieves, but proper enough for the work. And thus I made shift for some years. How I did afterwards I shall show in its place.

The baking part was the next thing to be

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considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for, first, I had no yeast. As to that part, as there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it; but for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this, — I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep; that is to say, about two feet diameter, and not above nine inches deep; these I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning also, — but I should not call them square.

When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot; then, sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf or loaves, and whelming down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat; and thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became in little time a mere pastry-cook into the bargain; for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings. Indeed I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

It need not be wondered at if all these things took me up most part of the third year of my abode here; for it is to be observed that, in the intervals of these things, I had my new harvest and husbandry to manage; for I reaped my corn in its season, and carried it home as well as I could, and laid it up in the ear in my large baskets till I had time to rub it out, for I had no floor to thrash it on, or instrument to thrash it with.

And now indeed my stock of corn increasing, I really wanted to build my barns bigger. I wanted a place to lay it up in, for the increase of the corn now yielded me so much that I had of the barley about twenty bushels, and of the rice as much, or more; insomuch that now I resolved to begin to use it freely, for my bread had been quite gone a great while. Also I resolved to see what quantity would be sufficient for me a whole year, and to sow but once a year.

Upon the whole, I found that the forty bushels of barley and rice was much more than I could consume in a year; so I resolved to sow just the same quantity every year that I sowed the last, in hopes that such a quantity would fully provide me with bread, &c.

All the while these things were doing you may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of land which I had seen from the other side of the island; and I was not without secret wishes that I were on shore there, fancying the seeing the mainland, and in an inhabited country I might find some way or other to convey myself farther, and perhaps at last find some means of escape.

But all this while I made no allowance for the dangers of such a condition, and how I might fall into the hands of savages, and perhaps such as I might have reason to think far worse than the lions and tigers of Africa. That if I once came into their power, I should run a hazard more than a thousand to one of being killed, and perhaps of being eaten; for I had heard that the people of the Caribbean coasts were cannibals, or man-eaters; and I knew by the latitude that I could not be far off from that shore: that suppose they were not cannibals, yet that they might kill me, as many Europeans who had fallen into their hands had been served, even when they had been ten or twenty together, much more I that was but one, and could make little or no defence: all these things, I say, which I ought to have considered well of, and did cast up in my thoughts afterwards, yet took up none of my apprehensions at first; but my head ran mightily upon the thought of getting over to the shore.

Now I wished for my boy Xury and the long-boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, with which I had sailed above a thousand miles on the coast of Africa; but this was in vain. Then I thought I would go and look at our ship's boat, which, as I have said, was blown up upon the shore a great way in the storm when we were first cast away. She lay almost where she did at first, but not quite; and was turned by the force of the waves and the winds almost bottom upward

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against a high ridge of beachy, rough sand, but no water about her as before.

If I had had hands to have refitted her, and to have launched her into the water, the boat would have done well enough, and I might have gone back into the Brazils with her easily enough; but I might have foreseen that I could no more turn her and set her upright upon her bottom than I could remove the island. However, I went to the woods and cut levers and rollers, and brought them to the boat, resolved to try what I could do, suggesting to myself that if I could but turn her down, I might easily repair the damage she received, and she would be a very good boat, and I might go to sea in her very easily.

I spared no pains indeed in this piece of fruitless toil, and spent, I think, three or four weeks about it. At last, finding it impossible to heave it up with my little strength, I fell to digging away the sand to undermine it, and so to make it fall down, setting pieces of wood to thrust and guide it right in the fall.

But when I had done this I was unable to stir it up again or to get under it, much less to move it forward towards the water, so I was forced to give it over; and yet, though I gave over the hopes of the boat, my desire to venture over for the main increased rather than decreased as the means for it seemed impossible.

This at length put me upon thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, or periagua, such as the natives of those climates make, even without tools, or as I might say, without hands, namely, of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the thoughts of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the negroes or Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences which I lay under more than the Indians did, namely, want of hands to move it, when it was made, into the water, a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them. For what was it to me, that when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, I might with much trouble cut it down, if after I might be able with my tools to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and burn or cut out the inside to make it hollow, so to make a boat of it, — if, after all this, I must leave it just there where I found it, and was not able to launch it into the water.

One would have thought I could not have had the least reflection upon my mind of my circumstance, while I was making this boat, but I should have immediately thought how I should get it into the sea. But my thoughts were so intent upon my voyage over the sea in it, that I never once considered how I should get it off of the land; and it was really in its own nature more easy for me to guide it over forty-five miles of sea, than about forty-five fathom of land, where it lay, to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was ever able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head, but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it, by this foolish answer which I gave myself, "Let 's first make it; I 'll warrant I 'll find some way or other to get it along when 't is done."

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree. I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem! It was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labor that I felled this tree. I was twenty days hacking and hewing at it at the bottom. I was fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head of it cut off, which I hacked and hewed through with axe and hatchet and inexpressible labor. After this it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did indeed without fire by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labor, till I had brought it to be a very handsome periagua, and big

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CRUSOE BUILDING HIS BOAT.

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enough to have carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through this work, I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than I ever saw a canoe or periagua, that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure, and there remained nothing but to get it into the water; and had I gotten it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, though they cost me infinite labor too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was up hill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth, and so make a declivity. This I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains; but who grudge pains that have their deliverance in view? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much at one; for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat.

Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work, and when I began to enter into it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff to be thrown out, I found, that by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it; for the shore lay high, so that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep. So at length, though with great reluctancy, I gave this attempt over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

In the middle of this work I finished my fourth year in this place, and kept my anniversary with the same devotion, and with as much comfort as ever before; for by a constant study and serious application of the Word of God, and by the assistance of his grace, I gained a different knowledge from what I had before. I entertained different notions of things. I looked now upon the world as a thing remote, which I had nothing to do with, no expectation from, and indeed no desires about: in a word, I had nothing indeed to do with it, nor was ever like to have. So I thought it looked as we may, perhaps, look upon it hereafter, namely, as a place I had lived in, but was come out of it; and well might I say, as Father Abraham to Dives, "Between me and thee is a great gulf fixed."

In the first place, I was removed from all the wickedness of the world here; I had neither the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, nor the pride of life. I had nothing to covet, for I had all that I was now capable of enjoying. I was lord of the whole manor; or, if I pleased, I might call myself king or emperor over the whole country which I had possession of. There were no rivals; I had no competitor, none to dispute sovereignty or command with me. I might have raised shiploadings of corn, but I had no use for it; so I let as little grow as I thought enough for my occasion. I had tortoise or turtles enough; but now and then one was as much as I could put to any use. I had timber enough to have built a fleet of ships. I had grapes enough to have made wine, or to have cured into raisins, to have loaded that fleet when they had been built.

But all I could make use of was all that was valuable. I had enough to eat and to supply my wants, and what was all the rest to me? If I killed more flesh than I could eat, the dog must eat it, or the vermin. If I sowed more corn than I could eat, it must be spoiled. The trees that I cut down were lying to rot on the ground; I could make no more use of them than for fuel, and that I had no occasion for but to dress my food.

In a word, the nature and experience of things dictated to me, upon just reflection, that all the good things of this world are no further good to us than they are for our use; and that whatever we may heap up indeed to give others, we enjoy just as much as we can use, and no more. The most covetous griping miser in the world would have been cured of the vice of covetousness if he had been in my case, for I possessed infinitely

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more than I knew what to do with. I had no room for desire, except it was of things which I had not, and they were but trifles, though indeed of great use to me. I had, as I hinted before, a parcel of money, as well gold as silver, about thirty-six pounds sterling. Alas! there the nasty, sorry, useless stuff lay; I had no manner of business for it; and I often thought with myself that I would have given a handful of it for a gross of tobacco-pipes, or for a hand-mill to grind my corn; nay, I would have given it all for sixpennyworth of turnip and carrot seed out of England, or for a handful of pease and beans and a bottle of ink. As it was, I had not the least advantage by it, or benefit from it; but there it lay in a drawer, and grew mouldy with the damp of the cave in the wet season; and if I had had the drawer full of diamonds it had been the same case, and they had been of no manner of value to me, because of no use.

I had now brought my state of life to be much easier in itself than it was at first, and much easier to my mind, as well as to my body. I frequently sat down to my meat with thankfulness, and admired the hand of God's providence, which had thus spread my table in the wilderness. I learned to look more upon the bright side of my condition, and less upon the dark side, and to consider what I enjoyed rather than what I wanted; and this gave me sometimes such secret comforts that I cannot express them, and which I take notice of here to put those discontented people in mind of it who cannot enjoy comfortably what God has given them, because they see and covet something that he has not given them. All our discontents about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have.

Another reflection was of great use to me, and doubtless would be so to any one that should fall into such distress as mine was, and this was, to compare my present condition with what I at first expected it should be, nay, with what it would certainly have been if the good providence of God had not wonderfully ordered the ship to be cast up nearer to the shore, where I not only could come at her, but could bring what I got out of her to the shore, for my relief and comfort; without which I had wanted for tools to work, weapons for defence, or gunpowder and shot for getting my food.

I spent whole hours, I may say whole days, in representing to myself in the most lively colors how I must have acted if I had got nothing out of the ship; how I could not have so much as got any food except fish and turtles, and that, as it was long before I found any of them, I must have perished first: that I should have lived, if I had not perished, like a mere savage; that if I had killed a goat or a fowl by any contrivance, I had no way to flay or open them, or part the flesh from the skin and the bowels, or to cut it up, but must gnaw it with my teeth, and pull it with my claws like a beast.

These reflections made me very sensible of the goodness of Providence to me, and very thankful for my present condition, with all its hardships and misfortunes. And this part also I cannot but recommend to the reflection of those who are apt in their misery to say, "Is any affliction like mine?" Let them consider how much worse the cases of some people are, and their case might have been if Providence had thought fit.

I had another reflection which assisted me also to comfort my mind with hopes, and this was, comparing my present condition with what I had deserved, and had therefore reason to expect from the hand of Providence. I had lived a dreadful life, perfectly destitute of the knowledge and fear of God. I had been well instructed by father and mother, neither had they been wanting to me, in their early endeavors, to infuse a religious awe of God into my mind, a sense of my duty, and of what the nature and end of my being required of me. But, alas! falling early into the seafaring life, which of all the lives is the most destitute of the fear of God, though his terrors are always before them, — I say, falling early into the seafaring life, and into seafaring company, all that little sense of religion which I had entertained was laughed out of me by my messmates, by a hardened despising of dangers and the views of death, which grew habitual to me, by my long absence from all manner of opportunities to converse with anything but what was like myself, or to hear anything that was good, or tended towards it.

So void was I of everything that was good, or of the least sense of what I was, or was to

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be, that in the greatest deliverances I enjoyed, — such as my escape from Sallee, my being taken up by the Portuguese master of the ship, my being planted so well in the Brazils, my receiving the cargo from England, and the like, — I never had once the word "Thank God" so much as on my mind or in my mouth; nor in the greatest distress had I so much as a thought to pray to him, or so much as to say, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" no, nor to mention the name of God, unless it was to swear by and blaspheme it.

I had terrible reflections upon my mind for many months, as I have already observed, on the account of my wicked and hardened life past; and when I looked about me, and considered what particular providences had attended me since my coming into this place, and how God had dealt bountifully with me, — had not only punished me less than my iniquity had deserved, but had so plentifully provided for me, — this gave me great hopes that my repentance was accepted, and that God had yet mercy in store for me.

With these reflections I worked my mind up not only to resignation to the will of God in the present disposition of my circumstances, but even to a sincere thankfulness for my condition; and that I, who was yet a living man, ought not to complain, seeing I had not the due punishment of my sins; that I enjoyed so many mercies which I had no reason to have expected in that place; that I ought nevermore to repine at my condition, but to rejoice, and to give daily thanks for that daily bread which nothing but a crowd of wonders could have brought; that I ought to consider I had been fed even by miracle, even as great as that of feeding Elijah by ravens; nay, by a long series of miracles; and that I could hardly have named a place in the uninhabited part of the world where I could have been cast more to my advantage, — a place where, as I had no society, which was my affliction on one hand, so I found no ravenous beasts, no furious wolves or tigers, to threaten my life; no venomous creatures or poisonous, which I might feed on to my hurt; no savages to murder and devour me.

In a word, as my life was a life of sorrow one way, so it was a life of mercy another; and I wanted nothing to make it a life of comfort but to be able to make my sense of God's goodness to me and care over me in this condition be my daily consolation. And after I did make a just improvement of these things, I went away and was no more sad.

I had now been here so long that many things which I brought on shore for my help were either quite gone or very much wasted and near spent.

My ink, as I observed, had been gone for some time, all but a very little, which I eked out with water a little and a little till it was so pale it scarce left any appearance of black upon the paper. As long as it lasted I made use of it to minute down the days of the month on which any remarkable thing happened to me, and first by casting up times past. I remember that there was a strange concurrence of days in the various providences which befell me, and which, if I had been superstitiously inclined to observe days as fatal or fortunate, I might have had reason to have looked upon with a great deal of curiosity.

First, I had observed that the same day that I broke away from my father and my friends, and ran away to Hull, in order to go to sea, the same day afterwards I was taken by the Sallee man-of-war, and made a slave.

The same day of the year that I escaped out of the wreck of that ship in Yarmouth Roads, that same day-year afterwards I made my escape from Sallee in the boat.

The same day of the year I was born on, — namely, the 30th of September, — that same day I had my life so miraculously saved twenty-six years after, when I was cast ashore on this island, so that my wicked life and my solitary life began both on a day.

The next thing to my ink's being wasted was that of my bread, — I mean the biscuit which I brought out of the ship. This I had husbanded to the last degree, allowing myself but one cake of bread a day for above a year, and yet I was quite without bread for near a year before I got any corn of my own; and great reason I had to be thankful that I had any at all, the getting it being, as has been already observed, next to miraculous.

My clothes began to decay, too, mightily. As to linen, I had none a good while, except some checkered shirts which I found in the chests of the other seamen, and which I care-

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fully preserved, because many times I could bear no other clothes on than a shirt; and it was a very great help to me that I had among all the men's clothes of the ship almost three dozen of shirts. There were also several thick watch-coats of the seamen's, which were left indeed, but they were too hot to wear. And though it is true that the weather was so violently hot that there was no need of clothes, yet I could not go quite naked: no, though I had been inclined to it, which I was not, nor could not abide the thoughts of it, though I was all alone.

The reason why I could not go quite naked was, I could not bear the heat of the sun so well when quite naked as with some clothes on; nay, the very heat frequently blistered my skin; whereas, with a shirt on, the air itself made some motion, and, whistling under that shirt, was twofold cooler than without it. No more could I ever bring myself to go out in the heat of the sun without a cap or a hat; the heat of the sun beating with such violence as it does in that place would give me the headache presently by darting so directly on my head without a cap or hat on, so that I could not bear it, whereas if I put on my hat, it would presently go away.

Upon those views I began to consider about putting the few rags I had, which I called clothes, into some order. I had worn out all the waistcoats I had, and my business was now to try if I could not make jackets out of the great watch-coats which I had by me, and with such other materials as I had; so I set to work a tailoring, or rather indeed a botching, for I made most piteous work of it. However, I made shift, to make two or three new waistcoats, which I hoped would serve me a great while. As for breeches or drawers, I made but a very sorry shift indeed till afterward.

I have mentioned that I saved the skins of all the creatures that I killed, — I mean four-footed ones, — and I had hung them up stretched out with sticks in the sun, by which means some of them were so dry and hard that they were fit for little, but others it seems were very useful. The first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside to shoot off the rain; and this I performed so well, that after this I made me a suit of clothes wholly of these skins, — that is to say, a waistcoat, and breeches open at knees, and both loose, for they were rather wanting to keep me cool than to keep me warm. I must not omit to acknowledge that they were wretchedly made; for if I was a bad carpenter, I was a worse tailor. However, they were such as I made very good shift with. And when I was abroad, if it happened to rain, the hair of my waistcoat and cap being outermost, I was kept very dry.

After this I spent a great deal of time and pains to make me an umbrella. I was indeed in great want of one, and had a great mind to make one. I had seen them made in the Brazils, where they are very useful in the great heats which are there; and I felt the heats every jot as great here, and greater too, being nearer the equinox. Besides, as I was obliged to be much abroad, it was a most useful thing to me, as well for the rains as the heats. I took a world of pains at it, and was a great while before I could make anything likely to hold; nay, after I thought I had hit the way, I spoiled two or three before I made one to my mind; but at last I made one that answered indifferently well. The main difficulty I found was to make it let down. I could make it spread, but if it did not let down too and draw in, it was not portable for me any way but just over my head, which would not do. However, at last, as I said, I made one to answer, and covered it with skins, the hair upwards, so that it cast off the rains like a pent-house, and kept off the sun so effectually that I could walk out in the hottest of the weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest; and when I had no need of it, could close it and carry it under my arm.

Thus I lived mighty comfortably, my mind being entirely composed by resigning to the will of God, and throwing myself wholly upon the disposal of his providence. This made my life better than sociable; for when I began to regret the want of conversation I would ask myself whether thus conversing mutually with my own thoughts, and, as I hope I may say, with even God himself by ejaculations, was not better than the utmost enjoyment of human society in the world?

I cannot say that after this, for five years any extraordinary thing happened to me, but

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I lived on in the same course, in the same posture and place, just as before. The chief things I was employed in, besides my yearly labor of planting my barley and rice and curing my raisins, of both which I always kept up just enough to have sufficient stock of one year's provisions beforehand, — I say, besides this yearly labor and my daily labor of going out with my gun, I had one labor to make me a canoe, which at last I finished; so that, by the digging a canal to it of six feet wide and four feet deep, I brought it into the creek, almost half a mile. As for the first, which was so vastly big, as I made it without considering beforehand, as I ought to do, how I should be able to launch it, so never being able to bring it to the water, or bring the water to it, I was obliged to let it lie where it was, as a memorandum to teach me to be wiser next time. Indeed, the next time, though I could not get a tree proper for it, and in a place where I could not get the water to it, at any less distance than as I have said, near half a mile; yet, as I saw that it was practicable at last, I never gave it over; and though I was near two years about it, yet I never grudged my labor, in hopes of having a boat to go off to sea at last.

However, though my little periagua was finished, yet the size of it was not at all answerable to the design which I had in view when I made the first, — I mean, of venturing over to the *terra firma*, where it was above forty miles broad. Accordingly, the smallness of my boat assisted to put an end to that design, and now I thought no more of it. But as I had a boat, my next design was to make a tour round the island; for as I had been on the other side in one place, crossing, as I have already described it, over the land, so the discoveries I made in that little journey made me very eager to see other parts of the coast; and now I had a boat, I thought of nothing but sailing round the island.

For this purpose, that I might do everything with discretion and consideration, I fitted up a little mast to my boat, and made a sail to it out of some of the pieces of the ship's sail, which lay in store, and of which I had a great stock by me.

Having fitted my mast and sail, and tried the boat, I found she would sail very well. Then I made little lockers, or boxes, at either end of my boat, to put provisions, necessaries, and ammunition, &c. into, to be kept dry either from rain or the spray of the sea; and a little long hollow place I cut in the inside of the boat, where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over it to keep it dry.

I fixed my umbrella also in a step at the stern, like a mast, to stand over my head, and keep the heat of the sun off me like an awning; and thus I every now and then took a voyage upon the sea, but never went far out, not far from the little creek. But at last, being eager to view the circumference of my little kingdom, I resolved upon my tour, and accordingly I victualled my ship for the voyage, putting in two dozen of my loaves (cakes I should rather call them) of barley-bread, an earthen pot full of parched rice, — a food I ate a great deal of, — a little bottle of rum, half a goat, and powder and shot for killing more, and two large watch-coats of those which, as I mentioned before, I had saved out of the seamen's chests: these I took, one to lie upon, and the other to cover me in the night.

It was the 6th of November, in the sixth year of my reign, or my captivity, which you please, that I set out on this voyage, and I found it much longer than I expected. For though the island itself was not very large, yet, when I came to the east side of it, I found a great ledge of rocks lie out above two leagues into the sea, some above water, some under it; and beyond that a shoal of sand, lying dry half a league more. So that I was obliged to go a great way out to sea to double the point.

When first I discovered them I was going to give over my enterprise, and come back again, not knowing how far it might oblige me to go out to sea; and above all, doubting how I should get back again; so I came to an anchor, — for I had made me a kind of an anchor with a piece of a broken grapling, which I got out of the ship.

Having secured my boat, I took my gun and went on shore, climbing up upon a hill which seemed to overlook that point, where I saw the full extent of it, and resolved to venture.

In my viewing the sea from that hill where I stood, I perceived a strong, and

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indeed a most furious current, which ran to the east, and even came close to the point. And I took the more notice of it, because I saw there might be some danger that when I came into it I might be carried out to sea by the strength of it, and not be able to make the island again. And, indeed, had I not gotten first up upon this hill, I believe it would have been so; for there was the same current on the other side of the island, only that it set off at a farther distance. And I saw there was a strong eddy under the shore; so I had nothing to do but to get in out of the first current, and I should presently be in an eddy.

I lay here, however, two days, because the wind blowing pretty fresh at east-southeast, and that being just contrary to the said current, made a great breach of the sea upon the point; so that it was not safe for me to keep too close to the shore for the breach, nor to go too far off because of the stream.

The third day, in the morning, the wind having abated overnight, the sea was calm, and I ventured. But I am a warning piece again to all rash and ignorant pilots; for no sooner was I come to the point, when even I was not my boat's length from the shore, but I found myself in a great depth of water, and a current like the sluice of a mill. It carried my boat along with it with such violence that all I could do could not keep her so much as on the edge of it; but I found it hurried me farther and farther out from the eddy, which was on my left hand. There was no wind stirring to help me; and all I could do with my paddles signified nothing. And now I began to give myself over for lost; for as the current was on both sides the island, I knew in a few leagues' distance they must join again, and then I was irrecoverably gone. Nor did I see any possibility of avoiding it; so that I had no prospect before me but of perishing, — not by the sea, for that was calm enough, but of starving for hunger. I had, indeed, found a tortoise on the shore as big almost as I could lift, and had tossed it into the boat; and I had a great jar of fresh water, that is to say, one of my earthen pots; but what was all this to being driven into the vast ocean, where, to be sure, there was no shore, no mainland or island, for a thousand leagues at least!

And now I saw how easy it was for the providence of God to make the most miserable condition mankind could be in worse. Now I looked back upon my desolate, solitary island as the most pleasant place in the world, and all the happiness my heart could wish for was to be but there again. I stretched out my hands to it with eager wishes. "O happy desert," said I, "I shall never see thee more! O miserable creature," said I, "whither am I going!" Then I reproached myself with my unthankful temper, and how I had repined at my solitary condition; and now what would I give to be on shore there again! Thus we never see the true state of our condition, till it is illustrated to us by its contraries; nor know how to value what we enjoy, but by the want of it. It is scarce possible to imagine the consternation I was now in, being driven from my beloved island (for so it appeared to me now to be) into the wide ocean, almost two leagues, and in the utmost despair of ever recovering it again. However, I worked hard, till indeed my strength was almost exhausted, and kept my boat as much to the northward — that is, towards the side of the current which the eddy lay on — as possibly I could; when about noon as the sun passed the meridian, I thought I felt a little breeze of wind in my face, springing up from the south-southeast. This cheered my heart a little, and especially when in about half an hour more it blew a pretty small gentle gale. By this time I was gotten at a frightful distance from the island and, had the least cloud or hazy weather intervened, I had been undone another way too; for I had no compass on board, and should never have known how to have steered towards the island, if I had but once lost sight of it. But the weather continuing clear, I applied myself to get up my mast again, and spread my sail, standing away to the north as much as possible, to get out of the current.

Just as I had set my mast and sail, and the boat began to stretch away, I saw even by the clearness of the water some alteration of the current was near; for where the current was so strong, the water was foul; but perceiving the water clear, I found the current abate, and presently I found to the east, at about half a mile, a breach of the sea upon some rocks. These rocks, I found,

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caused the current to part again, and as the main stress of it ran away more southerly, leaving the rocks to the northeast, so the other returned by the repulse of the rocks, and made a strong eddy, which ran back again to the northwest, with a very sharp stream.

They who know what it is to have a reprieve brought to them upon the ladder, or to be rescued from thieves just going to murder them, or who have been in such like extremities, may guess what my present surprise of joy was, and how gladly I put my boat into the stream of this eddy, and, the wind also freshening, how gladly I spread my sail to it, running cheerfully before the wind, and with a strong tide or eddy under foot.

This eddy carried me about a league in my way back again directly towards the island, but about two leagues more to the northward than the current which carried me away at first; so that when I came near the island, I found myself open to the northern shore of it, — that is to say, the other end of the island opposite to that which I went out from.

When I had made something more than a league of way by the help of this current or eddy, I found it was spent, and served me no further. However, I found that being between the two great currents, namely, that on the south side, which had hurried me away, and that on the north, which lay about a league on the other side, — I say between these two, in the wake of the island, I found the water at least still, and running no way; and having still a breeze of wind fair for me, I kept on steering directly for the island, though not making such fresh way as I did before.

About four o'clock in the evening, being then within about a league of the island, I found the point of the rocks which occasioned this disaster stretching out, as is described before, to the southward, and casting off the current more southwardly, had of course made another eddy to the north; and this I found very strong, but not directly setting the way my course lay, which was due west, but almost full north. However, having a fresh gale, I stretched across this eddy slanting northwest, and in about an hour came within about a mile of the shore, where, it being smooth water, I soon got to land.

When I was on shore, I fell on my knees and gave God thanks for my deliverance, resolving to lay aside all thoughts of my deliverance by my boat; and refreshing myself with such things as I had, I brought my boat close to the shore in a little cove that I had spied under some trees, and laid me down to sleep, being quite spent with the labor and fatigue of the voyage.

I was now at a great loss which way to get home with my boat. I had run so much hazard, and knew too much the case, to think of attempting it by the way I went out; and what might be at the other side (I mean the west side) I knew not, nor had I any mind to run any more ventures; so I only resolved in the morning to make my way westward along the shore, and to see if there was no creek where I might lay up my frigate in safety, so as to have her again if I wanted her. In about three miles, or thereabout, coasting the shore, I came to a very good inlet or bay about a mile over, which narrowed till it came to a very little rivulet or brook, where I found a very convenient harbor for my boat, and where she lay as if she had been in a little dock made on purpose for her. Here I put in, and having stowed my boat very safe, I went on shore to look about me and see where I was.

I soon found I had but a little passed by the place where I had been before, when I travelled on foot to that shore; so, taking nothing out of my boat but my gun and my umbrella, for it was exceedingly hot, I began my march. The way was comfortable enough after such a voyage as I had been upon, and I reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I left it; for I always kept it in good order, being, as I said before, my country house.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was weary, and fell asleep. But judge you, if you can, that read my story, what a surprise I must be in, when I was waked out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe; poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?"

I was so dead asleep at first, being fatigued with rowing, or paddling, as it is called, the first part of the day, and with

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walking the latter part, that I did not wake thoroughly; but dozing between sleeping and waking, thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me. But as the voice continued to repeat, "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," at last I began to wake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation. But no sooner were my eyes open, but I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me; for just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him, and teach him; and he had learned it so perfectly, that he would sit upon my finger and lay his bill close to my face, and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe, where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

However, even though I knew it was the parrot, and that indeed it could be nobody else, it was a good while before I could compose myself: first, I was amazed how the creature got thither, and then how he should just keep about the place, and nowhere else. But as I was satisfied it could be nobody but honest Poll, I got it over; and holding out my hand, and calling him by his name, Poll, the sociable creature came to me, and sat upon my thumb, as he used to do, and continued talking to me, "Poor Robin Crusoe," and "How did I come here?" and "Where had I been?" just as if he had been overjoyed to see me again; and so I carried him home along with me.

I had now had enough of rambling to sea for some time, and had enough to do for many days to sit still and reflect upon the danger I had been in. I would have been very glad to have had my boat again on my side of the island; but I knew not how it was practicable to get it about. As to the east side of the island, which I had gone round, I knew well enough there was no venturing that way; my very heart would shrink, and my very blood run chill but to think of it. And as to the other side of the island, I did not know how it might be there; but supposing the current ran with the same force against the shore at the east as it passed by it on the other, I might run the same risk of being driven down the stream, and carried by the island, as I had been before of being carried away from it; so with these thoughts I contented myself to be without any boat, though it had been the product of so many months' labor to make it, and of so many more to get it unto the sea.

In this government of my temper I remained near a year, — lived a very sedate, retired life, as you may well suppose; and my thoughts being very much composed as to my condition, and fully comforted in resigning myself to the dispositions of Providence, I thought I lived really very happily in all things, except that of society.

I improved myself in this time in all the mechanic exercises which my necessities put me upon applying myself to, and I believe could, upon occasion, make a very good carpenter, especially considering how few tools I had.

Besides this, I arrived at an unexpected perfection in my earthenware, and contrived well enough to make them with a wheel, which I found infinitely easier and better; because I made things round and shapable, which before were filthy things indeed to look upon. But I think I was never more vain of my own performance, or more joyful for anything I found out, than for my being able to make a tobacco-pipe. And though it was a very ugly, clumsy thing when it was done, and only burned red like other earthenware, yet, as it was hard and firm, and would draw the smoke, I was exceedingly comforted with it; for I had been always used to smoke, and there were pipes in the ship, but I forgot them at first, not knowing that there was tobacco in the island; and afterwards, when I searched the ship again, I could not come at any pipes at all.

In my wicker-ware, also, I improved much, and made abundance of necessary baskets, as well as my invention showed me. Though not very handsome, yet they were such as were very handy and convenient for my laying things up in, or fetching things home in. For example, if I killed a goat abroad, I could hang it up in a tree, flay it, and dress it, and cut it in pieces, and bring it home in a basket; and the like by a turtle, — I could cut it up, take out the eggs, and a piece or two of the flesh, which was enough for me, and bring them home in a basket, and leave the rest behind me. Also large deep baskets were my receivers

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for my corn, which I always rubbed out as soon as it was dry, and cured, and kept it in great baskets.

I began now to perceive my powder abated considerably, and this was a want which it was impossible for me to supply; and I began seriously to consider what I must do when I should have no more powder; that is to say, how I should do to kill any goat. I had, as is observed in the third year of my being here, kept a young kid, and bred her up tame, and I was in hope of getting a he-goat, but I could not by any means bring it to pass, till my kid grew an old goat; and I could never find in my heart to kill her, till she died at last of mere age.

But being now in the eleventh year of my residence, and, as I have said, my ammunition growing low, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats, to see whether I could not catch some of them alive, and particularly I wanted a she-goat great with young.

To this purpose I made snares to hamper them, and I do believe they were more than once taken in them; but my tackle was not good, for I had no wire, and I always found them broken, and my bait devoured.

At length I resolved to try a pitfall. So I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed; and over these pits I placed hurdles of my own making too, with a great weight upon them. And several times I put ears of barley, and dry rice, without setting the trap; and I could easily perceive that the goats had gone in and eaten up the corn, for I could see the mark of their feet. At length, I set three traps in one night; and going the next morning, I found them all standing, and yet the bait eaten and gone. This was very discouraging. However, I altered my trap; and, not to trouble you with particulars, going one morning to see my trap, I found in one of them a large old he-goat; and in one of the other three kids, — a male and two females.

As to the old one, I knew not what to do with him; he was so fierce I durst not go into the pit to him, — that is to say, to go about to bring him away alive, which was what I wanted. I could have killed him; but that was not my business, nor would it answer my end. So I even let him out, and he ran away as if he had been frighted out of his wits. But I had forgot then what I learned afterwards, — that hunger will tame a lion. If I had let him stay there three or four days without food, and then have carried him some water to drink, and then a little corn, he would have been as tame as one of the kids, — for they are mighty sagacious, tractable creatures, where they are well used.

However, for the present I let him go, knowing no better at that time. Then I went to the three kids; and taking them one by one, I tied them with strings together, and with some difficulty brought them all home.

It was a good while before they would feed; but throwing them some sweet corn, it tempted them, and they began to be tame. And now I found that if I expected to supply myself with goat-flesh when I had no powder or shot left, breeding some up tame was my only way; when, perhaps, I might have them about my house like a flock of sheep.

But then it presently occurred to me that I must keep the tame from the wild, or else they would always run wild when they grew up. And the only way for this was to have some enclosed piece of ground, well fenced either with hedge or pale, to keep them in so effectually, that those within might not break out, or those without break in.

This was a great undertaking for one pair of hands. Yet, as I saw there was an absolute necessity of doing it, my first piece of work was to find out a proper piece of ground, namely, where there was likely to be herbage for them to eat, water for them to drink, and cover to keep them from the sun.

Those who understand such enclosures will think I had very little contrivance when I pitched upon a place very proper for all these, being a plain open piece of meadow-land or savanna (as our people call it in the western colonies), which had two or three little drills of fresh water in it, and at one end was very woody. I say they will smile at my forecast, when I shall tell them I began my enclosing of this piece of ground in such a manner that my hedge or pale must have been at least two miles about! Nor was the madness of it so great as to the com-

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pass, for if it was ten miles about, I was like to have time enough to do it in. But I did not consider that my goats would be as wild in so much compass as if they had had the whole island, and I should have so much room to chase them in that I should never catch them.

My hedge was begun and carried on, I believe, about fifty yards, when this thought occurred to me. So I presently stopped short, and for the first beginning I resolved to enclose a piece of about one hundred and fifty yards in length, and one hundred yards in breadth; which, as it would maintain as many as I should have in any reasonable time, so, as my flock increased, I could add more ground to my enclosure.

This was acting with some prudence, and I went to work with courage. I was about three months hedging in the first piece; and till I had done it, I tethered the three kids in the best part of it, and used them to feed as near me as possible, to make them familiar; and very often I would go and carry them some ears of barley, or a handful of rice, and feed them out of my hand; so that, after my enclosure was finished and I let them loose, they would follow me up and down, bleating after me for a handful of corn.

This answered my end. And in about a year and a half I had a flock of twelve goats, — kids and all; and in two years more, I had three-and-forty, besides several that I took and killed for my food. And after that I enclosed five several pieces of ground to feed them in, with little pens to drive them into, to take them as I wanted, and gates out of one piece of ground into another.

But this was not all; for now I not only had goat's-flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too, — a thing which, indeed, in my beginning, I did not so much as think of, and which, when it came into my thoughts, was really an agreeable surprise. For now I set up my dairy, and had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day. And as Nature, who gives supplies of food to every creature, dictates even naturally how to make use of it; so I that had never milked a cow, much less a goat, or seen butter or cheese made, very readily and handily, though after a great many essays and miscarriages, made me both butter and cheese at last, and never wanted them afterwards.

How mercifully can our great Creator treat his creatures, even in those conditions in which they seem to be overwhelmed in destruction! How can he sweeten the bitterest providences, and give us cause to praise him for dungeons and prisons! What a table was here spread for me in a wilderness, where I saw nothing at first but to perish for hunger!

It would have made a stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my Majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command, — I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away; and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants. Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog — which was now grown very old and crazy, and had found no species to multiply his kind upon — sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side of the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favor.

But these were not the two cats which I brought on shore at first, — for they were both of them dead, and had been interred near my habitation by my own hand; but one of them having multiplied by I know not what kind of creature, these were two which I had preserved tame, whereas the rest ran wild in the woods, and became indeed troublesome to me at last, — for they would often come into my house, and plunder me too, till at last I was obliged to shoot them, and did kill a great many. At length they left me with this attendance, and in this plentiful manner I lived. Neither could I be said to want anything but society; and of that, in some time after this, I was like to have too much.

I was something impatient, as I have observed, to have the use of my boat, though very loath to run any more hazards; and therefore sometimes I sat contriving ways to get her about the island, and at other times I sat myself down contented enough without her. But I had a strange uneasi-

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ness in my mind to go down to the point of the island where, as I have said, in my last ramble I went up the hill to see how the shore lay and how the current set, that I might see what I had to do. This inclination increased upon me every day, and at length I resolved to travel thither by land, following the edge of the shore. I did so. But had any one in England been to meet such a man as I was, it must either have frighted them, or raised a great deal of laughter. And as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an equipage and in such a dress. Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure as follows.

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck, — nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat-skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that like pantaloons it reached to the middle of my legs; stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs and lace on either side like spatterdashes, but of a most barbarous shape, — as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat-skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles, and in a kind of frog on either side of this. Instead of a sword and a dagger hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat-skin too, — in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket; on my shoulder my gun; and over my head a great clumsy, ugly, goat-skin umbrella, — but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the color of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mohammedan whiskers, such as I have seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did. Of these mustaches or whiskers I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them; but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

But all this is by the by. For, as to my figure, I had so few to observe me, that it was of no manner of consequence; so I shall say no more to that part. In this kind of figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I travelled first along the sea-shore, directly to the place where I first brought my boat to an anchor to get up upon the rocks; and having no boat now to take care of, I went over the land a nearer way to the same height that I was on before; when, looking forward to the point of the rocks which lay out, and which I was obliged to double with my boat, as is said above, I was surprised to see the sea all smooth and quiet, — no rippling, no motion, no current any more there than in other places.

I was at a strange loss to understand this, and resolved to spend some time in the observing of it, to see if nothing from the sets of the tide had occasioned it; but I was presently convinced how it was, namely, that the tide of ebb setting from the west, and joining with this current of waters from some great river on the shore, must be the occasion of the current; and that according as the wind blew more forcibly from the west, or from the north, this current came near, or went farther from the shore. For waiting thereabouts till evening, I went up to the rock again; and then, the tide of ebb being made, I plainly saw the current again as before, only that it ran farther off, being half a league from the shore; whereas in my case it set close upon the shore, and hurried

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me and my canoe along with it, which at another time it would not have done.

This observation convinced me that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might very easily bring my boat about the island again. But when I began to think of putting it in practice, I had such a terror upon my spirits at the remembrance of the danger I had been in, that I could not think of it again with any patience. But, on the contrary, I took up another resolution, which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was, that I would build, or rather make me another periagua or canoe, and so have one for one side of the island and one for the other.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island; one my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it under the rock, with the cave behind me, which by this time I had enlarged into several apartments, or caves, one within another. One of these, which was the driest and largest, and had a door out beyond my wall or fortification, — that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock, — was all filled up with the large earthen pots of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provision, especially my corn, some in the ear cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hand.

As for my wall, made as before with long stakes or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least appearance to any one's view of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn-ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed, and which duly yielded me their harvest in its season; and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Besides this I had my country seat, and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair, — that is to say, I kept the hedge which circled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside. I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall, — I kept them always so cut that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade, which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab or couch with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things, and a blanket laid on them, such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

Adjoining to this I had my enclosures for my cattle, that is to say, my goats; and as I had taken an inconceivable deal of pains to fence and enclose this ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the goats should break through, that I never left off till with infinite labor I had stuck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge, and there was scarce room to put a hand through between them; which afterwards, when those stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy season, made the enclosure strong like a wall; indeed, stronger than any wall.

This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support; for I considered the keeping up a breed of tame creatures thus at my hand would be a living magazine of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese for me as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years; and that keeping them in my reach depended entirely upon my perfecting my enclosures to such a degree that I might be sure of keeping them together, which by this method, indeed, I so effectually secured, that when these little stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick I was forced to pull some of them up again.

In this place, also, I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins; and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best

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and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet; and, indeed, they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree.

As this was also about half-way between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed and lay here in my way thither; for I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order. Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself; but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the currents, or winds, or any other accident. But now I come to a new scene of my life.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me; I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore; but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder at first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The further I was from the occasion of my fright the greater my apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the Devil; and reason joined in with me upon this supposition. For how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But, then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose, too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the Devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot; — that, as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not; and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the Devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil. And I presently concluded, then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, namely, that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon

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my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched further for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope; all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of his goodness, now vanished, as if he that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve by his power the provision which he had made for me by his goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that whatever might come I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a checkerwork of providence is the life of man! And by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, — nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable: for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life, — that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; — I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life. And it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when I had a little recovered my first surprise. I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who, as I was his creature, had an undoubted right by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment he thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear his indignation, because I had sinned against him.

I then reflected that God, who was not only righteous but omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me; that if he did not think fit to do it, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to his will; and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of his daily providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit, namely, one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thought about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words that presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In

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answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, — at least, not on that occasion.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat as well as I was going that way to the boat. Again, I considered also that I could by no means tell for certain where I had trod and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frighted at them more than anybody.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked, too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it: and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself therefore with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready every now and then to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted, and so indeed I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place, *First*, It appeared evidently to me that when I laid up my boat I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout. *Secondly*, When I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold like one in an ague. And I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and that I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

O, what ridiculous resolution men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief. The first thing I proposed to myself was to throw down my enclosures, and turn all my tame cattle wild into the woods, that the enemy might not find them, and then frequent the island in prospect of the same or the like booty; then to the simple thing of digging up my two corn-fields, that they might not find such a grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the island; then to demolish my bower and tent, that they might not see any vestiges of habitation, and be prompted to look further, in order to find out the persons inhabiting.

These were the subject of the first night's cogitation, after I was come home again, while the apprehensions which had so overrun my mind were fresh upon me, and my head was full of vapors, as above. Thus fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself, when apparent to the eyes; and we find the burden of anxiety greater by much than the evil which we are anxious about; and, which was worse than all this, I had not that relief in this trouble from the resignation I used to practise that I hoped to have. I looked, I thought, like Saul, who complained not only that the Philistines were upon him, but that God had forsaken him; for I did not now take due ways to compose my mind, by crying to God in my distress, and resting upon his providence, as I had done before, for my defence and deliverance; which if I had done, I had at least been more cheerfully supported under

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this new surprise, and perhaps carried through it with more resolution.

This confusion of my thoughts kept me waking all night; but in the morning I fell asleep, and having by the amusement of my mind been as it were tired, and my spirits exhausted, I slept very soundly, and waked much better composed than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately. And upon the utmost debate with myself I concluded, That this island, which was so exceeding pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the mainland than as I had seen, was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine. That although there were no stated inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet that there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, who either with design, or perhaps never but when they were driven by cross winds, might come to this place.

That I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people yet; and that if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any occasion, to this time.

That the most I could suggest any danger from was, from any such casual accidental landing of straggling people from the main, who, as it was likely, if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again; and that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat, in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again; which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock. Upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before, of which I have made mention. These trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but a few piles to be driven between them that they should be thicker and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished.

So that I had now a double wall, and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of to make it strong; having in it seven little holes about as big as I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this I thickened my wall to above ten feet thick, with continual bringing earth out of my cave and laying it at the foot of the wall and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I got seven on shore out of the ship; these, I say, I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames that held them like a carriage, that so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month in finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great way every way, as full with stakes or sticks of the osier-like wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand; insomuch that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large space between them and my wall, that I might have room to see an enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young trees, if they attempted to approach my outer wall.

Thus, in two years' time I had a thick grove, and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so monstrous thick and strong, that it was indeed perfectly impassable; and no men, of what kind soever, would ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation. As for the way which I proposed to myself to go in and out (for I left no avenue), it was by setting two ladders: one to a part of the rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another ladder upon that. So, when the two ladders were taken down, no man living could come down to me without mischieving himself; and if they had come down, they were still on the outside of my outer wall.

Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation; and it will be seen at length that they were not altogether without just reason, though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear suggested to me.

While this was doing, I was not altogether

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careless of my other affairs; for I had a great concern upon me for my little herd of goats. They were not only a present supply to me upon every occasion, and began to be sufficient to me, without the expense of powder and shot, but also without the fatigue of hunting after the wild ones; and I was loath to lose the advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again.

To this purpose, after long consideration, I could think of but two ways to preserve them: one was, to find another convenient place to dig a cave underground, and to drive them into it every night; and the other was, to enclose two or three little bits of land, remote from one another, and as much concealed as I could, where I might keep about half a dozen young goats in each place; so that, if any disaster happened to the flock in general, I might be able to raise them again with little trouble and time. And this, though it would require a great deal of time and labor, I thought was the most rational design.

Accordingly, I spent some time to find out the most retired parts of the island; and I pitched upon one which was as private indeed as my heart could wish for. It was a little damp piece of ground in the middle of the hollow and thick woods where, as is observed, I almost lost myself once before, endeavoring to come back that way from the eastern part of the island. Here I found a clear piece of land — near three acres — so surrounded with woods that it was almost an enclosure by nature; at least, it did not want near so much labor to make it so as the other pieces of ground I had worked so hard at.

I immediately went to work with this piece of ground; and in less than a month's time I had so fenced it round that my flock or herd, — call it which you please, — which were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secured in it. So, without any further delay, I removed ten young she-goats and two he-goats to this piece; and when they were there I continued to perfect the fence till I had made it as secure as the other; which, however, I did at more leisure, and it took me up more time by a great deal.

All this labor I was at the expense of purely from my apprehensions on the account of the print of a man's foot which I had seen; for as yet I never saw any human creature come near the island, and I had now lived two years under these uneasinesses, which indeed made my life much less comfortable than it was before, as may well be imagined by any who know what it is to live in the constant snare of *the fear of man*. And this I must observe with grief, too, that the discomposure of my mind had too great impressions also upon the religious part of my thoughts; for the dread and terror of falling into the hands of savages and cannibals lay so upon my spirits that I seldom found myself in a due temper for application to my Maker, at least not with the sedate calmness and resignation of soul which I was wont to do. I rather prayed to God as under great affliction and pressure of mind, surrounded with danger, and in expectation every night of being murdered and devoured before morning. And I must testify from my experience that a temper of peace, thankfulness, love, and affection is much more the proper frame for prayer than that of terror and discomposure; and that, under the dread of mischief impending, a man is no more fit for a comforting performance of the duty of praying to God than he is for repentance on a sick-bed: for these discomposures affect the mind as the others do the body; and the discomposure of the mind must necessarily be as great a disability as that of the body, — and much greater, praying to God being properly an act of the mind, not of the body.

But to go on. After I had thus secured one part of my little living stock, I went about the whole island, searching for another private place to make such another deposit, when, wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever done yet, and looking out to sea, I thought I saw a boat upon the sea at a great distance. I had found a perspective-glass or two in one of the seamen's chests which I saved out of our ship; but I had it not about me, and this was so remote that I could not tell what to make of it, though I looked at it till my eyes were not able to hold to look any longer. Whether it was a boat or not I do not know; but as I descended from the hill I could see no more of it; so I gave it over, only I resolved to go no more out without a perspective-glass in my pocket.

When I was come down the hill to the end of the island, where, indeed, I had never

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been before, I was presently convinced that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I imagined. And but that it was a special providence that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came, I should easily have known that nothing was more frequent than for the canoes from the main, when they happened to be a little too far out at sea, to shoot over to that side of the island for harbor; likewise, as they often met and fought in their canoes, the victors, having taken any prisoners, would bring them over to the shore, where, according to their dreadful customs, being all cannibals, they would kill and eat them: of which hereafter.

When I was come down the hill to the shore, as I said above, being the southwest point of the island, I was perfectly confounded and amazed — nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind — at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and particularly I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where it is supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things that I entertained no notion of any danger to myself from it for a long while. All my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman, hellish brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature; which, though I had heard of often, yet I never had so near a view of before. In short, I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle: my stomach grew sick, and I was just on the point of fainting, when nature discharged the disorder from my stomach; and having vomited with an uncommon violence, I was a little relieved, but could not bear to stay in the place a moment. So I got me up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

When I came a little out of that part of the island, I stood still awhile, as amazed; and then, recovering myself, I looked up with the utmost affection of my soul, and, with a flood of tears in my eyes, gave God thanks that had cast my first lot in a part of the world where I was distinguished from such dreadful creatures as these; and that though I had esteemed my present condition very miserable, had yet given me so many comforts in it that I had still more to give thanks for than to complain of; and this above all, that I had, even in this miserable condition, been comforted with the knowledge of himself and the hope of his blessing, which was a felicity more than sufficiently equivalent to all the misery which I had suffered or could suffer.

In this frame of thankfulness I went home to my castle, and began to be much easier now as to the safety of my circumstances than ever I was before; for I observed that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get, perhaps not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here, and having often, no doubt, been up in the covered woody part of it without finding anything to their purpose. I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never saw the least footsteps of human creature there before; and I might be here eighteen more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do, it being my only business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to.

Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savage wretches that I have been speaking of, and of the wretched inhuman custom of their devouring and eating one another up, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, namely, my castle, my country-seat, which I called my bower, and my enclosure in the woods. Nor did I look after this for any other use than as an enclosure for my goats; for the aversion which nature gave me to these hellish wretches was such that I was fearful of seeing them as of seeing the Devil himself. Nor did I so much as go to look after my boat in all this time, but began rather to think of making me another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of these creatures at sea, in which, if I had happened to have fallen into their

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hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Time, however, and the satisfaction I had that I was in no danger of being discovered by these people, began to wear off my uneasiness about them; and I began to live just in the same composed manner as before, — only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me than I did before, lest I should happen to be seen by any of them: and, particularly, I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them being on the island should happen to hear of it. And it was therefore a very good providence to me that I had furnished myself with a tame breed of goats, that I needed not hunt any more about the woods or shoot at them; and if I did catch any of them after this, it was by traps and snares, as I had done before; so that for two years after this I believe I never fired my gun once off, though I never went out without it. And, which was more, as I had saved three pistols out of the ship, I always carried them out with me, — or at least two of them, — sticking them in my goat-skin belt; also I furnished up one of the great cutlasses that I had out of the ship, and made me a belt to put it on also: so that I was now a most formidable fellow to look at when I went abroad, if you add to the former description of myself the particular of two pistols, and a great broad-sword hanging at my side in a belt, but without a scabbard.

Things going on thus, as I have said, for some time, I seemed, excepting these cautions, to be reduced to my former calm, sedate way of living. All these things tended to showing me more and more how far my condition was from being miserable, compared to some others; nay, to many other particulars of life which it might have pleased God to have made my lot. It put me upon reflecting how little repining there would be among mankind at any condition of life, if people would rather compare their condition with those that are worse, in order to be thankful, than be always comparing them with those which are better, to assist their murmurings and complainings.

As in my present condition there were not really many things which I wanted, so indeed I thought that the frights I had been in about these savage wretches, and the concern I had been in for my own preservation, had taken off the edge of my invention for my own conveniences; and I had dropped a good design which I had once bent my thoughts too much upon, and that was to try if I could not make some of my barley into malt, and then try to brew myself some beer. This was really a whimsical thought, and I reproved myself often for the simplicity of it; for I presently saw there would be the want of several things necessary to the making my beer that it would be impossible for me to supply. As, first, casks to preserve it in; which was a thing that, as I have observed already, I could never compass, — no, though I spent, not many days, but weeks, nay, months, in attempting it, but to no purpose. In the next place, I had no hops to make it keep, no yeast to make it work, no copper or kettle to make it boil. And yet, all these things notwithstanding, I verily believe, had not these things intervened, — I mean the frights and terrors I was in about the savages, — I had undertaken it, and perhaps brought it to pass too; for I seldom gave anything over without accomplishing it, when I once had it in my head enough to begin it.

But my invention now ran quite another way; for night and day I could think of nothing but how I might destroy some of these monsters in their cruel, bloody entertainment, and, if possible, save the victim they should bring hither to destroy. It would take up a larger volume than this whole work is intended to be, to set down all the contrivances I hatched, or rather brooded upon in my thoughts, for destroying these creatures, or at least frightening them, so as to prevent their coming hither any more. But all was abortive; nothing could be possible to take effect unless I was to be there to do it myself. And what could one man do among them when perhaps there might be twenty or thirty of them together, with their darts or their bows and arrows with which they could shoot as true to a mark as I could with my gun?

Sometimes I contrived to dig a hole under the place where they made their fire, and put in five or six pound of gunpowder, which, when they kindled their fire, would consequently take fire and blow up all that was near it. But as, in the first place, I should

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be very loath to waste so much powder upon them, my store being now within the quantity of one barrel, so neither could I be sure of its going off at any certain time, when it might surprise them, and at best that it would do little more than just blow the fire about their ears and fright them, but not sufficient to make them forsake the place; so I laid it aside, and then proposed that I would place myself in ambush, in some convenient place, with my three guns all double-loaded, and in the middle of their bloody ceremony let fly at them, when I should be sure to kill or wound perhaps two or three at every shot; and then falling in upon them with my three pistols and my sword, I made no doubt but that if there were twenty I should kill them all. This fancy pleased my thoughts for some weeks, and I was so full of it that I often dreamed of it, and sometimes that I was just going to let fly at them in my sleep.

I went so far with it in my imagination, that I employed myself several days to find out proper places to put myself in ambuscade, as I said, to watch for them; and I went frequently to the place itself, which was now grown more familiar to me: and especially while my mind was thus filled with thoughts of revenge, and of a bloody putting twenty or thirty of them to the sword, as I may call it; the horror I had at the place, and at the signals of the barbarous wretches devouring one another, abated my malice.

Well, at length I found a place in the side of the hill, where I was satisfied I might securely wait till I saw any of their boats coming, and might then, even before they would be ready to come on shore, convey myself unseen into thickets of trees, in one of which there was a hollow large enough to conceal me entirely, and where I might sit and observe all their bloody doings, and take my full aim at their heads, when they were so close together as that it would be next to impossible that I should miss my shot, or that I could fail wounding three or four of them at the first shot.

In this place, then, I resolved to fix my design, and accordingly I prepared two muskets and my ordinary fowling-piece. The two muskets I loaded with a brace of slugs each, and four or five smaller bullets, about the size of pistol bullets; and the fowling-piece I loaded with near a handful of swan-shot, of the largest size; I also loaded my pistols with about four bullets each, and in this posture, well provided with ammunition for a second and third charge, I prepared myself for my expedition.

After I had thus laid the scheme of my design, and in my imagination put it in practice, I continually made my tour every morning up to the top of the hill, which was from my castle, as I called it, about three miles, or more, to see if I could observe any boats upon the sea, coming near the island or standing over towards it. But I began to tire of this hard duty, after I had for two or three months constantly kept my watch, but come always back without any discovery, there having not in all that time been the least appearance, not only on or near the shore, but not on the whole ocean, so far as my eyes or glasses could reach every way.

As long as I kept up my daily tour to the hill to look out, so long also I kept up the vigor of my design, and my spirits seemed to be all the while in a suitable form for so outrageous an execution as the killing twenty or thirty naked savages, for an offence which I had not at all entered into a discussion of in my thoughts, any further than my passions were at first fired by the horror I conceived at the unnatural custom of that people of the country, who, it seems, had been suffered by Providence, in his wise disposition of the world, to have no other guide than that of their own abominable and vitiated passions; and consequently were left, and perhaps had been so for some ages, to act such horrid things, and receive such dreadful customs, as nothing but nature entirely abandoned of Heaven and acted by some hellish degeneracy, could have run them into. But now when, as I have said, I began to be weary of the fruitless excursion which I had made so long and so far every morning in vain, so my opinion of the action itself began to alter, and I began with cooler and calmer thoughts to consider what it was I was going to engage in; what authority or call I had to pretend to be judge and excutioner upon these men as criminals, whom Heaven had thought fit for so many ages to suffer unpunished, to go on, and to be, as it were, the executioners of his judgments one upon another. How far were these people offenders against me, and what right had I to engage

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in the quarrel of that blood which they shed promiscuously one upon another? I debated this very often with myself thus: How do I know what God himself judges in this particular case? It is certain these people either do not commit this as a crime; it is not against their own consciences reproving or their light reproaching them. They do not know it to be an offence, and then commit it in defiance of Divine justice, as we do in almost all the sins we commit. They think it no more a crime to kill a captive taken in war, than we do to kill an ox; nor to eat human flesh, than we do to eat mutton.

When I had considered this a little, it followed necessarily that I was certainly in the wrong in it; that these people were not murderers in the sense that I had before condemned them in my thoughts, any more than those Christians were murderers who often put to death the prisoners taken in battle, or, more frequently, upon many occasions put whole troops of men to the sword, without giving quarter, though they threw down their arms and submitted.

In the next place, it occurred to me that albeit the usage they thus gave one another was thus brutish and inhuman, yet it was really nothing to me; these people had done me no injury. That if they attempted me, or I saw it necessary for my immediate preservation to fall upon them, something might be said for it; but that as I was yet out of their power, and they had really no knowledge of me, and consequently no design upon me, therefore it could not be just for me to fall upon them. That this would justify the conduct of the Spaniards in all their barbarities practised in America, and where they destroyed millions of these people, who, however they were idolaters and barbarians, and had several bloody and barbarous rites in their customs, such as sacrificing human bodies to their idols, were yet, as to the Spaniards, very innocent people; and that the rooting them out of the country is spoken of with the utmost abhorrence and detestation, by even the Spaniards themselves, at this time, and by all other Christian nations of Europe, as a mere butchery, a bloody and unnatural piece of cruelty, unjustifiable either to God or man; and such as for which the very name of a Spaniard is reckoned to be frightful and terrible to all people of humanity, or of Christian compassion, — as if the kingdom of Spain were particularly eminent for the production of a race of men who were without principles of tenderness, or the common bowels of pity to the miserable, which is reckoned to be a mark of generous temper in the mind.

These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of a full stop; and I began by little and little to be off of my design, and to conclude I had taken wrong measures in my resolutions to attack the savages; that it was not my business to meddle with them, unless they first attacked me, and this it was my business if possible to prevent; but that, if I were discovered and attacked, then I knew my duty.

On the other hand, I argued with myself, that this really was the way not to deliver myself, but entirely to ruin and destroy myself; for unless I was sure to kill every one that not only should be on shore at that time, but that should ever come on shore afterwards, if but one of them escaped to tell their country-people what had happened, they would come over again by thousands to revenge the death of their fellows, and I should only bring upon myself a certain destruction, which at present I had no manner of occasion for.

Upon the whole, I concluded that neither in principles nor in policy I ought one way or other to concern myself in this affair; that my business was by all possible means to conceal myself from them, and not to leave the least signal to them to guess by that there were any living creatures upon the island, — I mean of human shape.

Religion joined in with this prudential resolution, and I was convinced now many ways that I was perfectly out of my duty, when I was laying all my bloody schemes for the destruction of innocent creatures, — I mean innocent as to me. As to the crimes they were guilty of towards one another, I had nothing to do with them; they were national, and I ought to leave them to the justice of God, who is the Governor of nations, and knows how by national punishments to make a just retribution for national offences, and to bring public judgments upon those who offend in a public manner, by such ways as best pleases him.

This appeared so clear to me now, that

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nothing was a greater satisfaction to me than that I had not been suffered to do a thing which I now saw so much reason to believe would have been no less a sin than that of wilful murder, if I had committed it. And I gave most humble thanks on my knees to God, that had thus delivered me from blood-guiltiness; beseeching him to grant me the protection of his providence, that I might not fall into the hands of the barbarians; or that I might not lay my hands upon them, unless I had a more clear call from Heaven to do it, in defence of my own life.

In this disposition I continued for near a year after this, and so far was I from desiring an occasion for falling upon these wretches, that in all that time I never once went up the hill to see whether there were any of them in sight, or to know whether any of them had been on shore there or not, that I might not be tempted to renew any of my contrivances against them, or be provoked by any advantage which might present itself, to fall upon them; only this I did, I went and removed my boat, which I had on the other side the island, and carried it down to the east end of the whole island, where I ran it into a little cove which I found under some high rocks, and where I knew, by reason of the currents, the savages durst not, at least would not, come with their boats upon any account whatsoever.

With my boat I carried away everything that I had left there belonging to her, though not necessary for the bare going thither, — namely, a mast and sail which I had made for her, and a thing like an anchor, but indeed which could not be called either anchor or grappling, — however, it was the best I could make of its kind. All these I removed, that there might not be the least shadow of any discovery, or any appearance of any boat or of any human habitation upon the island.

Besides this, I kept myself, as I said, more retired than ever, and seldom went from my cell, other than upon my constant employment, namely, to milk my she-goats and manage my little flock in the wood; which, as it was quite on the other part of the island, was quite out of danger; for certain it is, that those savage people who sometimes haunted this island never came with any thoughts of finding anything here, and consequently never wandered off from the coast. And I doubt not but they might have been several times on shore after my apprehensions of them had made me cautious, as well as before; and, indeed, I looked back with some horror upon the thoughts of what my condition would have been, if I had chopped upon them, and been discovered before that, when naked and unarmed, except with one gun, and that loaded often only with small shot. I walked everywhere peeping and peeping about the island to see what I could get; — what a surprise should I have been in, if, when I discovered the print of a man's foot, I had instead of that seen fifteen or twenty savages, and found them pursuing me, and, by the swiftness of their running, no possibility of my escaping them!

The thoughts of this sometimes sank my very soul within me, and distressed my mind so much that I could not soon recover it, to think what I should have done, and how I not only should not have been able to resist them, but even should not have had presence of mind enough to do what I might have done; much less what now, after much consideration and preparation, I might be able to do. Indeed, after serious thinking of these things, I should be very melancholy, and sometimes it would last a great while; but I resolved it at last all into thankfulness to that Providence which had delivered me from so many unseen dangers, and had kept me from those mischiefs which I could no way have been the agent in delivering myself from, because I had not the least notion of any such thing depending, or the least supposition of it being possible.

This renewed a contemplation which often had come to my thoughts in former time, when first I began to see the merciful dispositions of Heaven in the dangers we run through in this life; How wonderfully we are delivered when we know nothing of it: how, when we are in a quandary, as we call it, a doubt or hesitation whether to go this way or that way, a secret hint shall direct us this way when we intended to go that way; nay, when sense, our own inclination, and perhaps business, has called to go the other way, yet a strange impression upon the mind, from we know not what springs, and

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by we know not what power, shall overrule us to go this way; and it shall afterwards appear that had we gone that way which we should have gone, and even to our imagination ought to have gone, we should have been ruined and lost. Upon these and many like reflections, I afterwards made it a certain rule with me, that whenever I found those secret hints or pressings of my mind to doing or not doing anything that presented, or to going this way or that way, I never failed to obey the secret dictate, though I knew no other reason for it than that such a pressure or such a hint hung upon my mind. I could give many examples of the success of this conduct in the course of my life, but more especially in the latter part of my inhabiting this unhappy island, besides many occasions which it is very likely I might have taken notice of if I had seen with the same eyes then that I saw with now. But it is never too late to be wise; and I cannot but advise all considering men, whose lives are attended with such extraordinary incidents as mine, or even though not so extraordinary, not to slight such secret intimations of Providence. Let them come from what invisible intelligence they will, — that I shall not discuss, and perhaps cannot account for, — but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits, and the secret communication between those embodied and those unembodied, and that such a proof as can never be withstood. Of which I shall have occasion to give some very remarkable instances in the remainder of my solitary residence in this dismal place.

I believe the reader of this will not think strange if I confess that these anxieties, these constant dangers I lived in, and the concern that was now upon me, put an end to all invention and to all the contrivances that I had laid for my future accommodations and conveniences. I had the care of my safety more now upon my hands than that of my food. I cared not to drive a nail or chop a stick of wood now, for fear the noise I should make should be heard; much less would I fire a gun, for the same reason. And, above all, I was intolerably uneasy at making any fire, lest the smoke, which is visible at a great distance in the day, should betray me; and for this reason I removed that part of my business which required fire, such as burning of pots and pipes, &c., into my new apartment in the woods, where, after I had been some time, I found to my unspeakable consolation a mere natural cave in the earth, which went in a vast way, and where, I dare say, no savage, had he been at the mouth of it, would be so hardy as to venture in, nor indeed would any man else; but one like me wanted nothing so much as a safe retreat.

The mouth of this hollow was at the bottom of a great rock, where, by mere accident (I would say, if I did not see abundant reason to ascribe all such things now to Providence), I was cutting down some thick branches of trees to make charcoal. And before I go on I must observe the reason of my making this charcoal, which was thus: —

I was afraid of making a smoke about my habitation, as I said before; and yet I could not live there without baking my bread, cooking my meat, &c. So I contrived to burn some wood here, as I had seen done in England, under turf, till it became chark, or dry coal; and then putting the fire out, I preserved the coal to carry home and perform the other services which fire was wanting for at home without danger of smoke.

But this is by the by. While I was cutting down some wood here, I perceived that behind a very thick branch of low brushwood or underwood there was a kind of hollow place. I was curious to look into it, and getting with difficulty into the mouth of it, I found it was pretty large; that is to say, sufficient for me to stand upright in it, and perhaps another with me. But I must confess to you I made more haste out than I did in, when looking farther into the place, and which was perfectly dark, I saw two broad shining eyes of some creature, whether devil or man I knew not, which twinkled like two stars, the dim light from the cave's mouth shining directly in and making the reflection!

However, after some pause, I recovered myself and began to call myself a thousand fools, and tell myself that he that was afraid to see the Devil was not fit to live twenty years in an island all alone; and that I durst to believe there was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself. Upon this, plucking up my courage, I took up a great

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firebrand, and in I rushed again, with the stick flaming in my hand. I had not gone three steps in but I was almost as much frighted as I was before: for I heard a very loud sigh, like that of a man in some pain; and it was followed by a broken noise, as if of words half expressed, and then a deep sigh again. I stepped back, and was indeed struck with such a surprise that it put me into a cold sweat; and if I had had a hat on my head, I will not answer for it that my hair might not have lifted it off! But still, plucking up my spirits as well as I could, and encouraging myself a little with considering that the power and presence of God was everywhere, and was able to protect me, upon this I stepped forward again, and by the light of the firebrand, holding it up a little over my head, I saw lying on the ground a most monstrous frightful old he-goat, just making his will, as we say, and gasping for life, and dying indeed of mere old age.

I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, and he essayed to get up, but was not able to raise himself. And I thought with myself he might even lie there; for if he had frighted me so, he would certainly fright any of the savages, if any of them should be so hardy as to come in there while he had any life in him.

I was now recovered from my surprise, and began to look round me, when I found the cave was but very small; that is to say, it might be about twelve feet over, but in no manner of shape, either round or square, no hands having ever been employed in making it but those of mere Nature. I observed also that there was a place at the farther side of it that went in farther, but was so low that it required me to creep upon my hands and knees to go into it, and whither I went I knew not. So, having no candle, I gave it over for some time, but resolved to come again the next day, provided with candles and a tinder-box, which I had made of the lock of one of the muskets, with some wild-fire in the pan.

Accordingly, the next day I came provided with six large candles of my own making, — for I made very good candles now of goat's tallow, — and going into this low place, I was obliged to creep upon all fours, as I have said, almost ten yards, which, by the way, I thought was a venture bold enough, considering that I knew not how far it might go, nor what was beyond it. When I was got through the strait I found the roof rose higher up, — I believe near twenty feet. But never was such a glorious sight seen in the island, I dare say, as it was to look round the sides and roof of this vault or cave. The walls reflected a hundred thousand lights to me from my two candles. What it was in the rock, whether diamonds or any other precious stones, or gold, which I rather supposed it to be, I knew not.

The place I was in was a most delightful cavity or grotto of its kind as could be expected, though perfectly dark. The floor was dry and level, and had a sort of small loose gravel upon it, so that there was no nauseous or venomous creature to be seen, neither was there any damp or wet on the sides or roof. The only difficulty in it was the entrance, which, however, as it was a place of security, and such a retreat as I wanted, I thought that was a convenience; so that I was really rejoiced at the discovery, and resolved without any delay to bring some of those things which I was most anxious about to this place. Particularly I resolved to bring hither my magazine of powder and all my spare arms, namely, two fowling-pieces, for I had three in all; and three muskets, for of them I had eight in all. So I kept at my castle only five, which stood ready mounted, like pieces of cannon, on my outmost fence, and were ready also to take out upon any expedition.

Upon this occasion of removing my ammunition, I took occasion to open the barrel of powder which I took up out of the sea, and which had been wet; and I found that the water had penetrated about three or four inches into the powder on every side, which, caking and growing hard, had preserved the inside like a kernel in a shell. So that I had near sixty pounds of very good powder in the centre of the cask, and this was an agreeable discovery to me at that time. So I carried all away thither, never keeping above two or three pounds of powder with me in my castle for fear of a surprise of any kind. I also carried thither all the lead I had left, for bullets.

I fancied myself now like one of the ancient giants, which were said to live in caves

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and holes in the rocks, where none could come at them. For I persuaded myself, while I was here, if five hundred savages were to hunt me, they could never find me out; or if they did, they would not venture to attack me here.

The old goat, which I found expiring, died in the mouth of the cave the next day after I made this discovery; and I found it much easier to dig a great hole there, and throw him in and cover him with earth, than to drag him out. So I interred him there to prevent offence to my nose.

I was now in my twenty-third year of residence in this island, and was so naturalized to the place and to the manner of living, that could I have but enjoyed the certainty that no savages would come to the place to disturb me, I could have been content to have capitulated for spending the rest of my time there even to the last moment, till I had laid me down and died, like the old goat in the cave. I had also arrived to some little diversions and amusements, which made the time pass more pleasantly with me a great deal than it did before. At first, I had taught my Poll, as I noted before, to speak; and he did it so familiarly, and talked so articulately and plain, that it was very pleasant to me; and he lived with me no less than six-and-twenty years. How long he might live afterwards I know not; though I know they have a notion in the Brazils that they live a hundred years. Perhaps poor Poll may be alive there still, calling after poor Robin Crusoe to this day. I wish no Englishman the ill luck to come there and hear him; but if he did, he would certainly believe it was the Devil. My dog was a very pleasant and loving companion to me for no less than sixteen years of my time, and then died of mere old age. As for my cats, they multiplied, as I have observed, to that degree that I was obliged to shoot several of them at first, to keep them from devouring me and all I had. But at length, when the two old ones I had brought with me were gone, and after some time continually driving them from me, and letting them have no provision with me, they all ran wild into the woods except two or three favorites, which I kept tame, and whose young, when they had any, I always drowned. And these were part of my family. Besides these, I always kept two or three household kids about me, which I taught to feed out of my hand. And I had two more parrots which talked pretty well, and would all call Robin Crusoe, but none like my first. Nor indeed did I take the pains with any of them that I had done with him. I had also several tame sea-fowls, whose names I know not, which I caught upon the shore and cut their wings. And the little stakes which I had planted before my castle wall being now grown up to a good thick grove, these fowls all lived among these low trees, and bred there; which was very agreeable to me. So that, as I said above, I began to be very well contented with the life I led, if it might but have been secured from the dread of the savages.

But it was otherwise directed. And it may not be amiss for all people who shall meet with my story to make this just observation from it, namely, how frequently in the course of our lives the evil which in itself we seek most to shun, and which, when we are fallen into it, is the most dreadful to us, is oftentimes the very means or door of our deliverance, by which alone we can be raised again from the affliction we are fallen into. I could give many examples of this in the course of my unaccountable life, but in nothing was it more particularly remarkable than in the circumstances of my last years of solitary residence in this island.

It was now the month of December, as I said above, in my twenty-third year; and this, being the southern solstice, for winter I cannot call it, was the particular time of my harvest, and required my being pretty much abroad in the fields; when going out pretty early in the morning, even before it was thorough daylight, I was surprised with seeing the light of some fire upon the shore, at a distance from me of about two miles, towards the end of the island where I had observed some savages had been as before; but not on the other side, but, to my great affliction, it was on my side of the island.

I was indeed terribly surprised at the sight, and stepped short within my grove, not daring to go out lest I might be surprised; and yet I had no more peace within, from the apprehensions I had that if these savages, in rambling over the island, should find my corn standing or cut, or any of my works or improvements, they would immediately con-

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clude that there were people in the place, and would then never give over till they had found me out. In this extremity I went back directly to my castle, pulled up the ladder after me, and made all things without look as wild and natural as I could.

Then I prepared myself within, putting myself in a posture of defence. I loaded all my cannon, as I called them, — that is to say, my muskets, which were mounted upon my new fortification, — and all my pistols, and resolved to defend myself to the last gasp; not forgetting seriously to commend myself to the Divine protection, and earnestly to pray to God to deliver me out of the hands of the barbarians. And in this posture I continued about two hours, but began to be mighty impatient for intelligence abroad, for I had no spies to send out.

After sitting awhile longer, and musing what I should do in this case, I was not able to bear sitting in ignorance any longer; so setting up my ladder to the side of the hill, where there was a flat place, as I observed before, and then pulling the ladder up after me, I set it up again, and mounted to the top of the hill, and pulling out my perspective-glass, which I had taken on purpose, I laid me down flat on my belly on the ground, and began to look for the place. I presently found there were no less than nine naked savages sitting round a small fire they had made, not to warm them, for they had no need of that, the weather being extremely hot, but, as I supposed, to dress some of their barbarous diet of human flesh, which they had brought with them, whether alive or dead I could not know.

They had two canoes with them, which they had hauled up upon the shore; and as it was then tide of ebb, they seemed to me to wait for the return of the flood to go away again. It is not easy to imagine what confusion this sight put me into, especially seeing them come on my side the island, and so near me too; but when I observed their coming must be always with the current of the ebb, I began afterwards to be more sedate in my mind, being satisfied that I might go abroad with safety all the time of the tide of flood if they were not on shore before. And having made this observation, I went abroad about my harvest-work with the more composure.

As I expected, so it proved; for as soon as the tide made to the westward, I saw them all take boat, and row, or paddle, as we call it, all away. I should have observed that for an hour and more before they went off they went to dancing, and I could easily discern their postures and gestures by my glasses. I could not perceive, by my nicest observation, but that they were stark naked, and had not the least covering upon them; but whether they were men or women, that I could not distinguish.

As soon as I saw them shipped and gone, I took two guns upon my shoulders, and two pistols at my girdle, and my great sword by my side, without a scabbard, and with all the speed I was able to make I went away to the hill where I had discovered the first appearance of all; and as soon as I got thither, which was not less than two hours (for I could not go apace, being so laden with arms as I was), I perceived there had been three canoes more of savages on that place; and looking out farther, I saw they were all at sea together, making over for the main.

This was a dreadful sight to me, especially when, going down to the shore, I could see the marks of horror which the dismal work they had been about had left behind it, namely, the blood, the bones, and part of the flesh of human bodies, eaten and devoured by those wretches with merriment and sport. I was so filled with indignation at the sight, that I began now to premeditate the destruction of the next that I saw there, let them be who or how many soever.

It seemed evident to me that the visits which they thus make to this island are not very frequent; for it was above fifteen months before any more of them came on shore there again; that is to say, I neither saw them, nor any footsteps or signals of them, in all that time; for as to the rainy seasons, then they are sure not to come abroad, at least not so far. Yet all this while I lived uncomfortably, by reason of the constant apprehensions I was in of their coming upon me by surprise; from whence I observe that the expectation of evil is more bitter than the suffering, especially if there is no room to shake off that expectation or those apprehensions.

During all this time I was in the murdering humor, and took up most of my hours,

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which should have been better employed, in contriving how to circumvent and fall upon them the very next time I should see them, especially if they should be divided, as they were the last time, into two parties. Nor did I consider at all that if I killed one party — suppose ten or a dozen — I was still the next day or week or month to kill another, and so another, even *ad infinitum*, till I should be at length no less a murderer than they were in being man-eaters, and perhaps much more so.

I spent my days now in great perplexity and anxiety of mind, expecting that I should one day or other fall into the hands of these merciless creatures; and if I did at any time venture abroad, it was not without looking round me with the greatest care and caution imaginable. And now I found to my great comfort how happy it was that I provided for a tame flock or herd of goats: for I durst not upon any account fire my gun, especially near that side of the island where they usually came, lest I should alarm the savages; and if they had fled from me now, I was sure to have them come back again, with perhaps two or three hundred canoes with them, in a few days, and then I knew what to expect.

However, I wore out a year and three months more before I ever saw any more of the savages, and then I found them again, as I shall soon observe. It is true they might have been there once or twice, but either they made no stay, or at least I did not hear them; but in the month of May, as near as I could calculate, and in my four-and-twentieth year, I had a very strange encounter with them, of which in its place.

The perturbation of my mind during this fifteen or sixteen months' interval was very great. I slept unquiet, dreamed always frightful dreams, and often started out of my sleep in the night. In the day great troubles overwhelmed my mind, and in the night I dreamed often of killing the savages, and of the reasons why I might justify the doing of it. But to waive all this for a while, it was in the middle of May, on the sixteenth day, I think, as well as my poor wooden calendar would reckon; for I marked all upon the post still. I say it was the sixteenth of May, that it blew a very great storm of wind all day, with a great deal of lightning and thunder, and a very foul night it was after it. I know not what was the particular occasion of it; but as I was reading in the Bible, and taken up with very serious thoughts about my present condition, I was surprised with a noise of a gun, as I thought, fired at sea.

This was, to be sure, a surprise of a quite different nature from any I had met with before; for the notions this put into my thoughts were quite of another kind. I started up in the greatest haste imaginable, and in a trice clapped my ladder to the middle place of the rock, and pulled it after me, and mounting it the second time, got to the top of the hill the very moment that a flash of fire bade me listen for a second gun, which accordingly in about half a minute I heard, and by the sound knew that it was from that part of the sea where I was driven down the current in my boat.

I immediately considered that this must be some ship in distress, and that they had some comrade or some other ship in company, and fired these guns for signals of distress and to obtain help. I had this presence of mind at that minute as to think that though I could not help them, it may be they might help me; so I brought together all the dry wood I could get at hand, and making a good handsome pile, I set it on fire upon the hill. The wood was dry and blazed freely, and though the wind blew very hard, yet it burned fairly out, that I was certain if there was any such thing as a ship they must needs see it; and no doubt they did, for as soon as ever my fire blazed up I heard another gun, and after that several others, all from the same quarter. I plied my fire all night long till day broke; and when it was broad day, and the air cleared up, I saw something at a great distance at sea, full east of the island, whether a sail or a hull I could not distinguish, no, not with my glasses, the distance was so great, and the weather still something hazy also; at least, it was so out at sea.

I looked frequently at it all that day, and soon perceived that it did not move; so I presently concluded that it was a ship at an anchor; and being eager, you may be sure, to be satisfied, I took my gun in my hand, and ran toward the south side of the island, to the rocks where I had formerly been carried away with the current; and getting up

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there, the weather by this time being perfectly clear, I could plainly see, to my great sorrow, the wreck of a ship cast away in the night upon those concealed rocks which I found when I was out in my boat; and which rocks, as they checked the violence of the stream, and made a kind of counter-stream of eddy, were the occasion of my recovering from the most desperate hopeless condition that ever I had been in in all my life.

Thus, what is one man's safety is another man's destruction; for it seems these men, whoever they were, being out of their knowledge, and the rocks being wholly under water, had been driven upon them in the night, the wind blowing hard at east and east-northeast. Had they seen the island, as I must necessarily suppose they did not, they must, as I thought, have endeavored to have saved themselves on shore by the help of their boat. But their firing of guns for help, especially when they saw, as I imagined, my fire, filled me with many thoughts. First, I imagined that upon seeing my light they might have put themselves into their boat, and have endeavored to make the shore; but that the sea going very high, they might have been cast away. Other times I imagined that they might have lost their boat before, as might be the case many ways, as particularly by the breaking of the sea upon their ship, which many times obliges men to stave or take in pieces their boat, and sometimes to throw it overboard with their own hands. Other times I imagined they had some other ship or ships in company, who, upon the signals of distress they had made, had taken them up and carried them off. Other whiles I fancied they were all gone off to sea in their boat, and being hurried away by the current that I had been formerly in, were carried out into the great ocean, where there was nothing but misery and perishing, and that perhaps they might by this time think of starving, and of being in a condition to eat one another.

As all these were but conjectures at best, so in the condition I was in I could do no more than look on upon the misery of the poor men and pity them; which had still this good effect on my side, that it gave me more and more cause to give thanks to God, who had so happily and comfortably provided for me in my desolate condition, and that of two ships' companies who were now cast away upon this part of the world, not one life should be spared but mine. I learned here again to observe that it is very rare that the providence of God casts us into any condition of life so low, or any misery so great, but we may see something or other to be thankful for, and may see others in worse circumstances than our own.

Such certainly was the case of these men, of whom I could not so much as see room to suppose any of them were saved. Nothing could make it rational, so much as to wish or expect that they did not all perish there, except the possibility only of their being taken up by another ship in company; and this was but mere possibility indeed, for I saw not the least signal or appearance of any such thing.

I cannot explain by any possible energy of words what a strange longing or hankering of desires I felt in my soul upon this sight, breaking out sometimes thus: "O that there had been but one or two, nay, or but one soul saved out of this ship, to have escaped to me; that I might but have had one companion, one fellow-creature to have spoken to me, and to have conversed with." In all the time of my solitary life I never felt so earnest, so strong a desire after the society of my fellow-creatures, or so deep a regret at the want of it.

There are some secret moving springs in the affections, which, when they are set a going by some object in view, or be it some object, though not in view, yet rendered present to the mind by the power of imagination, that motion carries out the soul by its impetuosity to such violent eager embracings of the object, that the absence of it is unsupportable.

Such were these earnest wishings that but one man had been saved! "O that it had been but one!" I believe I repeated the words, "O that it had been but one!" a thousand times; and the desires were so moved by it, that when I spoke the words my hands would clinch together, and my fingers press the palms of my hands, that if I had had any soft thing in my hand, it would have crushed it involuntarily; and my teeth in my head would strike together, and set

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against one another so strong, that for some time I could not part them again.

Let the naturalists explain these things, and the reason and manner of them. All I can say to them is, to describe the fact, which was even surprising to me when I found it; though I knew not from what it should proceed. It was doubtless the effect of ardent wishes and of strong ideas formed in my mind, realizing the comfort which the conversation of one of my fellow-Christians would have been to me.

But it was not to be. Either their fate or mine, or both, forbade it; for until the last year of my being on this island, I never knew whether any were saved out of that ship or no; and had only the affliction, some days after, to see the corpse of a drowned boy come on shore, at the end of the island which was next the shipwreck. He had on no clothes but a seaman's waistcoat, a pair of open-kneed linen drawers, and a blue linen shirt; but nothing to direct me so much as to guess what nation he was of. He had nothing in his pocket but two pieces of eight and a tobacco-pipe. The last was to me of ten times more value than the first.

It was now calm, and I had a great mind to venture out in my boat to this wreck; not doubting but I might find something on board that might be useful to me. But that did not altogether press me so much as the possibility that there might be yet some living creature on board, whose life I might not only save, but might, by saving that life, comfort my own to the last degree; and this thought clung so to my heart that I could not be quiet, night nor day, but I must venture out in my boat on board this wreck; and committing the rest to God's providence, I thought the impression was so strong upon my mind that it could not be resisted, that it must come from some invisible direction, and that I should be wanting to myself if I did not go.

Under the power of this impression, I hastened back to my castle, prepared everything for my voyage, took a quantity of bread, a great pot for fresh water, a compass to steer by, a bottle of rum, — for I had still a great deal of that left, — a basket full of raisins. And thus loading myself with everything necessary, I went down to my boat, got the water out of her, and got her afloat, loaded all my cargo in her, and then went home again for more. My second cargo was a great bag full of rice, the umbrella to set up over my head for shade, another large pot full of fresh water, and about two dozen of my small loaves, or barley-cakes, more than before, with a bottle of goat's milk and a cheese: all which, with great labor and sweat, I brought to my boat; and praying to God to direct my voyage, I put out, and rowing or paddling the canoe along the shore, I came at last to the utmost point of the island on that side, namely, northeast. And now I was to launch out into the ocean, and either to venture or not to venture. I looked on the rapid currents which ran constantly on both sides of the island, at a distance, and which were very terrible to me, from the remembrance of the hazard I had been in before, and my heart began to fail me; for I foresaw that if I was driven into either of those currents, I should be carried a vast way out to sea, and perhaps out of my reach or sight of the island again; and that then, as my boat was but small, if any little gale of wind should rise I should be inevitably lost.

These thoughts so oppressed my mind, that I began to give over my enterprise, and having hauled my boat into a little creek on the shore, I stepped out, and sat me down upon a little rising bit of ground, very pensive and anxious, between fear and desire about my voyage; when, as I was musing, I could perceive that the tide was turned and the flood come on, upon which my going was for so many hours impracticable. Upon this, presently it occurred to me that I should go up to the highest piece of ground I could find, and observe, if I could, how the sets of the tide or currents lay when the flood came in, that I might judge whether, if I was driven one way out, I might not expect to be driven another way home, with the same rapidness of the currents. This thought was no sooner in my head, but I cast my eye upon a little hill, which sufficiently overlooked the sea both ways, and from whence I had a clear view of the currents, or sets of the tide, and which way I was to guide myself in my return. Here I found that as the current of the ebb set out close by the south point of the island, so the current of the flood set in close by the shore

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of the north side, and that I had nothing to do but to keep to the north of the island in my return, and I should do well enough.

Encouraged with this observation, I resolved the next morning to set out with the first of the tide; and reposing myself for the night in the canoe, under the great watch-coat I mentioned, I launched out. I made first a little out to sea full north, till I began to feel the benefit of the current, which set eastward, and which carried me at a great rate, and yet did not so hurry me as the southern side current had done before, and so as to take from me all government of the boat; but having a strong steerage with my paddle, I went at a great rate, directly for the wreck, and in less than two hours I came up to it.

It was a dismal sight to look at. The ship, which by its building was Spanish, stuck fast, jammed in between two rocks; all the stern and quarter of her was beaten to pieces with the sea; and as her forecastle, which stuck in the rocks, had run on with great violence, her mainmast and foremast were brought by the board, — that is to say, broken short off; but her boltsprit was sound, and the head and bow appeared firm. When I came close to her, a dog appeared upon her, which seeing me coming, yelped and cried; and as soon as I called him, jumped into the sea to come to me, and I took him into the boat, but found him almost dead for hunger and thirst. I gave him a cake of my bread, and he ate it like a ravenous wolf that had been starving a fortnight in the snow. I then gave the poor creature some fresh water, with which, if I would have let him, he would have burst himself.

After this I went on board; but the first sight I met with was two men drowned in the cook-room, or forecastle of the ship, with their arms fast about one another. I concluded, as is indeed probable, that when the ship struck, it being in a storm, the sea broke so high and so continually over her, that the men were not able to bear it, and were strangled with the constant rushing in of the water, as much as if they had been under water. Besides the dog, there was nothing left in the ship that had life, nor any goods that I could see, but what were spoiled by the water. There were some casks of liquor, — whether wine or brandy, I knew not, — which lay lower in the hold, and which, the water being ebbed out, I could see; but they were too big to meddle with. I saw several chests, which I believed belonged to some of the seamen, and I got two of them into the boat, without examining what was in them.

Had the stern of the ship been fixed and the fore part broken off, I am persuaded that I might have made a good voyage; for by what I found in these two chests, I had room to suppose the ship had a great deal of wealth on board; and if I may guess by the course she steered, she must have been bound from the Buenos Ayres or the Rio de la Plata, in the south part of America, beyond the Brazils, to the Havannah, in the Gulf of Mexico, and so, perhaps, to Spain. She had, no doubt, a great treasure in her, but of no use at that time to anybody; and what became of the rest of her people I then knew not.

I found, besides these chests, a little cask full of liquor, of about twenty gallons, which I got into my boat with much difficulty. There were several muskets in a cabin, and a great powder-horn, with about four pounds of powder in it. As for the muskets, I had no occasion for them, — so I left them; but took the powder-horn. I took a fire-shovel and tongs, which I wanted extremely; as also two little brass kettles, a copper pot to make chocolate, and a gridiron. And with this cargo and the dog I came away, the tide beginning to make home again. And the same evening, about an hour within night, I reached the island again, weary and fatigued to the last degree.

I reposed that night in the boat, and in the morning I resolved to harbor what I had gotten in my new cave, not to carry it home to my castle. After refreshing myself, I got all my cargo on shore, and began to examine the particulars. The cask of liquor I found to be a kind of rum, but not such as we had at the Brazils, — and, in a word, not at all good; but when I came to open the chests, I found several things of great use to me. For example, I found in one a fine case of bottles, of an extraordinary kind, and filled with cordial waters, fine, and very good; the bottles held about three pints

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each, and were tipped with silver: I found two pots of very good succades, or sweetmeats, so fastened also on top that the salt water had not hurt them; and two more of the same which the water had spoiled: I found some very good shirts, which were very welcome to me, and about a dozen and half of linen white handkerchiefs, and colored neckcloths, — the former were also very welcome, being exceeding refreshing to wipe my face in a hot day; besides this, when I came to the till in the chest, I found there three great bags of pieces of eight, which held out about eleven hundred pieces in all; and in one of them, wrapped up in a paper, six doubloons of gold, and some small bars or wedges of gold; I suppose they might all weigh near a pound.

The other chest I found had some clothes in it, but of little value; but by the circumstances it must have belonged to the gunner's mate, though there was no powder in it but about two pound of fine glazed powder in three small flasks, kept, I suppose, for charging their fowling-pieces on occasion. Upon the whole, I got very little by this voyage that was of any use to me: for as to the money, I had no manner of occasion for it; it was to me as the dirt under my feet; and I would have given it all for three or four pair of English shoes and stockings, which were things I greatly wanted, but had not had on my feet now for many years. I had, indeed, gotten two pair of shoes now, which I took off of the feet of the two drowned men whom I saw in the wreck; and I found two pair more in one of the chests, which were very welcome to me; but they were not like our English shoes, either for ease or service, being rather what we call pumps than shoes. I found in this seaman's chest about fifty pieces of eight in royals, but no gold. I suppose this belonged to a poorer man than the other, which seemed to belong to some officer.

Well, however, I lugged this money home to my cave, and laid it up, as I had done that before which I brought from our own ship; but it was great pity, as I said, that the other part of this ship had not come to my share, — for I am satisfied I might have loaded my canoe several times over with money, which, if I had ever escaped to England, would have lain here safe enough till I might have come again and fetched it.

Having now brought all my things on shore and secured them, I went back to my boat, and rowed or paddled her along the shore to her old harbor, where I laid her up, and made the best of my way to my old habitation, where I found everything safe and quiet: so I began to repose myself, live after my old fashion, and take care of my family affairs; and for a while I lived easy enough; only that I was more vigilant than I used to be, looked out oftener, and did not go abroad so much; and if at any time I did stir with any freedom, it was always to the east part of the island, where I was pretty well satisfied the savages never came, and where I could go without so many precautions, and such a load of arms and ammunition as I always carried with me if I went the other way.

I lived in this condition near two years more. But my unlucky head, that was always to let me know it was born to make my body miserable, was all these two years filled with projects and designs how, if it were possible, I might get away from this island: for sometimes I was for making another voyage to the wreck, though my reason told me that there was nothing left there worth the hazard of my voyage; sometimes for a ramble one way, sometimes another; and I believe verily, if I had had the boat that I went from Sallee in, I should have ventured to sea, bound anywhere, I knew not whither.

I have been, in all my circumstances, a memento to those who are touched with the general plague of mankind, whence, for aught I know, one half of their miseries flow, — I mean, that of not being satisfied with the station wherein God and nature has placed them. For, not to look back upon my primitive condition, and the excellent advice of my father, the opposition to which was, as I may call it, my *original sin;* my subsequent mistakes of the same kind had been the means of my coming into this miserable condition: for had that Providence which so happily had seated me at the Brazils as a planter blessed me with confined desires, and I could have been contented to have gone on gradually, I might have been by this time, I mean in the time of my being in this island,

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one of the most considerable planters in the Brazils. Nay, I am persuaded that, by the improvements I had made in that little time I lived there, and the increase I should probably have made if I had stayed, I might have been worth a hundred thousand moidores. And what business had I to leave a settled fortune, a well-stocked plantation, improving and increasing, to turn supercargo to Guinea to fetch negroes, when patience and time would have so increased our stock at home that we could have bought them at our own door from those whose business it was to fetch them? And though it had cost us something more, yet the difference of that price was by no means worth saving at so great a hazard.

But as this is ordinarily the fate of young heads, so reflection upon the folly of it is as ordinarily the exercise of more years or of the dear-bought experience of time. And so it was with me now. And yet so deep had the mistake taken root in my temper that I could not satisfy myself in my station, but was continually poring upon the means and possibility of my escape from this place. And that I may, with the greater pleasure to the reader, bring on the remaining part of my story, it may not be improper to give some account of my first conceptions on the subject of this foolish scheme for my escape, and how and upon what foundation I acted.

I am now to be supposed retired into my castle after my late voyage to the wreck, my frigate laid up and secured under water as usual, and my condition restored to what it was before. I had more wealth, indeed, than I had before, but was not at all the richer; for I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards came there.

It was one of the nights in the rainy season in March, the four-and-twentieth year of my first setting foot in this island of solitariness. I was lying in my bed, or hammock, awake, very well in health; had no pain, no distemper, no uneasiness of body, no, nor any uneasiness of mind, more than ordinary: but could by no means close my eyes,—that is, so as to sleep,—no, not a wink all night long: otherwise that as follows.

It is as impossible as needless to set down the innumerable crowd of thoughts that whirled through that great thoroughfare of the brain, the memory, in this night's time. I ran over the whole history of my life in miniature, or by abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this island, and also of the part of my life since I came to this island. In my reflections upon the state of my case since I came on shore on this island, I was comparing the happy posture of my affairs in the first years of my habitation here compared to the life of anxiety, fear, and care which I had lived ever since I had seen the print of a foot in the sand. Not that I did not believe the savages had frequented the island even all the while, and might have been several hundreds of them at times on shore there; but I had never known it, and was incapable of any apprehensions about it. My satisfaction was perfect, though my danger was the same; and I was as happy in not knowing my danger as if I had never really been exposed to it. This furnished my thoughts with many very profitable reflections, and particularly this one: How infinitely good that Providence is which has provided, in its government of mankind, such narrow bounds to his sight and knowledge of things; and though he walks in the midst of so many thousand dangers, the sight of which, if discovered to him, would distract his mind and sink his spirits, he is kept serene and calm by having the events of things hid from his eyes, and knowing nothing of the dangers which surround him!

After these thoughts had for some time entertained me, I came to reflect seriously upon the real danger I had been in for so many years in this very island, and how I had walked about in the greatest security and with all possible tranquillity, even when perhaps nothing but a brow of a hill, a great tree, or the casual approach of night, had been between me and the worst kind of destruction, namely, that of falling into the hands of cannibals and savages, who would have seized on me with the same view as I did of a goat or a turtle, and have thought it no more a crime to kill and devour me than I did of a pigeon or a curlew. I would unjustly slander myself if I should say I was not sincerely thankful to my great Preserver, to whose singular protection I acknowledged, with great humility, that all these unknown deliverances were due, and without which I

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must inevitably have fallen into their merciless hands.

When these thoughts were over, my head was for some time taken up in considering the nature of these wretched creatures, I mean the savages, and how it came to pass in the world that the wise Governor of all things should give up any of his creatures to such inhumanity, nay, to something so much below even brutality itself, as to devour its own kind. But as this ended in some at that time fruitless speculations, it occurred to me to inquire what part of the world these wretches lived in, how far off the coast was from whence they came, what they ventured over so far from home for, what kind of boats they had, and why I might not order myself and my business so that I might be as able to go over thither as they were to come to me.

I never so much as troubled myself to consider what I should do with myself when I came thither, what would become of me if I fell into the hands of the savages, or how I should escape from them if they attempted me; no, nor so much as how it was possible for me to reach the coast and not be attempted by some or other of them without any possibility of delivering myself; and if I should not fall into their hands, what I should do for provisions, or whither I should bend my course; — none of these thoughts, I say, so much as came in my way, but my mind was wholly bent upon the notion of my passing over in my boat to the mainland. I looked back upon my present condition as the most miserable that could possibly be: that I was not able to throw myself into anything but death that could be called worse; that if I reached the shore of the main, I might, perhaps, meet with relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the shore of Africa, till I came to some inhabited country, and where I might find some relief; and after all, perhaps I might fall in with some Christian ship that might take me in; and if the worst came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these miseries at once. Pray note, all this was the fruit of a disturbed mind, an impatient temper, made, as it were, desperate by the long continuance of my troubles and the disappointments I had met in the wreck I had been on board of, and where I had been so near the obtaining what I so earnestly longed for, namely, somebody to speak to, and to learn some knowledge from of the place where I was, and of the probable means of my deliverance: I say, I was agitated wholly by these thoughts; all my calm of mind in my resignation to Providence, and waiting the issue of the dispositions of Heaven, seemed to be suspended; and I had, as it were, no power to turn my thoughts to anything but to the project of a voyage to the main, which came upon me with such force and such an impetuosity of desire that it was not to be resisted.

When this had agitated my thoughts for two hours or more, with such violence that it set my very blood into a ferment, and my pulse beat as high as if I had been in a fever, merely with the extraordinary fervor of my mind about it, nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very thought of it, threw me into a sound sleep. One would have thought I should have dreamed of it, but I did not, nor of anything relating to it. But I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning as usual from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages coming to land, and that they brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill in order to eat him; when on a sudden the savage that they were going to kill jumped away and ran for his life. And I thought in my sleep that he came running into my little thick grove before my fortification to hide himself; and that I, seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the others sought him that way, showed myself to him, and, smiling upon him, encouraged him: that he kneeled down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I showed my ladder, made him go up, and carried him into my cave, and he became my servant: and that, as soon as I had gotten this man, I said to myself, Now I may certainly venture to the mainland, for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and will tell me what to do and whither to go for provisions, and whither not to go for fear of being devoured, what places to venture into, and what to escape. — I waked with this thought, and was under such inexpressible impressions of joy at the prospect of my escape in my dream, that the disappointments which I felt upon coming to myself and finding it was no more than a

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dream were equally extravagant the other way, and threw me into a very great dejection of spirit.

Upon this, however, I made this conclusion, that my only way to go about an attempt for an escape was, if possible, to get a savage into my possession; and, if possible, it should be one of their prisoners whom they had condemned to be eaten and should bring thither to kill. But these thoughts still were attended with this difficulty, that it was impossible to effect this without attacking a whole caravan of them, and killing them all. And this was not only a very desperate attempt, and might miscarry, but, on the other hand, I had greatly scrupled the lawfulness of it to me; and my heart trembled at the thoughts of shedding so much blood, though it was for my deliverance. I need not repeat the arguments which occurred to me against this, they being the same mentioned before. But though I had other reasons to offer now, namely, that those men were enemies to my life, and would devour me if they could; that it was self-preservation in the highest degree to deliver myself from this death of a life, and was acting in my own defence as much as if they were actually assaulting me, and the like; — I say, though these things argued for it, yet the thoughts of shedding human blood for my deliverance were very terrible to me, and such as I could by no means reconcile myself to a great while.

However, at last, after many secret disputes with myself, and after great perplexities about it, — for all these arguments one way and another struggled in my head a long time, — the eager, prevailing desire of deliverance at length mastered all the rest, and I resolved, if possible, to get one of those savages into my hands, cost what it would. My next thing, then, was to contrive how to do it; and this, indeed, was very difficult to resolve on. But as I could pitch upon no probable means for it, so I resolved to put myself upon the watch to see them when they came on shore, and leave the rest to the event, taking such measures as the opportunity should present, let be what would be.

With these resolutions in my thoughts, I set myself upon the scout as often as possible; and indeed so often till I was heartily tired of it, for it was above a year and a half that I waited, and for great part of that time went out to the west end and to the southwest corner of the island almost every day to see for canoes, but none appeared. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much; though I cannot say that it did in this case as it had done some time before that, namely, wear off the edge of my desire to the thing. But the longer it seemed to be delayed, the more eager I was for it; in a word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these savages, and avoid being seen by them, as I was now eager to be upon them.

Besides, I fancied myself able to manage one, nay, two or three savages, if I had them, so as to make them entirely slaves to me, to do whatever I should direct them, and to prevent their being able at any time to do me any hurt. It was a great while that I pleased myself with this affair; but nothing still presented. All my fancies and schemes came to nothing, for no savages came near me for a great while.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing for want of an occasion to put them in execution, I was surprised one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight! The number of them broke all my measures; for, seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective-glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How

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they had cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, — for that was their way, — and two or three others were at work immediately cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. In that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me; I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted, that I must acknowledge, when I perceived him to run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; but I could not depend by any means upon my dream for the rest of it, namely, that the other savages would not pursue him thither and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no farther; and soon after went softly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both but at the foot of the ladders, as I observed above; and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea; and having a very short cut and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued; hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me as at them: but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and in the mean time I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frighted, and I advanced apace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen, and killed, as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then

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a little farther, and stopped again, and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showing him the savage, that he was not dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head as cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who I had reason to believe never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down with the head of the savage that he had killed just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off. So pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go as well as I could. When he came to him he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows and came back, so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then, calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. So I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, namely, that he came into my grove for shelter.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for by his running. And having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped, and as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect; but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and

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black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly yellow nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negro's; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set and white as ivory. After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me. And first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it. And I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them! At this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away; which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill to see if his enemies were gone; and, pulling out my glass, I looked and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them, or of their canoes; so that it was plain that they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

But I was not content with this discovery; but having now more courage, and consequently more curiosity, I takes my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand with the bow and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously, making him carry one gun for me, and I two for myself, and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been, for I had a mind now to get some fuller intelligence of them. When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me at the horror of the spectacle. Indeed, it was a dreadful sight, — at least it was so to me; though Friday made nothing of it. The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed with their blood, great pieces of flesh left here and there, half eaten, mangled and scorched; and, in short, all the tokens of the triumphant feast they had been making there, after the victory over their enemies. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet, and abundance of other parts of the bodies; and Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, whose subjects it seems he had been one of; and that they had taken a great number of prisoners, all which were carried to several places by those that had taken them in the fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these wretches upon those they brought hither.

I caused Friday to gather all the skulls, bones, flesh, and whatever remained, and lay them together on a heap, and make a great

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fire upon it, and burn them all to ashes. I found Friday had still a hankering stomach after some of the flesh, and was still a cannibal in his nature: but I discovered so much abhorrence at the very thoughts of it, and at the least appearance of it, that he durst not discover it; for I had by some means let him know that I would kill him if he offered it.

When we had done this, we came back to our castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday; and first of all I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest I mentioned, and which I found in the wreck, and which with a little alteration fitted him very well. Then I made him a jerkin of goat-skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I was now grown a tolerable good tailor; and I gave him a cap which I had made of a hare-skin, very convenient, and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true he went awkwardly in these things at first: wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders and the inside of his arms; but a little easing them where he complained they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well.

The next day, after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him; and that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last, and in the outside of the first. And as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passge, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over that it must needs waken me. For my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid cross with smaller sticks instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was strong like reeds; and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder I had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down and made a great noise; and as to weapons, I took them all in to my side every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged; his very affections were tied to me like those of a child to a father, and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleased God, in his providence, and in the government of the works of his hands, to take from so great a part of the world of his creatures the best uses to which their faculties and the powers of their souls are adapted, yet that he has bestowed upon them the same powers, the same reason, the same affections, the same sentiments of kindness and obligation, the same passions and resentments of wrongs, the same sense of gratitude, sincerity, fidelity, and all the capacities of doing good and receiving good, that he has given to us; and that when he pleases to offer to them occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready, to apply them to the right uses for which they were bestowed than we are. And this made me very melancholy sometimes, in reflecting, as the several occasions presented, how mean a use we make of all these, even though we have these powers enlightened by the great Lamp of instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the knowledge of his Word, added to our understanding; and why it has pleased God to hide the like saving knowledge from so many millions of souls, who, if I might judge by this poor savage, would make a much better use of it than we did.

From hence I sometimes was led too far, to invade the sovereignty of Providence, and, as it were, arraign the justice of so arbitrary a

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disposition of things, that should hide that light from some, and reveal it to others, and yet expect a like duty from both. But I shut it up, and checked my thoughts with this conclusion: first, That we did not know by what light and law these should be condemned; but that as God was necessarily, and by the nature of his being, infinitely holy and just, so it could not be but that if these creatures were all sentenced to absence from himself, it was on account of sinning against that light which, as the Scripture says, was a law to themselves; and by such rules as their consciences would acknowledge to be just, though the foundation was not discovered to us. And, second, That still as we are all the clay in the hand of the Potter, no vessel could say to him, Why hast thou formed me thus?

But to return to my new companion. I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spoke: and he was the aptest scholar that ever was, and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased, when he could but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. And now my life began to be so easy, that I began to say to myself, that could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not if I was never to remove from the place while I lived.

After I had been two or three days returned to my castle, I thought that, in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding, and from the relish of a cannibal's stomach, I ought to let him taste other flesh; so I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went, indeed, intending to kill a kid out of my own flock, and bring him home and dress it; but, as I was going, I saw a she-goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids sitting by her. I catched hold of Friday. "Hold," says I, "stand still": and made signs to him not to stir. Immediately I presented my piece, shot, and killed one of the kids. The poor creature, who had at a distance indeed seen me kill the savage, his enemy, but did not know, or could imagine, how it was done, was sensibly surprised, trembled and shook, and looked so amazed that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the kid I had shot at or perceive I had killed it, but ripped up his waistcoat to feel if he was not wounded, and, as I found, presently thought I was resolved to kill him; for he came and kneeled down to me, and embracing my knees, said a great many things I did not understand, but I could easily see that the meaning was to pray me not to kill him.

I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm, and taking him up by the hand, laughed at him, and pointing to the kid which I had killed, beckoned him to run and fetch it, which he did; and while he was wondering and looking to see how the creature was killed, I loaded my gun again, and by and by I saw a great fowl like a hawk sit upon a tree within shot; so, to let Friday understand a little what I would do, I called him to me again, pointing to the fowl, which was indeed a parrot, though I thought it had been a hawk. I say, pointing to the parrot, and to my gun, and to the ground under the parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that bird. Accordingly I fired, and bade him look, and immediately he saw the parrot fall. He stood like one frighted again, notwithstanding all I had said to him; and I found he was the more amazed because he did not see me put anything into the gun, but thought that there must be some wonderful fund of death and destruction in that thing, able to kill man, beast, bird, or anything, near or far off; and the astonishment this created in him was such as could not wear off for a long time; and I believe, if I would have let him, he would have worshipped me and my gun! As for the gun itself, he would not so much as touch it for several days after; but would speak to it, and talk to it as if it had answered him, when he was by himself; which, as I afterwards learned of him, was to desire it not to kill him.

Well, after his astonishment was a little over at this, I pointed to him to run and fetch the bird I had shot; which he did, but stayed some time; for the parrot, not being quite dead, was fluttered a good way off from the place where she fell; however, he found her, took her up, and brought her to me; and, as I had perceived his ignorance about

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the gun before, I took this advantage to charge the gun again, and not let him see me do it, that I might be ready for any other mark that might present. But nothing more offered at that time; so I brought home the kid, and the same evening I took the skin off, and cut it out as well as I could; and having a pot for that purpose, I boiled or stewed some of the flesh, and made some very good broth; and after I had begun to eat some, I gave some to my man, who seemed very glad of it, and liked it very well. But that which was strangest to him was to see me eat salt with it. He made a sign to me that the salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his own mouth, he seemed to nauseate it, and would spit and sputter at it, washing his mouth with fresh water after it. On the other hand, I took some meat in my mouth without salt, and I pretended to spit and sputter for want of salt as fast as he had done at the salt. But it would not do, he would never care for salt with his meat, or in his broth; at least, not for a great while, and then but a very little.

Having thus fed him with boiled meat and broth, I was resolved to feast him the next day with roasting a piece of the kid. This I did by hanging it before the fire in a string, as I had seen many people do in England, setting two poles up, one on each side of the fire, and one cross on the top, and tying the string to the cross-stick, letting the meat turn continually. This Friday admired very much; but, when he came to taste the flesh, he took so many ways to tell me how well he liked it, that I could not but understand him; and at last he told me he would never eat man's flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear.

The next day I set him to work to beating some corn out, and sifting it in the manner I used to do, as I observed before; and he soon understood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the meaning of it was, and that it was to make bread of; for after that I let him see me make my bread, and bake it too, and in a little time Friday was able to do all the work for me as well as I could do it myself.

I began now to consider that, having two mouths to feed instead of one, I must provide more ground for my harvest, and plant a larger quantity of corn than I used to do; so I marked out a larger piece of land, and began the fence in the same manner as before; in which Friday not only worked very willingly and very hard, but did it very cheerfully. And I told him what it was for; that it was for corn to make more bread, because he was now with me, and that I might have enough for him and myself too. He appeared very sensible of that part, and let me know that he thought I had much more labor upon me on his account than I had for myself; and that he would work the harder for me, if I would tell him what to do.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the names of almost everything I had occasion to call for, and of every place I had to send him to, and talk a great deal to me; so that, in short, I began now to have some use for my tongue again, which indeed I had very little occasion for before, — that is to say, about speech. Besides the pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular satisfaction in the fellow himself. His simple unfeigned honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature; and, on his side, I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him ever to love anything before.

I had a mind once to try if he had any hankering inclination to his own country again; and having learned him English so well that he could answer me almost any questions, I asked him whether the nation that he belonged to never conquered in battle. At which he smiled, and said, "Yes, yes; we always fight the better"; that is, he meant always get the better in fight; and so we began the following discourse: "You always fight the better," said I; "how came you to be taken prisoner, then, Friday?"

Friday. My nation beat much for all that.

Master. How beat; if your nation beat them, how came you to be taken?

Friday. They more many than my nation in the place where me was; they take one, two, three, and me. My nation overbeat them in yonder place, where me no was; there my nation take one, two, great thousand.

Master. But why did not your side recover you from the hands of your enemies, then?

Friday. They run one, two, three, and me,

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and make go in the canoe; my nation have no canoe that time.

Master. Well, Friday, and what does your nation do with the men they take? do they carry them away and eat them, as these did?

Friday. Yes; my nation eat mans too, eat all up.

Master. Where do they carry them?

Friday. Go to other place where they think.

Master. Do they come hither?

Friday. Yes, yes, they come hither; come other else place.

Master. Have you been here with them?

Friday. Yes, I been here (points to the northwest side of the island, which it seems was their side).

By this I understood that my man Friday had formerly been among the savages who used to come on shore on the farther part of the island on the same man-eating occasions that he was now brought for. And some time after, when I took the courage to carry him to that side, being the same I formerly mentioned, he presently knew the place, and told me he was there once when they ate up twenty men, two women, and one child. He could not tell twenty in English; but he numbered them by laying so many stones on a row, and pointing to me to tell them over.

I have told this passage, because it introduces what follows; that, after I had had this discourse with him, I asked him how far it was from our island to the shore, and whether the canoes were not often lost? He told me there was no danger, no canoes ever lost; but that, after a little way out to the sea, there was a current and a wind, always one way in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

This I understood to be no more than the sets of the tide, as going out, or coming in. But I afterwards understood it was occasioned by the great draught and reflux of the mighty river Orinoco, in the mouth or the gulf of which river, as I found afterwards, our island lay; and this land which I perceived to the west and northwest was the great island Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river. I asked Friday a thousand questions about the country, the inhabitants, the sea, the coast, and what nations were near. He told me all he knew with the greatest openness imaginable. I asked him the names of the several nations of his sort of people, but could get no other name than the Caribs; from whence I easily understood that these were the Caribbees, which our maps place on the part of America which reaches from the mouth of the river Orinoco to Guiana, and onwards to St. Martha. He told me that up a great way beyond the moon, that was, beyond the setting of the moon, which must be west from their country, there dwelt white-bearded men like me, and pointed to my great whiskers, which I mentioned before; and that they had killed much mans, — that was his word. By all which I understood he meant the Spaniards, whose cruelties in America had been spread over the whole countries, and were remembered by all the nations from father to son.

I inquired if he could tell me how I might come from this island, and get among those white men. He told me, "Yes, yes, I might go in two canoe." I could not understand what he meant, or make him describe to me what he meant by two canoe, till at last, with great difficulty, I found he meant it must be in a large, great boat, as big as two canoes.

This part of Friday's discourse began to relish with me very well, and from this time I entertained some hopes that, one time or other, I might find an opportunity to make my escape from this place, and that this poor savage might be a means to help me to do it.

During the long time that Friday has now been with me, and that he began to speak to me, and understand me, I was not wanting to lay a foundation of religious knowledge in his mind. Particularly, I asked him one time, "Who made him?" The poor creature did not understand me at all, but thought I had asked who was his father. But I took it by another handle, and asked him who made the sea, the ground we walked on, and the hills and woods. He told me it was one old Benamuckee, that lived beyond all. He could describe nothing of this great person, but that he was very old; much older, he said, than the sea or the land, than the moon or the stars. I asked him then, "If this old person had made all things, why did not all things worship him?" He looked very grave, and with a perfect look of innocence said, "All things do say *O* to him." I asked him if the people who die in his country went

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away anywhere. He said, "Yes, they all went to Benamuckee." Then I asked him whether those they ate up went thither too. He said, "Yes."

From these things I began to instruct him in the knowledge of the true God. I told him that the great Maker of all things lived up there, pointing up towards heaven; that he governs the world by the same power and providence by which he had made it; that he was omnipotent, — could do everything for us, give everything to us, take everything from us: and thus, by degrees, I opened his eyes. He listened with great attention, and received with pleasure the notion of Jesus Christ being sent to redeem us; and of the manner of making our prayers to God, and his being able to hear us, even into heaven. He told me one day that if our God could hear us up beyond the sun, he must needs be a greater God than their Benamuckee, who lived but a little way off, and yet could not hear, until they went up to the great mountains where he dwelt, to speak to him. I asked him if ever he went thither to speak to him. He said, "No, they never went that were young men"; none went thither but the old men, whom he called their Oowokakee, — that is, as I made him explain to me, their religious or clergy; and that they went to say *O* (so he called saying prayers), and then came back and told them what Benamuckee said. By this I observed that there is priestcraft even amongst the most blinded ignorant pagans in the world; and the policy of making a secret religion, in order to preserve the veneration of the people to the clergy, is not only to be found in the Roman, but perhaps among all religions in the world, even among the most brutish and barbarous savages.

I endeavored to clear up this fraud to my man Friday, and told him that the pretence of their old men going up to the mountains to say *O* to their god Benamuckee was a cheat, and their bringing word from thence what he said was much more so; that if they met with any answer, or spoke with any one there, it must be with an evil spirit. And then I entered into a long discourse with him about the Devil; the original of him, his rebellion against God, his enmity to man, the reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark parts of the world to be worshipped instead of God and as God, and the many stratagems he made use of to delude mankind to their ruin; how he had a secret access to our passions and to our affections, to adapt his snares so to our inclinations as to cause us even to be our own tempters and to run upon our destruction by our own choice.

I found it was not so easy to imprint right notions in his mind about the Devil as it was about the being of a God. Nature assisted all my arguments to evidence to him even the necessity of a great first Cause and overruling governing Power, a secret directing Providence, and of the equity and justice of paying homage to him that made us, and the like. But there appeared nothing of all this in the notion of an evil spirit, of his original, his being, his nature, and, above all, of his inclination to do evil, and to draw us in to do so too; and the poor creature puzzled me once in such a manner, by a question merely natural and innocent, that I scarce knew what to say to him. I had been talking a great deal to him of the power of God, his omnipotence, his dreadful aversion to sin, his being a consuming fire to the workers of iniquity, how, as he had made us all, he could destroy us and all the world in a moment; and he listened with great seriousness to me all the while.

After this, I had been telling him how the Devil was God's enemy in the hearts of men, and used all his malice and skill to defeat the good designs of Providence, and to ruin the kingdom of Christ in the world, and the like. "Well," says Friday, "but you say God is so strong, so great, is he not much strong, much might as the Devil?" "Yes, yes," says I, "Friday, God is stronger than the Devil, God is above the Devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him down under our feet, and enable us to resist his temptations and quench his fiery darts." "But," says he again, "if God much strong, much might as the Devil, why God no kill the Devil, so make him no more do wicked?"

I was strangely surprised at his question; and, after all, though I was now an old man, yet I was but a young doctor, and ill enough qualified for a casuist or a solver of difficulties. And at first I could not tell what to say; so I pretended not to hear him, and asked him what he said. But he was too earnest for an answer to forget his question,

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so that he repeated it in the very same broken words as above. By this time I had recovered myself a little, and I said, "God will at last punish him severely; he is reserved for the judgment, and is to be cast into the bottomless pit to dwell with everlasting fire." This did not satisfy Friday; but he returns upon me, repeating my words, "'Reserve — at last,' me not understand. But why not kill the Devil now, not kill great ago?" "You may as well ask me," said I, "why God does not kill you and me when we do wicked things here that offend him. We are preserved to repent and be pardoned." He muses awhile at this. "Well, well," says he, mighty affectionately, "that well; so you, I, Devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all." Here I was run down again by him to the last degree; and it was a testimony to me how the mere notions of nature, though they will guide reasonable creatures to the knowledge of a God and of a worship or homage due to the supreme being of God, as the consequence of our nature, yet nothing but Divine revelation can form the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of a redemption purchased for us, of a Mediator of the new covenant, and of an Intercessor at the footstool of God's throne; — I say, nothing but a revelation from Heaven can form these in the soul, and that, therefore, the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I mean the Word of God, and the Spirit of God, promised for the guide and sanctifier of his people, are the absolutely necessary instructors of the souls of men in the saving knowledge of God and the means of salvation.

I therefore diverted the present discourse between me and my man, rising up hastily, as upon some sudden occasion of going out; then sending him for something a good way off, I seriously prayed to God that he would enable me to instruct savingly this poor savage, assisting by his Spirit the heart of the poor ignorant creature to receive the light of the knowledge of God in Christ, reconciling him to himself, and would guide me to speak so to him from the Word of God as his conscience might be convinced, his eyes opened, and his soul saved. When he came again to me I entered into a long discourse with him upon the subject of the redemption of man by the Saviour of the world, and of the doctrine of the gospel preached from Heaven, namely, of repentance towards God and faith in our blessed Lord Jesus. I then explained to him as well as I could why our blessed Redeemer took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham, and how, for that reason, the fallen angels had no share in the redemption; that he came only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and the like.

I had, God knows, more sincerity than knowledge in all the methods I took for this poor creature's instruction, and must acknowledge what I believe all that act upon the same principle will find, that, in laying things open to him, I really informed and instructed myself in many things that either I did not know or had not fully considered before, but which occurred naturally to my mind upon my searching into them for the information of this poor savage. And I had more affection in my inquiry after things upon this occasion than ever I felt before; so that whether this poor wild wretch was the better for me or no, I had great reason to be thankful that ever he came to me. My grief sat lighter upon me, my habitation grew comfortable to me beyond measure; and when I reflected that in this solitary life which I had been confined to, I had not only been moved myself to look up to Heaven and to seek to the hand that had brought me there, but was now to be made an instrument under Providence to save the life and, for aught I know, the soul of a poor savage, and bring him to the true knowledge of religion and of the Christian doctrine, that he might know Christ Jesus, to know whom is life eternal; — I say, when I reflected upon all these things, a secret joy ran through every part of my soul; and I frequently rejoiced that ever I was brought to this place, which I had so often thought the most dreadful of all afflictions that could possibly have befallen me.

In this thankful frame I continued all the remainder of my time; and the conversation which employed the hours between Friday and me was such as made the three years which we lived there together perfectly and completely happy, if any such thing as complete happiness can be formed in a sublunary state. The savage was now a good Christian, a much better than I, though I have reason to hope, and bless God for it, that we were equally penitent and comforted, restored penitents; we had here the Word of God to read, and

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no farther off from his Spirit to instruct than if we had been in England.

I always applied myself to reading the Scripture to let him know as well as I could the meaning of what I read; and he, again, by his serious inquiries and questions, made me, as I said before, a much better scholar in the Scripture knowledge than I should ever have been by my own private mere reading. Another thing I cannot refrain from observing here, also from experience in this retired part of my life, namely, how infinite and inexpressible a blessing it is that the knowledge of God and of the doctrine of salvation by Christ Jesus is so plainly laid down in the Word of God, so easy to be received and understood, that as the bare reading the Scripture made me capable of understanding enough of my duty to carry me directly on to the great work of sincere repentance for my sins and laying hold of a Saviour for life and salvation, to a stated reformation in practice and obedience to all God's commands, and this without any teacher or instructor (I mean human), so the same plain instruction sufficiently served to the enlightening this savage creature and bringing him to be such a Christian as I have known few equal to him in my life.

As to all the disputes, wranglings, strife, and contention which has happened in the world about religion, whether niceties in doctrines or schemes of church government, they were all perfectly useless to us, as, for aught I can yet see, they have been to all the rest in the world. We had the sure guide to heaven, namely, the Word of God; and we had, blessed be God, comfortable views of the Spirit of God, teaching and instructing us by his Word, leading us into all truth, and making us both willing and obedient to the instruction of his Word; and I cannot see the least use that the greatest knowledge of the disputed points in religion, which have made such confusions in the world, would have been to us if we could have obtained it. But I must go on with the historical part of things, and take every part in its order.

After Friday and I became more intimately acquainted, and that he could understand almost all I said to him, and speak fluently, though in broken English, to me, I acquainted him with my own story, or at least so much of it as related to my coming into the place, how I had lived there, and how long. I let him into the mystery, for such it was to him, of gunpowder and bullet, and taught him how to shoot. I gave him a knife, which he was wonderfully delighted with; and I made him a belt, with a frog hanging to it, such as in England we wear hangers in; and in the frog, instead of a hanger, I gave him a hatchet, which was not only as good a weapon in some cases, but much more useful upon other occasions.

I described to him the country of Europe, and particularly England, which I came from; how we lived, how we worshipped God, how we behaved to one another, and how we traded in ships to all parts of the world. I gave him an account of the wreck which I had been on board of, and showed him as near as I could the place where she lay; but she was all beaten in pieces before, and gone.

I showed him the ruins of our boat which we lost when we escaped, and which I could not stir with my whole strength then, but was now fallen almost all to pieces. Upon seeing this boat, Friday stood musing a great while, and said nothing. I asked him what it was he studied upon. At last, says he, "Me see such boat like come to place at my nation."

I did not understand him a good while; but at last, when I had examined further into it, I understood by him that a boat, such as that had been, came on shore upon the country where he lived; that is, as he explained it, was driven thither by stress of weather. I presently imagined that some European ship must have been cast away upon their coast, and the boat might get loose and drive ashore; but was so dull, that I never once thought of men making escape from a wreck thither, much less whence they might come; so I only inquired after a description of the boat.

Friday described the boat to me well enough; but brought me better to understand him when he added, with some warmth, "We save the white mans from drown." Then I presently asked him if there were any white mans, as he called them, in the boat. "Yes," he said; "the boat full of white mans." I asked him how many. He told upon his fingers seventeen. I asked him

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then what became of them. He told me, "They live, they dwell at my nation."

This put new thoughts into my head; for I presently imagined that these might be the men belonging to the ship that was cast away in sight of my island, as I now call it; and who, after the ship was struck on the rock, and they saw her inevitably lost, had saved themselves in their boat, and were landed upon that wild shore among the savages.

Upon this I inquired of him more critically what was become of them. He assured me they lived still there; that they had been there about four years; that the savages let them alone, and gave them victuals to live. I asked him how it came to pass they did not kill them and eat them. He said, "No, they make brother with them"; that is, as I understood him, a truce. And then he added, "They no eat mans but when make the war fight"; that is to say, they never eat any men but such as come to fight with them and are taken in battle.

It was after this some considerable time, that, being on the top of the hill, at the east side of the island, from whence, as I have said, I had in a clear day discovered the main, or continent of America, Friday, the weather being very serene, looks very earnestly towards the mainland, and in a kind of surprise falls a jumping and dancing, and calls out to me, for I was at some distance from him. I asked him what was the matter. "O, joy!" says he, "O, glad! There see my country, there my nation!"

I observed an extraordinary sense of pleasure appeared in his face, and his eyes sparkled, and his countenance discovered a strange eagerness, as if he had a mind to be in his own country again; and this observation of mine put a great many thoughts into me, which made me at first not so easy about my new man Friday as I was before; and I made no doubt but that if Friday could get back to his own nation again, he would not only forget all his religion, but all his obligation to me; and would be forward enough to give his countrymen an account of me, and come back perhaps with a hundred or two of them, and make a feast upon me, at which he might be as merry as he used to be with those of his enemies when they were taken in war.

But I wronged the poor honest creature very much, for which I was very sorry afterwards. However, as my jealousy increased, and held me some weeks, I was a little more circumspect, and not so familiar and kind to him as before; in which I was certainly in the wrong, too, the honest grateful creature having no thought about it, but what consisted with the best principles, both as a religious Christian and as a grateful friend, as appeared afterwards to my full satisfaction.

While my jealousy of him lasted, you may be sure I was every day pumping him, to see if he would discover any of the new thoughts which I suspected were in him; but I found everything he said was so honest and so innocent, that I could find nothing to nourish my suspicion; and, in spite of all my uneasiness, he made me at last entirely his own again; nor did he in the least perceive that I was uneasy, and therefore I could not suspect him of deceit.

One day walking up the same hill, but the weather being hazy at sea, so that we could not see the continent, I called to him, and said, "Friday, do not you wish yourself in your own country, your own nation?" "Yes," he said; "I be much O glad to be at my own nation." "What would you do there?" said I. "Would you turn wild again, eat men's flesh again, and be a savage as you were before?" He looked full of concern, and shaking his head, said, "No, no; Friday tell them to live good, tell them to pray God, tell them to eat corn-bread, cattle-flesh, milk, no eat man again." "Why, then," said I to him, "they will kill you." He looked grave at that, and then said, "No, they no kill me, they willing love learn." He meant by this, they would be willing to learn. He added, they learned much of the bearded men that came in the boat. Then I asked him if he would go back to them. He smiled at that, and told me he could not swim so far. I told him I would make a canoe for him. He told me he would go if I would go with him. "I go!" says I; "why, they will eat me if I come there." "No, no," says he; "me make they no eat you; me make they much love you." He meant he would tell them how I had killed his enemies, and saved his life, and so he would make them love me. Then he told me as well as he could how kind they were

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to seventeen white men, or bearded men, as he called them, who came on shore there in distress.

From this time, I confess, I had a mind to venture over, and see if I could possibly join with these bearded men, who, I made no doubt, were Spaniards or Portuguese; not doubting but, if I could, we might find some method to escape from thence, being upon the continent, and a good company together, better than I could from an island forty miles off the shore, and alone without help. So, after some days, I took Friday to work again, by way of discourse, and told him I would give him a boat to go back to his own nation; and accordingly I carried him to my frigate, which lay on the other side of the island, and, having cleared it of water, for I always kept it sunk in the water, brought it out, showed it him, and we both went into it.

I found he was a most dexterous fellow at managing it, would make it go almost as swift and fast again as I could. So when he was in, I said to him, "Well now, Friday, shall we go to your nation?" He looked very dull at my saying so; which it seems was because he thought the boat too small to go so far. I told him then I had a bigger. So the next day I went to the place where the first boat lay which I had made, but which I could not get into water. He said that was big enough. But then, as I had taken no care of it, and it had lain two or three and twenty years there, the sun had split and dried it, that it was in a manner rotten. Friday told me such a boat would do very well, and would carry "much enough vittle, drink, bread"; that was his way of talking.

Upon the whole, I was by this time so fixed upon my design of going over with him to the continent, that I told him we would go and make one as big as that, and he should go home in it. He answered not one word, but looked very grave and sad. I asked him, "What was the matter with him?" He asked me again thus, "Why you angry mad with Friday, what me done?" I asked him what he meant; I told him I was not angry with him at all. "No angry! no angry!" says he, repeating the words several times; "why send Friday home away to my nation?" "Why," says I, "Friday, did you not say you wished you were there?" "Yes, yes," says he; "wish be both there, — no wish Friday there, no master there." In a word, he would not think of going there without me. "I go there, Friday!" says I; "what shall I do there?" He turned very quick upon me at this. "You do great deal much good," says he; "you teach wild mans to be good sober tame mans; you tell them know God, pray God, and live new life." "Alas! Friday," says I, "thou knowest not what thou sayest; I am but an ignorant man myself." "Yes, yes," says he; "you teachee me good, you teachee them good." "No, no, Friday," says I; "you shall go without me; leave me here to live by myself, as I did before." He looked confused again at that word, and running to one of the hatchets which he used to wear, he takes it up hastily, comes and gives it me. "What must I do with this?" says I to him. "You take kill Friday," says he. "What must I kill you for?" said I again. He returns very quick, "What you send Friday away for? — take kill Friday, no send Friday away." This he spoke so earnestly, that I saw tears stand in his eyes. In a word, I so plainly discovered the utmost affection in him to me, and a firm resolution in him, that I told him then, and often after, that I would never send him away from me, if he was willing to stay with me.

Upon the whole, as I found by all his discourse a settled affection to me, and that nothing should part him from me, so I found all the foundation of his desire to go to his own country was laid in his ardent affection to the people, and his hopes of my doing them good; a thing which, as I had no notion of myself, so I had not the least thought or intention or desire of undertaking it. But still I found a strong inclination to my attempting an escape, as above, found on the supposition gathered from the discourse, namely, that there were seventeen bearded men there; and therefore, without any more delay, I went to work with Friday to find out a great tree proper to fell, and make a large periagua or canoe to undertake the voyage. There were trees enough in the island to have built a little fleet, not of periaguas and canoes, but even of good large vessels. But the main thing I looked at was to get one so near the water that we might launch it when

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it was made, to avoid the mistake I committed at first.

At last Friday pitched upon a tree, for I found he knew much better than I what kind of wood was fittest for it; nor can I tell, to this day, what wood to call the tree we cut down, except that it was very like the tree we call fustic, or between that and the Nicaragua wood, for it was much of the same color and smell. Friday was for burning the hollow or cavity of this tree out to make it for a boat; but I showed him how rather to cut it out with tools; which, after I had showed him how to use, he did very handily; and in about a month's hard labor, we finished it, and made it very handsome, especially when with our axes, which I showed him how to handle, we cut and hewed the outside into the true shape of a boat. After this, however, it cost us near a fortnight's time to get her along, as it were, inch by inch upon great rollers into the water. But when she was in she would have carried twenty men with great ease.

When she was in the water, and though she was so big, it amazed me to see with what dexterity and how swift my man Friday would manage her, turn her, and paddle her along; so I asked him if he would, and if we might venture over in her. "Yes," he said; "he venture over in her very well, though great blow wind." However, I had a further design that he knew nothing of; and that was, to make a mast and sail, and to fit her with an anchor and cable. As to a mast, that was easy enough to get; so I pitched upon a straight young cedar-tree, which I found near the place, and which there was great plenty of in the island; and I set Friday to work to cut it down, and gave him directions how to shape and order it. But as to the sail, that was my particular care. I knew I had old sails, or rather pieces of old sails enough; but as I had had them twenty-six years by me, and had not been very careful to preserve them, not imagining that I should ever have this kind of use for them, I did not doubt but they were all rotten; and, indeed, most of them were so. However, I found two pieces which appeared pretty good, and with these I went to work, and with a great deal of pains, and awkward tedious stitching (you may be sure) for want of needles, I at length made a three-cornered ugly thing, like what we call in England a shoulder-of-mutton sail, to go with a boom at bottom, and a little short sprit at the top, such as usually our ships' long-boats sail with; and such as I best knew how to manage, because it was such a one as I had to the boat in which I made my escape from Barbary, as related in the first part of my story.

I was near two months performing this last work, namely, rigging and fitting my mast and sails; for I finished them very complete, making a small stay, and a sail or foresail to it, to assist if we should turn to windward. And, which was more than all, I fixed a rudder to the stern of her, to steer with; and though I was but a bungling shipwright, yet as I knew the usefulness, and even necessity of such a thing, I applied myself with so much pains to do it, that at last I brought it to pass, though considering the many dull contrivances I had for it that failed, I think it cost me almost as much labor as making the boat.

After all this was done, too, I had my man Friday to teach as to what belonged to the navigation of my boat; for though he knew very well how to paddle a canoe, he knew nothing what belonged to a sail and a rudder, and was the most amazed when he saw me work the boat to and again in the sea by the rudder; and how the sail jibed, and filled this way or that way, as the course we sailed changed; — I say, when he saw this he stood like one astonished and amazed. However, with a little use, I made all these things familiar to him; and he became an expert sailor, except that, as to the compass, I could make him understand very little of that. On the other hand, as there was very little cloudy weather, and seldom or never any fogs in those parts, there was the less occasion for a compass, seeing the stars were always to be seen by night and the shore by day, except in the rainy seasons, and then nobody cared to stir abroad, either by land or sea.

I was now entered on the seven-and-twentieth year of my captivity in this place; though the three last years that I had this creature with me ought rather to be left out of the account, my habitation being quite of another kind than in all the rest of the time. I kept the anniversary of my landing here

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with the same thankfulness to God for his mercies as at first. And if I had such cause of acknowledgment at first, I had much more so now, having such additional testimonies of the care of Providence over me, and the great hopes I had of being effectually and speedily delivered; for I had an invincible impression upon my thoughts that my deliverance was at hand, and that I should not be another year in this place. However, I went on with my husbandry, digging, planting, fencing as usual; I gathered and cured my grapes, and did every necessary thing, as before.

The rainy season was in the mean time upon me, when I kept more within doors than at other times. So I had stowed our new vessel as secure as we could, bringing her up into the creek where, as I said, in the beginning I landed my rafts from the ship; and hauling her up to the shore at high-water mark, I made my man Friday dig a little dock, just big enough to hold her, and just deep enough to give her water enough to float in; and then, when the tide was out, we made a strong dam across the end of it, to keep the water out; and so she lay dry, as to the tide from the sea; and to keep the rain off, we laid a great many boughs of trees so thick that she was as well thatched as a house; and thus we waited for the months of November and December, in which I designed to make my adventure.

When the settled season began to come in, as the thought of my design returned with the fair weather, I was preparing daily for the voyage. And the first thing I did was to lay by a certain quantity of provisions, being the stores for our voyage; and intended, in a week or a fortnight's time, to open the dock and launch out our boat. I was busy one morning upon something of this kind, when I called to Friday, and bade him go to the sea-shore and see if he could find a turtle or tortoise, — a thing which we generally got once a week, for the sake of the eggs as well as the flesh. Friday had not been long gone, when he came running back, and flew over my outer wall or fence like one that felt not the ground or the steps he set his feet on; and before I had time to speak to him, he cries out to me, "O master! O master! — O sorrow! — O bad!" "What's the matter, Friday?" says I. "O, — yonder, — there," says he; "one, two, three canoe! — one, two, three!" By his way of speaking I concluded there were six; but on inquiry, I found it was but three. "Well, Friday," says I, "do not be frighted." So I heartened him up as well as I could. However, I saw the poor fellow was most terribly scared; for nothing ran in his head but that they were come to look for him, and would cut him in pieces and eat him; and the poor fellow trembled so, that I scarce knew what to do with him. I comforted him as well as I could, and told him I was in as much danger as he, and that they would eat me as well as him. "But," says I, "Friday, we must resolve to fight them. Can you fight, Friday?" "Me shoot," says he; "but there come many great number." "No matter for that," said I, again; "our guns will fright them that we do not kill"; so I asked him, "Whether, if I resolved to defend him, he would defend me, and stand by me, and do just as I bid him?" He said, "Me die, when you bid die, master." So I went and fetched a good dram of rum and gave him; for I had been so good a husband of my rum that I had a great deal left. When he had drunk it, I made him take the two fowling-pieces, which we always carried, and load them with large swan-shot, as big as small pistol-bullets; then I took four muskets, and loaded them with two slugs and five small bullets each; and my two pistols I loaded with a brace of bullets each; I hung my great sword as usual naked by my side, and gave Friday his hatchet.

When I had thus prepared myself, I took my perspective-glass, and went up to the side of the hill to see what I could discover. And I found quickly, by my glass, that there were one-and-twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes; and that their whole business seemed to be the triumphant banquet upon these three human bodies (a barbarous feast indeed), but nothing else more than as I had observed was usual with them.

I observed, also, that they were landed, not where they had done when Friday made his escape, but nearer to my creek, where the shore was low, and where a thick wood came close almost down to the sea. This, with the abhorrence of the inhuman errand these wretches came about, filled me with such indignation, that I came down again to Friday and told him I was resolved to go

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down to them and kill them all; and asked him if he would stand by me. He was now gotten over his fright, and his spirits being a little raised with the dram I had given him, he was very cheerful, and told me, as before, "he would die, when I bid die."

In this fit of fury, I took first and divided the arms which I had charged, as before, between us. I gave Friday one pistol to stick in his girdle, and three guns upon his shoulder; and I took one pistol and the other three myself; and in this posture we marched out. I took a small bottle of rum in my pocket, and gave Friday a large bag with more powder and bullet. And as to orders, I charged him to keep close behind me, and not to stir or shoot or do anything till I bid him; and in the mean time not to speak a word. In this posture I fetched a compass to my right hand of near a mile, as well to get over the creek as to get into the wood; so that I might come within shoot of them before I should be discovered, which I had seen by my glass it was easy to do.

While I was making this march, my former thoughts returning, I began to abate my resolution. I do not mean that I entertained any fear of their number; for as they were naked, unarmed wretches, it is certain I was superior to them, — nay, though I had been alone; but it occurred to my thoughts, what call, what occasion, much less what necessity, I was in to go and dip my hands in blood, to attack people who had neither done nor intended me any wrong, — who as to me were innocent; and whose barbarous customs were their own disaster, being in them a token, indeed, of God's having left them, with the other nations of that part of the world, to such stupidity and to such inhuman courses, but did not call me to take upon me to be a judge of their actions, much less an executioner of his justice: that whenever he thought fit, he would take the cause into his own hands, and by national vengeance punish them as a people for national crimes; but that, in the mean time, it was none of my business: that it was true Friday might justify it, because he was a declared enemy, and in a state of war with those very particular people, and it was lawful for him to attack them; but I could not say the same with respect to me. These things were so warmly pressed upon my thoughts all the way as I went, that I resolved I would only go and place myself near them, that I might observe their barbarous feast, and that I would act then as God should direct; but that unless something offered that was more a call to me than yet I knew of, I would not meddle with them.

With this resolution I entered the wood, and with all possible wariness and silence, Friday following close at my heels, I marched till I came to the skirt of the wood, on the side which was next to them; only that one corner of the wood lay between me and them. Here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree, which was just at the corner of the wood, I bade him go to the tree and bring me word if he could see there plainly what they were doing. He did so, and came immediately back to me and told me they might be plainly viewed there; that they were all about their fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners; and that another lay bound upon the sand, a little from them, which he said they would kill next, and which fired all the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror at the very naming the white-bearded man, and going to the tree I saw plainly by my glass a white man who lay upon the beach of the sea, with his hands and his feet tied with flags, or things like rushes; and that he was a European, and had clothes on.

There was another tree, and a little thicket beyond it, about fifty yards nearer to them than the place where I was, which, by going a little way about, I saw I might come at undiscovered, and that then I should be within half-shot of them: so I withheld my passion, though I was, indeed, enraged to the highest degree, and going back about twenty paces, I got behind some bushes, which held all the way till I came to the other tree; and then I came to a little rising ground, which gave me a full view of them, at the distance of about eighty yards.

I had now not a moment to lose; for nineteen of the dreadful wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor Christian, and bring him perhaps limb by

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limb to their fire, and they were stooped down to untie the bands at his feet. I turned to Friday. "Now, Friday," said I, "do as I bid thee." Friday said he would. "Then, Friday," says I, "do exactly as you see me do, — fail in nothing." So I set down one of the muskets and the fowling-piece upon the ground, and Friday did the like by his; and with the other musket I took my aim at the savages, bidding him do the like. Then asking him if he was ready, he said, "Yes." "Then fire at them," said I; and the same moment I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I, that on the side that he shot he killed two of them, and wounded three more; and on my side I killed one and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them who were not hurt jumped up upon their feet, but did not immediately know which way to run or which way to look, for they knew not from whence their destruction came. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bid him, he might observe what I did. So as soon as the first shot was made, I threw down the piece and took up the fowling-piece, and Friday did the like; he sees me cock and present; he did the same again. "Are you ready, Friday?" said I. "Yes," says he. "Let fly, then," says I, "in the name of God!" and with that I fired again among the amazed wretches, and so did Friday. And as our pieces were now loaded with what I called swan-shot, or small pistol-bullets, we found only two drop; but so many were wounded, that they ran about yelling and screaming, like mad creatures, all bloody and miserably wounded, most of them; whereof three more fell quickly after, though not quite dead.

"Now, Friday," says I, laying down the discharged pieces, and taking up the musket which was yet loaded, "follow me," says I; which he did, with a great deal of courage. Upon which I rushed out of the wood and showed myself, and Friday close at my foot. As soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could, and bade Friday do so too; and running as fast as I could, — which, by the way, was not very fast, being laden with arms as I was, — I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach or shore, between the place where they sat and the sea. The two butchers, who were just going to work with him, had left him at the surprise of our first fire, and fled in a terrible fright to the seaside and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way. I turned to Friday, and bid him step forward and fire at them. He understood me immediately, and running about forty yards to be near them, he shot at them, and I thought he had killed them all; for I see them all fall of a heap into the boat; though I saw two of them up again quickly. However, he killed two of them, and wounded the third; so that he lay down in the bottom of the boat, as if he had been dead.

While my man Friday fired at them, I pulled out my knife and cut the flags that bound the poor victim, and loosing his hands and feet, I lifted him up and asked him in the Portuguese tongue, "What he was?" He answered in Latin, "Christianus"; but was so weak and faint, that he could scarce stand or speak. I took my bottle out of my pocket and gave it him, making signs that he should drink, which he did; and I gave him a piece of bread, which he ate. Then I asked him, "What countryman he was?" And he said "Espagniole"; and being a little recovered, let me know, by all the signs he could possibly make, how much he was in my debt for his deliverance. "Seignior," said I, with as much Spanish as I could make up, "we will talk afterwards, but we must fight now. If you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword and lay about you." He took them very thankfully; and no sooner had he the arms in his hands, but, as if they had put new vigor into him, he flew upon his murderers like a fury, and had cut two of them in pieces in an instant. For the truth is, as the whole was a surprise to them, so the poor creatures were so much frighted with the noise of our pieces, that they fell down for mere amazement and fear; and had no more power to attempt their own escape than their flesh had to resist our shot. And that was the case of those five that Friday shot at in the boat; for as three of them fell with the hurt they received, so the other two fell with the fright.

I kept my piece in my hand still, without firing, being willing to keep my charge ready, because I had given the Spaniard my pistol and sword. So I called to Friday, and bade him run up to the tree from whence we first fired, and fetch the arms which lay there

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that had been discharged, which he did with great swiftness; and then giving him my musket, I sat down myself to load all the rest again, and bade them come to me when they were wanted. While I was loading these pieces, there happened a fierce engagement between the Spaniard and one of the savages, who made at him with one of their great wooden swords, — the same weapon that was to have killed him before, if I had not prevented it. The Spaniard, who was as bold and as brave as could be imagined, though weak, had fought this Indian a good while, and had cut him two great wounds on his head; but the savage, being a stout, lusty fellow, closing in with him, had thrown him down (being faint), and was wringing my sword out of his hand, when the Spaniard, though undermost, wisely quitting the sword, drew the pistol from his girdle, shot the savage through the body, and killed him upon the spot, before I, who was running to help him, could come near him.

Friday, being now left to his liberty, pursued the flying wretches with no weapon in his hand but his hatchet; and with that he despatched those three who, as I said before, were wounded at first and fallen, and all the rest he could come up with. And the Spaniard coming to me for a gun, I gave him one of the fowling-pieces, with which he pursued two of the savages, and wounded them both; but as he was not able to run, they both got from him into the wood, where Friday pursued them and killed one of them; but the other was too nimble for him, and though he was wounded, yet had plunged himself into the sea, and swam with all his might off to those two who were left in the canoe; which three in the canoe, with one wounded, whom we knew not whether he died or no, were all that escaped our hands of one-and-twenty. The account of the rest is as follows:—

3 Killed at our first shot from the tree.
2 Killed at the next shot.
2 Killed by Friday in the boat.
2 Killed by ditto, of those at first wounded.
1 Killed by ditto, in the wood.
3 Killed by the Spaniard.
4 Killed, being found dropped here and there of their wounds, or killed by Friday in his chase of them.
4 Escaped in the boat, whereof one wounded, if not dead.

21 In all.

Those that were in the canoe worked hard to get out of gunshot; and though Friday made two or three shots at them, I did not find that he hit any of them. Friday would fain have had me take one of their canoes and pursue them; and indeed I was very anxious about their escape, lest, carrying the news home to their people, they should come back, perhaps, with two or three hundred of their canoes, and devour us by mere multitude. So I consented to pursue them by sea, and, running to one of their canoes, I jumped in and bade Friday follow me; but when I was in the canoe, I was surprised to find another poor creature lie there alive, bound hand and foot, as the Spaniard was, for the slaughter, and almost dead with fear, not knowing what the matter was; for he had not been able to look up over the side of the boat, he was tied so hard, neck and heels, and had been tied so long that he had really but little life in him.

I immediately cut the twisted flags, or rushes, which they had bound him with, and would have helped him up; but he could not stand or speak, but groaned most piteously, believing, it seems still, that he was only unbound in order to be killed.

When Friday came to him, I bade him speak to him and tell him of his deliverance, and, pulling out my bottle, made him give the poor wretch a dram, which, with the news of his being delivered, revived him, and he sat up in the boat. But when Friday came to hear him speak, and look in his face, it would have moved any one to tears to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged him, cried, laughed, hallooed, jumped about, danced, sung, then cried again, wrung his hands, beat his own face and head, and then sung and jumped about again, like a distracted creature. It was a good while before I could make him speak to me or tell me what was the matter; but when he came a little to himself, he told me that it was his father!

It is not easy for me to express how it moved me to see what ecstasy and filial affection had worked in this poor savage at the sight of his father and of his being delivered from death; nor, indeed, can I describe half the extravagances of his affection after this, for he went into the boat and out of the boat a great many times. When he went in to

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him, he would sit down by him, open his breast, and hold his father's head close to his bosom half an hour together, to nourish it; then he took his arms and ankles, which were numbed and stiff with the binding, and chafed and rubbed them with his hands; and I, perceiving what the case was, gave him some rum out of my bottle to rub them with, which did them a great deal of good.

This action put an end to our pursuit of the canoe with the other savages, who were now gotten almost out of sight. And it was happy for us that we did not; for it blew so hard within two hours after, and before they could be gotten a quarter of their way, and continued blowing so hard all night, and that from the northwest, which was against them, that I could not suppose their boat could live, or that they ever reached to their own coast.

But, to return to Friday, he was so busy about his father that I could not find in my heart to take him off for some time. But after I thought he could leave him a little, I called him to me, and he came, jumping and laughing and pleased to the highest extreme. Then I asked him if he had given his father any bread. He shook his head, and said, "None; ugly dog eat all up self." So I gave him a cake of bread out of a little pouch I carried on purpose; I also gave him a dram for himself, but he would not taste it, but carried it to his father. I had in my pocket also two or three bunches of my raisins, so I gave him a handful of them for his father. He had no sooner given his father these raisins but I saw him come out of the boat and run away as if he had been bewitched, he ran at such a rate, for he was the swiftest fellow of his foot that ever I saw. I say, he ran at such a rate that he was out of sight, as it were, in an instant, and though I called and hallooed too after him, it was all one; away he went, and in a quarter of an hour I saw him come back again, though not so fast as he went; and as he came nearer, I found his pace was slacker because he had something in his hand.

When he came up to me, I found he had been quite home for an earthen jug or pot to bring his father some fresh water, and that he had got two more cakes or loaves of bread. The bread he gave me, but the water he carried to his father. However, as I was very thirsty too, I took a little sup of it. This water revived his father more than all the rum or spirits I had given him; for he was just fainting with thirst.

When his father had drunk, I called to him to know if there was any water left. He said, "Yes"; and I bade him give it to the poor Spaniard, who was in as much want of it as his father; and I sent one of the cakes that Friday brought to the Spaniard too, who was indeed very weak, and was reposing himself upon a green place under the shade of a tree, and whose limbs were also very stiff and very much swelled with the rude bandage he had been tied with. When I saw that upon Friday's coming to him with the water, he sat up and drank, and took the bread and began to eat, I went to him and gave him a handful of raisins. He looked up in my face with all the tokens of gratitude and thankfulness that could appear in any countenance, but was so weak, notwithstanding he had so exerted himself in the fight, that he could not stand up upon his feet. He tried to do it two or three times, but was really not able, his ankles were so swelled and so painful to him; so I bade him sit still, and caused Friday to rub his ankles and bathe them with rum, as he had done his father's.

I observed the poor affectionate creature every two minutes, or perhaps less, all the while he was here, turned his head about, to see if his father was in the same place and posture as he left him sitting; and at last he found he was not to be seen, at which he started up and, without speaking a word, flew with that swiftness to him that one could scarce perceive his feet to touch the ground as he went. But when he came, he only found he had laid himself down to ease his limbs; so Friday came back to me presently, and I then spoke to the Spaniard to let Friday help him up if he could, and lead him to the boat, and then he should carry him to our dwelling, where I would take care of him. But Friday, a lusty, strong fellow, took the Spaniard quite up upon his back, and carried him away to the boat, and set him down softly upon the side or gunwale of the canoe, with his feet in the inside of it, and then lifted him quite in and set him close to his father, and presently stepping out again, launched the boat off and paddled it along the shore faster than I could

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walk, though the wind blew pretty hard too. So he brought them both safe into our creek, and leaving them in the boat, runs away to fetch the other canoe. As he passed me, I spoke to him, and asked him whither he went. He told me, "Go fetch more boat." So away he went like the wind, for sure never man or horse ran like him; and he had the other canoe in the creek almost as soon as I got to it by land. So he wafted me over, and then went to help our new guests out of the boat, which he did. But they were neither of them able to walk, so that poor Friday knew not what to do.

To remedy this, I went to work in my thought, and calling to Friday to bid them sit down on the bank while he came to me, I soon made a kind of hand-barrow to lay them on, and Friday and I carried them up both together upon it between us. But when we got them to the outside of our wall or fortification, we were at a worse loss than before, for it was impossible to get them over, and I was resolved not to break it down. So I set to work again, and Friday and I, in about two hours' time, made a very handsome tent, covered with old sails, and above that with boughs of trees, being in the space without our outward fence and between that and the grove of young wood which I had planted. And here we made them two beds of such things as I had, namely, of good rice straw, with blankets laid upon it to lie on, and another to cover them on each bed.

My island was now peopled, and I thought myself very rich in subjects. And it was a merry reflection which I frequently made, how like a king I looked! First of all, the whole country was my own mere property, so that I had an undoubted right of dominion. Secondly, my people were perfectly subjected; I was absolute lord and lawgiver; they all owed their lives to me, and were ready to lay down their lives, if there had been occasion of it, for me. It was remarkable, too, we had but three subjects, and they were of three different religions. My man Friday was a Protestant, his father was a pagan and a cannibal, and the Spaniard was a Papist. However, I allowed liberty of conscience throughout my dominions. But this is by the way.

As soon as I had secured my two weak rescued prisoners, and given them shelter and a place to rest them upon, I began to think of making some provision for them. And the first thing I did, I ordered Friday to take a yearling goat — betwixt a kid and a goat — out of my particular flock, to be killed, when I cut off the hinder quarter, and chopping it into small pieces, I set Friday to work to boiling and stewing, and made them a very good dish, I assure you, of flesh and broth, having put some barley and rice also into the broth; and as I cooked it without doors, for I made no fire within my inner wall, so I carried it all into the new tent; and having set a table there for them, I sat down and ate my own dinner also with them, and, as well as I could, cheered them and encouraged them; Friday being my interpreter, especially to his father, and indeed to the Spaniard too; for the Spaniard spoke the language of the savages pretty well.

After we had dined, or rather supped, I ordered Friday to take one of the canoes, and go and fetch our muskets and other firearms, which for want of time we had left upon the place of battle; and the next day I ordered him to go and bury the dead bodies of the savages, which lay open to the sun, and would presently be offensive; and I also ordered him to bury the horrid remains of their barbarous feast, which I knew were pretty much, and which I could not think of doing myself; nay, I could not bear to see them if I went that way. All which he punctually performed, and defaced the very appearance of the savages being there; so that, when I went again, I could scarce know where it was, otherwise than by the corner of the wood pointing to the place.

I then began to enter into a little conversation with my two new subjects. And first I set Friday to inquire of his father what he thought of the escape of the savages in that canoe, and whether we might expect a return of them with a power too great for us to resist. His first opinion was that the savages in the boat never could live out the storm which blew that night they went off, but must of necessity be drowned or driven south to those other shores where they were as sure to be devoured as they were to be drowned if they were cast away. But as to what they would do if they came safe on shore, he said he knew not; but it was his opinion that they were so dreadfully frighted

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with the manner of their being attacked, — the noise and the fire, — that he believed they would tell their people they were all killed by thunder and lightning, not by the hand of man; and that the two which appeared, namely, Friday and me, were two heavenly spirits or furies come down to destroy them, and not men with weapons. This he said he knew, because he heard them all cry out so in their language to one another; for it was impossible for them to conceive that a man could dart fire and speak thunder, and kill at a distance without lifting up the hand, as was done now. And this old savage was in the right; for, as I understood since by other hands, the savages never attempted to go over to the island afterwards; they were so terrified with the accounts given by those four men (for it seems they did escape the sea) that they believed whoever went to that enchanted island would be destroyed with fire from the gods!

This, however, I knew not, and therefore was under continual apprehensions for a good while, and kept always upon my guard, me and all my army; for as we were now four of us, I would have ventured upon a hundred of them fairly in the open field at any time.

In a little time, however, no more canoes appearing, the fear of their coming wore off, and I began to take my former thoughts of a voyage to the main into consideration, being likewise assured by Friday's father that I might depend upon good usage from their nation on his account, if I would go.

But my thoughts were a little suspended when I had a serious discourse with the Spaniard, and when I understood that there were sixteen more of his countrymen and Portuguese, which is near that number, who, having been cast away and made their escape to that side, lived there at peace indeed with the savages, but were very sore put to it for necessaries, and indeed for life. I asked him all the particulars of their voyage, and found they were a Spanish ship bound from the Rio de la Plata to the Havannah, being directed to leave their loading there, which was chiefly hides and silver, and to bring back what European goods they could meet with there; that they had five Portuguese seamen on board, whom they took out of another wreck; that five of their own men were drowned when the first ship was lost, and that these escaped through infinite dangers and hazards, and arrived almost starved on the Cannibal coast, where they expected to have been devoured every moment.

He told me they had some arms with them, but they were perfectly useless, for that they had neither powder nor ball, the washing of the sea having spoiled all their powder but a little which they used at their first landing to provide themselves some food.

I asked him what he thought would become of them there, and if they had formed no design of making any escape. He said they had many consultations about it, but that, having neither vessel nor tools to build one, nor provisions of any kind, their councils always ended in tears and despair.

I asked him how he thought they would receive a proposal from me which might tend towards an escape; and whether, if they were all here, it might not be done? I told him with freedom I feared mostly their treachery and ill usage of me if I put my life in their hands; for that gratitude was no inherent virtue in the nature of man; nor did men always square their dealings by the obligations they had received, so much as they did by the advantages they expected. I told him it would be very hard that I should be the instrument of their deliverance, and that they should afterwards make me their prisoner in New Spain, where an Englishman was certain to be made a sacrifice, what necessity or what accident soever brought him thither; and that I 'd rather be delivered up to the savages and be devoured alive, than fall into the merciless claws of the priests, and be carried into the Inquisition. I added, that otherwise I was persuaded if they were all here, we might with so many hands build a bark large enough to carry us all away, either to the Brazils southward, or to the islands or Spanish coast northward; but that if in requital they should, when I had put weapons into their hands, carry me by force among their own people, I might be ill used for my kindness to them, and make my case worse than it was before.

He answered, with a great deal of candor and ingenuity, that their condition was so miserable, and they were so sensible of it,

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that he believed they would abhor the thought of using any man unkindly that should contribute to their deliverance; and that if I pleased he would go to them with the old man, and discourse with them about it, and return again, and bring me their answer; that he would make conditions with them upon their solemn oath, that they should be absolutely under my leading as their commander and captain; and that they should swear upon the holy sacraments and the gospel to be true to me, and go to such Christian country as that I should agree to, and no other; and to be directed wholly and absolutely by my orders, till they were landed safely in such country as I intended; and that he would bring a contract from them under their hands for that purpose.

Then he told me he would first swear to me himself, that he would never stir from me as long as he lived till I gave him orders; and that he would take my side to the last drop of his blood if there should happen the least breach of faith among his countrymen.

He told me they were all of them very civil, honest men, and they were under the greatest distress imaginable, having neither weapons nor clothes nor any food, but at the mercy and discretion of the savages; out of all hopes of ever returning to their own country; and that he was sure, if I would undertake their relief, they would live and die by me.

Upon these assurances, I resolved to relieve them if possible, and to send the old savage and the Spaniard over to them to treat; but when we had gotten all things in a readiness to go, the Spaniard himself started an objection, which had so much prudence in it on one hand, and so much sincerity on the other hand, that I could not but be very well satisfied in it; and by his advice put off the deliverance of his comrades for at least half a year. The case was thus:—

He had been with us now about a month, during which time I had let him see in what manner I had provided, with the assistance of Providence, for my support; and he saw evidently what stock of corn and rice I had laid up, which, as it was more than sufficient for myself, so it was not sufficient, at least without good husbandry, for my family, now it was increased to number four. But much less would it be sufficient if his countrymen, who were, as he said, fourteen still alive, should come over. And least of all would it be sufficient to victual our vessel, if we should build one, for a voyage to any of the Christian colonies of America. So he told me he thought it would be more advisable to let him and the two others dig and cultivate some more land, as much as I could spare seed to sow; and that we should wait another harvest, that we might have a supply of corn for his countrymen when they should come; for want might be a temptation to them to disagree, or not to think themselves delivered otherwise than out of one difficulty into another. "You know," says he, "the children of Israel, though they rejoiced at first for their being delivered out of Egypt, yet rebelled even against God himself that delivered them, when they came to want bread in the wilderness."

His caution was so seasonable, and his advice so good, that I could not but be very well pleased with his proposal, as well as I was satisfied with his fidelity. So we fell to digging, all four of us, as well as the wooden tools we were furnished with permitted; and in about a month's time, by the end of which it was seed-time, we had gotten as much land cured and trimmed up as we sowed twenty-two bushels of barley on and sixteen jars of rice,—which was, in short, all the seed we had to spare: nor, indeed, did we leave ourselves barley sufficient for our own food for the six months that we had to expect our crop; that is to say, reckoning from the time we set our seed aside for sowing, for it is not to be supposed it is six months in the ground in that country.

Having now society enough, and our number being sufficient to put us out of fear of the savages if they had come, unless their number had been very great, we went freely all over the island wherever we found occasion; and as here we had our escape or deliverance upon our thoughts, it was impossible, at least for me, to have the means of it out of mine. To this purpose I marked out several trees which I thought fit for our work, and I set Friday and his father to cutting them down; and then I caused the Spaniard, to whom I imparted my thought on that affair, to oversee and direct their work. I showed them with what indefati-

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gable pains I had hewed a large tree into single planks, and I caused them to do the like, till they had made about a dozen large planks of good oak, near two feet broad, thirty-five feet long, and from two inches to four inches thick. What prodigious labor it took up, any one may imagine.

At the same time I contrived to increase my little flock of tame goats as much as I could, and to this purpose I made Friday and the Spaniard go out one day, and myself with Friday the next day; for we took our turns: and by this means we got above twenty young kids to breed up with the rest; for whenever we shot the dam, we saved the kids, and added them to our flock. But above all, the season for curing the grapes coming on, I caused such a prodigious quantity to be hung up in the sun, that I believe had we been at Alicant, where the raisins of the sun are cured, we could have filled sixty or eighty barrels. And these with our bread was a great part of our food; and very good living too, I assure you, for it is an exceeding nourishing food.

It was now harvest, and our crop in good order. It was not the most plentiful increase I had seen in the island, but, however, it was enough to answer our end; for from our twenty-two bushels of barley we brought in and thrashed out above two hundred and twenty bushels, and the like in proportion of the rice; which was store enough for our food to the next harvest, though all the sixteen Spaniards had been on shore with me: or if we had been ready for a voyage, it would very plentifully have victualled our ship to have carried us to any part of the world, — that is to say, of America.

When we had thus housed and secured our magazine of corn, we fell to work to make more wicker-work, namely, great baskets in which we kept it; and the Spaniard was very handy and dexterous at this part, and often blamed me that I did not make some things for defence of this kind of work; but I saw no need of it.

And now, having a full supply of food for all the guests I expected, I gave the Spaniard leave to go over to the main to see what he could do with those he had left behind him there. I gave him a strict charge in writing not to bring any man with him who would not first swear in the presence of himself and of the old savage, that he would no way injure, fight with, or attack the person he should find in the island, who was so kind to send for them in order to their deliverance; but that they would stand by and defend him against all such attempts, and wherever they went would be entirely under and subjected to his commands; and that this should be put in writing, and signed with their hands. How we were to have this done, when I knew they had neither pen or ink, that indeed was a question which we never asked.

Under these instructions, the Spaniard and the old savage, the father of Friday, went away in one of the canoes which they might be said to come in, or rather were brought in, when they came as prisoners to be devoured by the savages.

I gave each of them a musket with a firelock on it, and about eight charges of powder and ball, charging them to be very good husbands of both, and not to use either of them but upon urgent occasion.

This was a cheerful work, being the first measures used by me in view of my deliverance for now twenty-seven years and some days. I gave them provisions of bread and of dried grapes sufficient for themselves for many days, and sufficient for all their countrymen for about eight days' time; and wishing them a good voyage, I see them go, agreeing with them about a signal they should hang out at their return, by which I should know them again when they came back at a distance, before they came on shore.

They went away with a fair gale on the day that the moon was at full by my account, in the month of October. But as for an exact reckoning of days, after I had once lost it, I could never recover it again; nor had I kept even the number of years so punctually as to be sure that I was right, though, as it proved when I afterwards examined my account, I found I had kept a true reckoning of years.

It was no less than eight days I had waited for them, when a strange and unforeseen accident intervened, of which the like has not perhaps been heard of in history. I was fast asleep in my hutch one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, "Master, master, they are come, they are come!"

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I jumped up, and, regardless of danger, I went out as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove, which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood; I say, regardless of danger, I went without my arms, which was not my custom to do; but I was surprised, when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat at about a league and a half's distance, standing in for the shore with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in; also I observed, presently, that they did not come from that side which the shore lay on, but from the southernmost end of the island. Upon this I called Friday in, and bid him lie close, for these were not the people we looked for, and that we might not know yet whether they were friends or enemies.

In the next place, I went in to fetch my perspective-glass to see what I could make of them;-and having taken the ladder out, I climbed to the top of the hill, as I used to do when I was apprehensive of anything, and to take my view the plainer without being discovered.

I had scarce set my foot on the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at an anchor, at about two leagues and a half's distance from me south-southeast, but not above a league and a half from the shore. By my observation it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English long-boat.

I cannot express the confusion I was in, though the joy of seeing a ship, and which I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen and consequently friends, was such as I cannot describe. But yet I had some secret doubts hung about me, I cannot tell from whence they came, bidding me keep upon my guard. In the first place, it occurred to me to consider what business an English ship could have in that part of the world, since it was not the way to or from any part of the world where the English had any traffic; and I knew there had been no storms to drive them in there as in distress; and that if they were English really, it was most probable that they were here upon no good design, and that I had better continue as I was than fall into the hands of thieves and murderers.

Let no man despise the secret hints and notices of danger, which sometimes are given when he may think there is no possibility of its being real. That such hints and notices are given us, I believe few that have made any observations of things can deny; that they are certain discoveries of an invisible world, and a converse of spirits, we cannot doubt; and if the tendency of them seems to be to warn us of danger, why should we not suppose they are from some friendly agent, — whether supreme, or inferior and subordinate, is not the question, — and that they are given for our good?

The present question abundantly confirms me in the justice of this reasoning; for had I not been made cautious by this secret admonition, come it from whence it will, I had been undone inevitably, and in a far worse condition than before, as you will see presently.

I had not kept myself long in this posture, but I saw the boat draw near the shore, as if they looked for a creek to thrust in at for the convenience of landing. However, as they did not come quite far enough, they did not see the little inlet where I formerly landed my rafts, but ran their boat on shore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me; which was very happy for me, for otherwise they would have landed just, as I may say, at my door, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle, and perhaps have plundered me of all I had.

When they were on shore, I was fully satisfied that they were Englishmen, at least most of them. One or two I thought were Dutch; but it did not prove so. There were in all eleven men, whereof three of them I found were unarmed, and, as I thought, bound; and when the first four or five of them were jumped on shore, they took those three out of the boat as prisoners. One of the three I could perceive using the most passionate gestures of entreaty, affliction, and despair, even to a kind of extravagance; the other two, I could perceive, lifted up their hands sometimes, and appeared concerned, indeed, but not to such a degree as the first.

I was perfectly confounded at the sight, and knew not what the meaning of it should be. Friday called out to me in English as well as he could, "O master! you see English mans eat prisoner as well as savage mans." "Why," says I, "Friday, do you

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CRUSOE SEES THE ENGLISH SHIP.

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think they are a going to eat them, then?" "Yes," says Friday, "they will eat them." "No, no," says I, "Friday; I am afraid they will murder them, indeed, but you may be sure they will not eat them."

All this while I had no thought of what the matter really was, but stood trembling with the horror of the sight, expecting every moment when the three prisoners should be killed; nay, once I saw one of the villains lift up his arm with a great cutlass, as the seamen call it, or sword, to strike one of the poor men; and I expected to see him fall every moment, at which all the blood in my body seemed to run chill in my veins.

I wished heartily now for my Spaniard and the savage that was gone with him, or that I had any way to have come undiscovered within shot of them, that I might have rescued the three men, for I saw no fire-arms they had among them; but it fell out to my mind another way.

After I had observed the outrageous usage of the three men by the insolent seamen, I observed the fellows run scattering about the land, as if they wanted to see the country. I observed that the three other men had liberty to go also where they pleased; but they sat down all three upon the ground, very pensive, and looked like men in despair.

This put me in mind of the first time when I came on shore and began to look about me; how I gave myself over for lost; how wildly I looked round me; what dreadful apprehensions I had; and how I lodged in the tree all night, for fear of being devoured by wild beasts.

As I knew nothing that night of the supply I was to receive by the providential driving of the ship nearer the land by the storms and tide, by which I have since been so long nourished and supported, so these three poor desolate men knew nothing how certain of deliverance and supply they were, how near it was to them, and how effectually and really they were in a condition of safety, at the same time that they thought themselves lost, and their case desperate.

So little do we see before us in the world, and so much reason have we to depend cheerfully upon the great Maker of the world, that he does not leave his creatures so absolutely destitute, but that in the worst circumstances they have always something to be thankful for, and sometimes are nearer their deliverance than they imagine; nay, are even brought to their deliverance by the means by which they seem to be brought to their destruction.

It was just at the top of high-water when these people came on shore, and while partly they stood parleying with the prisoners they brought, and partly while they rambled about to see what kind of a place they were in, they had carelessly stayed till the tide was spent, and the water was ebbed considerably away, leaving their boat aground.

They had left two men in the boat, who, as I found afterwards, having drunk a little too much brandy, fell asleep; however, one of them waking sooner than the other, and finding the boat too fast aground for him to stir it, hallooed for the rest who were straggling about, upon which they all soon came to the boat; but it was past all their strength to launch her, the boat being very heavy, and the shore on that side being a soft, oozy sand, almost like a quicksand.

In this condition, like true seamen, who are perhaps the least of all mankind given to forethought, they gave it over, and away they strolled about the country again; and I heard one of them say aloud to another, calling them off from the boat, "Why, let her alone, Jack, can't ye; she will float next tide"; — by which I was fully confirmed in the main inquiry of what countrymen they were.

All this while I kept myself very close, not once daring to stir out of my castle any farther than to my place of observation near the top of the hill; and very glad I was to think how well it was fortified. I knew it was no less than ten hours before the boat could be on float again, and by that time it would be dark, and I might be at more liberty to see their motions, and to hear their discourse, if they had any.

In the mean time I fitted myself up for a battle as before; though with more caution, knowing I had to do with another kind of enemy than I had at first. I ordered Friday also, whom I had made an excellent marksman with his gun, to load himself with arms. I took myself my two fowling-pieces, and I gave him three muskets. My figure indeed was very fierce: I had my formidable goat-skin coat on, with the great cap I have men-

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tioned, a naked sword by my side, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

It was my design, as I said above, not to have made any attempt till it was dark; but about two o'clock, being the heat of the day, I found that, in short, they were all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, were laid down to sleep. The three poor distressed men, too anxious for their condition to get any sleep, were, however, set down under the shelter of a great tree, at about a quarter of a mile from me, and, as I thought, out of sight of any of the rest.

Upon this I resolved to discover myself to them, and learn something of their condition. Immediately I marched in the figure as above, my man Friday at a good distance behind me, as formidable for his arms as I, but not making quite so staring a spectre-like figure as I did.

I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud to them in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?"

They started up at the noise, but were ten times more confounded when they saw me, and the uncouth figure that I made. They made no answer at all, but I thought I perceived them just going to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English. "Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near you when you did not expect it." "He must be sent directly from heaven then," said one of them very gravely to me, and pulling off his hat at the same time to me, "for our condition is past the help of man." "All help is from heaven, sir," said I; "but can you put a stranger in the way how to help you, for you seem to me to be in some great distress? I saw you when you landed; and when you seemed to make applications to the brutes that came with you, I saw one of them lift up his sword to kill you."

The poor man, with tears running down his face, and trembling, looking like one astonished, returned, "Am I talking to God or man? Is it a real man or an angel?" "Be in no fear about that, sir," said I; "if God had sent an angel to relieve you, he would have come better clothed, and armed after another manner than you see me in. Pray, lay aside your fears; I am a man, an Englishman, and disposed to assist you, you see. I have one servant only; we have arms and ammunition; tell us freely. Can we serve you? What is your case?"

"Our case," said he, "sir, is too long to tell you while our murderers are so near; but in short, sir, I was commander of that ship; my men have mutinied against me; they have been hardly prevailed on not to murder me, and at last have set me on shore in this desolate place, with these two men with me; one my mate, the other a passenger, where we expected to perish, believing the place to be uninhabited, and know not yet what to think of it."

"Where are those brutes, your enemies?" said I; "do you know where they are gone?" "There they lie, sir," said he, pointing to a thicket of trees. "My heart trembles for fear they have seen us and heard you speak; if they have, they will certainly murder us all."

"Have they any fire-arms?" said I. He answered, they had only two pieces, and one which they left in the boat. "Well then," said I, "leave the rest to me; I see they are all asleep; it is an easy thing to kill them all; but shall we rather take them prisoners?" He told me there were two desperate villains among them that it was scarce safe to show any mercy to; but if they were secured, he believed all the rest would return to their duty. I asked him which they were. He told me he could not at that distance describe them; but he would obey my orders in anything I would direct. "Well," says I, "let us retreat out of their view or hearing, lest they awake, and we will resolve further"; so they willingly went back with me, till the woods covered us from them.

"Look you, sir," said I, "if I venture upon your deliverance, are you willing to make two conditions with me?" He anticipated my proposals by telling me that both he and the ship, if recovered, should be wholly directed and commanded by me in everything; and if the ship was not recovered, he would live and die with me in what part of the world soever I would send him; and the two other men said the same.

"Well," says I, "my conditions are but two. 1. That while you stay on this island with me you will not pretend to any authority here; and if I put arms into your hands, you will upon all occasions give them up to me, and do no prejudice to me or mine upon

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this island, and in the mean time be governed by my orders.

"2. That if the ship is or may be recovered, you will carry me and my man to England passage free."

He gave me all the assurances that the invention and faith of man could devise, that he would comply with these most reasonable demands, and besides would owe his life to me, and acknowledge it upon all occasions as long as he lived.

"Well, then," said I, "here are three muskets for you, with powder and ball; tell me next what you think is proper to be done." He showed all the testimony of his gratitude that he was able; but offered to be wholly guided by me. I told him I thought it was hard venturing anything; but the best method I could think of was to fire upon them at once as they lay; and if any were not killed at the first volley, and offered to submit, we might save them, and so put it wholly upon God's providence to direct the shot.

He said very modestly, that he was loath to kill them if he could help it, but that those two were incorrigible villains, and had been the authors of all the mutiny in the ship, and if they escaped we should be undone still; for they would go on board and bring the whole ship's company, and destroy us all. "Well then," says I, "necessity legitimates my advice, for it is the only way to save our lives." However, seeing him still cautious of shedding blood, I told him they should go themselves, and manage as they found convenient.

In the middle of this discourse we heard one of them awake, and soon after we saw two of them on their feet. I asked him if either of them were the men who he had said were the heads of the mutiny. He said, "No." "Well then," said I, "you may let them escape; and Providence seems to have awakened them on purpose to save themselves. Now," says I, "if the rest escape you, it is your fault."

Animated with this, he took the musket I had given him in his hand, and a pistol in his belt, and his two comrades with him, with each man a piece in his hand. The two men who were with him, going first, made some noise, at which one of the seamen who was awake turned about, and seeing them coming, cried out to the rest. But it was too late then; for the moment he cried out, they fired, — I mean the two men, the captain wisely reserving his own piece. They had so well aimed their shot at the men they knew, that one of them was killed on the spot, and the other very much wounded; but, not being dead, he started up upon his feet, and called eagerly for help to the other; but the captain, stepping to him, told him it was too late to cry for help, he should call upon God to forgive his villany, and with that word knocked him down with the stock of his musket, so that he never spoke more. There were three more in the company, and one of them was also slightly wounded. By this time I was come, and when they saw their danger, and that it was in vain to resist, they begged for mercy. The captain told them he would spare their lives, if they would give him any assurance of their abhorrence of the treachery they had been guilty of, and would swear to be faithful to him in recovering the ship, and afterwards in carrying her back to Jamaica, from whence they came. They gave him all the protestations of their sincerity that could be desired, and he was willing to believe them and spare their lives, which I was not against; only I obliged him to keep them bound hand and foot while they were upon the island.

While this was doing, I sent Friday with the captain's mate to the boat, with orders to secure her and bring away the oars and sail; which they did. And by and by three straggling men, that were (happily for them) parted from the rest, came back upon hearing the guns fired; and seeing their captain, who before was their prisoner, now their conqueror, they submitted to be bound also; and so our victory was complete.

It now remained that the captain and I should inquire into one another's circumstances. I began first, and told him my whole history, which he heard with an attention even to amazement; and particularly at the wonderful manner of my being furnished with provisions and ammunition. And, indeed, as my story is a whole collection of wonders, it affected him deeply. But when he reflected from thence upon himself, and how I seemed to have been preserved there on purpose to save his life, the tears ran down

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his face, and he could not speak a word more.

After this communication was at an end I carried him and his two men into my apartment, leading them in just where I came out, namely, at the top of the house; where I refreshed them with such provisions as I had, and showed them all the contrivances I had made during my long, long inhabiting that place.

All I showed them, all I said to them, was perfectly amazing; but above all, the captain admired my fortification, and how perfectly I had concealed my retreat with a grove of trees, which, having been now planted near twenty years, and the trees growing much faster than in England, was become a little wood, and so thick that it was unpassable in any part of it but at that one side where I had reserved my little winding passage into it. I told him this was my castle and my residence, but that I had a seat in the country, as most princes have, whither I could retreat upon occasion, and I would show him that too another time; but at present our business was to consider how to recover the ship. He agreed with me as to that, but told me he was perfectly at a loss what measures to take; for that there were still six-and-twenty hands on board, who, having entered into a cursed conspiracy, by which they had all forfeited their lives to the law, would be hardened in it now by desperation, and would carry it on, knowing that if they were reduced they should be brought to the gallows as soon as they came to England, or to any of the English colonies; and that therefore there would be no attacking them with so small a number as we were.

I mused for some time upon what he said, and found it was a very rational conclusion; and that therefore something was to be resolved on very speedily, as well to draw the men on board into some snare for their surprise as to prevent their landing upon us and destroying us. Upon this it presently occurred to me that in a little while the ship's crew, wondering what was become of their comrades and of the boat, would certainly come on shore in their other boat to seek for them, and that then perhaps they might come armed, and be too strong for us. This he allowed was rational.

Upon this I told him the first thing we had to do was to stave the boat which lay upon the beach, so that they might not carry her off; and taking everything out of her, leave her so far useless as not to be fit to swim. Accordingly we went on board, took the arms which were left on board out of her, and whatever else we found there, which was a bottle of brandy and another of rum, a few biscuit cakes, a horn of powder, and a great lump of sugar in a piece of canvas, — the sugar was five or six pounds: all which was very welcome to me, especially the brandy and sugar, of which I had had none left for many years.

When we had carried all these things on shore (the oars, mast, sail, and rudder of the boat were carried away before, as above), we knocked a great hole in her bottom, that if they had come strong enough to master us, yet they could not carry off the boat.

Indeed, it was not much in my thoughts that we could be able to recover the ship; but my view was, that if they went away without the boat, I did not much question to make her fit again to carry us away to the Leeward Islands, and call upon our friends the Spaniards, in my way, for I had them still in my thoughts.

While we were thus preparing our designs, and had first by main strength heaved the boat up upon the beach, so high that the tide would not float her off at high-water mark; and, besides, had broken a hole in her bottom too big to be quickly stopped, and were sat down musing what we should do; we heard the ship fire a gun, and saw her make a waft with her ancient, as a signal for the boat to come on board; but no boat stirred; and they fired several times, making other signals for the boat.

At last, when all their signals and firings proved fruitless, and they found the boat did not stir, we saw them, by the help of my glasses, hoist another boat out, and row towards the shore; and we found as they approached that there were no less than ten men in her, and that they had fire-arms with them.

As the ship lay almost two leagues from the shore, we had a full view of them as they came, and a plain sight of the men, even of their faces; because the tide having set them a little to the east of the other boat, they rowed up under shore to come to

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the same place where the other had landed, and where the boat lay.

By this means, I say, we had a full view of them, and the captain knew the persons and characters of all the men in the boat, of whom he said that there were three very honest fellows, who, he was sure, were led into this conspiracy by the rest, being overpowered and frighted.

But that as for the boatswain, who it seems was the chief officer among them, and all the rest, they were as outrageous as any of the ship's crew, and were no doubt made desperate in their new enterprise; and terribly apprehensive he was that they would be too powerful for us.

I smiled at him, and told him that men in our circumstances were past the operation of fear; that seeing almost every condition that could be was better than that which we were supposed to be in, we ought to expect that the consequence, whether death or life, would be sure to be a deliverance. I asked him what he thought of the circumstances of my life, and whether a deliverance were not worth venturing for. "And where, sir," said I, "is your belief of my being preserved here on purpose to save your life, which elevated you a little while ago? For my part," said I, "there seems to be but one thing amiss in all the prospect of it." "What 's that?" says he. "Why," said I, "'t is that, as you say, there are three or four honest fellows among them, which should be spared. Had they been all of the wicked part of the crew, I should have thought God's providence had singled them out to deliver them into your hands; for, depend upon it, every man of them that comes ashore is our own, and shall die or live as they behave to us."

As I spoke this with a raised voice and cheerful countenance, I found it greatly encouraged him; so we set vigorously to our business. We had upon the first appearance of the boat's coming from the ship considered of separating our prisoners, and had indeed secured them effectually.

Two of them, of whom the captain was less assured than ordinary, I sent with Friday and one of the three (delivered men) to my cave, where they were remote enough, and out of danger of being heard or discovered, or of finding their way out of the woods if they could have delivered themselves. Here they left them bound, but gave them provisions, and promised them if they continued there quietly, to give them their liberty in a day or two; but if they attempted their escape, they should be put to death without mercy. They promised faithfully to bear their confinement with patience, and were very thankful that they had such good usage as to have provisions and a light left them; for Friday gave them candles (such as we made ourselves) for their comfort; and they did not know but that he stood sentinel over them at the entrance.

The other prisoners had better usage. Two of them were kept pinioned indeed, because the captain was not free to trust them, but the other two were taken into my service upon their captain's recommendation, and upon their solemnly engaging to live and die with us. So with them and the three honest men, we were seven men well armed; and I made no doubt we should be able to deal well enough with the ten that were a coming, considering that the captain had said there were three or four honest men among them also.

As soon as they got to the place where their other boat lay, they ran their boat into the beach, and came all on shore, hauling the boat up after them; which I was glad to see, for I was afraid they would rather have left the boat at an anchor some distance from the shore, with some hands in her to guard her, and so we should not be able to seize the boat.

Being on shore, the first thing they did, they ran all to their other boat; and it was easy to see that they were under a great surprise to find her stripped, as above, of all that was in her, and a great hole in her bottom.

After they had mused awhile upon this, they set up two or three great shouts, hallooing with all their might, to try if they could make their companions hear; but all was to no purpose. Then they came all close in a ring, and fired a volley of their small arms; which indeed we heard, and the echoes made the woods ring, but it was all one; those in the cave, we were sure, could not hear; and those in our keeping, though they heard it well enough, yet durst give no answer to them.

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They were so astonished at the surprise of this, that, as they told us afterwards, they resolved to go all on board again to their ship, and let them know there that the men were all murdered, and the long-boat staved. Accordingly, they immediately launched their boat again, and got all of them on board.

The captain was terribly amazed, and even confounded at this, believing they would go on board the ship again, and set sail, giving their comrades over for lost, and so he should still lose the ship, which he was in hopes we should have recovered. But he was quickly as much frighted the other way.

They had not been long put off with the boat, but we perceived them all coming on shore again; but with this new measure in their conduct, which it seems they consulted together upon, namely, to leave three men in the boat, and the rest to go on shore, and go up into the country to look for their fellows.

This was a great disappointment to us; for now we were at a loss what to do; for our seizing those seven men on shore would be no advantage to us if we let the boat escape; because they would then row away to the ship, and then the rest of them would be sure to weigh and set sail, and so our recovering the ship would be lost.

However, we had no remedy but to wait and see what the issue of things might present. The seven men came on shore, and the three who remained in the boat put her off to a good distance from the shore, and came to an anchor to wait for them; so that it was impossible for us to come at them in the boat.

Those that came on shore kept close together, marching towards the top of the little hill under which my habitation lay; and we could see them plainly, though they could not perceive us. We could have been very glad they would have come nearer to us, so that we might have fired at them, or that they would have gone farther off, that we might have come abroad.

But when they were come to the brow of the hill, where they could see a great way into the valleys and woods which lay towards the northeast part, and where the island lay lowest, they shouted and hallooed till they were weary; and not caring, it seems, to venture far from the shore, nor far from one another, they sat down together under a tree to consider of it. Had they thought fit to have gone to sleep there, as the other party of them had done, they had done the job for us; but they were too full of apprehensions of danger to venture to go to sleep, though they could not tell what the danger was they had to fear neither.

The captain made a very just proposal to me upon this consultation of theirs, namely, that perhaps they would all fire a volley again, to endeavor to make their fellows hear, and that we should all sally upon them just at the juncture when their pieces were all discharged, and they would certainly yield, and we should have them without bloodshed. I liked the proposal, provided it was done while we were near enough to come up to them before they could load their pieces again.

But this event did not happen, and we lay still a long time very irresolute what course to take. At length I told them there would be nothing to be done in my opinion till night, and then, if they did not return to the boat, perhaps we might find a way to get between them and the shore, and so might use some stratagem with them in the boat to get them on shore.

We waited a great while, though very impatient for their removing; and were very uneasy when, after long consultations, we saw them start all up and march down toward the sea. It seems they had such dreadful apprehensions upon them of the danger of the place, that they resolved to go on board the ship again, give their companions over for lost, and so go on with their intended voyage with the ship.

As soon as I perceived them go toward the shore, I imagined it to be, as it really was, that they had given over their search, and were for going back again; and the captain, as soon as I told him my thoughts, was ready to sink at the apprehensions of it; but I presently thought of a stratagem to fetch them back again, and which answered my end to a tittle.

I ordered Friday and the captain's mate to go over the little creek westward, towards the place where the savages came on shore when Friday was rescued; and as soon as they came to a little rising ground, at about half a mile distance, I bade them halloo as

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loud as they could, and wait till they found the seamen heard them; that as soon as ever they heard the seamen answer them they should return it again; and then, keeping out of sight, take a round, always answering when the other hallooed, to draw them as far into the island and among the woods as possible; and then wheel about again to me by such ways as I directed them.

They were just going into the boat when Friday and the mate hallooed; and they presently heard them, and answering, ran along the shore westward, towards the voice they heard, when they were presently stopped by the creek, where, the water being up, they could not get over, and called for the boat to come up and set them over, as indeed I expected.

When they had set themselves over, I observed that the boat, being gone up a good way into the creek, and, as it were, in a harbor within the land, they took one of the three men out of her to go along with them, and left only two in the boat, having fastened her to the stump of a little tree on the shore.

This was what I wished for, and immediately leaving Friday and the captain's mate to their business, I took the rest with me, and crossing the creek out of their sight, we surprised the two men before they were aware; one of them lying on shore, and the other being in the boat. The fellow on shore was between sleeping and waking, and going to start up, the captain, who was foremost, ran in upon him, and knocked him down, and then called out to him in the boat to yield, or he was a dead man.

There needed very few arguments to persuade a single man to yield when he saw five men upon him, and his comrade knocked down; besides, this was, it seems, one of the three who were not so hearty in the mutiny as the rest of the crew, and therefore was easily persuaded not only to yield, but afterwards to join very sincerely with us.

In the mean time Friday and the captain's mate so well managed their business with the rest, that they drew them, by hallooing and answering, from one hill to another, and from one wood to another, till they not only heartily tired them, but left them where they were very sure they could not reach back to the boat before it was dark; and indeed they were heartily tired themselves also by the time they came back to us.

We had nothing now to do but to watch for them in the dark, and to fall upon them, so as to make sure work with them.

It was several hours after Friday came back to me, before they came back to their boat; and we could hear the foremost of them long before they came quite up, calling to those behind to come along; and could also hear them answer and complain how lame and tired they were, and not able to come any faster, — which was very welcome news to us.

At length they came up to the boat; but 't is impossible to express their confusion when they found the boat fast aground in the creek, the tide ebbed out, and their two men gone! We could hear them call to one another in a most lamentable manner, telling one another they were gotten into an enchanted island: that either there were inhabitants in it, and they should all be murdered, or else there were devils and spirits in it, and they should be all carried away, and devoured.

They hallooed again, and called their two comrades by their names a great many times; but no answer. After some time we could see them, by the little light there was, run about wringing their hands like men in despair; and that sometimes they would go and sit down in the boat to rest themselves, then come ashore again and walk about again, and so the same thing over again.

My men would fain have me give them leave to fall upon them at once in the dark; but I was willing to take them at some advantage, so to spare them, and kill as few of them as I could; and especially I was unwilling to hazard the killing any of our own men, knowing the other were very well armed. I resolved to wait to see if they did not separate; and therefore, to make sure of them, I drew my ambuscade nearer, and ordered Friday and the captain to creep upon their hands and feet as close to the ground as they could, that they might not be discovered, and get as near them as they could possibly, before they offered to fire.

They had not been long in that posture but that the boatswain, who was the principal ringleader of the mutiny, and had now

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shown himself the most dejected and dispirited of all the rest, came walking towards them with two more of their crew. The captain was so eager, as having this principal rogue so much in his power, that he could hardly have patience to let him come so near as to be sure of him; for they only heard his tongue before. But when they came nearer, the captain and Friday, starting up on their feet, let fly at them.

The boatswain was killed upon the spot, the next man was shot into the body, and fell just by him, though he did not die till an hour or two after; and the third ran for it.

At the noise of the fire, I immediately advanced with my whole army, which was now eight men, namely, myself *generalissimo*, Friday my lieutenant-general, the captain and his two men, and the three prisoners of war, whom we had trusted with arms.

We came upon them indeed in the dark, so that they could not see our number; and I made the man we had left in the boat, who was now one of us, call to them by name, to try if I could bring them to a parley, and so might perhaps reduce them to terms; which fell out just as we desired. For indeed it was easy to think, as their condition then was, they would be very willing to capitulate. So he calls out as loud as he could to one of them, "Tom Smith, Tom Smith." Tom Smith answered immediately, "Who's that, Robinson?" for it seems he knew his voice. The other answered, "Ay, ay; for God's sake, Tom Smith, throw down your arms and yield, or you are all dead men this moment."

"Who must we yield to? where are they?" says Smith again. "Here they are," says he; "here's our captain, and fifty men with him, have been hunting you this two hours; the boatswain is killed, Will Frye is wounded, and I am a prisoner; and if you do not yield, you are all lost."

"Will they give us quarter, then," says Tom Smith, "and we will yield?" "I'll go and ask, if you promise to yield," says Robinson. So he asked the captain, and the captain then calls himself out, "You, Smith, you know my voice; if you lay down your arms immediately and submit, you shall have your lives, — all but Will Atkins."

Upon this Will Atkins cried out, "For God's sake, captain, give me quarter; what have I done? They have been all as bad as I"; — which, by the way, was not true neither; for it seems this Will Atkins was the first man that laid hold of the captain when they first mutinied, and used him barbarously, in tying his hands, and giving him injurious language. However, the captain told him he must lay down his arms at discretion, and trust to the governor's mercy; by which he meant me, for they all called me governor.

In a word, they all laid down their arms, and begged their lives; and I sent the man that had parleyed with them, and two more, who bound them all; and then my great army of fifty men, which particularly with those three, were all but eight, came up and seized upon them all, and upon their boat, — only that I kept myself and one more out of sight, for reasons of state.

Our next work was to repair the boat, and think of seizing the ship; and as for the captain, now he had leisure to parley with them, he expostulated with them upon the villany of their practices with him, and at length upon the further wickedness of their design, and how certainly it must bring them to misery and distress in the end, and perhaps to the gallows.

They all appeared very penitent, and begged hard for their lives. As for that, he told them, they were none of his prisoners, but the commander of the island: that they thought they had set him on shore in a barren, uninhabited island, but it had pleased God so to direct them, that the island was inhabited, and that the governor was an Englishman: that he might hang them all there if he pleased; but as he had given them all quarter, he supposed he would send them to England to be dealt with there, as justice required, — except Atkins, whom he was commanded by the governor to advise to prepare for death, for that he would be hanged in the morning.

Though this was all a fiction of his own, yet it had its desired effect. Atkins fell upon his knees to beg the captain to intercede with the governor for his life; and all the rest begged of him for God's sake that they might not be sent to England.

It now occurred to me that the time of our deliverance was come, and that it would be a most easy thing to bring these fellows

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in to be hearty in getting possession of the ship; so I retired in the dark from them, that they might not see what kind of a governor they had, and called the captain to me. When I called, as at a good distance, one of the men was ordered to speak again, and say to the captain, "Captain, the commander calls for you." And presently the captain replied, "Tell his Excellency I am just a coming." This more perfectly amused them; and they all believed that the commander was just by with his fifty men.

Upon the captain's coming to me, I told him my project for seizing the ship, which he liked of wonderfully well, and resolved to put it in execution the next morning.

But in order to execute it with more art, and secure of success, I told him we must divide the prisoners, and that he should go and take Atkins and two more of the worst of them, and send them pinioned to the cave where the others lay. This was committed to Friday and the two men who came on shore with the captain.

They conveyed them to the cave, as to a prison; and it was indeed a dismal place, especially to men in their condition.

The other I ordered to my bower, as I called it, of which I have given a full description; and as it was fenced in, and they pinioned, the place was secure enough, considering they were upon their behavior.

To these in the morning I sent the captain, who was to enter into a parley with them; in a word, to try them, and tell me whether he thought they might be trusted or no to go on board and surprise the ship. He talked to them of the injury done him, of the condition they were brought to; and that though the governor had given them quarter for their lives as to the present action, yet that if they were sent to England they would all be hanged in chains, to be sure; but that if they would join in so just an attempt as to recover the ship, he would have the governor's engagement for their pardon.

Any one may guess how readily such a proposal would be accepted by men in their condition. They fell down on their knees to the captain, and promised, with the deepest imprecations, that they would be faithful to him to the last drop, and that they should owe their lives to him, and would go with him all over the world; that they would own him for a father to them as long as they lived.

"Well," says the captain, "I must go and tell the governor what you say, and see what I can do to bring him to consent to it." So he brought me an account of the temper he found them in, and that he verily believed they would be faithful.

However, that we might be very secure, I told him he should go back again, and choose out five of them, and tell them they might see that he did not want men, that he would take out five of them to be his assistants, and that the governor would keep the other two, and the three that were sent prisoners to the castle (my cave) as hostages, for the fidelity of those five; and that if they proved unfaithful in the execution, the five hostages should be hanged in chains alive upon the shore.

This looked severe, and convinced them that the governor was in earnest. However, they had no way left them but to accept it; and it was now the business of the prisoners, as much as of the captain, to persuade the other five to do their duty.

Our strength was now thus ordered for the expedition: 1. The captain, his mate, and passenger; 2. Then the two prisoners of the first gang, to whom, having their characters from the captain, I had given their liberty, and trusted them with arms; 3. The other two whom I had kept till now in my apartment pinioned, but upon the captain's motion had now released; 4. These five released at last: so that they were twelve in all, besides five we kept prisoners in the cave for hostages.

I asked the captain if he was willing to venture with these hands on board the ship; for as for me and my man Friday, I did not think it was proper for us to stir, having seven men left behind, and it was employment enough for us to keep them asunder and supply them with victuals.

As to the five in the cave, I resolved to keep them fast, but Friday went in twice a day to them to supply them with necessaries; and I made the other two carry provisions to a certain distance, where Friday was to take it.

When I showed myself to the two hostages, it was with the captain, who told them I was the person the governor had ordered to look

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after them, and that it was the governor's pleasure they should not stir anywhere but by my direction; that if they did, they should be fetched into the castle and be laid in irons. So that as we never suffered them to see me as governor, so I now appeared as another person, and spoke of the governor, the garrison, the castle, and the like, upon all occasions.

The captain now had no difficulty before him but to furnish his two boats, stop the breach of one, and man them. He made his passenger captain of one, with four other men; and himself, and his mate and six more, went in the other. And they contrived their business very well, for they came up to the ship about midnight. As soon as they came within call of the ship, he made Robinson hail them, and tell them they had brought off the men and the boat, but that it was a long time before they had found them, and the like, holding them in a chat till they came to the ship's side; when the captain and the mate, entering first with their arms, immediately knocked down the second mate and carpenter with the but-end of their muskets. Being very faithfully seconded by their men, they secured all the rest that were upon the main and quarter decks, and began to fasten the hatches to keep them down who were below, when the other boat and their men, entering at the fore-chains, secured the forecastle of the ship, and the scuttle which went down into the cook-room, making three men they found there prisoners.

When this was done, and all safe upon deck, the captain ordered the mate with three men to break into the round-house, where the new rebel captain lay, and having taken the alarm, was gotten up, and with two men and a boy had gotten fire-arms in their hands; and when the mate with a crow split open the door, the new captain and his men fired boldly among them, and wounded the mate with a musket-ball, which broke his arm and wounded two more of the men, but killed nobody.

The mate, calling for help, rushed however into the round-house, wounded as he was, and with his pistol shot the new captain through the head, the bullet entering at his mouth and came out again behind one of his ears, so that he never spoke a word; upon which the rest yielded, and the ship was taken effectually, without any more lives lost.

As soon as the ship was thus secured, the captain ordered seven guns to be fired, which was the signal agreed upon with me to give me notice of his success; which, you may be sure, I was very glad to hear, having sat watching upon the shore for it till near two of the clock in the morning.

Having thus heard the signal plainly, I laid me down; and it having been a day of great fatigue to me, I slept very sound, till I was something surprised with the noise of a gun; and presently starting up, I heard a man call me by the name of "Governor, governor"; and presently I knew the captain's voice, when climbing up to the top of the hill, there he stood, and pointing to the ship, he embraced me in his arms. "My dear friend and deliverer," says he, "there's your ship; for she is all yours, and so are we and all that belong to her." I cast my eyes to the ship, and there she rode within little more than half a mile of the shore; for they had weighed her anchor as soon as they were masters of her, and, the weather being fair, had brought her to an anchor just against the mouth of the little creek; and, the tide being up, the captain had brought the pinnace in near the place where I at first landed my rafts, and so landed just at my door.

I was at first ready to sink down with the surprise; for I saw my deliverance indeed visibly put into my hands, all things easy, and a large ship just ready to carry me away whither I pleased to go. At first, for some time, I was not able to answer him one word; but as he had taken me in his arms I held fast by him, or I should have fallen to the ground.

He perceived the surprise, and immediately pulls a bottle out of his pocket, and gave me a dram of cordial, which he had brought on purpose for me. After I had drunk it, I sat down upon the ground; and though it brought me to myself, yet it was a good while before I could speak a word to him.

All this while the poor man was in as great an ecstasy as I, only not under any surprise, as I was; and he said a thousand kind, tender things to me, to compose me

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and bring me to myself; but such was the flood of joy in my breast, that it put all my spirits into confusion. At last it broke out into tears, and in a little while after I recovered my speech.

Then I took my turn, and embraced him as my deliverer, and we rejoiced together. I told him I looked upon him as a man sent from Heaven to deliver me, and that the whole transaction seemed to be a chain of wonders; that such things as these were the testimonies we had of a secret hand of Providence governing the world, and an evidence that the eyes of an Infinite Power could search into the remotest corner of the world, and send help to the miserable whenever he pleased.

I forgot not to lift up my heart in thankfulness to Heaven: and what heart could forbear to bless him, who had not only in a miraculous manner provided for one in such a wilderness, and in such a desolate condition, but from whom every deliverance must always be acknowledged to proceed?

When he had talked awhile, the captain told me he had brought me some little refreshment, such as the ship afforded, and such as the wretches that had been so long his masters had not plundered him of. Upon this, he called aloud to the boat, and bid his men bring the things ashore that were for the governor; and indeed it was a present, as if I had been one not that was to be carried away along with them, but as if I had been to dwell upon the island still, and they were to go without me.

First, he had brought me a case of bottles full of excellent cordial waters, six large bottles of Madeira wine (the bottles held two quarts apiece), two pounds of excellent good tobacco, twelve good pieces of the ship's beef, and six pieces of pork, with a bag of pease, and about a hundredweight of biscuit.

He brought me also a box of sugar, a box of flour, a bag full of lemons, and two bottles of lime-juice, and abundance of other things. But besides these, and what was a thousand times more useful to me, he brought me six clean new shirts, six very good neckcloths, two pair of gloves, one pair of shoes, a hat, and one pair of stockings, and a very good suit of clothes of his own, which had been worn but very little. In a word, he clothed me from head to foot.

It was a very kind and agreeable present, as any one may imagine, to one in my circumstances. But never was anything in the world of that kind so unpleasant, awkward, and uneasy, as it was to me to wear such clothes at their first putting on.

After these ceremonies past, and after all his good things were brought into my little apartment, we began to consult what was to be done with the prisoners we had; for it was worth considering whether we might venture to take them away with us or no, especially two of them, whom we knew to be incorrigible and refractory to the last degree; and the captain said, he knew they were such rogues that there was no obliging them, and if he did carry them away it must be in irons as malefactors to be delivered over to justice at the first English colony he could come at. And I found that the captain himself was very anxious about it.

Upon this, I told him that if he desired it I durst undertake to bring the two men he spoke of to make it their own request that he should leave them upon the island. "I should be very glad of that," says the captain, "with all my heart."

"Well," says I, "I will send for them up, and talk with them for you." So I caused Friday and the two hostages, — for they were now discharged, their comrades having performed their promise, — I say, I caused them to go to the cave, and bring up the five men, pinioned as they were, to the bower, and keep them there till I came.

After some time I came thither dressed in my new habit; and now I was called governor again. Being all met, and the captain with me, I caused the men to be brought before me; and I told them I had had a full account of their villanous behavior to the captain, and how they had run away with the ship, and were preparing to commit further robberies, but that Providence had ensnared them in their own ways, and that they were fallen into the pit which they had digged for others.

I let them know that by my direction the ship had been seized, that she lay now in the road; and they might see by and by that their new captain had received the reward of his villany, for that they might see him hanging at the yard-arm.

That as to them, I wanted to know what

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they had to say why I should not execute them as pirates taken in the fact, as by my commission they could not doubt I had authority to do.

One of them answered in the name of the rest, that they had nothing to say but this, that when they were taken the captain promised them their lives, and they humbly implored my mercy. But I told them I knew not what mercy to show them; for, as for myself, I had resolved to quit the island with all my men, and had taken passage with the captain to go for England; and as for the captain he could not carry them to England other than as prisoners in irons to be tried for mutiny and running away with the ship, the consequence of which, they must needs know, would be the gallows: so that I could not tell which was best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island. If they desired that (I did not care, as I had liberty to leave it), I had some inclination to give them their lives, if they thought they could shift on shore.

They seemed very thankful for it, said they would much rather venture to stay there than to be carried to England to be hanged. So I left it on that issue.

However, the captain seemed to make some difficulty of it, as if he durst not leave them there. Upon this I seemed a little angry with the captain, and told him that they were my prisoners, not his; and that, seeing I had offered them so much favor, I would be as good as my word; and that if he did not think fit to consent to it, I would set them at liberty as I found them, and if he did not like it, he might take them again if he could catch them.

Upon this they appeared very thankful, and I accordingly set them at liberty, and bade them retire into the woods to the place whence they came, and I would leave them some fire-arms, some ammunition, and some directions how they should live very well, if they thought fit.

Upon this I prepared to go on board the ship, but told the captain that I would stay that night to prepare my things, and desired him to go on board in the mean time and keep all right in the ship, and send the boat on shore the next day for me; ordering him in the mean time to cause the new captain, who was killed, to be hanged at the yard-arm that these men might see him.

When the captain was gone, I sent for the men up to me to my apartment, and entered seriously into discourse with them of their circumstances. I told them I thought they had made a right choice; that if the captain carried them away, they would certainly be hanged. I showed them the new captain hanging at the yard-arm of the ship, and told them they had nothing less to expect.

When they had all declared their willingness to stay, I then told them I would let them into the story of my living there, and put them into the way of making it easy to them. Accordingly, I gave them the whole history of the place and of my coming to it; showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, cured my grapes; and, in a word, all that was necessary to make them easy. I told them the story also of the sixteen Spaniards that were to be expected, for whom I left a letter, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

I left them my fire-arms, namely, five muskets, three fowling-pieces, and three swords. I had above a barrel and a half of powder left, for after the first year or two I used but little and wasted none. I gave them a description of the way I managed the goats, and directions to milk and fatten them, and to make both butter and cheese.

In a word, I gave them every part of my own story. And I told them I would prevail with the captain to leave them two barrels of gunpowder more, and some garden-seeds, which I told them I would have been very glad of; also I gave them the bag of pease which the captain had brought me to eat, and bade them be sure to sow and increase them.

Having done all this, I left them the next day, and went on board the ship. We prepared immediately to sail, but did not weigh that night. The next morning, early, two of the five men came swimming to the ship's side, and, making a most lamentable complaint of the other three, begged to be taken into the ship, for God's sake, for they should be murdered, and begged the captain to take them on board, though he hanged them immediately.

Upon this the captain pretended to have

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no power without me. But after some difficulty, and after their solemn promises of amendment, they were taken on board, and were some time after soundly whipped and pickled; after which they proved very honest and quiet fellows.

Some time after this the boat was ordered on shore, the tide being up, with the things promised to the men, to which the captain, at my intercession, caused their chests and clothes to be added; which they took, and were very thankful for. I also encouraged them by telling them that if it lay in my way to send any vessel to take them in, I would not forget them.

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board for relics the great goat-skin cap I had made, my umbrella, and my parrot; also I forgot not to take the money I formerly mentioned, which had lain by me so long useless that it was grown rusty, or tarnished, and could hardly pass for silver till it had been a little rubbed and handled, as also the money I found in the wreck of the Spanish ship.

And thus I left the island the 19th of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years two months and nineteen days; being delivered from this second captivity the same day of the month that I first made my escape in the *Barco Longo* from among the Moors of Sallee.

In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-and-five years absent.

When I came to England, I was as perfect a stranger to all the world as if I had never been known there. My benefactor and faithful steward, whom I had left in trust with my money, was alive, but had had great misfortunes in the world, was become a widow the second time, and very low in the world. I made her easy as to what she owed me, assuring her I would give her no trouble; but, on the contrary, in gratitude to her former care and faithfulness to me, I relieved her as my little stock would afford, which at that time would indeed allow me to do but little for her; but I assured her I would never forget her former kindness to me: nor did I forget her when I had sufficient to help her, as shall be observed in its place.

I went down afterwards into Yorkshire, but my father was dead, and my mother and all the family extinct, except that I found two sisters and two of the children of one of my brothers; and as I had been long ago given over for dead, there had been no provision made for me: so that, in a word, I found nothing to relieve or assist me; and that little money I had would not do much for me as to settling in the world.

I met with one piece of gratitude, indeed, which I did not expect; and this was, that the master of the ship, whom I had so happily delivered, and by the same means saved the ship and cargo, having given a very handsome account to the owners of the manner how I had saved the lives of the men, and the ship, they invited me to meet them and some other merchants concerned, and all together made me a very handsome compliment upon the subject, and a present of almost two hundred pounds sterling.

But after making several reflections upon the circumstances of my life, and how little way this would go towards settling me in the world, I resolved to go to Lisbon, and see if I might not come by some information of the state of my plantation in the Brazils, and of what was become of my partner, who, I had reason to suppose, had some years now given me over for dead.

With this view, I took shipping for Lisbon, where I arrived in April following, my man Friday accompanying me very honestly in all these ramblings, and proving a most faithful servant upon all occasions.

When I came to Lisbon, I found out by inquiry, and to my particular satisfaction, my old friend the captain of the ship who first took me up at sea off the shore of Africa. He was now grown old, and had left off the sea, having put his son, who was far from a young man, into his ship, and who still used the Brazil trade. The old man did not know me, and indeed I hardly knew him; but I soon brought him to my remembrance, and as soon brought myself to his remembrance when I told him who I was.

After some passionate expressions of the old acquaintance, I inquired, you may be sure, after my plantation and my partner. The old man told me he had not been in the Brazils for about nine years; but that he could assure me that when he came away

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my partner was living, but the trustees whom I had joined with him to take cognizance of my part were both dead; that, however, he believed that I would have a very good account of the improvement of the plantation: for that, upon the general belief of my being cast away and drowned, my trustees had given in the account of the produce of my part of the plantation to the procurator-fiscal, who had appropriated it, in case I never came to claim it, one third to the king, and two thirds to the monastery of St. Augustine, to be expended for the benefit of the poor and for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith; but that, if I appeared, or any one for me, to claim the inheritance, it should be restored, only that the improvement or annual production, being distributed to charitable uses, could not be restored. But he assured me that the steward of the king's revenue (from lands) and the proviedore, or steward of the monastery, had taken great care all along that the incumbent, that is to say, my partner, gave every year a faithful account of the produce, of which they received duly my moiety.

I asked him if he knew to what height of improvement he had brought the plantation; and whether he thought it might be worth looking after; or whether, on my going thither, I should meet with no obstruction to my possessing my just right in the moiety.

He told me he could not tell exactly to what degree the plantation was improved, but this he knew, that my partner was grown exceeding rich upon the enjoying but one half of it; and that, to the best of his remembrance, he had heard that the king's third of my part, which was, it seems, granted away to some other monastery or religious house, amounted to above two hundred moidores a year: that as to my being restored to a quiet possession of it, there was no question to be made of that, my partner being alive to witness my title, and my name being also enrolled in the register of the country. Also, he told me that the survivors of my two trustees were very fair, honest people, and very wealthy; and he believed I would not only have their assistance for putting me in possession, but would find a very considerable sum of money in their hands for my account, being the produce of the farm while their fathers held the trust, and before it was given up as above, which, as he remembered, was for about twelve years.

I showed myself a little concerned and uneasy at this account, and inquired of the old captain how it came to pass that the trustees should thus dispose of my effects when he knew that I had made my will, and had made him, the Portuguese captain, my universal heir, &c.

He told me that was true; but that, as there was no proof of my being dead, he could not act as executor until some certain account should come of my death, and that, besides, he was not willing to intermeddle with a thing so remote; that it was true he had registered my will, and put in his claim; and could he have given any account of my being dead or alive, he would have acted by procuration, and taken possession of the *ingenio* (so they called the sugar-house), and had given his son, who was now at the Brazils, order to do it.

"But," says the old man, "I have one piece of news to tell you, which perhaps may not be so acceptable to you as the rest, and that is, that, believing you were lost, and all the world believing so also, your partner and trustees did offer to account to me in your name for six or eight of the first years of profits, which I received; but there being at that time," says he, "great disbursements for increasing the works, building an *ingenio*, and buying slaves, it did not amount to near so much as afterwards it produced. However," says the old man, "I shall give you a true account of what I have received in all, and how I have disposed of it."

After a few days' further conference with this ancient friend, he brought me an account of the six first years' income of my plantation, signed by my partner and the merchants' trustees, being always delivered in goods, namely, tobacco in roll, and sugar in chests, besides rum, molasses, &c., which is the consequence of a sugar-work; and I found by his account that every year the income considerably increased, but, as above, the disbursement being large, the sum at first was small. However, the old man let me see that he was debtor to me four hundred and seventy moidores of gold, besides sixty chests of sugar, and fifteen double rolls of tobacco, which were lost in his ship; he having been

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shipwrecked coming home to Lisbon about eleven years after my leaving the place.

The good man then began to complain of his misfortunes, and how he had been obliged to make use of my money to recover his losses, and buy him a share in a new ship. "However, my old friend," says he, "you shall not want a supply in your necessity; and as soon as my son returns, you shall be fully satisfied."

Upon this he pulls out an old pouch, and gives me one hundred and sixty Portugal moidores in gold; and giving me the writing of his title to the ship which his son was gone to the Brazils in, of which he was a quarter-part owner and his son another, he puts them both into my hands for security of the rest.

I was too much moved with the honesty and kindness of the poor man to be able to bear this; and remembering what he had done for me, how he had taken me up at sea, and how generously he had used me on all occasions, and particularly how sincere a friend he was now to me, I could hardly refrain weeping at what he said to me. Therefore first I asked him if his circumstances admitted him to spare so much money at that time, and if it would not straiten him. He told me he could not say but it might straiten him a little; but, however, it was my money, and I might want it more than he.

Everything the good man said was full of affection, and I could hardly refrain from tears while he spoke. In short, I took an hundred of the moidores, and called for a pen and ink to give him a receipt for them; then I returned him the rest, and told him if ever I had possession of the plantation, I would return the other to him also, as indeed I afterwards did: and that as to the bill of sale of his part in his son's ship, I would not take it by any means; but that if I wanted the money, I found he was honest enough to pay me; and if I did not, but came to receive what he gave me reason to expect, I would never have a penny more from him.

When this was past, the old man began to ask me if he should put me into a method to make my claim to my plantation. I told him I thought to go over to it myself. He said I might do so if I pleased, but that if I did not, there were ways enough to secure my right, and immediately to appropriate the profits to my use. And as there were ships in the river of Lisbon just ready to go away to Brazil, he made me enter my name in a public register with his affidavit, affirming upon oath that I was alive, and that I was the same person who took up the land for the planting the said plantation at first.

This being regularly attested by a notary, and a procuration affixed, he directed me to send it with a letter of his writing to a merchant of his acquaintance at the place, and then proposed my staying with him till an account came of the return.

Never anything was more honorable than the proceedings upon this procuration; for in less than seven months I received a large packet from the survivors of my trustees the merchants, for whose account I went to sea, in which were the following particular letters and papers enclosed.

First, There was the account current of the produce of my farm or plantation from the year when their fathers had balanced with my old Portugal captain, being for six years. The balance appeared to be one thousand one hundred and seventy-four moidores in my favor.

Secondly, There was the account of four years more while they kept the effects in their hands, before the government claimed the administration, as being the effects of a person not to be found, which they call civil death; and the balance of this, the value of the plantation increasing, amounted to thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-two cruisadoes, which made three thousand two hundred and forty-one moidores.

Thirdly, There was the prior of the Augustine's account, who had received the profits for above fourteen years; but not being to account for what was disposed to the hospital, very honestly declared he had eight hundred and seventy-two moidores not distributed, which he acknowledged to my account; as to the king's part, that refunded nothing.

There was a letter of my partner's, congratulating me very affectionately upon my being alive; giving me an account how the estate was improved, and what it produced a year, with a particular of the number of squares or acres that it contained, how planted, how many slaves there were upon it; and making two-and-twenty crosses for blessings, told me he had said so many Ave

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Marias to thank the Blessed Virgin that I was alive; inviting me very passionately to come over and take possession of my own, and in the mean time to give him orders to whom he should deliver my effects if I did not come myself; concluding with a hearty tender of his friendship and that of his family, and sent me as a present seven fine leopards' skins, which he had, it seems, received from Africa by some other ship which he had sent thither, and which, it seems, had made a better voyage than I. He sent me also five chests of excellent sweetmeats, and a hundred pieces of gold uncoined, not quite so large as moidores.

By the same fleet my two merchant trustees shipped me twelve hundred chests of sugar, eight hundred rolls of tobacco, and the rest of the whole account in gold.

I might well say now, indeed, that the latter end of Job was better than the beginning. It is impossible to express the flutterings of my very heart when I looked over these letters, and especially when I found all my wealth about me. For as the Brazil ships come all in fleets, the same ships which brought my letters brought my goods, and the effects were safe in the river before the letters came to my hand. In a word, I turned pale, and grew sick; and had not the old man run and fetched me a cordial, I believe the sudden surprise of joy had overset nature and I had died upon the spot.

Nay, after that I continued very ill, and was so some hours, till a physician being sent for, and something of the real cause of my illness being known, he ordered me to be let blood, after which I had relief, and grew well; but I verily believe if it had not been eased by a vent given in that manner to the spirits, I should have died.

I was now master, all on a sudden, of above five thousand pounds sterling in money; and had an estate, as I might well call it, in the Brazils of above one thousand pounds a year, as sure as an estate of lands in England. And, in a word, I was in a condition which I scarce knew how to understand, or how to compose myself for the enjoyment of it.

The first thing I did was to recompense my original benefactor, my good old captain, who had been first charitable to me in my distress, kind to me in my beginning, and honest to me at the end. I showed him all that was sent to me; I told him that next to the providence of Heaven, which disposes all things, it was owing to him; and that it now lay on me to reward him, which I would do a hundred-fold. So I first returned to him the hundred moidores I had received of him, then I sent for a notary, and caused him to draw up a general release or discharge for the four hundred and seventy moidores which he had acknowledged he owed me, in the fullest and firmest manner possible: after which I caused a procuration to be drawn empowering him to be my receiver of the annual profits of my plantation, and appointing my partner to account to him, and make the returns by the usual fleets to him in my name; and a clause in the end, being a grant of one hundred moidores a year to him during his life out of the effects, and fifty moidores a year to his son after him for his life. And thus I requited my old man.

I was now to consider which way to steer my course next, and what to do with the estate that Providence had thus put into my hands: and indeed I had more care upon my head now than I had in my silent state of life in the island, where I wanted nothing but what I had, and had nothing but what I wanted; whereas I had now a great charge upon me, and my business was how to secure it. I had never a cave now to hide my money in, nor a place where it might lie without lock or key until it grew mouldy and tarnished before anybody would meddle with it. On the contrary, I knew not where to put it, or whom to trust with it. My old patron the captain, indeed, was honest, and that was the only refuge I had.

In the next place, my interest in the Brazils seemed to summon me thither; but now I could not tell how to think of going thither until I had settled my affairs, and left my effects in some safe hands behind me. At first I thought of my old friend the widow, who I knew was honest, and would be just to me; but then she was in years, and but poor, and for aught I knew might be in debt. So that, in a word, I had no way but to go back to England myself, and take my effects with me.

It was some months, however, before I resolved upon this; and therefore, as I had

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rewarded the old captain fully and to his satisfaction, who had been my former benefactor, so I began to think of my poor widow, whose husband had been my first benefactor, and she, while it was in her power, my faithful steward and instructor. So the first thing I did, I got a merchant in Lisbon to write to his correspondent in London, not only to pay a bill, but to go find her out, and carry her in money an hundred pounds from me, and to talk with her, and comfort her in her poverty by telling her she should, if I lived, have a further supply. At the same time I sent my two sisters in the country each of them an hundred pounds, they being, though not in want, yet not in very good circumstances; one having been married and left a widow, and the other having a husband not so kind to her as he should be. But among all my relations or acquaintances I could not yet pitch upon one to whom I durst commit the gross of my stock, that I might go away to the Brazils and leave things safe behind me; and this greatly perplexed me.

I had once a mind to have gone to the Brazils, and have settled myself there, for I was, as it were, naturalized to the place; but I had some little scruple in my mind about religion, which insensibly drew me back, of which I shall say more presently. However, it was not religion that kept me from going there for the present: and as I had made no scruple of being openly of the religion of the country all the while I was among them, so neither did I yet; only that now and then having of late thought more of it (than formerly) when I began to think of living and dying among them, I began to regret my having professed myself a Papist, and thought it might not be the best religion to die with.

But, as I have said, this was not the main thing that kept me from going to the Brazils; but that really I did not know with whom to leave my effects behind me. So I resolved at last to go to England with it; where, if I arrived, I concluded I should make some acquaintance, or find some relations that would be faithful to me. And accordingly I prepared to go for England with all my wealth.

In order to prepare things for my going home, I first, the Brazil fleet being just going away, resolved to give answers suitable to the just and faithful account of things I had from thence. And, first, to the prior of St. Augustine I wrote a letter full of thanks for their just dealings, and the offer of the eight hundred and seventy-two moidores which was undisposed of; which I desired might be given, five hundred to the monastery and three hundred and seventy-two to the poor as the prior should direct, desiring the good padre's prayers for me and the like. I wrote next a letter of thanks to my two trustees, with all the acknowledgment that so much justice and honesty called for. As for sending them any present, they were far above having any occasion of it. Lastly, I wrote to my partner, acknowledging his industry in the improving the plantation, and his integrity in increasing the stock of the works; giving him instructions for his future government of my part, according to the powers I had left with my old patron, to whom I desired him to send whatever became due to me until he should hear from me more particularly; assuring him that it was my intention, not only to come to him, but to settle myself there for the remainder of my life. To this I added a very handsome present of some Italian silks for his wife and two daughters, for such the captain's son informed me he had; with two pieces of fine English broadcloth, the best I could get in Lisbon, five pieces of black baize, and some Flanders lace of a good value.

Having thus settled my affairs, sold my cargo, and turned all my effects into good bills of exchange, my next difficulty was which way to go to England. I had been accustomed enough to the sea, and yet I had a strange aversion to going to England by sea at that time; and though I could give no reason for it, yet the difficulties increased upon me so much that, though I had once shipped my baggage in order to go, yet I altered my mind, and that not once, but two or three times.

It is true I had been very unfortunate by sea, and this might be some of the reason; but let no man slight the strong impulses of his own thoughts in cases of such moment. Two of the ships which I had singled out to go in, I mean, more particularly singled out than any other, that is to say, so as in one of them to put my things on board, and in

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the other to have agreed with the captain, — I say, two of these ships miscarried, namely, one was taken by the Algerines, and the other was cast away on the Start near Torbay, and all the people drowned except three: so that in either of those vessels I had been made miserable; and in which most it was hard to say.

Having been thus harassed in my thoughts, my old pilot, to whom I communicated everything, pressed me earnestly not to go by sea, but either to go by land to the Groyne, and cross over the Bay of Biscay to Rochelle, from whence it was but an easy and safe journey by land to Paris, and so to Calais and Dover; or to go up to Madrid, and so all the way by land through France. In a word, I was so prepossessed against my going by sea at all, except from Calais to Dover, that I resolved to travel all the way by land; which, as I was not in haste and did not value the charge, was by much the pleasanter way. And to make it more so, my old captain brought an English gentleman, the son of a merchant in Lisbon, who was willing to travel with me; after which we picked up two more English merchants, also, and two young Portuguese gentlemen, the last going to Paris only; so that we were in all six of us, and five servants; the two merchants and the two Portuguese contenting themselves with one servant between two to save the charge; and as for me, I got an English sailor to travel with me as a servant, besides my man Friday, who was too much a stranger to be capable of supplying the place of a servant on the road.

In this manner I set out from Lisbon; and our company being all very well mounted and armed, we made a little troop whereof they did me the honor to call me captain, as well because I was the oldest man as because I had two servants, and indeed was the original of the whole journey.

As I have troubled you with none of my sea journals, so I shall trouble you now with none of my land journal. But some adventures that happened to us in this tedious and difficult journey I must not omit.

When we came to Madrid, we being all of us strangers to Spain, were willing to stay some time to see the court of Spain, and to see what was worth observing; but it being the latter part of the summer we hastened away, and set out from Madrid about the middle of October. But when we came to the edge of Navarre, we were alarmed at several towns on the way with an account that so much snow was fallen on the French side of the mountains that several travellers were obliged to come back to Pampeluna, after having attempted at an extreme hazard to pass on.

When we came to Pampeluna itself we found it so indeed; and to me, that had been always used to a hot climate, and indeed to countries where we could scarce bear any clothes on, the cold was insufferable. Nor, indeed, was it more painful than it was surprising to come but ten days before out of the Old Castile, where the weather was not only warm but very hot, and immediately to feel a wind from the Pyrenean mountains so very keen, so severely cold, as to be intolerable, and to endanger benumbing and perishing of our fingers and toes. Poor Friday was really frightened when he saw the mountains covered with snow and felt cold weather, which he had never seen or felt before in his life.

To mend the matter, when we came to Pampeluna it continued snowing with so much violence and so long that the people said winter was come before its time: and the roads, which were difficult before, were now quite impassable; for, in a word, the snow lay in some places too thick for us to travel, and being not hard frozen, as is the case in northern countries, there was no going without being in danger of being buried alive every step. We stayed no less than twenty days at Pampeluna; when, seeing the winter coming on, and no likelihood of its being better, for it was the severest winter all over Europe that had been known in the memory of man, I proposed that we should all go away to Fontarabia, and there take shipping for Bordeaux, which was a very little voyage.

But while we were considering this, there came in four French gentlemen, who, having been stopped on the French side of the passes as we were on the Spanish, had found out a guide who, traversing the country near the head of Languedoc, had brought them over the mountains by such ways that they were not much incommoded with the snow; and where they met with snow in any quantity, they said it was frozen hard enough to bear

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them and their horses. We sent for this guide, who told us he would undertake to carry us the same way with no hazard from the snow, provided we were armed sufficiently to protect us from wild beasts; for he said upon these great snows it was frequent for some wolves to show themselves at the foot of the mountains, being made ravenous for want of food, the ground being covered with snow. We told him we were well enough prepared for such creatures as they were, if he would insure us from a kind of two-legged wolves, which we were told we were in most danger from, especially on the French side of the mountains. He satisfied us there was no danger of that kind in the way that we were to go: so we readily agreed to follow him; as did also twelve other gentlemen with their servants, some French, some Spanish, who, as I said, had attempted to go, and were obliged to come back again.

Accordingly, we all set out from Pampeluna with our guide, on the 15th of November. And indeed I was surprised when, instead of going forward, he came directly back with us, on the same road that we came from Madrid, above twenty miles; when, being past two rivers, and come into the plain country, we found ourselves in a warm climate again, where the country was pleasant, and no snow to be seen. But on a sudden, turning to his left, he approached the mountains another way; and though it is true the hills and precipices looked dreadful, yet he made so many tours, such meanders, and led us by such winding ways, that we were insensibly past the height of the mountains without being much encumbered with the snow. And all on a sudden he showed us the pleasant, fruitful provinces of Languedoc and Gascony, all green and flourishing; though, indeed, it was at a great distance, and we had some rough way to pass yet.

We were a little uneasy, however, when we found it snowed one whole day and a night so fast that we could not travel; but he bade us be easy, we should soon be past it all. We found, indeed, that we began to descend every day, and to come more north than before; and so, depending upon our guide, we went on.

It was about two hours before night, when, our guide being something before us and not just in sight, out rushed three monstrous wolves, and after them a bear, out of a hollow way adjoining to a thick wood. Two of the wolves flew upon the guide; and had he been half a mile before us he had been devoured indeed before we could have helped him. One of them fastened upon his horse; and the other attacked the man with such violence that he had not time or not presence of mind enough to draw his pistol, but hallooed and cried out to us most lustily. My man Friday being next to me, I bade him ride up and see what was the matter. As soon as Friady came in sight of the man, he hallooed as loud as the other, "O master! O master!" but, like a bold fellow, rode directly up to the poor man, and with his pistol shot the wolf that attacked him into the head.

It was happy for the poor man that it was my man Friday; for he, having been used to that kind of creature in his country, had no fear upon him, but went close up to him, and shot him as above; whereas any of us would have fired at a farther distance, and have perhaps either missed the wolf or endangered shooting the man.

But it was enough to have terrified a bolder man than I, and indeed it alarmed all our company, when with the noise of Friday's pistol we heard on both sides the dismallest howling of wolves, and the noise redoubled by the echo of the mountains, that it was to us as if there had been a prodigious multitude of them; and perhaps indeed there was not such a few as that we had no cause of apprehensions.

However, as Friday had killed this wolf, the other that had fastened upon the horse left him immediately, and fled; having happily fastened upon his head, where the bosses of the bridle had stuck in his teeth, so that he had not done him much hurt. The man, indeed, was most hurt; for the raging creature had bit him twice, once on the arm, and the other time a little above his knee; and he was just as it were tumbling down by the disorder of his horse, when Friday came up and shot the wolf.

It is easy to suppose that at the noise of Friday's pistol we all mended our pace, and rode up as fast as the way, which was very difficult, would give us leave, to see what was the matter. As soon as we came clear of the trees, which blinded us before, we saw

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clearly what had been the case, and how Friday had disengaged the poor guide, though we did not presently discern what kind of creature it was he had killed.

But never was a fight managed so hardily and in such a surprising manner as that which followed between Friday and the bear, which gave us all (though at first we were surprised and afraid for him) the greatest diversion imaginable. As the bear is a heavy, clumsy creature, and does not gallop as the wolf does, which is swift and light, so he has two particular qualities, which generally are the rule of his actions. First, as to men, who are not his proper prey, — I say not his proper prey, because, though I cannot say what excessive hunger might do, which was now their case, the ground being all covered with snow; but as to men, he does not usually attempt them unless they first attack him. On the contrary, if you meet him in the woods, if you don't meddle with him he won't meddle with you. But then you must take care to be very civil to him, and give him the road; for he is a very nice gentleman, he won't go a step out of his way for a prince. Nay, if you are really afraid, your best way is to look another way, and keep going on; for sometimes if you stop and stand still and look steadily at him, he takes it for an affront. But if you throw or toss anything at him, and it hits him, though it were but a bit of a stick as big as your finger, he takes it for an affront, and sets all his other business aside to pursue his revenge; for he will have satisfaction in point of honor. That is his first quality. The next is, that if he be once affronted, he will never leave you night or day till he has his revenge, but follows at a good round rate till he overtakes you.

My man Friday had delivered our guide, and when we came up to him he was helping him off from his horse, — for the man was both hurt and frighted, and indeed the last more than the first, — when, on the sudden, we spied the bear come out of the wood. And a vast, monstrous one it was, the biggest by far that ever I saw. We were all a little surprised when we saw him; but when Friday saw him, it was easy to see joy and courage in the fellow's countenance. "Oh! oh! oh!" says Friday, three times, pointing to him; "O master! you give me te leave; me shakee te hand with him; me make you good laugh."

I was surprised to see the fellow so pleased. "You fool you," says I, "he will eat you up!" "Eatee me up! eatee me up!" says Friday, twice over again; "me eatee him up! me make you good laugh. You all stay here; me show you good laugh." So down he sits, and gets his boots off in a moment, and puts on a pair of pumps (as we call the flat shoes they wear, and which he had in his pocket), gives my other servant his horse, and with his gun away he flew swift like the wind.

The bear was walking softly on, and offered to meddle with nobody, till Friday, coming pretty near, calls to him, as if the bear could understand him. "Hark ye! hark ye!" says Friday; "me speakee wit you." We followed at a distance; for now, being come down on the Gascony side of the mountains, we were entered a vast great forest where the country was plain and pretty open, though many trees in it scattered here and there.

Friday, who had, as we say, the heels of the bear, came up with him quickly, and takes up a great stone and throws at him, and hit him just on the head, but did him no more harm than if he had thrown it against a wall. But it answered Friday's end; for the rogue was so void of fear that he did it purely to make the bear follow him, and show us some laugh, as he called it. As soon as the bear felt the stone and saw him, he turns about and comes after him, taking devilish long strides, and shuffling along at a strange rate, so as would have put a horse to a middling gallop. Away runs Friday, and takes his course as if he ran towards us for help. So we all resolved to fire at once upon the bear, and deliver my man; though I was angry at him heartily for bringing the bear back upon us when he was going about his own business another way. And especially I was angry that he had turned the bear upon us and then run away; and I called out: "You dog," said I, "is this your making us laugh? Come away, and take your horse, that we may shoot the creature." He hears me, and cries out, "No shoot! no shoot! Stand still; you get much laugh." And as the nimble creature ran two feet for the beast's one, he turned on a sudden on one side of us, and seeing a great oak-tree, fit for

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his purpose, he beckoned to us to follow ; and doubling his pace, he gets nimbly up the tree, laying his gun down upon the ground at about five or six yards from the bottom of the tree.

The bear soon came to the tree, and we followed at a distance. The first thing he did he stopped at the gun, smelt it, but let it lie ; and up he scrambles into the tree, climbing like a cat, though so monstrously heavy. I was amazed at the folly, as I thought it, of my man, and could not for my life see anything to laugh at yet, till, seeing the bear get up the tree, we all rode nearer to him.

When we came to the tree, there was Friday got out to the small end of a large limb of the tree, and the bear got about half-way to him. As soon as the bear got out to that part where the limb of the tree was weaker, "Ha," says he to us, "now you see me teachee the bear dance." So he falls a jumping and shaking the bough, at which the bear began to totter, but stood still, and began to look behind him to see how he should get back ; then, indeed, we did laugh heartily. But Friday had not done with him by a great deal. When he sees him stand still, he calls out to him again, as if he had supposed the bear could speak English, "What ! you no come farther ? Pray you come farther." So he left jumping and shaking the tree ; and the bear, just as if he had understood what he said, did come a little farther ; then he fell a jumping again, and the bear stopped again.

We thought now was a good time to knock him on the head, and I called to Friday to stand still and we would shoot the bear. But he cried out earnestly, "O pray ! O pray ! no shoot ; me shoot by and then." He would have said by and by. However, to shorten the story, Friday danced so much, and the bear stood so ticklish, that we had laughing enough indeed, but still could not imagine what the fellow would do : for first we thought he depended upon shaking the bear off ; and we found the bear was too cunning for that, too, for he would not go out far enough to be thrown down, but clings fast with his great broad claws and feet, so that we could not imagine what would be the end of it, and where the jest would be at last.

But Friday put us out of doubt quickly ; for seeing the bear cling fast to the bough, and that he would not be persuaded to come any farther, "Well, well," says Friday, "you no come farther, me go, me go ; you no come to me, me go come to you." And upon this he goes out to the smallest end of the bough, where it would bend with his weight, and gently lets himself down by it, sliding down the bough, till he came near enough to jump down on his feet, and away he ran to his gun, takes it up, and stands still.

"Well," said I to him, "Friday, what will you do now ? Why don't you shoot him ?" "No shoot," says Friday, "no yet ; me shoot now, me no kill ; me stay, give you one more laugh." And indeed so he did, as you will see presently : for when the bear sees his enemy gone, he comes back from the bough where he stood ; but did it mighty leisurely, looking behind him every step, and coming backward till he got into the body of the tree. Then with the same hinder end foremost, he comes down the tree, grasping it with his claws, and moving one foot at a time, very leisurely. At this juncture, and just before he could set his hind feet upon the ground, Friday stepped up close to him, clapped the muzzle of his piece into his ear, and shot him dead as a stone.

Then the rogue turned about to see if we did not laugh, and when he saw we were pleased by our looks, he falls a laughing himself, very loud. "So we kill bear in my country," says Friday. "So you kill them !" says I. "Why, you have no guns." "No," says he ; "no gun, but shoot, great much long arrow."

This was indeed a good diversion to us ; but we were still in a wild place, and our guide very much hurt, and what to do we hardly knew. The howling of wolves ran much in my head ; and indeed, except the noise I once heard on the shore of Africa, of which I have said something already, I never heard anything that filled me with so much horror.

These things and the approach of night called us off, or else, as Friday would have had us, we should certainly have taken the skin of this monstrous creature off, which was worth saving ; but we had three leagues to go, and our guide hastened us, so we left him and went forward on our journey.

The ground was still covered with snow, though not so deep and dangerous as on the mountains ; and the ravenous creatures, as

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we heard afterwards, were come down to the forest and plain country, pressed by hunger to seek for food; and had done a great deal of mischief in the villages, where they surprised the country people, killed a great many of their sheep and horses, and some people too.

We had one dangerous place to pass, which our guide told us, if there were any more wolves in the country, we should find them there; and this was in a small plain surrounded with woods on every side, and a long, narrow defile, or lane, which we were to pass to get through the wood, and then we should come to the village where we were to lodge.

It was within half an hour of sunset when we entered the first wood, and a little after sunset when we came into the plain. We met with nothing in the first wood except that in a little plain within the wood, which was not above two furlongs over, we saw five great wolves cross the road, full speed one after another, as if they had been in chase of some prey, and had it in view. They took no notice of us, and were gone, and out of our sight in a few moments.

Upon this our guide, who, by the way, was a wretched, faint-hearted fellow, bid us keep in a ready posture, for he believed there were more wolves a coming.

We kept our arms ready, and our eyes about us; but we saw no more wolves till we came through that wood, which was near half a league, and entered the plain. As soon as we came into the plain we had occasion enough to look about us. The first object we met with was a dead horse, — that is to say, a poor horse which the wolves had killed, — and at least a dozen of them at work, we could not say eating of him, but picking of his bones rather, for they had eaten up all the flesh before.

We did not think fit to disturb them at their feast; neither did they take much notice of us. Friday would have let fly at them, but I would not suffer him by any means; for I found we were like to have more business upon our hands than we were aware of. We were not gone half over the plain but we began to hear the wolves howl in the wood on our left in a frightful manner; and presently after we saw about a hundred coming on directly towards us, all in a body, and most of them in a line as regularly as an army drawn up by experienced officers. I scarce knew in what manner to receive them; but found to draw ourselves in a close line was the only way; so we formed in a moment. But that we might not have too much interval, I ordered that only every other man should fire, and that the others who had not fired should stand ready to give them a second volley immediately if they continued to advance upon us; and that then those who had fired at first should not pretend to load their fusees again, but stand ready with every one a pistol, for we were all armed with a fusee and a pair of pistols each man; so we were by this method able to fire six volleys, half of us at a time. However, at present we had no necessity; for upon firing the first volley the enemy made a full stop, being terrified as well with the noise as with the fire. Four of them being shot into the head dropped, several others were wounded, and went bleeding off, as we could see by the snow. I found they stopped, but did not immediately retreat; whereupon, remembering that I had been told that the fiercest creatures were terrified at the voice of a man, I caused all our company to halloo as loud as we could; and I found the notion not altogether mistaken, for upon our shout they began to retire and turn about. Then I ordered a second volley to be fired in their rear, which put them to the gallop, and away they went to the woods.

This gave us leisure to charge our pieces again, and that we might lose no time, we kept going; but we had but little more than loaded our fusees, and put ourselves into a readiness, when we heard a terrible noise in the same wood on our left, only that it was farther onward the same way we were to go.

The night was coming on, and the light began to be dusky, which made it worse on our side; but the noise increasing, we could easily perceive that it was the howling and yelling of those hellish creatures; and on a sudden we perceived two or three troops of wolves, one on our left, one behind us, and one on our front; so that we seemed to be surrounded with them. However, as they did not fall upon us, we kept our way forward as fast as we could make our horses go, which, the way being very rough, was

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only a good large trot; and in this manner we came in view of the entrance of a wood through which we were to pass at the farther side of the plain; but we were greatly surprised when, coming nearer the lane or pass, we saw a confused number of wolves standing just at the entrance.

On a sudden, at another opening of the wood, we heard the noise of a gun, and, looking that way, out rushed a horse with a saddle and a bridle on him, flying like the wind, and sixteen or seventeen wolves after him, full speed; indeed, the horse had the heels of them, but as we supposed that he could not hold it at that rate, we doubted not but they would get up with him at last, and no question but they did.

But here we had a most horrible sight; for riding up to the entrance where the horse came out, we found the carcass of another horse, and of two men, devoured by the ravenous creatures; and one of the men was no doubt the same whom we heard fire the gun, for there lay a gun just by him, fired off; but as to the man, his head and the upper part of his body was eaten up.

This filled us with horror, and we knew not what course to take; but the creatures resolved us soon, for they gathered about us presently in hopes of prey; and I verily believe there were three hundred of them. It happened very much to our advantage that at the entrance into the wood, but a little way from it, there lay some large timber trees, which had been cut down the summer before, and I suppose lay there for carriage. I drew my little troop in among those trees, and placing ourselves in a line behind one long tree, I advised them all to light, and keeping that tree before us for a breastwork, to stand in a triangle, or three fronts, enclosing our horses in the centre.

We did so, and it was well we did, for never was a more furious charge than the creatures made upon us in the place. They came on us with a growling kind of a noise, and mounted the piece of timber, which, as I said, was our breastwork, as if they were only rushing upon their prey; and this fury of theirs it seems was principally occasioned by their seeing our horses behind us, which was the prey they aimed at. I ordered our men to fire as before, every other man; and they took their aim so sure, that indeed they killed several of the wolves at the first volley; but there was a necessity to keep a continual firing, for they came on like devils, those behind pushing on those before.

When we had fired our second volley of our fusees, we thought they stopped a little, and I hoped they would have gone off; but it was but a moment, for others came forward again: so we fired two volleys of our pistols, and I believe in these four firings we had killed seventeen or eighteen of them, and lamed twice as many; yet they came on again.

I was loath to spend our last shot too hastily, so I called my servant, — not my man Friday, for he was better employed; for, with the greatest dexterity imaginable, he had charged my fusee and his own while we were engaged; but, as I said, I called my other man, and giving him a horn of powder, I bade him lay a train all along the piece of timber, and let it be a large train. He did so, and had just time to get away when the wolves came up to it, and some were got upon it, when I, snapping an uncharged pistol close to the powder, set it on fire. Those that were upon the timber were scorched with it, and six or seven of them fell, or rather jumped in among us, with the force and fright of the fire. We despatched these in an instant, and the rest were so frighted with the light, which the night, for it was now very near dark, made more terrible, that they drew back a little.

Upon which I ordered our last pistol to be fired off in one volley, and after that we gave a shout. Upon this the wolves turned tail, and we sallied immediately upon near twenty lame ones, which we found struggling on the ground, and fell a cutting them with our swords; which answered our expectation, for the crying and howling they made was better understood by their fellows, so that they all fled and left us.

We had, first and last, killed about threescore of them; and, had it been daylight, we had killed many more. The field of battle being thus cleared, we made forward again; for we had still near a league to go. We heard the ravenous creatures howl and yell in the woods, as we went, several times, and sometimes we fancied we saw some of them; but the snow dazzling our eyes, we were not certain: so in about an hour we came to the

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town where we were to lodge, which we found in a terrible fright, and all in arms; for it seems that, the night before, the wolves and some bears had broken into the village in the night, and put them in a terrible fright, and they were obliged to keep guard night and day, but especially in the night, to preserve their cattle, and indeed their people.

The next morning our guide was so ill, and his limbs swelled with the rankling of his two wounds, that he could go no farther; so we were obliged to take a new guide there, and go to Toulouse, where we found a warm climate, a fruitful, pleasant country, and no snow, no wolves, nor anything like them. But when we told our story at Toulouse, they told us it was nothing but what was ordinary in the great forest at the foot of the mountains, especially when the snow lay on the ground. But they inquired much what kind of a guide we had gotten that would venture to bring us that way in such a severe season; and told us it was very much we were not all devoured. When we told them how we placed ourselves, and the horses in the middle, they blamed us exceedingly, and told us it was fifty to one but we had been all destroyed; for it was the sight of the horses which made the wolves so furious, seeing their prey; and that at other times they are really afraid of a gun; but the being excessive hungry, and raging on that account, the eagerness to come at the horses had made them senseless of danger; and that if we had not by the continued fire, and at last by the stratagem of the train of powder, mastered them, it had been great odds but that we had been torn to pieces; whereas, had we been content to have sat still on horseback, and fired as horsemen, they would not have taken the horses for so much their own, when men were on their backs, as otherwise: and withal they told, that at last, if we had stood all together, and left our horses, they would have been so eager to have devoured them, that we might have come off safe, especially having our fire-arms in our hands, and being so many in number.

For my part, I was never so sensible of danger in my life; for seeing above three hundred devils come roaring and open-mouthed to devour us, and having nothing to shelter us or retreat to, I gave myself over for lost; and as it was, I believe I shall never care to cross those mountains again. I think I would much rather go a thousand leagues by sea, though I were sure to meet with a storm once a week.

I have nothing uncommon to take notice of in my passage through France, nothing but what other travellers have given an account of with much more advantage than I can. I travelled from Toulouse to Paris, and, without any considerable stay, came to Calais, and landed safe at Dover, the 14th of January, after having had a severe cold season to travel in.

I was now come to the centre of my travels, and had in a little time all my new discovered estate safe about me, the bills of exchange which I brought with me having been very currently paid.

My principal guide and privy counsellor was my good ancient widow, who, in gratitude for the money I had sent her, thought no pains too much or care too great to employ for me; and I trusted her so entirely with everything that I was perfectly easy as to the security of my effects; and indeed I was very happy from my beginning, and now to the end, in the unspotted integrity of this good gentlewoman.

And now I began to think of leaving my effects with this woman, and setting out for Lisbon, and so to the Brazils. But now another scruple came in my way, and that was religion; for as I had entertained some doubts about the Roman religion, even while I was abroad, especially in my state of solitude, so I knew there was no going to the Brazils for me, much less going to settle there, unless I resolved to embrace the Roman Catholic religion without any reserve; unless, on the other hand, I resolved to be a sacrifice to my principles, be a martyr for religion, and die in the Inquisition. So I resolved to stay at home, and if I could find means for it, to dispose of my plantation.

To this purpose I wrote to my old friend at Lisbon, who in return gave me notice that he could easily dispose of it there, but that if I thought fit to give him leave to offer it in my name to the two merchants, the survivors of my trustees, who lived in the Brazils, who must fully understand the value of it, who lived just upon the spot, and who I knew were very rich, so that he believed

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they would be fond of buying it, he did not doubt but I should make 4,000 or 5,000 pieces of eight the more of it.

Accordingly I agreed, gave him order to offer it to them, and he did so; and in about eight months more, the ship being then returned, he sent me an account that they had accepted the offer, and had remitted 33,000 pieces of eight to a correspondent of theirs at Lisbon to pay for it.

In return, I signed the instrument of sale in the form which they sent from Lisbon, and sent it to my old man, who sent me bills of exchange for 32,800 pieces of eight to me for the estate; reserving the payment of 100 moidores a year to him, the old man, during his life, and 50 moidores afterwards to his son for his life, which I had promised them, which the plantation was to make good as a rent-charge. And thus I have given the first part of a life of fortune and adventure, a life of Providence's checker-work, and of a variety which the world will seldom be able to show the like of. Beginning foolishly, but closing much more happily than any part of it ever gave me leave so much as to hope for.

Any one would think that in this state of complicated good fortune I was past running any more hazards; and so indeed I had been, if other circumstances had concurred; but I was inured to a wandering life, had no family, not many relations, nor, however rich, had I contracted much acquaintance; and though I had sold my estate in the Brazils, yet I could not keep the country out of my head, and had a great mind to be upon the wing again; especially I could not resist the strong inclination I had to see my island, and to know if the poor Spaniards were in being there, and how the rogues I left there had used them.

My true friend the widow earnestly dissuaded me from it, and so far prevailed with me that for almost seven years she prevented my running abroad; during which time I took my two nephews, the children of one of my brothers, into my care. The eldest, having something of his own, I bred up as a gentleman, and gave him a settlement of some addition to his estate after my decease. The other I put out to a captain of a ship; and after five years, finding him a sensible, bold, enterprising young fellow, I put him into a good ship, and sent him to sea. And this young fellow afterwards drew me in, as old as I was, to further adventures myself.

In the mean time, I in part settled myself here; for, first of all, I married, and that not either to my disadvantage or dissatisfaction, and had three children, two sons and one daughter. But my wife dying, and my nephew coming home with good success from a voyage to Spain, my inclination to go abroad and his importunity prevailed, and engaged me to go in his ship as a private trader to the East Indies. This was in the year 1694.

In this voyage I visited my new colony in the island, saw my successors the Spaniards, had the whole story of their lives, and of the villains I left there; how at first they insulted the poor Spaniards; how they afterwards agreed, disagreed, united, separated; and how at last the Spaniards were obliged to use violence with them; how they were subjected to the Spaniards; how honestly the Spaniards used them, — a history, if it were entered into, as full of variety and wonderful accidents as my own part; particularly also as to their battles with the Caribbeans who landed several times upon the island; and as to the improvement they made upon the island itself; and how five of them made an attempt upon the mainland, and brought away eleven men and five women prisoners, by which, at my coming, I found about twenty young children on the island.

Here I stayed about twenty days, left them supplies of all necessary things and particularly of arms, powder, shot, clothes, tools, and two workmen which I brought from England with me, namely, a carpenter and a smith.

Besides this, I shared the island into parts with them, reserved to myself the property of the whole, but gave them such parts respectively as they agreed on; and having settled all things with them, and engaged them not to leave the place, I left them there.

From thence I touched at the Brazils, from whence I sent a bark, which I bought there, with more people to the island; and in it, besides other supplies, I sent seven women, being such as I found proper for service, or for wives to such as would take

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them. As to the Englishmen, I promised them to send them some women from England, with a good cargo of necessaries, if they would apply themselves to planting; which I afterwards performed. And the fellows proved very honest and diligent after they were mastered, and had their properties set apart for them. I sent them also from the Brazils five cows, three of them being big with calf, some sheep, and some hogs, which, when I came again, were considerably increased.

But all these things, with an account how three hundred Caribbees came and invaded them and ruined their plantations, and how they fought with that whole number twice, and were at first defeated and three of them killed; but at last a storm destroying their enemies' canoes, they famished or destroyed almost all the rest, and renewed and recovered the possession of their plantation, and still lived upon the island:

All these things, with some very surprising incidents in some new adventures of my own, for ten years more, I may perhaps give a further account of hereafter.

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THE

FURTHER ADVENTURES

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

BEING THE SECOND AND LAST PART
OF HIS

LIFE,

AND OF THE STRANGE SURPRISING ACCOUNTS OF HIS
TRAVELS ROUND THREE PARTS OF
THE GLOBE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[*The above was the original title-page.*]

BY DANIEL DE FOE.

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THE FURTHER ADVENTURES;

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THAT homely proverb used on so many occasions in England, namely, that "What is bred in the bone will not go out of the flesh," was never more verified than in the story of my life. Any one would think that after thirty-five years' affliction and a variety of unhappy circumstances, which few men, if any, ever went through before, and after near seven years of peace and enjoyment in the fulness of all things, grown old, and when, if ever, it might be allowed me to have had experience of every state of middle life, and to know which was most adapted to make a man completely happy, — I say, after all this, any one would have thought that the native propensity to rambling, which I gave an account of in my first setting out into the world to have been so predominant in my thoughts, should be worn out, the volatile part be fully evacuated, or at least condensed, and I might at sixty-one years of age have been a little inclined to stay at home, and have done venturing life and fortune any more.

Nay, further, the common motive of foreign adventures was taken away in me; for I had no fortune to make, I had nothing to seek. If I had gained ten thousand pound, I had been no richer; for I had already sufficient for me and for those I had to leave it to: and that I had was visibly increasing; for, having no great family, I could not spend the income of what I had, unless I would set up for an expensive way of living, such as a great family, servants, equipage, gayety, and the like, which were things I had no notion of, or inclination to; so that I had nothing indeed to do but to sit still, and fully enjoy what I had got, and see it increase daily upon my hands.

Yet all these things had no effect upon me, or at least not enough to resist the strong inclination I had to go abroad again, which hung about me like a chronical distemper; particularly, the desire of seeing my new plantation in the island, and the colony I left there, ran in my head continually. I dreamed of it all night, and my imagination ran upon it all day; it was uppermost in all my thoughts, and my fancy worked so steadily and strongly upon it, that I talked of it in my sleep. In short, nothing could remove it out of my mind; it even broke so violently into all my discourses, that it made my conversation tiresome: for I could talk of nothing else; all my discourse ran into it, even to impertinence, and I saw it myself.

I have often heard persons of good judgment say that all the stir people make in the world about ghosts and apparitions is owing to the strength of imagination and the powerful operation of fancy in their minds; that there is no such thing as a spirit appearing, or a ghost walking, and the like: that people's poring affectionately upon the past conversation of their deceased friends so realizes it to them, that they are capable of fancying, upon some extraordinary circumstances, that they see them, talk to them, and are answered by them; when, in truth, there is nothing but shadow and vapor in the thing, and they really know nothing of the matter.

For my part, I know not to this hour whether there are any such things as real apparitions, spectres, or walking of people

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after they are dead; or whether there is anything in the stories they tell us of that kind more than the product of vapors, sick minds, and wandering fancies; but this I know, that my imagination worked up to such a height, and brought me into such ecstasies of vapors, or what else I may call it, that I actually supposed myself oftentimes upon the spot, at my old castle behind the trees; saw my old Spaniard, Friday's father, and the reprobate sailors I left upon the island; nay, I fancied I talked with them, and looked at them so steadily, though I was broad awake, as at persons just before me; and this I did till I often frighted myself with the images my fancy represented to me. One time in my sleep I had the villany of the three pirate sailors so lively related to me by the first Spaniard and Friday's father, that it was surprising. They told me how they barbarously attempted to murder all the Spaniards, and that they set fire to the provisions they had laid up, on purpose to distress and starve them; things that I had never heard of, and that indeed were never all of them true in fact. But it was so warm in my imagination, and so realized to me, that to the hour I saw them I could not be persuaded but that it was or would be true; also how I resented it, when the Spaniard complained to me, and how I brought them to justice, tried them before me, and ordered them all three to be hanged. What there was really in this shall be seen in its place; for however I came to form such things in my dream, and what secret converse of spirits injected it, yet there was very much of it true. I say, I own that this dream had nothing in it literally and specifically true; but the general part was so true, the base, villanous behavior of these three hardened rogues was such, and had been so much worse than all I can describe, that the dream had too much similitude of the fact; and as I would afterwards have punished them severely, so if I had hanged them all I had been much in the right, and should have been justifiable both by the laws of God and man.

But to return to my story. In this kind of temper I had lived some years; I had no enjoyment of my life, no pleasant hours, no agreeable diversion, but what had something or other of this in it; so that my wife, who saw my mind so wholly bent upon it, told me very seriously one night that she believed there was some secret powerful impulse of Providence upon me which had determined me to go thither again; and that she found nothing hindered my going but my being engaged to a wife and children. She told me that it was true she could not think of parting with me, but as she was assured that if she was dead it would be the first thing I would do, so, as it seemed to her that the thing was determined above, she would not be the only obstruction; for if I thought fit, and resolved to go — Here she found me very intent upon her words, and that I looked very earnestly at her, so that it a little disordered her, and she stopped. I asked her why she did not go on, and say out what she was going to say. But I perceived her heart was too full, and some tears stood in her eyes. "Speak out, my dear," said I; "are you willing I should go?" "No," says she, very affectionately, "I am far from willing. But if you are resolved to go," says she, "and rather than I will be the only hindrance, I will go with you: for though I think it a most preposterous thing for one of your years, and in your condition, yet if it must be," said she, again weeping, "I won't leave you: for if it be of Heaven, you must do it, — there is no resisting it; and if Heaven makes it your duty to go, he will also make it mine to go with you, or otherwise dispose of me, that I may not obstruct it."

This affectionate behavior of my wife's brought me a little out of the vapors, and I began to consider what I was a doing. I corrected my wandering fancy, and began to argue with myself sedately what business I had, after threescore years, and after such a life of tedious sufferings and disasters, and closed in so happy and easy a manner, — I say, what business I had to rush into new hazards, and put myself upon adventures fit only for youth and poverty to run into?

With those thoughts, I considered my new engagement, that I had a wife, one child born, and my wife then great with child of another; that I had all the world could give me, and had no need to seek hazards for gain; that I was declining in years, and ought to think rather of leaving

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what I had gained than of seeking to increase it; that as to what my wife had said, of its being an impulse from Heaven, and that it should be my duty to go, I had no notion of that: so, after many of these cogitations, I struggled with the power of my imagination, reasoned myself out of it, as I believe people may always do in like cases, if they will; and, in a word, I conquered it; composed myself with such arguments as occurred to my thought, and which my present condition furnished me plentifully with, and particularly, as the most effectual method, I resolved to divert myself with other things, and to engage in some business that might effectually tie me up from any more excursions of this kind; for I found that thing return upon me chiefly when I was idle, had nothing to do, nor anything of moment immediately before me.

To this purpose, I bought a little farm in the county of Bedford, and resolved to remove myself thither. I had a little convenient house upon it; and the land about it I found was capable of great improvement, and that it was many ways suited to my inclination, which delighted in cultivating, managing, planting, and improving of land: and particularly, being an inland country, I was removed from conversing among ships, sailors, and things relating to the remote part of the world. In a word, I went down to my farm, settled my family, bought me ploughs, harrows, a cart, wagon, horses, cows, sheep, and, setting seriously to work, became in one half-year a mere country gentleman. My thoughts were entirely taken up in managing my servants, cultivating the ground, enclosing, planting, &c.; and I lived, as I thought, the most agreeable life that Nature was capable of directing, or that a man always bred to misfortunes was capable of being retreated to.

I farmed upon my own land; I had no rent to pay, was limited by no articles; I could pull up or cut down as I pleased; what I planted was for myself, and what I improved was for my family: and having thus left off the thoughts of wandering, I had not the least discomfort in any part of life, as to this world. Now I thought indeed that I enjoyed the middle state of life that my father so earnestly recommended to me, and lived a kind of heavenly life, something like what is described by the poet upon the subject of a country life,—

> "Free from vices, free from care,
> Age has no pain, and youth no snare."

But in the middle of all this felicity, one blow from unforeseen Providence unhinged me at once, and not only made a breach upon me inevitable and incurable, but drove me by its consequences into a deep relapse into the wandering disposition; which, as I may say, being born in my very blood, soon recovered its hold of me, and, like the returns of a violent distemper, came on with an irresistible force upon me, so that nothing could make any more impression upon me. This blow was the loss of my wife.

It is not my business here to write an elegy upon my wife, give a character of her particular virtues, and make my court to the sex by the flattery of a funeral sermon. She was, in a few words, the stay of all my affairs, the centre of all my enterprises, the engine that, by her prudence, reduced me to that happy compass I was in from the most extravagant and ruinous project that fluttered in my head, as above, and did more to guide my rambling genius than a mother's tears, a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or my own reasoning powers could do. I was happy in listening to her tears, and in being moved by her entreaties, and to the last degree desolate and dislocated in the world by the loss of her.

When she was gone, the world looked awkwardly round me. I was as much a stranger in it, in my thoughts, as I was in the Brazils when I went first on shore there, and as much alone, except as to the assistance of servants, as I was in my island. I knew neither what to do nor what not to do. I saw the world busy round me, one part laboring for bread, and the other part squandering in vile excesses or empty pleasures; equally miserable, because the end they proposed still fled from them: for the man of pleasure every day surfeited of his vice, and heaped up work for sorrow and repentance, and the men of labor spent their strength in daily strugglings for bread to maintain the vital strength they labored with; so living in a daily circulation of sorrow, living but to work, and working but to live, as if daily

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bread were the only end of wearisome life, and a wearisome life the only occasion of daily bread.

This put me in mind of the life I lived in my kingdom, the island, where I suffered no more corn to grow because I did not want it, and bred no more goats because I had no more use for them; where the money lay in the drawer until it grew mouldy, and had scarce the favor to be looked upon in twenty years.

All these things, had I improved them as I ought to have done, and as reason and religion had dictated to me, would have taught me to search further than human enjoyments for a full felicity, and that there was something which certainly was the reason and end of life superior to all these things, and which was either to be possessed or at least hoped for on this side the grave.

But my sage counsellor was gone. I was like a ship without a pilot, that could only run afore the wind. My thoughts ran all away again into the old affair; my head was quite turned with the whimsies of foreign adventures; and all the pleasant, innocent amusements of my farm and my garden, my cattle and my family, which before entirely possessed me, were nothing to me, had no relish, and were like music to one that has no ear, or food to one that has no taste. In a word, I resolved to leave off housekeeping, let my farm, and return to London; and, in a few months after, I did so.

When I came to London, I was still as uneasy as I was before. I had no relish to the place, no employment in it, nothing to do but to saunter about like an idle person, of whom it may be said, he is perfectly useless in God's creation, and it is not one farthing matter to the rest of his kind whether he be dead or alive. This also was the life which, of all circumstances of life, was the most my aversion, who had been all my days used to an active life; and I would often say to myself, "A state of idleness is the very dregs of life"; and indeed I thought I was much more suitably employed when I was twenty-six days a making me a deal board.

It was now the beginning of the year 1693, when my nephew, whom, as I have observed before, I had brought up to the sea, and had made him commander of a ship, was come home from a short voyage to Bilboa, being the first he had made; and he came to me, and told me that some merchants of his acquaintance had been proposing to him to go a voyage for them to the East Indies and to China as private traders. "And now, uncle," says he, "if you will go to sea with me, I 'll engage to land you upon your old habitation in the island, for we are to touch at the Brazils."

Nothing can be a greater demonstration of a future state, and of the existence of an invisible world, than the concurrence of second causes with the ideas of things which we form in our minds perfectly reserved, and not communicated to any in the world. My nephew knew nothing how far my distemper of wandering was returned upon me, and I knew nothing of what he had in his thoughts to say, when, that very morning, before he came to me, I had, in a great deal of confusion of thought, and revolving every part of my circumstances in my mind, come to this resolution, namely, that I would go to Lisbon, and consult with my old sea-captain, and so, if it was rational and practicable, I would go and see the island again, and see what was become of my people there. I had pleased myself with the thoughts of peopling the place, and carrying inhabitants from hence, getting a patent for the possession, and I know not what; when, in the middle of all this, in comes my nephew, as I have said, with his project of carrying me thither in his way to the East Indies.

I paused awhile at his words, and, looking steadily at him, "What devil," said I, "sent you of this unlucky errand?" My nephew startled as if he had been frighted at first; but, perceiving I was not much displeased with the proposal, he recovered himself. "I hope it may not be an unlucky proposal, sir," says he; "I dare say you would be pleased to see your new colony there, where you once reigned with more felicity than most of your brother monarchs in the world."

In a word, the scheme hit so exactly with my temper, that is to say, the prepossession I was under, and of which I have said so much, that I told him, in a few words, if he agreed with the merchants, I would go with him. But I told him I would not promise to go any farther than my own island. "Why, sir," says he, "you don't want to be left there again, I hope?" "Why," said I, "can you

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not take me up again in your return?" He told me it could not be possible that the merchants would allow him to come that way with a loaded ship of such value, it being a month's sail out of his way, and might be three or four. "Besides, sir, if I should miscarry," said he, "and not return at all, then you would be just reduced to the condition you were in before."

This was very rational; but we both found out a remedy for it, which was, to carry a framed sloop on board the ship, which, being taken in pieces and shipped on board the ship, might, by the help of some carpenters whom we agreed to carry with us, be set up again in the island and finished, fit to go to sea, in a few days.

I was not long resolving; for indeed the importunities of my nephew joined in so effectually with my inclination that nothing could oppose me. On the other hand, my wife being dead, I had nobody concerned themselves so much for me as to persuade me one way or other, except my ancient good friend the widow, who earnestly struggled with me to consider my years, my easy circumstances, and the needless hazards of a long voyage; and, above all, my young children. But it was all to no purpose. I had an irresistible desire to the voyage; and I told her I thought there was something so uncommon in the impressions I had upon my mind for the voyage, that it would be a kind of resisting Providence if I should attempt to stay at home; after which she ceased her expostulations, and joined with me, not only in making provision for my voyage, but also in settling my family affairs for my absence, and providing for the education of my children.

In order to this I made my will, and settled the estate I had in such a manner for my children, and placed in such hands, that I was perfectly easy and satisfied they would have justice done them, whatever might befall me; and for their education, I left it wholly to my widow, with a sufficient maintenance to herself for her care; all which she richly deserved, for no mother could have taken more care in their education, or understood it better; and as she lived until I came home, I also lived to thank her for it.

My nephew was ready to sail about the beginning of January, 1694–5; and I with my man Friday went on board in the Downs the 8th, having, besides that sloop which I mentioned above, a very considerable cargo of all kinds of necessary things for my colony, which, if I did not find in good condition, I resolved to leave so.

First, I carried with me some servants, whom I purposed to place there as inhabitants, or at least to set on work there upon my own account while I stayed, and either to leave them there or carry them forward as they should appear willing; particularly I carried two carpenters, a smith, and a very handy, ingenious fellow, who was a cooper by trade, but was also a general mechanic, for he was dexterous at making wheels, and handmills to grind corn, was a good turner and a good pot-maker; he also made anything that was proper to make of earth or of wood; in a word, we called him our Jack-of-all-trades.

With these I carried a tailor, who had offered himself to go passenger to the East Indies with my nephew, but afterwards consented to stay on our new plantation, and proved a most necessary handy fellow as could be desired in many other businesses besides that of his trade; for, as I observed formerly, necessity arms us for all employments.

My cargo, as near as I can collect, for I have not kept an account of the particulars, consisted of a sufficient quantity of linen, and some thin English stuffs for clothing the Spaniards that I expected to find there, and enough of them as, by my calculation, might comfortably supply them for seven years. If I remember right, the materials I carried for clothing them with gloves, hats, shoes, stockings, and all such things as they could want for wearing, amounted to above £200, including some beds, bedding, and household stuff, particularly kitchen utensils, with pots, kettles, pewter, brass, &c.; and near £100 more in iron-work, nails, tools of every kind, staples, hooks, hinges, and every necessary thing I could think of.

I carried also an hundred spare arms, muskets, and fusees, besides some pistols, a considerable quantity of shot of all sizes, and two pieces of brass cannon; and because I knew not what time and what extremities I was providing for, I carried an hundred barrels of powder, besides swords, cutlasses, and the iron part of some pikes and halberds; so that, in

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short, we had a large magazine of all sorts of stores. And I made my nephew carry two small quarter-deck guns more than he wanted for his ship, to leave behind, if there was occasion, that, when we came there, we might build a fort, and man it against all sorts of enemies; and, indeed, I at first thought there was need enough for it all, and much more, if we hoped to maintain our possession of the island, as shall be seen in the course of that story.

I had not such bad luck in this voyage as I had been used to meet with, and therefore shall have the less occasion to interrupt the reader, who perhaps may be impatient to hear how matters went with my colony; yet some odd accidents, cross winds, and bad weather happened on this first setting out, which made the voyage longer than I expected it at first; and I, who had never made but one voyage (namely, my first voyage to Guinea) in which I might be said to come back again as the voyage was at first designed, began to think the same ill fate still attended me, and that I was born never to be contented with being on shore, and yet to be always unfortunate at sea.

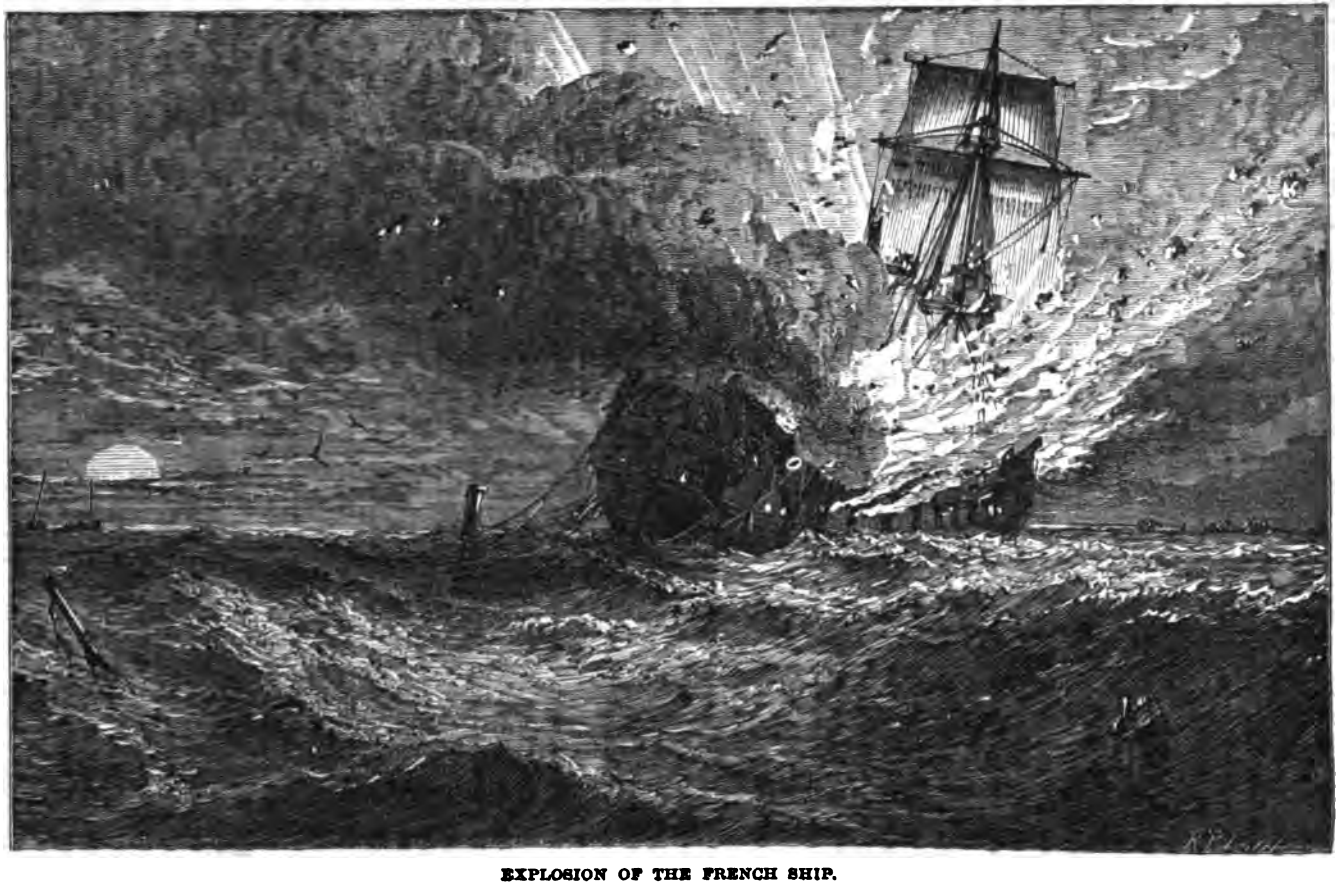
Contrary winds first put us to the northward, and we were obliged to put in at Galway in Ireland, where we lay windbound two-and-twenty days. But we had this satisfaction with the disaster, that provisions were here exceeding cheap, and in the utmost plenty; so that while we lay here we never touched the ship's stores, but rather added to them; also I took in several live hogs and two cows and calves, which I resolved, if I had a good passage, to put on shore in my island; but we found occasion to dispose otherwise of them.

We set out the 5th February from Ireland, and had a very fair gale of wind for some days. As I remember, it might be about the 20th of February, in the evening, late, when the mate, having the watch, came into the round-house and told us he saw a flash of fire and heard a gun fired; and while he was telling us of it, a boy came in and told us the boatswain heard another. This made us all run out upon the quarter-deck, where, for a while, we heard nothing; but in a few minutes we saw a very great light, and found that there was some very terrible fire at a distance. Immediately we had recourse to our reckonings, in which we all agreed that there could be no land that way in which the fire showed itself, no, not for five hundred leagues, for it appeared at west-northwest. Upon this we concluded it must be some ship on fire at sea; and as, by our hearing the noise of guns just before, we concluded it could not be far off, we stood directly towards it, and were presently satisfied we should discover it, because the farther we sailed the greater the light appeared, though the weather being hazy, we could not perceive anything but the light for a while. In about half an hour's sailing, the wind being fair for us, though not much of it, and the weather clearing up a little, we could plainly discern that it was a great ship on fire in the middle of the old sea.

I was most sensibly touched with this disaster, though not at all acquainted with the persons engaged in it. I presently recollected my former circumstances, and in what condition I was in when taken up by the Portugal captain; and how much more deplorable the circumstances of the poor creatures belonging to this ship must be if they had no other ship in company with them. Upon this I immediately ordered that five guns should be fired, one soon after another, that if possible we might give notice to them that there was help for them at hand, and that they might endeavor to save themselves in their boat; for though we could see the flame of the ship, yet they, it being night, could see nothing of us.

We lay by some time upon this, only driving as the burning ship drove, waiting for daylight; when, on a sudden, to our great terror, though we had reason to expect it, the ship blew up in the air; and immediately, that is to say in a few minutes, all the fire was out; that is to say, the rest of the ship sunk. This was a terrible, and indeed an afflicting sight, for the sake of the poor men, who, I concluded, must be either all destroyed in the ship, or be in the utmost distress in their boat in the middle of the ocean, which at present, by reason it was dark, I could not see. However, to direct them as well as I could, I caused lights to be hung out in all parts of the ship where we could, and which we had lanterns for, and kept firing guns all night long, letting them know by this that there was a ship not far off.

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EXPLOSION OF THE FRENCH SHIP.

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About eight o'clock in the morning we discovered the ship's boats by the help of our perspective-glasses, and found there were two of them, both thronged with people, and deep in the water. We perceived they rowed, the wind being against them; that they saw our ship, and did their utmost to make us see them.

We immediately spread our ancient to let them know we saw them, and hung a waft out as a signal for them to come on board, and then made more sail, standing directly to them. In little more than half an hour we came up with them, and, in a word, took them all in, being no less than sixty-four men, women, and children; for there were a great many passengers.

Upon the whole, we found it was a French merchant ship of three hundred tons, homeward bound from Quebec, in the river of Canada. The master gave us a long account of the distress of his ship; how the fire began in the steerage, by the negligence of the steersman; but, on his crying out for help, was, as everybody thought, entirely put out, when they found that some sparks of the first fire had gotten into some part of the ship so difficult to come at that they could not effectually quench it, till, getting in between the timbers, and within the ceiling of the ship, it proceeded into the hold, and mastered all the skill and all the application they were able to exert.

They had no more to do then but to get into their boats, which, to their great comfort, were pretty large, being their long-boat, and a great shallop, besides a small skiff, which was of no great service to them other than to get some fresh water and provisions into her after they had secured their lives from the fire. They had indeed small hope of their lives by getting into these boats at that distance from any land, only, as they said well, that they were escaped from the fire, and had a possibility that some ship might happen to be at sea, and might take them in. They had sails, oars, and a compass, and were preparing to make the best of their way back to Newfoundland, the wind blowing pretty fair, for it blew an easy gale at southeast by east. They had as much provisions and water as, with sparing it so as to be next door to starving, might support them about twelve days, in which, if they had no bad weather and no contrary winds, the captain said he hoped he might get to the Banks of Newfoundland, and might perhaps take some fish to sustain them till they might go on shore. But there were so many chances against them in all these cases, such as storms to overset and founder them, rains and cold to benumb and perish their limbs, contrary winds to keep them out and starve them, that it must have been next to miraculous if they had escaped.

In the midst of their consultations, every one being hopeless and ready to despair, the captain, with tears in his eyes, told me they were on a sudden surprised with the joy of hearing a gun fire, and after that four more. These were the five guns which I caused to be fired at first seeing the light. This revived their hearts, and gave them the notice which, as above, I desired it should, namely, that there was a ship at hand for their help.

It was upon hearing these guns that they took down their masts and sails; the sound coming from the windward, they resolved to lie by until morning. Some time after this, hearing no more guns, they fired three muskets, one a considerable while after another; but these, the wind being contrary, we never heard.

Some time after that, again they were still more agreeably surprised with seeing our lights and hearing the guns, which, as I have said, I caused to be fired all the rest of the night. This set them to work with their oars, to keep their boats ahead, at least, that we might the sooner come up with them; and at last, to their inexpressible joy, they found we saw them.

It is impossible for me to express the several gestures, the strange ecstasies, the variety of postures, which these poor delivered people ran into to express the joy of their souls at so unexpected a deliverance. Grief and fear are easily described; sighs, tears, groans, and a very few motions of the head and hands, make up the sum of its variety; but an excess of joy, a surprise of joy, has a thousand extravagances in it. There were some in tears; some raging and tearing themselves as if they had been in the greatest agonies of sorrow; some stark-raving and downright lunatic; some ran about the ship stamping with their feet, others wringing their hands; some were dancing, some singing, some laugh-

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ing, more crying, many quite dumb, not able to speak a word; others sick and vomiting; others swooning, and ready to faint; and a few were crossing themselves, and giving God thanks.

I would not wrong them neither; there might be many that were thankful afterward, but the passion was too strong for them at first, and they were not able to master it; they were thrown into ecstasies and a kind of frenzy, and it was but a very few that were composed and serious in their joy.

Perhaps the case may have some addition to it from the particular circumstance of that nation they belonged to, I mean the French, whose temper is allowed to be more volatile, more passionate, and more sprightly, and their spirits more fluid than in other nations. I am not philosopher enough to determine the cause; but nothing I had ever seen before came up to it. The ecstasies poor Friday, my trusty savage, was in, when he found his father in the boat, came the nearest to it; and the surprise of the master and his two companions, whom I delivered from the villains that set them on shore in the island, came a little way towards it; but nothing was to compare to this, either that I saw in Friday, or anywhere else in my life.

It is further observable, that these extravagances did not show themselves in that different manner I have mentioned in different persons only, but all the variety would appear in a short succession of moments in one and the same person. A man that we saw this minute dumb, and, as it were, stupid and confounded, should the next minute be dancing and hallooing like an antic; and the next moment be tearing his hair, or pulling his clothes to pieces and stamping them under his feet, like a madman; and a few moments after that we should have him all in tears, then sick, then swooning; and had not immediate help been had, would in a few moments more have been dead. And thus it was, not with one or two, or ten or twenty, but with the greatest part of them; and, if I remember right, our surgeon was obliged to let about thirty of them blood.

There were two priests among them, one an old man, and the other a young man; and that which was strangest was that the oldest man was the worst. As soon as he set his foot on board our ship, and saw himself safe, he dropped down stone-dead, not the least sign of life could be perceived in him. Our surgeon immediately applied proper remedies to recover him, and was the only man in the ship that believed he was not dead. At length he opened a vein in his arm, having first chafed and rubbed the part so as to warm it as much as possible. Upon this, the blood, which only dropped at first, flowed something freely; in three minutes after the man opened his eyes; and about a quarter of an hour after that, he spoke, grew better, and in a little time quite well. After the blood was stopped, he walked about and told us he was perfectly well, took a dram of cordial which the surgeon gave him, and was what we called come to himself. About a quarter of an hour after, they came running into the cabin to the surgeon, who was bleeding a Frenchwoman that had fainted, and told him the priest was gone stark mad. It seems he had begun to revolve the change of his circumstance, and again this put him into an ecstasy of joy; his spirits whirled about faster than the vessels could convey them, the blood grew hot and feverish, and the man was as fit for Bedlam as any creature that ever was in it. The surgeon would not bleed him again in that condition, but gave him something to doze and put him to sleep, which after some time operated upon him, and he waked the next morning perfectly composed and well.

The younger priest behaved with great command of his passions, and was really an example of a serious, well-governed mind. At his first coming on board the ship, he threw himself flat on his face, prostrating himself in thankfulness for his deliverance: in which I unhappily and unseasonably disturbed him, really thinking he had been in a swoon; but he spake calmly, thanked me, told me he was giving God thanks for his deliverance, and begged me to leave him a few moments, and that next to his Maker he would give me thanks also.

I was heartily sorry that I disturbed him, and not only left him, but kept others from interrupting him also. He continued in that posture about three minutes, or little more, after I left him, then came to me, as he had said he would, and with a great deal of seriousness and affection, but with tears in

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his eyes, thanked me that had, under God, given him and so many miserable creatures their lives. I told him I had no room to move him to thank God for it, rather than me; but I added, that it was nothing but what reason and humanity dictated to all men, and that we had as much reason as he to give thanks to God, who had blessed us so far as to make us the instruments of his mercy to so many of his creatures.

After this, the young priest applied himself to his country-folks; labored to compose them, persuaded, entreated, argued, reasoned with them, and did his utmost to keep them within the exercise of their reason; and with some he had success, though others were for a time out of all government of themselves.

I cannot help committing this to writing, as perhaps it may be useful to those into whose hands it may fall, for the guiding themselves in all the extravagances of their passion; for if an excess of joy can carry men out to such a length beyond the reach of their reason, what will not the extravagances of anger, rage, and a provoked mind carry us to? And, indeed, here I saw reason for keeping an exceeding watch over our passions of every kind, as well those of joy and satisfaction, as those of sorrow and anger.

We were something disordered by these extravagances among our new guests for the first day; but when they had been retired, lodgings provided for them as well as our ship would allow, and they had slept heartily, as most of them did, they were quite another sort of people the next day.

Nothing of good manners or civil acknowledgments for the kindness shown them was wanting; the French, it is known, are naturally apt to exceed that way. The captain and one of the priests came to me the next day, and desiring to speak with me and my nephew the commander, began to consult with us what should be done with them. And first they told us that, as we had saved their lives, so all they had was little enough for a return to us for that kindness received. The captain said they had saved some money and some things of value in their boats, caught hastily up out of the flames, and if we would accept it, they were ordered to make an offer of it all to us; they only desired to be set on shore somewhere in our way, where, if possible, they might get passage to France.

My nephew was for accepting their money at first word, and to consider what to do with them afterwards; but I overruled him in that part, for I knew what it was to be set on shore in a strange country; and if the Portugal captain that took me up at sea had served me so, and took all I had for my deliverance, I must have starved, or have been as much a slave at the Brazils as I had been in Barbary, the mere being sold to a Mohammedan excepted; and perhaps a Portuguese is not a much better master than a Turk, if not in some cases a much worse.

I therefore told the French captain that we had taken them up in their distress, it was true, but that it was our duty to do so as we were fellow-creatures, and as we would desire to be so delivered if we were in the like or any other extremity; that we had done nothing for them but what we believed they would have done for us, if we had been in their case and they in ours; but that we took them up to save them, not to plunder them; and it would be a most barbarous thing to take that little from them which they had saved out of the fire, and then set them on shore and leave them; that this would be first to save them from death and then to kill them ourselves, save them from drowning and abandon them to starving; and therefore I would not let the least thing be taken from them. As to setting them on shore, I told them indeed that was an exceeding difficulty to us, for that the ship was bound to the East Indies, and though we were driven out of our course to the westward a very great way, and perhaps were directed by Heaven on purpose for their deliverance, yet it was impossible for us wilfully to change our voyage on this particular account, nor could my nephew, the captain, answer it to the freighters, with whom he was under charter-party to pursue his voyage by the way of Brazil; and all I knew we could do for them was to put ourselves in the way of meeting with other ships, homeward-bound from the West Indies, and get them passage, if possible, to England or France.

The first part of the proposal was so generous and kind, they could not but be

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very thankful for it; but they were in a very great consternation, especially the passengers, at the notion of being carried away to the East Indies; and they then entreated me, that seeing I was driven so far to the westward before I met with them, I would at least keep on the same course to the Banks of Newfoundland, where it was probable I might meet with some ship or sloop that they might hire to carry them back to Canada, from whence they came.

I thought this was but a reasonable request on their part, and therefore I inclined to agree to it; for, indeed, I considered that to carry this whole company to the East Indies would not only be an intolerable severity upon the poor people, but would be ruining our whole voyage by devouring all our provisions: so I thought it no breach of charter-party, but what an unforeseen accident made absolutely necessary to us, and in which no one could say we were to blame; for the laws of God and nature would have forbid that we should refuse to take up two boats full of people in such a distressed condition; and the nature of the thing, as well respecting ourselves as the poor people, obliged us to set them on shore somewhere or other for their deliverance. So I consented that we should carry them to Newfoundland, if wind and weather would permit, and if not, that I would carry them to Martinico in the West Indies.

The wind continued fresh easterly, but the weather pretty good; and as the winds had continued in the points between northeast and southeast a long time, we missed several opportunities of sending them to France; for we met several ships bound to Europe, whereof two were French, from St. Christopher's, but they had been so long beating up against the wind, that they durst take in no passengers for fear of wanting provisions for the voyage, as well for themselves as for those they should take in; so we were obliged to go on. It was about a week after this that we made the Banks of Newfoundland, where, to shorten my story, we put all our French people on board a bark, which they hired at sea there, to put them on shore, and afterward to carry them to France, if they could get provisions to victual themselves with. When I say all the French went on shore, I should remember that the young priest I spoke of, hearing we were bound to the East Indies, desired to go the voyage with us, and to be set on shore on the coast of Coromandel, which I readily agreed to, for I wonderfully liked the man, and had very good reason, as will appear afterward; also four of the seamen entered themselves on our ship, and proved very useful fellows.

From hence we directed our course to the West Indies, steering away south and south by east for about twenty days together, sometimes little or no wind at all, when we met with another subject for our humanity to work upon, almost as deplorable as that before.

It was in the latitude of 27° 5′ north, and the 19th day of March, 1694–5, when we espied a sail, our course southeast and by south. We soon perceived it was a large vessel, and that she bore up to us, but could not at first know what to make of her, till after coming a little nearer we found she had lost her maintop-mast, foremast, and bolt-sprit; and presently she fired a gun as a signal of distress. The weather was pretty good, wind at north-northwest, a fresh gale; and we soon came to speak with her.

We found her a ship of Bristol, bound home from Barbadoes, but had been blown out of the road at Barbadoes, a few days before she was ready to sail by a terrible hurricane, while the captain and chief mate were both gone on shore; so that, besides the terror of the storm, they were but in an indifferent case for good artists to bring the ship home. They had been already nine weeks at sea, and had met with another terrible storm after the hurricane was over, which had blown them quite out of their knowledge to the westward, and in which they lost their mast, as above. They told us they expected to have seen the Bahama Islands, but were then driven away again to the southeast by a strong gale of wind at north-northwest, the same that blew now; and having no sails to work the ship with but a main course, and a kind of square sail upon a jury foremast, which they had set up, they could not lie near the wind, but were endeavoring to stand away for the Canaries.

But that which was worst of all was, that they were almost starved for want of provisions, besides the fatigues they had under-

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gone ; their bread and flesh were quite gone, they had not one ounce left in the ship, and had had none for eleven days. The only relief they had was, their water was not all spent, and they had about half a barrel of flour left ; they had sugar enough ; some succades, or sweetmeats, they had at first, but they were devoured ; and they had seven casks of rum.

There was a youth and his mother and a maid-servant on board, who were going passengers, and, thinking the ship was ready to sail, unhappily came on board the evening before the hurricane began ; and having no provisions of their own left, they were in a more deplorable condition than the rest, for the seamen, being reduced to such an extreme necessity themselves, had no compassion, we may be sure, for the poor passengers, and they were indeed in a condition that their misery is very hard to describe.

I had, perhaps, not known this part, if my curiosity had not led me, the weather being fair and the wind abated, to go on board the ship. The second mate, who upon this occasion commanded the ship, had been on board our ship, and he told me indeed they had three passengers in the great cabin that were in a deplorable condition. "Nay," says he, "I believe they are dead, for I have heard nothing of them for above two days, and I was afraid to inquire after them," said he, "for I had nothing to relieve them with."

We immediately applied ourselves to give them what relief we could spare ; and, indeed, I had so far overruled things with my nephew, that I would have victualled them, though we had gone away to Virginia, or any part of the coast of America, to have supplied ourselves ; but there was no necessity for that.

But now they were in a new danger ; for they were afraid of eating too much, even of that little we gave them. The mate, or commander, brought six men with him in his boat, but these poor wretches looked liked skeletons, and were so weak they could hardly sit to their oars. The mate himself was very ill and half starved ; for he declared he had reserved nothing from the men, and went share and share alike with them in every bit they ate.

I cautioned him to eat sparingly, but set meat before him immediately, and he had not eaten three mouthfuls before he began to be sick and out of order. So he stopped awhile, and our surgeon mixed him up something with some broth, which he said to him would be both food and physic ; and after he had taken it, he grew better. In the mean time, I forgot not the men ; I ordered victuals to be given them, and the poor creatures rather devoured than ate it. They were so exceeding hungry, that they were in a kind ravenous, and had no command of themselves ; and two of them ate with so much greediness that they were in danger of their lives the next morning.

The sight of these people's distress was very moving to me, and brought to mind what I had a terrible prospect of at my first coming on shore in the island, where I had neither the least mouthful of food nor any prospect of securing any, besides the hourly apprehension I had of being made the food of other creatures. But all the while the mate was thus relating to me the miserable condition of the ship's company, I could not put out of my thought the story he had told me of the three poor creatures in the great cabin, namely, the mother, her son, and the maid-servant, whom he had heard nothing of for two or three days, and whom he seemed to confess they had wholly neglected, their own extremities being so great ; by which I understood that they had really given them no food at all, and that therefore they must be perished, and be all lying dead, perhaps, on the floor or deck of the cabin.

As I therefore kept the mate, whom we then called captain, on board with his men to refresh them, so I also forgot not the starving crew that were left on board, but ordered my own boat to go on board the ship, and with my mate and twelve men to carry them a sack of bread and four or five pieces of beef to boil. Our surgeon charged the men to cause the meat to be boiled while they stayed, and to keep guard in the cook-room to prevent the men taking it to eat raw or taking it out of the pot before it was well boiled, and then to give every man but a very little at a time ; and by this caution he preserved the men, who would otherwise have killed themselves with that very food that was given them on purpose to save their lives.

At the same time I ordered the mate to

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go into the great cabin and see what condition the poor passengers were in, and if they were alive, to comfort them, and give them what refreshment was proper; and the surgeon gave him a large pitcher with some of the prepared broth which he had given the mate that was on board, and which he did not question would restore them gradually.

I was not satisfied with this, but, as I said above, having a great mind to see the scene of misery which I knew the ship itself would present me with in a more lively manner than I could have it by report, I took the captain of the ship, as we now called him, with me, and went myself a little after in their boat.

I found the poor men on board almost in a tumult to get the victuals out of the boiler before it was ready. But my mate observed his order, and kept a good guard at the cook-room door; and the man he placed there, after using all possible persuasion to have patience, kept them off by force. However, he caused some biscuit cakes to be dipped in the pot and softened with the liquor of the meat, which they called brewes, and gave them every one one to stay their stomachs, and told them it was for their own safety that he was obliged to give them but a little at a time. But it was all in vain; and had I not come on board, and their own commander and officers with me, and with good words, and some threats also of giving them no more, I believe they would have broken into the cook-room by force and torn the meat out of the furnace. For words are indeed of very small force to a hungry belly. However, we pacified them, and fed them gradually and cautiously for the first time, and the next time gave them more, and at last filled their bellies, and the men did well enough.

But the misery of the poor passengers in the cabin was of another nature, and far beyond the rest; for as first the ship's company had so little for themselves, it was but too true that they had at first kept them very low, and at last totally neglected them; so that for six or seven days, it might be said, they had really had no food at all, and for several days before very little. The poor mother, who, as the men reported, was a woman of good sense and good breeding, had spared all she could get so affectionately for her son, that at last she entirely sank under it. And when the mate of our ship went in, she sat upon the floor or deck, with her back up against the sides, between two chairs, which were lashed fast, and her head sunk in between her shoulders like a corpse, though not quite dead. My mate said all he could to revive and encourage her, and with a spoon put some broth into her mouth. She opened her lips and lifted up one hand, but could not speak; yet she understood what he said, and made signs to him, intimating that it was too late for her, but pointed to her child, as if she would have said they should take care of him.

However, the mate, who was exceedingly moved with the sight, endeavored to get some of the broth into her mouth; and as he said, got two or three spoonfuls down, though I question whether he could be sure of it or not. But it was too late, and she died the same night.

The youth, who was preserved at the price of his most affectionate mother's life, was not so far gone, yet he lay in a cabin-bed as one stretched out, with hardly any life left in him. He had a piece of an old glove in his mouth, having eaten up the rest of it. However, being young, and having more strength than his mother, the mate got something down his throat, and he began sensibly to revive; though, by giving him some time after but two or three spoonfuls extraordinary, he was very sick, and brought it up again.

But the next care was the poor maid. She lay all along upon the deck hard by her mistress, and just like one that had fallen down with an apoplexy, and struggled for life. Her limbs were distorted; one of her hands was clasped round the frame of a chair, and she griped it so hard that we could not easily make her let go; her other arm lay over her head; and her feet lay both together set fast against the frame of the cabin table; in short, she lay just like one in the last agonies of death, and yet she was alive too.

The poor creature was not only starved with hunger and terrified with the thoughts of death, but, as the men told us afterwards, was broken-hearted for her mistress, whom she saw dying for two or three days before, and whom she loved most tenderly.

We knew not what to do with this poor

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girl; for when our surgeon, who was a man of very great knowledge and experience, had with great application recovered her as to life, he had her upon his hand as to her senses, for she was little less than distracted for a considerable time after, as shall appear presently.

Whoever shall read these memorandums must be desired to consider that visits at sea are not like a journey into the country, where sometimes people stay a week or a fortnight at a place. Our business was to relieve this distressed ship's crew, but not to lie by for them; and though they were willing to steer the same course with us for some days, yet we could carry no sail to keep pace with a ship that had no masts. However, as their captain begged of us to help him to set up a maintop-mast, and a kind of a topmast to his jury foremast, we did, as it were, lie by him for three or four days; and then, having given him five barrels of beef and a barrel of pork, two hogsheads of biscuit, and a proportion of pease, flour, and what other things we could spare, and taking three casks of sugar, some rum, and some pieces of eight of them for satisfaction, we left them, taking on board with us, at their own earnest request, the priest, the youth, and the maid, and all their goods.

The young lad was about seventeen years of age, a pretty, well-bred, modest, and sensible youth, greatly dejected with the loss of his mother, and, as it seems, had lost his father but a few months before at Barbadoes. He begged of the surgeon to speak to me to take him out of the ship, for he said the cruel fellows had murdered his mother. And indeed so they had, that is to say, passively; for they might have spared a small sustenance to the poor helpless widow that might have preserved her life, though it had been but just to keep her alive. But hunger knows no friend, no relation, no justice, no right; and therefore is remorseless, and capable of no compassion.

The surgeon told him how far we were going, and how it would carry him away from all his friends, and put him, perhaps, in as bad circumstances almost as those we found him in; that is to say, starving in the world. He said it mattered not whither he went, if he was but delivered from the terrible crew he was among. That the captain (by which he meant me, for he could know nothing of my nephew) had saved his life, and he was sure would not hurt him; and as for the maid, he was sure, if she came to herself, she would be very thankful for it, let us carry them where we would. The surgeon represented the case so affectionately to me that I yielded, and we took them both on board with all their goods, except eleven hogsheads of sugar, which could not be removed or come at; and as the youth had a bill of lading for them, I made his commander sign a writing obliging himself to go, as soon as he came to Bristol, to one Mr. Rogers, a merchant there, to whom the youth said he was related, and to deliver a letter which I wrote to him, and all the goods he had belonging to the deceased widow: which, I suppose, was not done, for I could never learn that the ship came to Bristol, but was, as is most probable, lost at sea, being in so disabled a condition and so far from any land, that I am of opinion the first storm she met with afterwards she might founder in the sea; for she was leaky, and had damage in her hold when we met with her.

I was now in the latitude of 19° 32′, and had hitherto had a tolerable voyage as to weather, though at first the winds had been contrary. I shall trouble nobody with the little incidents of wind, weather, currents, &c., on the rest of our voyage; but shortening my story for the sake of what is to follow, shall observe that I came to my old habitation, the island, on the 10th of April, 1695. It was with no small difficulty that I found the place; for as I came to it and went from it before on the south and east side of the island, as coming from the Brazils, so now coming in between the main and the island, and having no chart for the coast nor any landmark, I did not know it when I saw it, or know whether I saw it or no.

We beat about a great while, and went on shore on several islands in the mouth of the great river Orinoco, but none for my purpose. Only this I learned by my coasting the shore, that I was under one great mistake before, namely, that the continent which I thought I saw from the island I lived in was really no continent, but a long island, or rather a ridge of islands, reaching from one to the other side of the extended mouth of that great river; and that the savages who

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came to my island were not properly those which we call Caribbees, but islanders, and other barbarians of the same kind, who inhabited something nearer to our side than the rest.

In short, I visited several of these islands to no purpose. Some I found were inhabited, and some were not. On one of them I found some Spaniards, and thought they had lived there; but, speaking with them, I found they had a sloop lay in a small creek hard by, and they came thither to make salt, and to catch some pearl mussels if they could, but that they belonged to the Isle de Trinidad, which lay farther north, in the latitude of ten and eleven degrees.

But at last, coasting from one island to another, sometimes with the ship, sometimes with the Frenchman's shallop, which we had found a convenient boat, and therefore kept her with their very good will, at length I came fair on the south side of my island, and I presently knew the very countenance of the place; so I brought the ship safe to an anchor broadside with the little creek, where was my old habitation.

As soon as I saw the place I called for Friday, and asked him if he knew where he was. He looked about a little, and presently, clapping his hands, cried, "O yes, O there! O yes, O there!" pointing to our old habitation; and fell a dancing and capering like a mad fellow, and I had much ado to keep him from jumping into the sea to swim ashore to the place.

"Well, Friday," says I, "do you think we shall find anybody here or no? And what do you think? shall we see your father?" The fellow stood mute as a stock a good while, but when I named his father, the poor affectionate creature looked dejected, and I could see the tears run down his face very plentifully. "What is the matter, Friday?" says I. Are you troubled because you may see your father?" "No, no," says he, shaking his head; "no see him more, no evermore see again." "Why so?" said I to Friday; "how do you know that?" "O no, O no," says Friday; "he long ago die, long ago; he much old man." "Well, well," said I, "Friday, you don't know; but shall we see any one else then?" The fellow, it seems, had better eyes than I, and he points just to the hill above my old house; and though we lay half a league off, he cries out, "We see! we see! yes, we see much men there, and there, and there." I looked, but I could see nobody, no, not with a perspective-glass; which was, I suppose, because I could not hit the place, for the fellow was right, as I found upon inquiry the next day, and there were five or six men altogether, who stood to look at the ship, not knowing what to think of us.

As soon as Friday had told me he saw people, I caused the English ancient to be spread, and fired three guns, to give them notice we were friends; and in about half a quarter of an hour after, we perceived a smoke rise from the side of the creek: so I immediately ordered a boat out, taking Friday with me, and hanging out a white flag, or flag of truce, I went directly on shore, taking with me the young friar I mentioned, to whom I had told the whole story of my living there, and the manner of it, and every particular both of myself and those I left there; and who was on that account extremely desirous to go with me. We had besides about sixteen men very well armed, if we had found any new guests there which we did not know of; but we had no need of weapons.

As we went on shore upon the tide of flood, near high-water, we rowed directly into the creek, and the first man I fixed my eye upon was the Spaniard whose life I had saved, and whom I knew by his face perfectly well; as to his habit, I shall describe it afterwards. I ordered nobody to go on shore at first but myself, but there was no keeping Friday in the boat; for the affectionate creature had spied his father at a distance, a good way off of the Spaniards, where indeed I saw nothing of him; and if they had not let him go on shore, he would have jumped into the sea. He was no sooner on shore but he flew away to his father like an arrow out of a bow. It would have made any man have shed tears, in spite of the firmest resolution, to have seen the first transports of this poor fellow's joy when he came to his father; how he embraced him, kissed him, stroked his face, took him up in his arms, set him down upon a tree, and lay down by him, then stood and looked at him, as any one would look at a strange picture, for a quarter of an hour together; then lie down

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on the ground and stroke his legs, and kiss them, and then get up again and stare at him; one would have thought the fellow bewitched. But it would have made a dog laugh to see how the next day his passion ran out another way. In the morning he walked along the shore, to and again, with his father several hours, always leading him by the hand, as if he had been a lady; and every now and then he would come to fetch something or other for him to the boat, either a lump of sugar, or a dram, a biscuit cake, or something or other that was good. In the afternoon, his frolics ran another way, for then he would set the old man down upon the ground, and dance about him, and make a thousand antic postures and gestures; and all the while he did this he would be talking to him, and telling him one story or another of his travels, and of what had happened to him abroad, to divert him. In short, if the same filial affection was to be found in Christians to their parents in our part of the world, one would be tempted to say there would hardly have been any need of the Fifth Commandment.

But this is a digression. I return to my landing. It would be endless to take notice of all the ceremonies and civilities that the Spaniards received me with. The first Spaniard, whom, as I said, I knew very well, was he whose life I had saved. He came towards the boat, attended by one more carrying a flag of truce also; and he did not only not know me at first, but he had no thoughts, no notion, of its being me that was come, till I spoke to him. "Seignior," said I, in Portuguese, "do you not know me?" At which he spoke not a word, but, giving his musket to the man that was with him, threw his arms abroad and, saying something in Spanish that I did not perfectly hear, comes forward and embraced me, telling me he was inexcusable not to know that face again that he had once seen as of an angel from heaven sent to save his life. He said abundance of very handsome things, as a well-bred Spaniard always knows how; and then, beckoning to the person that attended him, bade him go and call out his comrades. He then asked me if I would walk to my old habitation, where he would give me possession of my own house again, and where I should see there had been but mean improvements; so I walked along with him: but, alas! I could no more find the place again than if I had never been there; for they had planted so many trees, and placed them in such a posture, so thick and close to one another, and in ten years' time they were grown so big that, in short, the place was inaccessible, except by such windings and blind ways as they themselves only, who made them, could find.

I asked them what put them upon all these fortifications. He told me I would say there was need enough of it, when they had given me an account how they had passed their time since their arriving in the island, especially after they had the misfortune to find that I was gone. He told me he could not but have some satisfaction in my good fortune, when he heard that I was gone away in a good ship, and to my satisfaction; and that he had oftentimes a strong persuasion that one time or other he should see me again. But nothing that ever befell him in his life, he said, was so surprising and afflicting to him at first as the disappointment he was under when he came back to the island, and found I was not there.

As to the three barbarians (so he called them) that were left behind, and of whom he said he had a long story to tell me, the Spaniards all thought themselves much better among the savages, only that their number was so small. "And," says he, "had they been strong enough, we had been all long ago in purgatory"; and with that he crossed himself on the breast. "But, sir," says he, "I hope you will not be displeased when I shall tell you how, forced by necessity, we were obliged, for our own preservation, to disarm them, and make them our subjects, who would not be content with being moderately our masters, but would be our murderers." I answered I was heartily afraid of it when I left them there; and nothing troubled me at my parting from the island but that they were not come back, that I might have put them in possession of everything first, and left the other in a state of subjection, as they deserved. But if they had reduced them to it, I was very glad, and should be very far from finding any fault with it; for I knew they were a parcel of refractory, ungoverned villains, and were fit for any manner of mischief.

While I was saying this, came the man

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whom he had sent back, and with him eleven men more. In the distress they were in, it was impossible to guess what nation they were of; but he made all clear, both to them and to me. First, he turned to me and, pointing to them, said, "These, sir, are some of the gentlemen who owe their lives to you"; and then, turning to them, and pointing to me, he let them know who I was; upon which they all came up, one by one, not as if they had been sailors and ordinary fellows, and I the like, but really as if they had been ambassadors of noblemen, and I a monarch or a great conqueror. Their behavior was to the last degree obliging and courteous, and yet mixed with a manly, majestic gravity, which very well became them; and, in short, they had so much more manners than I, that I scarce knew how to receive their civilities, much less how to return them in kind.

The history of their coming to, and conduct in, the island, after my going away, is so very remarkable, and has so many incidents which the former part of my relation will help to understand, and which will, in most of the particulars, refer to that account I have already given, that I cannot but commit them with great delight to the reading of those that come after me.

I shall no longer trouble the story with a relation in the first person, which will put me to the expense of ten thousand "said I's" and "said he's," and "he told me's" and "I told him's," and the like; but I shall collect the facts historically, as near as I can gather them out of my memory, from what they related to me, and from what I met with in my conversing with them and with the place.

In order to do this succinctly, and as intelligibly as I can, I must go back to the circumstance in which I left the island, and in which the persons were of whom I am to speak. And, first, it is necessary to repeat that I had sent away Friday's father and the Spaniard, the two whose lives I had rescued from the savages: I say, I had sent them away in a large canoe to the main, as I then thought it, to fetch over the Spaniard's companions, whom he had left behind him, in order to save them from the like calamity that he had been in; and in order to succor them for the present, and that, if possible, we might together find some way for our deliverance afterward.

When I sent them away, I had no visible appearance of, or the least room to hope for, my own deliverance any more than I had twenty years before; much less had I any foreknowledge of what afterwards happened, I mean of an English ship coming on shore there to fetch me off; and it could not but be a very great surprise to them when they came back, not only to find that I was gone, but to find three strangers left on the spot, possessed of all that I had left behind me, which would otherwise have been their own.

The first thing, however, which I inquired into, that I might begin where I left off, was of their own part; and I desired he would give me a particular account of his voyage back to his countrymen with the boat, when I sent him to fetch them over. He told me there was little variety in that part, for nothing remarkable happened to them on the way, they having very calm weather and a smooth sea; for his countrymen, it could not be doubted, he said, but that they were overjoyed to see him. (It seems he was the principal man among them, the captain of the vessel they had been shipwrecked in having been dead some time.) They were, he said, the more surprised to see him, because they knew that he was fallen into the hands of the savages, who, they were satisfied, would devour him as they did all the rest of the prisoners; that when he told them the story of his deliverance, and in what manner he was furnished for carrying them away, it was like a dream to them; and their astonishment, they said, was something like that of Joseph's brethren, when he told them who he was, and told them the story of his exaltation in Pharaoh's court. But when he showed them the arms, the powder, the ball, and the provisions that he brought them for their journey or voyage, they were restored to themselves, took a just share of the joy of their deliverance, and immediately prepared to come away with him.

Their first business was to get canoes; and in this they were obliged not to stick so much upon the honest part of it, but to trespass upon their friendly savages, and to borrow two large canoes, or periaguas, on pretence of going out a fishing or for pleasure.

In these they came away the next morning. It seems they wanted no time to get themselves ready, for they had no baggage,

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neither clothes, nor provisions, nor anything in the world but what they had on them, and a few roots to eat, of which they used to make their bread.

They were in all three weeks absent, and in that time, unluckily for them, I had the occasion offered for my escape, as I mentioned in my other Part, and to get off from the island, leaving three of the most impudent, hardened, ungoverned, disagreeable villains behind me that any man could desire to meet with, to the poor Spaniards' great grief and disappointment, you may be sure.

The only just thing the rogues did was, that when the Spaniards came on shore, they gave my letter to them, and gave them provisions and other relief, as I had ordered them to do; also they gave them the long paper of directions which I had left with them, containing the particular methods which I took for managing every part of my life there, the way how I baked my bread, bred up tame goats, and planted my corn, how I cured my grapes, made my pots, and, in a word, everything I did. All this, being written down, they gave to the Spaniards, two of whom understood English well enough; nor did they refuse to accommodate the Spaniards with everything else, for they agreed very well for some time. They gave them an equal admission into the house or cave; and they began to live very sociably. And the head Spaniard, who had seen pretty much of my methods, and Friday's father together managed all their affairs: for as for the Englishmen, they did nothing but ramble about the island, shoot parrots, and catch tortoises; and when they came home at night, the Spaniards provided their suppers for them.

The Spaniards would have been satisfied with this, would the other but have let them alone; which, however, they could not find in their hearts to do long, but, like the dog in the manger, they would not eat themselves, and would not let others eat neither. The differences, nevertheless, were at first but trivial, and such as are not worth relating; but at last it broke out into open war, and it began with all the rudeness and insolence that can be imagined, without reason, without provocation, contrary to nature, and indeed to common sense; and though it is true the first relation of it came from the Spaniards themselves, whom I may call the accusers, yet, when I came to examine the fellows, they could not deny a word of it.

But, before I come to the particulars of this part, I must supply a defect in my former relation; and this was, that I forgot to set down among the rest that, just as we were weighing the anchor to set sail, there happened a little quarrel on board our ship, which I was afraid once would have turned to a second mutiny; nor was it appeased till the captain, rousing up his courage, and taking us all to his assistance, parted them by force, and making two of the most refractory fellows prisoners, he laid them in irons; and as they had been active in the former disorders, and let fall some dangerous ugly words the second time, he threatened to carry them in irons to England, and have them hanged there for mutiny and running away with the ship.

This, it seems, though the captain did not intend to do it, frighted some other men in the ship, and some of them had put it into the heads of the rest that the captain only gave them good words for the present, till they should come to some English port, and that then they should be all put into jail, and tried for their lives.

The mate got intelligence of this, and acquainted us with it; upon which it was desired that I, who still passed for a great man among them, should go down with the mate and satisfy the men, and tell them that they might be assured, if they behaved well the rest of the voyage, all they had done for the time past should be pardoned. So I went, and after passing my honor's word to them, they appeared easy; and the more so, when I caused the two men who were in irons to be released and forgiven.

But this mutiny had brought us to an anchor for that night, the wind also falling calm. Next morning we found that our two men who had been laid in irons had stole each of them a musket and some other weapons, what powder or shot they had we know not, and had taken the ship's pinnace, which was not yet hauled up, and run away with her to their companions in roguery on shore.

As soon as we found this, I ordered the long-boat on shore, with twelve men and the mate, and away they went to seek the rogues; but they could neither find them nor any of the rest, for they all fled into the

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woods when they saw the boat coming on shore. The mate was once resolved, in justice to their roguery, to have destroyed their plantations, burned all the household stuff and furniture, and left them to shift without it; but having no order, he let it all alone, left everything as they found it, and, bringing the pinnace away, came on board without them.

These two men made their number five, but the other three villains were so much wickeder than these, that after they had been two or three days together, they turned their two new-comers out of doors to shift for themselves, and would have nothing to do with them, nor could they for a good while be persuaded to give them any food; as for the Spaniards, they were not yet come.

When the Spaniards came first on shore, the business began to go forward. The Spaniards would have persuaded the three English brutes to have taken in their two countrymen again, that, as they said, they might be all one family; but they would not hear of it. So the two poor fellows lived by themselves; and finding nothing but industry and application would make them live comfortably, they pitched their tents on the north shore of the island, but a little more on the west, to be out of the danger of the savages, who always landed on the east parts of the island.

Here they built them two huts, one to lodge in and the other to lay up their magazines and stores in; and the Spaniards having given them some corn for seed, and especially some of the pease which I had left them, they dug, and planted, and enclosed, after the pattern I had set for them all, and began to live pretty well. Their first crop of corn was on the ground, and though it was but a little bit of land which they had dug up at first, having had but a little time, yet it was enough to relieve them, and find them with bread and other eatables; and one of the fellows being the cook's mate of the ship, was very ready at making soup, puddings, and other such preparations as the rice and the milk, and such little flesh as they got, furnished him to do.

They were going on in this little thriving posture, when the three unnatural rogues, their own countrymen too, in mere humor and to insult them, came and bullied them, and told them the island was theirs; that the governor (meaning me) had given them possession of it, and nobody else had any right to it; and that they should build no houses upon their ground, unless they would pay them rent for them.

The two men thought they had jested at first, asked them to come in and sit down, and see what fine houses they were that they had built, and tell them what rent they demanded; and one of them merrily told them, if they were ground-landlords, he hoped, if they built tenements upon their land and made improvements, they would, according to the custom of landlords, grant them a long lease, and bid them go fetch a scrivener to draw the writings. One of the three, swearing and raging, told them they should see they were not in jest; and going to a little place at a distance, where the honest men had made a fire to dress their victuals, he takes a firebrand and claps it to the outside of their hut, and very fairly set it on fire; and it would have been all burned down in a few minutes, if one of the two had not run to the fellow, thrust him away, and trod the fire out with his feet, and that not without some difficulty too.

The fellow was in such a rage at the honest man's thrusting him away, that he returned upon him with a pole he had in his hand, and, had not the man avoided the blow very nimbly, and run into the hut, he had ended his days at once. His comrade, seeing the danger they were both in, ran in after him; and immediately they came both out with their muskets, and the man that was first struck at with the pole knocked the fellow down that had begun the quarrel with the stock of his musket, and that before the other two could come to help him; and then, seeing the rest come at them, they stood together, and presenting the other ends of their pieces to them, bade them stand off.

The other had fire-arms with them too, but one of the two honest men, bolder than his comrade, and made desperate by his danger, told them if they offered to move hand or foot they were dead men, and boldly commanded them to lay down their arms. They did not indeed lay down their arms, but seeing him so resolute it brought them to a parley, and they consented to take their

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wounded man with them and be gone; and indeed it seems the fellow was wounded sufficiently with the blow. However, they were much in the wrong, since they had the advantage, that they did not disarm them effectually, as they might have done, and have gone immediately to the Spaniards and given them an account how the rogues had treated them; for the three villains studied nothing but revenge, and every day gave them some intimation that they did so.

But not to crowd this part with an account of the lesser part of their rogueries, such as treading down their corn, shooting three young kids and a she-goat, which the poor men had got to breed up tame for their stores; and, in a word, plaguing them night and day in this manner, it forced the two men to such a desperation, that they resolved to fight them all three the first time they had a fair opportunity. In order to this, they resolved to go to the castle, as they called it, that was my old dwelling, where the three rogues and the Spaniards all lived together, at that time intending to have a fair battle, and the Spaniards should stand by to see fair play. So they got up in the morning before day, and came to the place, and called the Englishmen by their names, telling a Spaniard that answered that they wanted to speak with them.

It happened that the day before, two of the Spaniards having been in the woods, had seen one of the two Englishmen, whom, for distinction, I call the honest men, and he had made a sad complaint to the Spaniards of the barbarous usage they had met with from their three countrymen, and how they had ruined their plantation and destroyed their corn that they had labored so hard to bring forward, and killed the milch-goat and their three kids, which was all they had provided for their sustenance; and that if he and his friends, meaning the Spaniards, did not assist them again, they should be starved. When the Spaniards came home at night, and they were all at supper, he took the freedom to reprove the three Englishmen, though in very gentle and mannerly terms, and asked them, "How they could be so cruel, they being harmless, inoffensive fellows, and that they were only putting themselves in a way to subsist by their labor, and that it had cost them a great deal of pains to bring things to such perfection as they had?"

One of the Englishmen returned very briskly, "What had they to do there? That they came on shore without leave, and they should not plant or build upon the island; it was none of their ground." "Why," says the Spaniard, very calmly, "Seignior Inglese, they must not starve." The Englishman replied like a true rough-hewn Tarpaulin, "They might starve, ... they should not plant nor build." "But what must they do, then, seignior?" said the Spaniard. Another of the brutes returned, "Do! . . . . They should be servants, and work for them." "But how can you expect that of them," says the Spaniard, "that are not bought with your money? You have no right to make them servants." The Englishman answered, "The island was theirs, the governor had given it to them, and no man had anything to do there but themselves"; and with that swore by his Maker "that they would go and burn all their new huts; they should build none upon their land."

"Why, seignior," says the Spaniard, "by the same rule we must be your servants too." "Ah," says the bold dog, "and so you shall, too, before we have done with you"; mixing two or three oaths in the proper intervals of his speech. The Spaniard only smiled at that, and made him no answer. However, this little discourse had heated them, and starting up, one says to the other (I think it was he they called Will Atkins), "Come, Jack, let us go and have t' other brush with them; we 'll demolish their castle, I 'll warrant you; they shall plant no colony in our dominions."

Upon this they went all trooping away, with every man a gun, a pistol, and a sword, and muttered some insolent things among themselves of what they would do to the Spaniards too, when opportunity offered; but the Spaniards, it seems, did not so perfectly understand them as to know all the particulars; only that in general they threatened them hard for taking the two Englishmen's part.

Whether they went, or how they bestowed their time that evening, the Spaniards said they did not know; but it seems they wandered about the country part of the night, and then, lying down in the place which I

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used to call my bower, they were weary and overslept themselves. The case was this: they had resolved to stay till midnight, and so to take the two poor men when they were asleep; and, as they acknowledged afterwards, intended to set fire to their huts while they were in them, and either burn them in them, or murder them as they came out; and as malice seldom sleeps very sound, it was very strange they should not have been kept waking.

However, as the two men had also a design upon them, as I have said, though a much fairer one than that of burning and murdering, it happened, and very luckily for them all, that they were up and gone abroad before the bloody-minded rogues came to their huts.

When they came there and found the men gone, Atkins, who, it seems, was the forwardest man, called out to his comrades, "Ha, Jack! here's the nest, but the birds are flown." They mused awhile to think what should be the occasion of their being abroad so soon, and suggested presently that the Spaniards had given them notice of it; and with that they shook hands, and swore to one another that they would be revenged of the Spaniards. As soon as they had made this bloody bargain, they fell to work with the poor men's habitation. They did not set fire indeed to anything, but they pulled down both their little houses, and pulled them so limb from limb that they left not the least stick standing, or scarce any sign on the ground where they stood. They tore all their little collected household stuff in pieces, and threw everything about in such a manner, that the poor men afterwards found some of their things a mile off of their habitation.

When they had done this, they pulled up all the young trees the poor men had planted, pulled up an enclosure they had made to secure their cattle and their corn, and, in a word, sacked and plundered everything as completely as a horde of Tartars would have done.

The two men were at this juncture gone to find them out, and had resolved to fight them wherever they had been, though they were but two to three. So that had they met, there certainly would have been bloodshed among them, for they were all very stout, resolute fellows, to give them their due. But Providence took more care to keep them asunder than they themselves could do to meet; for, as if they had dogged one another, when the three were gone thither, the two were here; and afterwards when the two went back to find them, the three were come to the old habitation again; — we shall see their different conduct presently. When the three came back, like furious creatures, flushed with the rage which the work they had been about had put them into, they came up to the Spaniards and told them what they had done by way of scoff and bravado; and one of them, stepping up to one of the Spaniards, as if they had been a couple of boys at play, takes hold of his hat, as it was upon his head, and giving it a twirl about, sneering in his face, says he to him, "And you, Seignior Jack Spaniard, shall have the same sauce, if you do not mend your manners." The Spaniard, who, though a quiet, civil man, was as brave as a man could be desired to be, and withal a strong, well-made man, looked steadily at him for a good while, and then, having no weapon in his hand, stepped gravely up to him, and with one blow of his fist knocked him down, as an ox is felled with a pole-axe; at which one of the rogues, insolent at the first, fired his pistol at the Spaniard immediately. He missed his body indeed, for the bullets went through his hair, but one of them touched the tip of his ear, and he bled pretty much. The blood made the Spaniard believe he was more hurt than he really was, and that put him into some heat; for before he acted all in a perfect calm; but now, resolving to go through with his work, he stooped to take the fellow's musket whom he had knocked down, and was just going to shoot the man who had fired at him, when the rest of the Spaniards, being in the cave, came out, and, calling to him not to shoot, they stepped in, secured the other two, and took their arms from them.

When they were thus disarmed, and found they had made all the Spaniards their enemies, as well as their own countrymen, they began to cool, and giving the Spaniards better words, would have had their arms again. But the Spaniards, considering the feud that was between them and the other two Englishmen, and that it would be the best method they could take to keep them from killing

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one another, told them they would do them no harm, and if they would live peaceably, they would be very willing to assist and sociate with them, as they did before; but that they could not think of giving them their arms again while they appeared so resolved to do mischief with them to their own countrymen, and had even threatened them all to make them their servants.

The rogues were now no more capable to hear reason than to act reason, and being refused their arms they went raving away, and raging like madmen, threatening what they would do, though they had no fire-arms. But the Spaniards, despising their threatening, told them they should take care how they offered any injury to their plantation or cattle; for if they did, they would shoot them as they would do ravenous beasts, wherever they found them; and if they fell into their hands alive, they should certainly be hanged. However, this was far from cooling them; but away they went, raging and swearing like furies of hell. As soon as they were gone, came back the two men, in passion and rage enough also, though of another kind; for having been at their plantation, and finding it all demolished and destroyed as above, it will easily be supposed they had provocation enough. They could scarce have room to tell their tale, the Spaniards were so eager to tell them theirs; and it was strange enough to find three men thus bully nineteen, and receive no punishment at all.

The Spaniards indeed despised them, and especially, having thus disarmed them, made light of all their threatenings; but the two Englishmen resolved to have their remedy against them, what pain soever it cost to find them out.

But the Spaniards interposed here too, and told them that as they had disarmed them they could not consent that they (the two) should pursue them with fire-arms, and perhaps kill them. "But," said the grave Spaniard, who was their governor, "we will endeavor to make them do you justice if you will leave it to us; for as there is no doubt but they will come to us again when their passion is over, being not able to subsist without our assistance, we promise you to make no peace with them, without having a full satisfaction for you. Upon this condition we hope you will promise to use no violence with them, other than in your own defence."

The two Englishmen yielded to this very awkwardly and with great reluctance; but the Spaniards protested they did it only to keep them from bloodshed, and to make all easy at last. "For," said they, "we are not so many of us; here is room enough for us all, and it is great pity we should not be all good friends." At length they did consent, and waited for the issue of the thing, living for some days with the Spaniards, for their own habitation was destroyed.

In about five days' time, the three vagrants, tired with wandering, and almost starved with hunger, having chiefly lived on turtles' eggs all that while, came back to the grove, and finding my Spaniard, who, as I have said, was the governor, and two more with him walking by the side of the creek, they came up in a very submissive, humble manner, and begged to be received again into the family. The Spaniards used them civilly, but told them they had acted so unnaturally by their countrymen, and so very grossly by them (the Spaniards), that they could not come to any conclusion without consulting the two Englishmen and the rest; but, however, they would go to them and discourse about it, and they should know in half an hour. It may be guessed that they were very hard put to it: for it seems, as they were to wait this half-hour for an answer, they begged he would send them out some bread in the mean time; which he did, and sent them at the same time a large piece of goat's flesh and a broiled parrot, which they ate very heartily, for they were hungry enough.

After half an hour's consultation they were called in, and a long debate had among them, their two countrymen charging them with the ruin of all their labor, and a design to murder them, — all which they owned before, and therefore could not deny now. Upon the whole, the Spaniard acted the moderator between them; and as they had obliged the two Englishmen not to hurt the three while they were naked and unarmed, so they now obliged the three to go and build their fellows two huts, one of the same and the other of larger dimensions than they were before; to fence their ground again where they had pulled up the fences, plant trees in the room of those pulled up, dig up the land again for

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planting corn, where they had spoiled it; and, in a word, to restore everything in the same state they found it, as near as they could, for entirely it could not be, the season for the corn and the growth of the trees and hedges not being possible to be recovered.

Well, they submitted to all this, and as they had plenty of provisions given them all the while, they grew very orderly, and the whole society began to live pleasantly and agreeably together, only that these three fellows could never be persuaded to work, I mean for themselves, except now and then a little, just as they pleased. However, the Spaniards told them plainly, that if they would but live sociably and friendly together, and study in the whole the good of the plantation, they would be content to work for them, and let them walk about and be as idle as they pleased; and thus, having lived pretty well together for a month or two, the Spaniards gave them arms again, and gave them liberty to go abroad with them as before.

It was not above a week after they had these arms and went abroad, but the ungrateful creatures began to be insolent and troublesome as before; but, however, an accident happening presently upon this, which endangered the safety of them all, they were obliged to lay by all private resentments, and look to the preservation of their lives.

It happened one night that the Spaniard governor, as I call him, that is to say, the Spaniard whose life I had saved, who was now the captain or leader or governor of the rest, found himself very uneasy in the night, and could by no means get any sleep. He was perfectly well in body, as he told me the story, only found his thoughts tumultuous, his mind run upon men fighting and killing of one another, but was broad awake, and could not by any means get any sleep. In short, he lay a great while, but, growing more and more uneasy, he resolved to rise. As they lay, being so many of them, upon goat-skins laid thick upon such couches and pads as they made for themselves, not in hammocks and ship-beds, as I did, who was but one, so they had little to do, when they were willing to rise, but to get up upon their feet, and perhaps put on a coat, such as it was, and their pumps, and they were ready for going any way that their thoughts guided them.

Being thus gotten up, he looked out, but being dark he could see little or nothing. And besides, the trees which I had planted, as in my former account is described, and which were now grown tall, intercepted his sight, so that he could only look up and see that it was a clear starlight night; and hearing no noise, he returned and laid him down again. But it was all one; he could not sleep, nor could he compose himself to anything like rest; but his thoughts were to the last degree uneasy, and yet he knew not for what.

Having made some noise with rising and walking about, going out and coming in, another of them waked, and calling, asked, Who it was that was up? The governor told him how it had been with him. "Say you so," says the other Spaniard. "Such things are not to be slighted, I assure you; there is certainly some mischief working," says he, "near us." And presently he asked him, "Where are the Englishmen?" "They are all in their huts," says he, "safe enough." It seems the Spaniards had kept possession of the main apartment, and had made a place where the three Englishmen, since their last mutiny, always quartered by themselves, and could not come at the rest. "Well," says the Spaniard, "there is something in it, I am persuaded, from my own experience. I am satisfied our spirits embodied have a converse with, and receive intelligence from the spirits unembodied and inhabiting the invisible world; and this friendly notice is given for our advantage, if we know how to make use of it. Come," says he, "let us go out and look abroad; and if we find nothing at all in it to justify the trouble, I will tell you a story to the purpose, that shall convince you of the justice of my proposing it."

In a word, they went out to go up to the top of the hill, where I used to go. But they being strong and in good company, not alone as I was, used none of my caution to go up by the ladder, and then pulling it up after them, to go up a second stage to the top, but were going round through the grove unconcerned and unwary, when they were surprised with seeing a light, as of fire, a very little way off from them, and hearing the voices of men, — not of one or two, but of a great number.

In all the discoveries I had made of the savages landing on the island, it was my con-

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stant care to prevent them making the least discovery of there being any inhabitant upon the place. And when by any occasion they came to know it, they felt it so effectually that they that got away were scarce able to give any account of it, for we disappeared as soon as possible. Nor did ever any that had seen me escape to tell any one else, except it were the three savages in our last encounter, who jumped into the boat, of whom I mentioned that I was afraid they should go home and bring more help.

Whether it was the consequence of the escape of those men that so great a number came now together, or whether they came ignorantly, and by accident, on their usual bloody errand, they could not, it seems, understand. But, whatever it was, it had been their business either to have concealed themselves as not to have seen them at all, much less to have let the savages have seen that there were any inhabitants in the place; or to have fallen upon them so effectually as that not a man of them should have escaped, which could only have been by getting in between them and their boats. But this presence of mind was wanting to them, which was the ruin of their tranquillity for a great while.

We need not doubt but that the governor and the man with him, surprised with this sight, ran back immediately and raised their fellows, giving them an account of the imminent danger they were all in; and they again as readily took the alarm. But it was impossible to persuade them to stay close within where they were, but that they must run all out to see how things stood.

While it was dark, indeed, they were well enough, and they had opportunity enough for some hours to view them by the light of three fires they had made at a distance from one another. What they were doing they knew not, and what to do themselves they knew not: for, first, the enemy were too many; and secondly, they did not keep together, but were divided into several parties, and were on shore in several places.

The Spaniards were in no small consternation at this sight; and as they found that the fellows ran straggling all over the shore, they made no doubt but, first or last, some of them would chop in upon their habitation, or upon some other place where they would see the token of inhabitants. And they were in great perplexity also for fear of their flock of goats, which would have been little less than starving them if they should have been destroyed. So the first thing they resolved upon was to despatch three men away before it was light, namely, two Spaniards and one Englishman, to drive all the goats away to the great valley where the cave was, and, if need were, to drive them into the very cave itself.

Could they have seen the savages all together in one body, and at any distance from their canoes, they resolved, if there had been an hundred of them, to have attacked them; but that could not be obtained, for they were some of them two miles off from the other, and, as it appeared afterwards, were of two different nations.

After having mused a great while on the course they should take, and beaten their brains in considering their present circumstances, they resolved at last, while it was dark, to send the old savage, Friday's father, out as a spy, to learn, if possible, something concerning them, what they came for, and what they intended to do. The old man readily undertook it; and stripping himself quite naked, as most of the savages were, away he went. After he had been gone an hour or two, he brings word that he had been among them undiscovered; that he found they were two parties, and of two several nations, who had war with one another, and had had a great battle in their own country; and that both sides having had several prisoners taken in the fight, they were by mere chance landed all on the same island, for the devouring their prisoners and making merry. But their coming so by chance to the same place had spoiled all their mirth; that they were in a great rage at one another; and that they were so near, that he believed they would fight again as soon as daylight began to appear. But he did not perceive that they had any notion of anybody's being on the island but themselves. He had hardly made an end of telling his story, when they could perceive, by the unusual noise they made, that the two little armies were engaged in a bloody fight.

Friday's father used all the arguments he could to persuade our people to lie close, and

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not be seen. He told them their safety consisted in it; and that they had nothing to do but lie still, and the savages would kill one another to their hands, and then the rest would go away; and it was so to a tittle. But it was impossible to prevail, especially upon the Englishmen; their curiosity was so importunate upon their prudentials, that they must run out and see the battle. However, they used some caution too; namely, they did not go openly, just by their own dwelling, but went farther into the woods, and placed themselves to advantage, where they might securely see them manage the fight, and, as they thought, not to be seen by them; but it seems the savages did see them, as we shall find hereafter.

The battle was very fierce; and if I might believe the Englishmen, one of them said he could perceive that some of them were men of great bravery, of invincible spirit, and of great policy in guiding the fight. The battle, they said, held two hours before they could guess which party would be beaten. But then that party which was nearest our people's habitation began to appear weakest; and after some time more some of them began to fly; and this put our men again into a great consternation, lest any of those that fled should run into the grove before their dwelling for shelter, and thereby involuntarily discover the place; and that by consequence the pursuers should do the like in search for them. Upon this they resolved that they would stand armed within the wall, and whoever came into the grove they should sally out over the wall and kill them; so that, if possible, not one should return to give an account of it. They ordered also that it should be done with their swords, or by knocking them down with the stock of the musket; but not by shooting them, for fear of the noise.

As they expected, it fell out. Three of the routed army fled for life, and, crossing the creek, ran directly into the place, not in the least knowing whither they went, but running as into a thick wood for shelter. The scout they kept to look abroad gave notice of this within, with this addition, to our men's great satisfaction, namely, that the conquerors had not pursued them, or seen which way they were gone. Upon this the Spaniard governor, a man of humanity, would not suffer them to kill the three fugitives, but sending three men out by the top of the hill, ordered them to go round and come in behind them, surprise, and take them prisoners; which was done. The residue of the conquered people fled to their canoes, and got off to sea. The victors retired, and made no pursuit, or very little; but drawing themselves into a body together, gave two great screaming shouts, which they supposed was by way of triumph; and so the fight ended. And the same day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, they also marched to their canoes; and thus the Spaniards had their island again free to themselves, their fright was over, and they saw no savages in several years after.

After they were all gone, the Spaniards came out of their den; and viewing the field of battle, they found about two-and-thirty dead men upon the spot. Some were killed with great long arrows, some of which were found sticking in their bodies; but most of them were killed with their great wooden swords, sixteen or seventeen of which they found in the field of battle, and as many bows, with a great many arrows. These swords were strange great unwieldy things, and they must be very strong men that used them. Most of those men that were killed with them had their heads mashed to pieces, as we may say, or as we call it in English, their brains knocked out; and several their arms and legs broken; so that it is evident they fight with inexpressible rage and fury. We found not one wounded man that was not stone dead; for either they stay by their enemy till they have quite killed him, or they carry all the wounded men that are not quite dead away with them.

This deliverance tamed our Englishmen for a great while. The sight had filled them with horror; and the consequences appeared terrible to the last degree, even to them, if ever they should fall into the hands of those creatures, who would not only kill them as enemies, but kill them for food, as we kill our cattle. And they professed to me that the thoughts of being eaten up like beef or mutton, though it was supposed it was not to be till they were dead, had something in it so horrible that it nauseated their very stomachs, made them sick when they thought of it, and filled their minds with such un-

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usual terror, that they were not themselves for some weeks after.

This, as I said, tamed even the three English brutes I have been speaking of; and for a great while after they were very tractable, and went about the common business of their whole society well enough; planted, sowed, reaped, and began to be all naturalized to the country. But some time after this they fell all into such measures as brought them into a great deal of trouble.

They had taken three prisoners, as I had observed; and these three being lusty, stout young fellows, they made them servants, and taught them to work for them; and as slaves they did well enough. But they did not take their measures with them as I did by my man Friday, namely, to begin with them upon the principle of having saved their lives, and then instruct them in the rational principles of life, much less of religion, civilizing and reducing them by kind usage and affectionate arguings; but as they gave them their food every day, so they gave them their work too, and kept them fully employed in drudgery enough. But they failed in this by it, that they never had them to assist them and fight for them as I had my man Friday, who was as true to me as the very flesh upon my bones.

But to come to the family part. Being all now good friends, for common danger, as I said above, had effectually reconciled them, they began to consider their general circumstances. And the first thing that came under their consideration was, whether, seeing the savages particularly haunted that side of the isand, and that there were more remote and retired parts of it equally adapted to their way of living, and manifestly to their advantage, they should not rather remove their habitation, and plant in some more proper place for their safety, and especially for the security of their cattle and corn.

Upon this, after long debate, it was concluded that they would not remove their habitation; because that some time or other they thought they might hear from their governor again (meaning me); and if I should send any one to seek them, I should be sure to direct them to that side; where, if they should find the place demolished, they would conclude the savages had killed us all, and we were gone, and so our supply would go too.

But as to their corn and cattle, they agreed to remove them into the valley where my cave was, where the land was as proper for both, and where, indeed, there was land enough. However, upon second thoughts, they altered one part of that resolution too, and resolved only to remove part of their cattle thither, and plant part of their corn there; and so if one part was destroyed the other might be saved. And one part of prudence they used, which it was very well they did; namely, that they never trusted those three savages which they had prisoners with knowing anything of the plantation they had made in that valley, or of any cattle they had there; much less of the cave there, which they kept, in case of necessity, as a safe retreat, and whither they carried also the two barrels of powder which I had sent them at my coming away.

But, however, they resolved not to change their habitation; yet they agreed, that as I had carefully covered it, first with a wall or fortification, and then with a grove of trees, so, seeing their safety consisted entirely in their being concealed, of which they were now fully convinced, they set to work to cover and conceal the place yet more effectually than before. To this purpose, as I had planted trees (or rather thrust in stakes, which in time all grew up to be trees) for some good distance before the entrance into my apartment, they went on in the same manner, and filled up the rest of that whole space of ground, from the trees I had set quite down to the side of the creek, where, as I said, I landed my floats, and even in the very ooze where the tide flowed, not so much as leaving any place to land, or any sign that there had been any landing thereabout. The stakes also being of a wood very forward to grow, as I have noted formerly, they took care to have generally very much larger and taller than those which I had planted; and as they grew apace, so they planted them so very thick and close together, that when they had been three or four years grown there was no piercing with the eye any considerable way into the plantation. And as for that part which I had planted, the trees were grown as thick as a man's thigh. And among them they placed so many other short ones, and so thick, that, in a word, it stood like a palisado a quarter of a mile thick. And it was next to impossible to

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penetrate it, but with a little army to cut it all down; for a little dog could hardly get between the trees, they stood so close.

But this was not all, for they did the same by all the ground to the right hand and to the left, and round even to the top of the hill, leaving no way, not so much as for themselves to come out, but by the ladder placed up to the side of the hill, and then lifted up, and placed again from the first stage up to the top; which ladder, when it was taken down, nothing but what had wings or witchcraft to assist it could come at them.

This was excellently well contrived; nor was it less than what they afterwards found occasion for: which served to convince me that as human prudence has the authority of Providence to justify it, so it has, doubtless, the direction of Providence to set it to work. And would we listen carefully to the voice of it, I am fully persuaded we might prevent many of the disasters which our lives are now, by our own negligence, subjected to. But this by the way.

I return to the story. They lived two years after this in perfect retirement, and had no more visits from the savages. They had, indeed, an alarm given them one morning, which put them into a great consternation; for some of the Spaniards being out early one morning on the west side, or rather the end of the island (which, by the way, was that end where I never went, for fear of being discovered), they were surprised with seeing above twenty canoes of Indians just coming on shore.

They made the best of their way home, in hurry enough; and giving the alarm to their comrades, they kept close all that day and the next, going out only at night to make observation. But they had the good luck to be mistaken; for, wherever the savages went, they did not land at that time in the island, but pursued some other design.

And now they had another broil with the three Englishmen; one of which, a most turbulent fellow, being in a rage at one of the three slaves which I had mentioned they had taken, because the fellow had not done something right which he bid him do and seemed a little intractable in his showing him, drew a hatchet out of a frog-belt in which he wore it by his side, and fell upon the poor savage, not to correct him, but to kill him. One of the Spaniards who was by, seeing him give the fellow a barbarous cut with the hatchet, which he aimed at his head, but struck into his shoulder, so that he thought he had cut the poor creature's arm off, ran to him, and entreating him not to murder the poor man, clapped in between him and the savage to prevent the mischief.

The fellow, being enraged the more at this, struck at the Spaniard with his hatchet, and swore he would serve him as he intended to serve the savage; which the Spaniard perceiving, avoided the blow, and with a shovel which he had in his hand (for they were all working in the field about their corn-land) knocked the brute down. Another of the Englishmen, running at the same time to help his comrade, knocked the Spaniard down; and then two Spaniards more came in to help their man, and a third Englishman fell in upon them. They had none of them any fire-arms, or any other weapons but hatchets and other tools, except this third Englishman; he had one of my old rusty cutlasses, with which he made at the two last Spaniards, and wounded them both. This fray set the whole family in an uproar, and more help coming in, they took the three Englishmen prisoners. The next question was what should be done with them. They had been so often mutinous, and were so furious, so desperate, and so idle withal, that they knew not what course to take with them; for they were mischievous to the highest degree, and valued not what hurt they did to any man; so that, in short, it was not safe to live with them.

The Spaniard who was governor told them in so many words, that if they had been of his own country he would have hanged them, for all laws and all governors were to preserve society, and those who were dangerous to the society ought to be expelled out of it; but as they were Englishmen, and that it was to the generous kindness of an Englishman that they all owed their preservation and deliverance, he would use them with all possible lenity, and would leave them to the judgment of the other two Englishmen, who were their countrymen.

One of the two honest Englishmen stood up and said they desired it might not be left to them. "For," says he, "I am sure we ought to sentence them to the gallows"; and with

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that he gives an account how Will Atkins, one of the three, had proposed to have all the five Englishmen join together and murder all the Spaniards when they were in their sleep!

When the Spaniard governor heard this, he calls to William Atkins, "How, Seignior Atkins," says he, "would you murder us all? What have you to say to that?" That hardened villain was so far from denying it, that he said it was true, and swore if they would not do it still before they had done with them. "Well, but, Seignior Atkins," says the Spaniard, "what have we done to you, that you would kill us? And what would you get by killing us? And what must we do to prevent you killing us? Must we kill you, or you will kill us? Why will you put us to the necessity of this, Seignior Atkins?" says the Spaniard, very calm and smiling.

Seignior Atkins was in such a rage at the Spaniard's making a jest of it, that had he not been held by three men, and withal had no weapons with him, it was thought he would have attempted to have killed the Spaniard in the middle of all the company.

This hair-brained carriage obliged them to consider seriously what was to be done. The two Englishmen and the Spaniard who saved the poor savage was of the opinion they should hang one of the three for an example to the rest, and that, particularly, it should be he that had twice attempted to commit murder with his hatchet; and indeed there was some reason to believe he had done it, for the poor savage was in such a miserable condition with the wound he had received, that it was thought he could not live.

But the governor Spaniard still said, "No; it was an Englishman that had saved all their lives, and he would never consent to put an Englishman to death, though he had murdered half of them; nay," he said, "if he had been killed himself by an Englishman, and had time left to speak, it should be that they would pardon him."

This was so positively insisted on by the governor Spaniard, that there was no gainsaying it; and as merciful counsels are most apt to prevail where they are so earnestly pressed, so they all came into it. But then it was to be considered what should be done to keep them from doing the mischief they designed; for all agreed, governor and all, that means were to be used for preserving the society from danger. After a long debate it was agreed, first, that they should be disarmed, and not permitted to have either gun or powder or shot or sword or any weapon; and should be turned out of the society, and left to live where they would, and how they would, by themselves; but that none of the rest, either Spaniards or English, should converse with them, speak with them, or have anything to do with them; that they should be forbid to come within a certain distance of the place where the rest dwelt; and that if they offered to commit any disorder, so as to spoil, burn, kill, or destroy any of the corn, plantings, buildings, fences, or cattle belonging to the society, they should die without mercy, and they would shoot them wherever they could find them.

The governor, a man of great humanity, musing upon the sentence, considered a little upon it, and turning to the two honest Englishmen, said, "Hold, you must reflect that it will be long ere they can raise corn and cattle of their own, and they must not starve. We must therefore allow them provisions." So he caused to be added, that they should have a proportion of corn given to them to last them eight months, and for seed to sow, by which time they might be supposed to raise some of their own; that they should have six milch-goats, four he-goats, and six kids given them, as well for present subsistence as for a store; and that they should have tools given them for their work in the fields, such as six hatchets, an axe, a saw, and the like; but they should have none of these tools or provisions unless they would swear solemnly that they would not hurt or injure any of the Spaniards with them, or of their fellow-Englishmen.

Thus they dismissed them the society, and turned them out to shift for themselves. They went away sullen and refractory, as neither contented to go away nor to stay; but as there was no remedy they went, pretending to go and choose a place where they would settle themselves to plant and live by themselves, and some provisions were given them, but no weapons.

About four or five days after, they came again for some victuals, and gave the governor an account where they had pitched their tents, and marked themselves out an habita-

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tion and plantation; and it was a very convenient place indeed, on the remotest part of the island, northeast, much about the place where I landed in my first voyage when I was driven out to sea, the Lord knows whither, in my attempt to surround the island.

Here they built themselves two handsome huts, and contrived them in a manner like my first habitation, being close under the side of a hill, having some trees growing already on three sides of it, so that by planting others it would be very easily covered from the sight, unless narrowly searched for. They desired some dried goat-skins for beds and covering, which were given them: and upon giving their words that they would not disturb the rest, or injure any of their plantations, they gave them hatchets and what other tools they could spare; some pease, barley, and rice for sowing; and, in a word, anything they wanted, but arms and ammunition.

They lived in this separate condition about six months, and had gotten in their first harvest, though the quantity was but small, the parcel of land they had planted being but little; for, indeed, having all their plantation to form, they had a great deal of work upon their hands. And when they came to make boards and pots and such things, they were quite out of their element, and could make nothing of it; and when the rainy season came on, for want of a cave in the earth they could not keep their grain dry, and it was in great danger of spoiling. And this humbled them much; so they came and begged the Spaniards to help them, which they very readily did, and in four days worked a great hole in the side of the hill for them, big enough to secure their corn and other things from the rain. But it was but a poor place at best, compared to mine, and especially as mine was then, for the Spaniards had greatly enlarged it and made several new apartments in it.

About three quarters of a year after this separation, a new frolic took these rogues, which, together with the former villany they had committed, brought mischief enough upon them, and had very near been the ruin of the whole colony. The three new sociates began, it seems, to be weary of the laborious life they led, and that without hope of bettering their circumstances; and a whim took them, that they would make a voyage to the continent from whence the savages came, and would try if they could not seize upon some prisoners among the natives there and bring them home, so to make them do the laborious part of their work for them.

The project was not so preposterous, if they had gone no further; but they did nothing, and proposed nothing, but had either mischief in the design or mischief in the event. And if I may give my opinion, they seemed to be under a blast from Heaven; for if we will not allow a visible curse to pursue visible crimes, how shall we reconcile the events of things with the Divine justice? It was, certainly, an apparent vengeance on their crime of mutiny and piracy that brought them to the state they were in; and as they showed not the least remorse for the crime, but added new villanies to it, such as, particularly, the piece of monstrous cruelty of wounding a poor slave, because he did not, or perhaps could not, understand to do what he was directed; and to wound him in such a manner as, no question, made him a cripple all his life; and in a place where no surgeon or medicine could be had for his cure; and what was still worse, the murderous intent, or to do justice to the crime, the intentional murder, for such to be sure it was, as was afterwards the formed design they all laid to murder the Spaniards in cold blood, and in their sleep.

But I leave observing, and return to the story. The three fellows came down to the Spaniards one morning, and in very humble terms desired to be admitted to speak with them. The Spaniards very readily heard what they had to say, which was this: That they were tired of living in the manner they did; that they were not handy enough to make the necessaries they wanted; and that, having no help, they found they should be starved. But if the Spaniards would give them leave to take one of the canoes which they came over in, and give them arms and ammunition, proportioned for their defence, they would go over to the main, and seek their fortune, and so deliver them from the trouble of supplying them with any other provisions.

The Spaniards were glad enough to be rid

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of them, but yet very honestly represented to them the certain destruction they were running into; told them they had suffered such hardships upon that very spot, that they could, without any spirit of prophecy, tell them that they would be starved or be murdered, and bade them consider of it.

The men replied audaciously, they should be starved if they stayed here, for they could not work, and would not work; and they could but be starved abroad; and if they were murdered, there was an end of them, they had no wives or children to cry after them: and in short, insisted importunately upon their demand, declaring that they would go whether they would give them any arms or no.

The Spaniards told them with great kindness, that if they were resolved to go, they should not go like naked men, and be in no condition to defend themselves; and that, though they could ill spare their fire-arms, having not enough for themselves, yet they would let them have two muskets, a pistol, and a cutlass, and each man a hatchet, which they thought was sufficient for them.

In a word, they accepted the offer, and having baked them bread enough to serve them a month, and given them as much goat's flesh as they could eat while it was sweet, and a great basketful of dried grapes, a potful of fresh water, and a young kid alive to kill, they boldly set out in a canoe for a voyage over the sea, where it was at least forty miles broad.

The boat was indeed a large one, and would have very well carried fifteen or twenty men; and therefore was rather too big for them to manage. But as they had a fair breeze and the flood-tide with them, they did well enough. They had made a mast of a long pole, and a sail of four large goat-skins dried, which they had sewed or laced together; and away they went, merrily enough; the Spaniards called after them, "*Bon Veyajo*"; and no man ever thought of seeing them any more.

The Spaniards would often say to one another, and to the two honest Englishmen who remained behind, how quietly and comfortably they lived now those three turbulent fellows were gone; as for there ever coming again, that was the remotest thing from their thoughts that could be imagined; when, behold, after two-and-twenty days' absence, one of the Englishmen, being abroad upon his planting work, sees three strange men coming towards him at a distance, with guns upon their shoulders!

Away runs the Englishman as if he was bewitched, comes frighted and amazed to the governor Spaniard, and tells him they were all undone, for there were strangers landed upon the island, he could not tell who. The Spaniard, pausing awhile, says he to him, "How do you mean, you cannot tell who? They are the savages, to be sure." "No, no," says the Englishman; "they are men in clothes, with arms." "Nay, then," says the Spaniard, "why are you concerned? If they are not savages, they must be friends, for there is no Christian nation upon earth but will do us good rather than harm."

While they were debating thus, comes the three Englishmen, and standing without the wood, which was new planted, hallooed to them. They presently knew their voices, and so all the wonder of that kind ceased. But now the admiration was turned upon another question, namely, What could be the matter, and what made them come back again?

It was not long before they brought the men in, and inquiring where they had been, and what they had been doing, they gave them a full account of their voyage in a few words, namely, that they reached the land in two days, or something less, but finding the people alarmed at their coming, and preparing with bows and arrows to fight them, they durst not go on shore, but sailed on to the northward six or seven hours, till they came to a great opening, by which they perceived that the land they saw from our island was not the main, but an island: that entering that opening of the sea, they saw another island on the right hand north, and several more west; and being resolved to land somewhere, they put over to one of the islands which lay west, and went boldly on shore: that they found the people very courteous and friendly to them, and that they gave them several roots and some dried fish, and appeared very sociable; and the women, as well as the men, were very forward to supply them with anything they could get for them to eat, and brought it to them a great way upon their heads.

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They continued here four days, and inquired as well as they could of them by signs what nations were this way and that way; and were told of several fierce and terrible people that lived almost every way, who, as they made signs to them, used to eat men. But as for themselves, they said that they never ate men nor women, except only such as they took in the wars; and then they owned that they made a great feast and ate their prisoners.

The Englishmen inquired when they had a feast of that kind, and they told them about two moons ago, — pointing to the moon, and then to two fingers; and that their great king had two hundred prisoners now, which he had taken in his war, and they were feeding them to make them fat for the next feast. The Englishmen seemed mighty desirous to see those prisoners; but the other, mistaking them, thought they were desirous to have some of them to carry away for their own eating. So they beckoned to them, pointing to the setting of the sun and then to the rising, which was to signify that the next morning at sun-rising they would bring some for them; and accordingly the next morning they brought down five women and eleven men, and gave them to the Englishmen to carry with them on their voyage, just as we would bring so many cows and oxen down to a seaport town, to victual a ship.

As brutish and barbarous as these fellows were at home, their stomachs turned at this sight, and they did not know what to do; to refuse the prisoners would have been the highest affront to the savage gentry that offered them; and what to do with them they knew not. However, upon some debates, they resolved to accept of them; and in return they gave the savages that brought them one of their hatchets, an old key, a knife, and six or seven of their bullets, which, though they did not understand, they seemed extremely pleased with. And then, tying the poor creatures' hands behind them, they (the people) dragged the poor prisoners into the boat for our men.

The Englishmen were obliged to come away as soon as they had them, or else they that gave them this noble present would certainly have expected that they should have gone to work with them, have killed two or three of them the next morning, and perhaps have invited the donors to dinner.

But having taken their leave with all the respects and thanks that could well pass between people where on either side they understood not one word they could say, they put off with their boat, and came back towards the first island, where, when they arrived, they set eight of their prisoners at liberty, there being too many of them for their occasion.

In their voyage, they endeavored to have some communication with their prisoners, but it was impossible to make them understand anything; nothing they could say to them or give them or do for them, but was looked upon as going about to murder them. They first of all unbound them; but the poor creatures screamed at that, especially the women, as if they had just felt the knife at their throats, for they immediately concluded they were unbound on purpose to be killed.

If they gave them anything to eat, it was the same thing; then they concluded it was for fear they should sink in flesh, and so not be fat enough to kill. If they looked at one of them more particularly, the party presently concluded it was to see whether he or she was fattest and fittest to kill. Nay, after they had brought them quite over, and begun to use them kindly and treat them well, still they expected every day to make a dinner or supper for their new masters.

When the three wanderers had given this unaccountable history or journal of their voyage, the Spaniard asked them, "Where their new family was?" And being told that they had brought them on shore and put them into one of their huts, and were come up to beg some victuals for them, they (the Spaniards) and the other two Englishmen, that is to say, the whole colony, resolved to go all down to the place and see them; and did so, and Friday's father with them.

When they came into the hut, there they sat all bound; for when they had brought them on shore, they bound their hands that they might not take the boat and make their escape. There, I say, they sat, all of them stark naked. First, there were three men, lusty, comely fellows, well shaped, straight and fair limbs, about thirty to thirty-five years of age; and five women, whereof two might be from thirty to forty; two more

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not above four or five and twenty; and the fifth, a tall, comely maiden, about sixteen or seventeen. The women were well-favored, agreeable persons, both in shape and features, only tawny, and two of them, had they been perfectly white, would have passed for very handsome women even in London itself, having pleasant, agreeable countenances, and of a very modest behavior, especially when they came afterwards to be clothed and dressed, as they called it, though the dress was very indifferent, it must be confessed; of which hereafter.

The sight, you may be sure, was something uncouth to our Spaniards, who were, (to give them a just character) men of the best behavior, of the most calm, sedate tempers, and perfect good-humor that ever I met with, and, in particular, of the most modesty, as will presently appear, — I say, the sight was very uncouth, to see three naked men and five naked women all together bound, and in the most miserable circumstances that human nature could be supposed to be, namely, to be expecting every moment to be dragged out and have their brains knocked out, and then to be eaten up like a calf that is killed for a dainty.

The first thing they did was to cause the old Indian, Friday's father, to go in and see first if he knew any of them, and then if he understood any of their speech. As soon as the old man came in, he looked seriously at them, but knew none of them; neither could any of them understand a word he said or a sign he could make, except one of the women.

However, this was enough to answer the end, which was to satisfy them that the men into whose hands they were fallen were Christians; that they abhorred eating of men or women, and that they might be sure they would not be killed. As soon as they were assured of this, they discovered such joy, and by such awkward and several ways, as is hard to describe; for it seems they were of several nations.

The woman, who was their interpreter, was bid in the next place to ask them if they were willing to be servants, and to work for the men who had brought them away to save their lives; at which they all fell a dancing; and presently one fell to taking up this, and another that, or anything that lay next, to carry on their shoulders, to intimate that they were willing to work.

The governor, who found that the having women among them would presently be attended with some inconvenience, and might occasion some strife, and perhaps blood, asked the three men what they intended to do with these women, and how they intended to use them, — whether as servants or as women. One of the Englishmen answered very boldly and readily, "That they would use them as both." To which the governor said, "I am not going to restrain you from it; you are your own masters as to that. But this I think is but just, for avoiding disorders and quarrels amongst you, and I desire it of you for that reason only, namely, that you will all engage that if any of you take any of these women as a woman or wife, that he shall take but one; and that having taken one, none else shall touch her: for though we cannot marry any of you, yet 't is but reasonable that while you stay here, the woman any of you takes should be maintained by the man that takes her, and should be his wife; I mean," says he, "while he continues here, and that none else shall have anything to do with her." All this appeared so just, that every one agreed to it without any difficulty.

Then the Englishmen asked the Spaniards if they designed to take any of them. But every one of them answered, "No." Some of them said they had wives in Spain, and the others did not like women that were not Christians; and all together declared that they would not touch one of them; which was an instance of such virtue as I have not met with in all my travels. On the other hand, to be short, the five Englishmen took them every one a wife; that is to say, a temporary wife: and so they set up a new form of living; for the Spaniards and Friday's father lived in my old habitation, which they had enlarged exceedingly within. The three servants which were taken in the late battle of the savages lived with them; and these carried on the main part of the colony, supplying all the rest with food, and assisting them in anything as they could, or as they found necessity required.

But the wonder of this story was, how five such refractory, ill-matched fellows should agree about these women, and that two of

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them should not pitch upon the same woman, especially seeing two or three of them were, without comparison, more agreeable than the other. But they took a good way enough to prevent quarrelling among themselves; for they set the five women by themselves in one of their huts, and they went all into the other hut and drew lots among them who should choose first.

He that drew to choose first went away by himself to the hut where the poor naked creatures were, and fetched out her he chose; and it was worth observing that he that chose first took her that was reckoned the homeliest and the oldest of the five, which made mirth enough among the rest; and even the Spaniards laughed at it. But the fellow considered better than any of them, that it was application and business that they were to expect assistance in as much as anything else; and she proved the best wife of all the parcel.

When the poor women saw themselves set in a row thus, and fetched out one by one, the terrors of their condition returned upon them again, and they firmly believed that they were now a going to be devoured; accordingly, when the English sailor came in and fetched out one of them, the rest set up a most lamentable cry, and hung about her, and took their leave of her with such agonies and such affection as would have grieved the hardest heart in the world; nor was it possible for the Englishmen to satisfy them that they were not to be immediately murdered, until they fetched the old man, Friday's father, who immediately let them know that the five men who had fetched them out one by one had chosen them for their wives.

When they had done, and the fright the women were in was a little over, the men went to work, and the Spaniards came and helped them; and in a few hours they had built them every one a new hut or tent, for their lodging apart; for those they had already were crowded with their tools, household stuff, and provisions. The three wicked ones had pitched farthest off, and the two honest ones nearer, but both on the north shore of the island, so that they continued separate, as before. And thus my island was peopled in three places; and, as I might say, three towns were begun to be planted.

And here it is very well worth observing, that, as it often happens in the world (what the wise ends of God's providence are in such a disposition of things I cannot say), the two honest fellows had the two worst wives, and the three reprobates, that were scarce worth hanging, that were fit for nothing, and neither seemed born to do themselves good or any one else, had three clever, diligent, careful, and ingenious wives: not that the two first were ill wives as to their temper or humor, for all the five were most willing, quiet, passive, and subjected creatures, rather like slaves than wives; but my meaning is, they were not alike capable, ingenious, or industrious, or alike cleanly and neat.

Another observation I must make, to the honor of a diligent application on one hand, and to the disgrace of a slothful, negligent, idle temper on the other, that when I came to the place, and viewed the several improvements, plantings, and management of the several little colonies, the two men had so far outgone the three, that there was no comparison. They had indeed both of them as much ground laid out for corn as they wanted; and the reason was, because, according to my rule, Nature dictated that it was to no purpose to sow more corn than they wanted; but the difference of the cultivation, of the planting, of the fences, and indeed of everything else, was easy to be seen at first view.

The two men had innumerable young trees planted about their huts, that when you came to the place nothing was to be seen but a wood; and though they had twice had their plantations demolished, once by their own countrymen and once by the enemy, as shall be shown in its place, yet they had restored all again, and everything was thriving and flourishing about them. They had grapes planted in order, and managed like a vineyard, though they had themselves never seen anything of that kind; and by their good ordering their vines, their grapes were as good again as any of the others. They had also found themselves out a retreat in the thickest part of the woods, where, though there was not a natural cave, as I had found, yet they made one with incessant labor of their hands, and where, when the mischief which followed happened, they secured their wives and children, so as they could never be found; they having, by

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sticking innumerable stakes and poles of the wood, which, as I said, grew so easily, made the wood unpassable, except in some places, where they climbed up to get over the outside part, and then went on by ways of their own leaving.

As to the three reprobates, as I justly call them, though they were much civilized by their new settlement, compared to what they were before, and were not so quarrelsome, having not the same opportunity, yet one of the certain companions of a profligate mind never left them; and that was their idleness. It is true, they planted corn and made fences; but Solomon's words were never better verified than in them: "I went by the vineyard of the slothful, and it was all overgrown with thorns." For, when the Spaniards came to view their crop, they could not see it in some places for weeds. The hedge had several gaps in it, where the wild goats had gotten in and eaten up the corn; perhaps here and there a dead bush was crammed in, to stop them out for the present, but it was only shutting the stable door after the steed was stolen. Whereas, when they looked on the colony of the other two, there was the very face of industry and success upon all they did; there was not a weed to be seen in all their corn, or a gap in any of their hedges. And they, on the other hand, verified Solomon's words in another place, that "the diligent hand maketh rich"; for everything grew and thrived, and they had plenty within and without; they had more tame cattle than the other, more utensils and necessaries within doors, and yet more pleasure and diversion too.

It is true, the wives of the three were very handy and cleanly within doors, and having learned the English ways of dressing and cooking from one of the other Englishmen, who, as I said, was cook's-mate on board the ship, they dressed their husbands' victuals very nicely and well; whereas the other could not be brought to understand it. But then the husband, who, as I say, had been cook's-mate, did it himself; but as for the husbands of the three wives, they loitered about, fetched turtles' eggs, and caught fish and birds; in a word, anything but labor, and they fared accordingly. The diligent lived well and comfortably, and the slothful lived hard and beggarly; and so, I believe, generally speaking, it is all over the world.

But now I come to a scene different from all that had happened before, either to them or to me; and the original of the story was this:—

Early one morning there came on shore five or six canoes of Indians, or savages, call them which you please; and there is no room to doubt that they came upon the old errand of feeding upon their slaves. But that part was now so familiar to the Spaniards, and to our men too, that they did not concern themselves about it as I did; but having been made sensible by their experience that their only business was to lie concealed, and that if they were not seen by any of the savages, they would go off again quietly when their business was done, having as yet not the least notion of there being any inhabitants in the island,—I say, having been made sensible of this, they had nothing to do but to give notice to all the three plantations to keep within doors, and not show themselves, only placing a scout in a proper place to give notice when the boats went to sea again.

This was, without doubt, very right; but a disaster spoiled all these measures, and made it known among the savages that there were inhabitants there, which was, in the end, the desolation of almost the whole colony. After the canoes with the savages were gone off, the Spaniards peeped abroad again, and some of them had the curiosity to go to the place where they had been, to see what they had been doing. Here, to their great surprise, they found three savages left behind and lying fast asleep upon the ground. It was supposed they had either been so gorged with their inhuman feast that, like beasts, they were asleep and would not stir when the others went, or they were wandered into the woods, and did not come back in time to be taken in.

The Spaniards were greatly surprised at this sight, and perfectly at a loss what to do. The Spaniard governor, as it happened, was with them, and his advice was asked, but he professed he knew not what to do; as for slaves, they had enough already; and as to killing them, they were none of them inclined to that. The Spaniard governor told me they could not think of shedding inno-

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cent blood, for, as to them, the poor creatures had done them no wrong, invaded none of their property, and they thought they had no just quarrel against them to take away their lives.

And here I must, in justice to these Spaniards, observe that, let the accounts of Spanish cruelty in Mexico and Peru be what they will, I never met with seventeen men of any nation whatsoever, in any foreign country, who were so universally modest, temperate, virtuous, so very good-humored, and so courteous as these Spaniards; and as to cruelty, they had nothing of it in their very nature, no inhumanity, no barbarity, no outrageous passions, and yet all of them men of great courage and spirit.

Their temper and calmness had appeared in their bearing the unsufferable usage of the three Englishmen; and their justice and humanity appeared now in the case of the savages, as above. After some consultation they resolved upon this, that they would lie still awhile longer, until, if possible, these three men might be gone; but then the governor Spaniard recollected that the three savages had no boat, and that if they were left to rove about the island, they would certainly discover that there were inhabitants in it, and so they should be undone that way.

Upon this, they went back again, and there lay the fellows, fast asleep still; so they resolved to waken them, and take them prisoners; and they did so. The poor fellows were strangely frighted when they were seized upon and bound, and afraid, like the women, that they should be murdered and eaten; for it seems those people think all the world does as they do, eating men's flesh: but they were soon made easy as to that, and away they carried them.

It was very happy to them that they did not carry them home to their castle, I mean to my palace under the hill; but they carried them first to the bower, where was the chief of their country work, such as the keeping the goats, the planting the corn, &c.; and afterwards they carried them to the habitation of the two Englishmen.

Here they were set to work, though it was not much they had for them to do; and whether it was by negligence in guarding them, or that they thought the fellows could not mend themselves, I know not, but one of them ran away, and, taking into the woods, they could never hear of him more.

They had good reason to believe he got home again soon after, in some other boats or canoes of savages, who came on shore three or four weeks afterwards, and who, carrying on their revels as usual, went off again in two days' time. This thought terrified them exceedingly; for they concluded, and that not without good cause, indeed, that if this fellow came safe home among his comrades, he would certainly give them an account that there were people in the island, as also how few and weak they were: for this savage, as I observed before, had never been told, and it was very happy that he had not, how many there were, or where they lived; nor had he ever seen or heard the fire of any of their guns, much less had they shown him any of their other retired places, such as the cave in the valley, or the new retreat which the two Englishmen had made, and the like.

The first testimony they had that this fellow had given intelligence of them was, that about two months after this, six canoes of savages, with about seven or eight or ten men in a canoe, came rowing along the north side of the island, where they never used to come before, and landed, about an hour after sunrise, at a convenient place, about a mile from the habitation of the two Englishmen, where this escaped man had been kept. As the Spaniard governor said, had they been all there, the damage would not have been so much, for not a man of them would have escaped; but the case differed now very much, for two men to fifty was too much odds. The two men had the happiness to discover them about a league off, so that it was above an hour before they landed, and as they landed a mile from their huts, it was some time before they could come at them. Now, having great reason to believe that they were betrayed, the first thing they did was to bind the two slaves which were left, and cause two of the three men whom they brought with the women, who, it seems, proved very faithful to them, to lead them with their two wives, and whatever they could carry away with them, to their retired place in the woods, which I have spoken of above, and there to bind the two fellows hand and foot until they heard further.

In the next place, seeing the savages were

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all come on shore, and that they bent their course directly that way, they opened the fences where the milch-goats were kept, and drove them all out, leaving their goats to straggle into the woods whither they pleased, that the savages might think they were all bred wild; but the rogue who came with them was too cunning for that, and gave them an account of it all, for they went directly to the place.

When the two poor frighted men had secured their wives and goods, they sent the other slave they had of the three who came with the women, and who was at their place by accident, away to the Spaniards with all speed, to give them the alarm and desire speedy help; and in the mean time, they took their arms and what ammunition they had, and retreated towards the place in the wood where their wives were sent, keeping at a distance, yet so that they might see, if possible, which way the savages took.

They had not gone far, but that from a rising ground they could see the little army of their enemies come on directly to their habitation, and in a moment more could see all their huts and household stuff flaming up together, to their great grief and mortification; for they had a very great loss, to them irretrievable, at least for some time. They kept their station for a while, till they found the savages, like wild beasts, spread themselves all over the place, rummaging every way and every place they could think of in search for prey, and in particular for the people, of whom it now plainly appeared they had intelligence.

The two Englishmen seeing this, thinking themselves not secure where they stood, because, as it was likely some of the wild people might come that way, so they might come too many together, thought it proper to make another retreat about half a mile farther, believing, as it afterwards happened, that the farther they strolled, the fewer would be together.

The next halt was at the entrance into a very thick-grown part of the woods, and where an old trunk of a tree stood, which was hollow and vastly large; and in this tree they both took their standing, resolving to see there what might offer.

They had not stood there long but two of the savages appeared running directly that way, as if they had already had notice where they stood and were coming up to attack them; and a little way farther they spied three more coming after them, and five more beyond them, all coming the same way; besides which they saw seven or eight more at a distance, running another way; for, in a word, they ran every way like sportsmen beating for their game.

The poor men were now in great perplexity whether they should stand and keep their posture or fly; but after a very short debate with themselves, they considered that if the savages ranged the country thus before help came, they might perhaps find out their retreat in the woods, then all would be lost; so they resolved to stand them there; and if they were too many to deal with, then they would get up to the top of the tree, from whence they doubted not to defend themselves, fire excepted, as long as their ammunition lasted, though all the savages that were landed, which was near fifty, were to attack them.

Having resolved upon this, they next considered whether they should fire at the first two, or wait for the three, and so take the middle party, by which the two and the five that followed would be separated; and they resolved to let the two first pass by, unless they should spy them in the tree, and come to attack them. The two first savages also confirmed them in this regulation by turning a little from them towards another part of the wood; but the three and the five after them came forward directly to the tree, as if they had known the Englishmen were there.

Seeing them come so straight towards them, they resolved to take them in a line as they came; and as they resolved to fire but one at a time, perhaps the first shot might hit them all three: to which purpose the man who was to fire put three or four small bullets into his piece, and having a fair loophole, as it were, from a broken hole in the tree, he took a sure aim without being seen, waiting till they were within about thirty yards of the tree, so that he could not miss.

While they were thus waiting and the savages came on, they plainly saw that one of the three was the runaway savage that had escaped from them, and they both knew him distinctly, and resolved that, if possible, he should not escape though they should

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both fire ; so the other stood ready with his piece, that if he did not drop at the first shot, he should be sure to have a second.

But the first was too good a marksman to miss his aim ; for, as the savages kept near one another, a little behind in a line, in a word, he fired and hit two of them directly. The foremost was killed outright, being shot in the head ; the second, which was the runaway Indian, was shot through the body, and fell, but was not quite dead ; and the third had a little scratch in the shoulder, perhaps by the same ball that went through the body of the second, and being dreadfully frighted, though not much hurt, sat down upon the ground, screaming and yelling in a hideous manner.

The five that were behind, more frighted with the noise than sensible of the danger, stood still at first ; for the woods made the sound a thousand times bigger than it really was, the echoes rattling from one side to another, and the fowls rising from all parts, screaming and making every sort a several kind of noise according to their kind, just as it was when I fired the first gun that perhaps was ever shot off in that place since it was an island.

However, all being silent again, and they not knowing what the matter was, came on unconcerned till they came to the place where their companions lay in a condition miserable enough. And here the poor ignorant creatures, not sensible that they were within reach of the same mischief, stood all of a huddle over the wounded man talking, and, as may be supposed, inquiring of him how he came to be hurt ; and who, it is very rational to believe, told them that a flash of fire first, and immediately after that thunder from their gods, had killed two and wounded him. This, I say, is rational ; for nothing is more certain than that, as they saw no man near them, so they had never heard a gun in all their lives, or so much as heard of a gun ; neither knew they anything of killing or wounding at a distance with fire and bullets : if they had, one might reasonably believe they would not have stood so unconcerned in viewing the fate of their fellows without some apprehension of their own.

Our two men, though, as they confessed to me, it grieved them to be obliged to kill so many poor creatures, who at the same time had no notion of their danger, yet, having them all thus in their power, and the first having loaded his piece again, resolved to let fly both together among them ; and singling out by agreement which to aim at, they shot together, and killed or very much wounded four of them ; the fifth, frighted even to death, though not hurt, fell with the rest, so that our men, seeing them all fall together, thought they had killed them all.

The belief that the savages were all killed made our two men come boldly out from the tree before they had charged their guns again, which was a wrong step ; and they were under some surprise when they came to the place and found no less than four of the men alive, and of them two very little hurt, and one not at all. This obliged them to fall upon them with the stocks of their muskets ; and first they made sure of the runaway savage that had been the cause of all the mischief, and of another that was hurt in his knee, and put them out of their pain. Then the man that was not hurt at all came and kneeled down to them, with his two hands held up, and made piteous moans to them by gestures and signs for his life, but could not say one word to them that they could understand.

However, they signed to him to sit down at the foot of a tree thereby, and one of the Englishmen, with a piece of rope-twine, which he had by great chance in his pocket, tied his two feet fast together and his two hands behind him ; and there they left him, and with what speed they could made after the other two which were gone before, fearing they or any more of them should find the way to their covered place in the woods, where their wives and the few goods they had left lay. They came once in sight of the two men, but it was at a great distance ; however, they had the satisfaction to see them cross over the valley towards the sea, the quite contrary way from that which led to their retreat, which they were afraid of : and being satisfied with that, they went back to the tree where they left their prisoner, who, as they supposed, was delivered by his comrades, for he was gone, and the two pieces of rope-yarn with which they bound him lay just at the foot of the tree.

They were now in as great concern as before, not knowing what course to take, or how near the enemy might be, or in what

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numbers; so they resolved to go away to the place where their wives were, to see if all was well there, and to make them easy, who were in fright enough to be sure; for though the savages were their own country-folk, yet they were most terribly afraid of them, and perhaps the more for the knowledge they had of them.

When they came there they found the savages had been in the wood, and very near that place, but had not found it; for it was indeed inaccessible by the trees standing so thick, as before, had not the persons seeking it been directed by those that knew it, which these did not; they found therefore everything very safe, only the women in a terrible fright. While they were here they had the comfort to have seven of the Spaniards come to their assistance; the other ten, with their servants and old Friday (I mean Friday's father), were gone in a body to defend their bower, and the corn and cattle that was kept there, in case the savages should have roved over to that side of the country; but they did not spread so far. With the seven Spaniards came one of the three savages, who, as I said, were their prisoners formerly; and with them also came the savage whom the Englishman had left bound hand and foot at the tree; for it seems they came that way, saw the slaughter of the seven men, and unbound the eighth and brought him along with them, where, however, they were obliged to bind him again, as they had the two others who were left when the third ran away.

The prisoners began now to be a burden to them; and they were so afraid of their escaping that they were once resolving to kill them all, believing they were under an absolute necessity to do so for their own preservation. However, the Spaniard governor would not consent to it, but ordered, for the present, that they should be sent out of the way to my old cave in the valley, and be kept there with two Spaniards to guard them, and give them food for their subsistence; which was done, and they were bound there hand and foot for that night.

When the Spaniards came, the two Englishmen were so encouraged that they could not satisfy themselves to stay any longer there; but, taking five of the Spaniards and themselves, with four muskets and a pistol among them, and two stout quarterstaves, away they went in quest of the savages. And first they came to the tree where the men lay that had been killed; but it was easy to see that some more of the savages had been there, for they had attempted to carry their dead men away, and had dragged two of them a good way, but had given it over. From thence they advanced to the first rising ground, where they stood and saw their camp destroyed, and where they had the mortification still to see some of the smoke; but neither could they here see any of the savages. They then resolved, though with all possible caution, to go forward towards their ruined plantation. But a little before they came thither, coming in sight of the seashore, they saw plainly the savages all embarking again in their canoes, in order to be gone.

They seemed sorry at first, and there was no way to come at them to give them a parting blow; but, upon the whole, were very well satisfied to be rid of them.

The poor Englishmen being now twice ruined, and all their improvement destroyed, the rest all agreed to come and help them to rebuild, and to assist them with needful supplies. Their three countrymen, who were not yet noted for having the least inclination to any good, yet as soon as they heard of it (for they, living remote eastward, knew nothing of the matter until all was over), came and offered their help and assistance, and did very friendly work for several days to restore their habitation and make necessaries for them; and thus, in a little time, they were set upon their legs again.

About two days after this they had the further satisfaction of seeing three of the savages' canoes come driving on shore, and at some distance from them two drowned men; by which they had reason to believe that they had met with a storm at sea, and had overset some of them; for it had blown very hard the very night after they went off.

However, as some might miscarry, so, on the other hand, enough of them escaped to inform the rest as well of what they had done as of what had happened to them, and to whet them on to another enterprise of the same nature; which they, it seems, resolved to attempt, with sufficient force to carry all before them; for, except what the first man had told them of inhabitants, they could say little to it of their own knowledge; for they

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never saw one man, and the fellow being killed that had affirmed it, they had no other witness to confirm it to them.

It was five or six months after this before they heard any more of the savages, in which time our men were in hopes they had either forgot their former bad luck, or given over the hopes of better, when on a sudden they were invaded with the most formidable fleet, of no less than eight-and-twenty canoes full of savages, armed with bows and arrows, great clubs, wooden swords, and such like engines of war; and they brought such numbers with them that, in short, it put all our people into the utmost consternation.

As they came on shore in the evening, and at the easternmost side of the island, our men had that night to consult and consider what to do; and, in the first place, knowing that their being entirely concealed was their only safety before, and would much more be so now, while the number of their enemies was so great, they therefore resolved first of all to take down the huts which were built for the two Englishmen, and drive away their goats to the old cave; because they supposed the savages would go directly thither, as soon as it was day, to play the old game over again, though they did not now land within two leagues of it.

In the next place they drove away all the flock of goats they had at the old bower, as I called it, which belonged to the Spaniards; and, in short, left as little appearance of inhabitants anywhere as was possible; and the next morning early they posted themselves with all their force at the plantation of the two men, waiting for their coming. As they guessed, so it happened. These new invaders, leaving their canoes at the east end of the island, came ranging along the shore directly towards the place to the number of two hundred and fifty, as near as our men could judge. Our army was but small indeed; but that which was worse, they had not arms for all their number neither. The whole account, it seems, stood thus. First, as to the men:—

17 Spaniards.
5 Englishmen.
1 Old Friday, or Friday's father.
3 The three slaves taken with the women, who proved very faithful.
3 Other slaves who lived with the Spaniards.

To arm these they had:—

11 Muskets.
5 Pistols.
3 Fowling-pieces.
5 Muskets or fowling-pieces, which were taken by me from the mutinous seamen, whom I reduced.
2 Swords.
3 Old Halberds.

To their slaves they did not give either musket or fusee, but they had every one a halberd, or a long staff, like a quarterstaff, with a great spike of iron fastened into each end of it, and by his side a hatchet; also every one of our men had hatchets. Two of the women could not be prevailed upon but they would come into the fight; and they had bows and arrows, which the Spaniards had taken from the savages when the first action happened, which I have spoken of, where the Indians fought with one another; and the women had hatchets too.

The Spaniard governor, whom I have described so often, commanded the whole; and William Atkins, who, though a dreadful fellow for wickedness, was a most daring, bold fellow, commanded under him. The savages came forward like lions, and our men, which was the worst of their fate, had no advantage in their situation, only that William Atkins, who now proved a most useful fellow, with six men, was planted just behind a small thicket of bushes as an advanced guard, with orders to let the first of them pass by, and then fire into the middle of them; and as soon as he had fired, to make his retreat as nimbly as he could round a part of the wood, and so come in behind the Spaniards where they stood, having a thicket of trees also before them.

When the savages came on they ran straggling about every way in heaps, out of all manner of order, and William Atkins let about fifty of them pass by him; then, seeing the rest come in a very thick throng, he orders three of his men to fire, having loaded their muskets with six or seven bullets apiece, about as big as large pistol-bullets. How many they killed or wounded they knew not, but the consternation and surprise were inexpressible among the savages; they were frighted to the last degree to hear such a dreadful noise, and see their men killed and others hurt, but see nobody that did it.

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When in the middle of their fright, William Atkins and his other three let fly again among the thickest of them; and in less than a minute the first three, being loaded again, gave them a third volley.

Had William Atkins and his men retired immediately as soon as they had fired, as they were ordered to do, or had the rest of the body been at hand to have poured in their shot continually, the savages had been effectually routed; for the terror that was among them came principally from this, namely, that they were killed by the gods with thunder and lightning, and could see nobody that hurt them; but William Atkins staying to load again, discovered the cheat. Some of the savages, who were at a distance, spying them, came upon them behind, and though Atkins and his men fired at them also, two or three times, and killed about twenty, retiring as fast as they could, yet they wounded Atkins himself, and killed one of his fellow-Englishmen with their arrows, as they did afterwards one Spaniard and one of the Indian slaves who came with the women. This slave was a most gallant fellow, and fought most desperately, killing five of them with his own hand, having no weapon but one of the armed staves and a hatchet.

Our men being thus hard laid at, Atkins wounded and two other men killed, retreated to a rising ground in the wood, and the Spaniards, after firing three volleys upon them, retreated also; for their number was so great, and they were so desperate, that though above fifty of them were killed, and more than so many wounded, yet they came on in the teeth of our men, fearless of danger, and shot their arrows like a cloud; and it was observed that their wounded men, who were not quite disabled, were made outrageous by their wounds, and fought like madmen.

When our men retreated, they left the Spaniard and the Englishman that were killed behind them; and the savages, when they came up to them, killed them over again in a wretched manner, breaking their arms, legs, and heads with their clubs and wooden swords, like true savages. But, finding our men were gone, they did not seem to pursue them, but drew themselves up in a kind of ring, which is, it seems, their custom, and shouted twice in token of their victory. After which they had the mortification to see several of their wounded men fall, dying with the mere loss of blood.

The Spaniard governor, having drawn his little body up together upon a rising ground, Atkins, though he was wounded, would have had him marched, and charged them again altogether at once. But the Spaniard replied, "Seignior Atkins, you see how their wounded men fight; let them alone till morning; all these wounded men will be stiff and sore with their wounds, and faint with the loss of blood; and so we shall have the fewer to engage."

The advice was good: but William Atkins replied, merrily, "That's true, seignior, and so shall I too; and that's the reason I would go on while I am warm." "Well, Seignior Atkins," says the Spaniard, "you have behaved gallantly, and done your part; we will fight for you if you cannot come on; but I think it best to stay till morning." So they waited.

But as it was a clear moonlight night, and they found the savages in great disorder about their dead and wounded men, and a great hurry and noise among them where they lay, they afterwards resolved to fall upon them in the night, especially if they could come to give them but one volley before they were discovered, which they had a fair opportunity to do; for one of the two Englishmen, in whose quarter it was where the fight began, led them round between the woods and seaside westward, and then, turning short south, they came so near where the thickest of them lay, that before they were seen or heard eight of them fired in among them, and did dreadful execution upon them. In half a minute more eight others fired after them, pouring in their small shot in such a quantity that abundance were killed and wounded; and all this while they were not able to see who hurt them, or which way to fly.

The Spaniards charged again with the utmost expedition, and then divided themselves into three bodies, and resolved to fall in among them all together. They had in each body eight persons, — that is to say, twenty-four, whereof were twenty-two men, and the two women, who, by the way, fought desperately.

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They divided the fire-arms equally in each party, and so of the halberds and staves. They would have had the women keep back, but they said they were resolved to die with their husbands. Having thus formed their little army, they marched out from among the trees, and came up to the teeth of the enemy, shouting and hallooing as loud as they could. The savages stood all together, but were in the utmost confusion, hearing the noise of our men shouting from three quarters together. They would have fought if they had seen us; and as soon as we came near enough to be seen, some arrows were shot, and poor old Friday was wounded, though not dangerously. But our men gave them no time, but, running up to them, fired among them three ways, and then fell in with the but-ends of their muskets, their swords, armed staves, and hatchets, and laid about them so well, that, in a word, they set up a dismal screaming and howling, flying to save their lives which way soever they could.

Our men were tired with the execution, and killed or mortally wounded in the two fights about one hundred and eighty of them; the rest, being frighted out of their wits, scoured through the woods and over the hills with all the speed and fear that nimble feet could help them to do; and as we did not trouble ourselves much to pursue them, they got all together to the seaside, where they landed, and where their canoes lay. But their disaster was not at an end yet; for it blew a terrible storm of wind that evening from the seaward, so that it was impossible for them to go off, — nay, the storm continuing all night, when the tide came up their canoes were most of them driven by the surge of the sea so high upon the shore that it required infinite toil to get them off, and some of them were even dashed to pieces against the beach or against one another.

Our men, though glad of their victory, yet got little rest that night; but having refreshed themselves as well as they could, they resolved to march to that part of the island where the savages were fled, and see what posture they were in. This necessarily led them over the place where the fight had been, and where they found several of the poor creatures not quite dead, and yet past recovering life, — a sight disagreeable enough to generous minds; for a truly great man, though obliged by the law of battle to destroy his enemy, takes no delight in his misery.

However, there was no need to give any orders in this case; for their own savages, who were their servants, despatched those poor creatures with their hatchets.

At length they came in view of the place where the more miserable remains of the savages' army lay, where there appeared about an hundred still. Their posture was generally sitting upon the ground, with their knees up towards their mouth, and the head put between the two hands, leaning down upon the knees.

When our men came within two musket-shot of them, the Spanish governor ordered two muskets to be fired without ball, to alarm them. This he did that by their countenance he might know what to expect, namely, whether they were still in heart to fight, or were so heartily beaten as to be dispirited and discouraged, and so he might manage accordingly.

This stratagem took; for, as soon as the savages heard the first gun and saw the flash of the second, they started up from their feet in the greatest consternation imaginable; and as our men advanced swiftly towards them, they all ran screaming and yawling away, with a kind of a howling noise, which our men did not understand and had never heard before, and thus they ran up the hills into the country.

At first our men had much rather the weather had been calm, and they had all gone away to sea; but they did not then consider that this might probably have been the occasion of their coming again in such multitudes as not to be resisted, or, at least, to come so many and so often as would quite desolate the island and starve them. Will Atkins, therefore, who, notwithstanding his wound, kept always with them, proved the best counsellor in this case. His advice was to take the advantage that offered, and clap in between them and their boats, and so deprive them of the capacity of ever returning any more to plague the island.

They consulted long about this; and some were against it, for fear of making the wretches fly to the woods and live there desperate, and so they should have them to hunt

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like wild beasts, be afraid to stir out about their business, and have their plantations continually rifled, all their tame goats destroyed, and, in short, be reduced to a life of continual distress.

Will Atkins told them they had better have to do with a hundred men than with a hundred nations; that as they must destroy their boats, so they must destroy the men, or be all of them destroyed themselves. In a word, he showed them the necessity of it so plainly that they all came into it. So they went to work immediately with the boats, and getting some dry wood together from a dead tree, they tried to set some of them on fire, but they were so wet that they would not burn; however, the fire so burned the upper part, that it soon made them unfit for swimming in the sea as boats. When the Indians saw what they were about, some of them came running out of the woods, and coming as near as they could to our men, kneeled down and cried, "Oa, oa, waramoka!" and some other words of their language, which none of the others understood anything of; but as they made pitiful gestures and strange noises, it was easy to understand they begged to have their boats spared, and that they would be gone, and never come there again.

But our men were now satisfied that they had no way to preserve themselves or to save their colony but effectually to prevent any of these people from ever going home again, depending upon this, that if ever so much as one of them got back into their country to tell the story, the colony was undone; so that, letting them know that they should not have any mercy, they fell to work with their canoes, and destroyed them, every one that the storm had not destroyed before; at the sight of which the savages raised a hideous cry in the woods, which our people heard plain enough, after which they ran about the island like distracted men, so that, in a word, our men did not really know at first what to do with them.

Nor did the Spaniards, with all their prudence, consider that while they made this people thus desperate, they ought to have kept good guard at the same time upon their plantations; for though it is true they had driven away their cattle, and the Indians did not find out their main retreat, I mean my old castle at the hill, nor the cave in the valley, yet they found out my plantation at the bower, and pulled it all to pieces, and all the fences and planting about it, trod all the corn under foot, tore up the vines and grapes, being just then almost ripe, and did to our men an inestimable damage, though to themselves not one farthing worth of service.

Though our men were able to fight them upon all occasions, yet they were in no condition to pursue them, or hunt them up and down; for as they were too nimble of foot for our men when they found them single, so our men durst not go about single, for fear of being surrounded with their numbers. The best was, they had no weapons; for though they had bows, they had no arrows left, nor any materials to make any, nor had they any edged tool or weapon among them.

The extremity and distress they were reduced to was great, and indeed deplorable; but at the same time our men were also brought to very bad circumstances by them; for though their retreats were preserved, yet their provision was destroyed, and their harvest spoiled, and what to do, or which way to turn themselves, they knew not. The only refuge they had now was the stock of cattle they had in the valley by the cave, and some little corn which grew there, and the plantation of the three Englishmen, William Atkins and his comrades, who were now reduced to two, one of them being killed by an arrow which struck him on the side of his head, just under the temple, so that he never spoke more; and it was very remarkable that this was the same barbarous fellow who cut the poor savage slave with his hatchet, and who afterwards intended to have murdered all the Spaniards.

I looked upon their case to have been worse at this time than mine was at any time, after I first discovered the grains of barley and rice, and got into the manner of planting and raising my corn and my tame cattle; for now they had, as I may say, a hundred wolves upon the island, which would devour everything they could come at, yet could very hardly be come at themselves.

The first thing they concluded, when they saw what their circumstances were, was, that they would, if possible, drive them up to the further part of the island, southwest,

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that if any more savages came on shore they might not find one another. Then, that they would daily hunt and harass them, and kill as many of them as they could come at, till they had reduced their number; and if they could at last tame them and bring them to anything, they would give them corn, and teach them how to plant and live upon their daily labor.

In order to do this, they so followed them, and so terrified them with their guns, that in a few days, if any of them fired a gun at an Indian, if he did not hit him yet he would fall down for fear; and so dreadfully frighted they were, that they kept out of sight farther and farther, till at last our men following them, and every day almost killing and wounding some of them, they kept up in the woods and hollow places so much, that it reduced them to the utmost misery for want of food, and many were afterwards found dead in the woods, without any hurt, but merely starved to death.

When our men found this it made their hearts relent, and pity moved them, especially the Spanish governor, who was the most gentlemanly, generous-minded man that ever I met with in my life; and he proposed, if possible, to take one of them alive, and bring him to understand what they meant, so far as to be able to act as interpreter, and to go among them and see if they might be brought to some conditions that might be depended upon, to save their lives and to do us no spoil.

It was some while before any of them could be taken; but being weak and half starved, one of them was at last surprised, and made a prisoner. He was sullen at first, and would neither eat nor drink; but finding himself kindly used, and victuals given him, and no violence offered him, he at last grew tractable, and came to himself.

They brought old Friday to him, who talked often with him, and told him how kind the others would be to them all; that they would not only save their lives, but would give them a part of the island to live in, provided they would give satisfaction that they would keep in their own bounds, and not come beyond it to injure or prejudice others; and that they should have corn given them to plant, and make it grow for their bread, and some bread given them for their present subsistence: and old Friday bade the fellow go and talk with the rest of his countrymen, and see what they said to it, assuring them that, if they did not agree immediately, they should be all destroyed.

The poor wretches, thoroughly humbled, and reduced in number to about thirty-seven, closed with the proposal at the first offer, and begged to have some food given them; upon which twelve Spaniards and two Englishmen, well armed, with three Indian slaves and old Friday, marched to the place where they were. The three Indian slaves carried them a large quantity of bread, some rice boiled up to cakes and dried in the sun, and three live goats; and they were ordered to go to the side of a hill, where they sat down, ate the provisions very thankfully, and were the most faithful fellows to their words that could be thought of; for, except when they came to beg victuals and directions, they never came out of their bounds, and there they lived when I came to the island, and I went to see them.

They had taught them both to plant corn, make bread, breed tame goats, and milk them; they wanted nothing but wives, and they soon would have been a nation. They were confined to a neck of land, surrounded with high rocks behind them, and lying plain towards the sea before them, on the south-east corner of the island. They had land enough, and it was very good and fruitful; they had a piece of land about a mile and a half broad and three or four miles in length.

Our men taught them to make wooden spades, such as I made for myself; and gave them among them twelve hatchets and three or four knives; and there they lived, the most subjected, innocent creatures that ever were heard of.

After this, the colony enjoyed a perfect tranquillity with respect to the savages, till I came to revisit them, which was about two years. Not but that now and then some canoes of savages came on shore for their triumphal unnatural feasts; but as they were of several nations, and perhaps had never heard of those that came before, or the reason of it, they did not make any search or inquiry after their countrymen; and if they had, it would have been very hard to have found them out.

Thus I think I have given a full account of all that happened to them to my return,

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at least that was worth notice. The Indians or savages were wonderfully civilized by them, and they frequently went among them, but forbade, on pain of death, any of the Indians coming to them, because they would not have their settlement betrayed again.

One thing was very remarkable, namely, that they taught the savages to make wicker-work, or baskets; but they soon outdid their masters, for they made abundance of most ingenious things in wicker-work; particularly, all sorts of baskets, sieves, bird-cages, cupboards, &c., as also chairs to sit on, stools, beds, couches, and abundance of other things, being very ingenious at such work when they were once put in the way of it.

My coming was a particular relief to these people, because we furnished them with knives, scissors, spades, shovels, pickaxes, and all things of that kind which they could want.

With the help of these tools they were so very handy that they came at last to build up their huts, or our houses, very handsomely, raddling or working it up like basket-work all the way round; which was a very extraordinary piece of ingenuity, and looked very odd, but was an exceeding good fence, as well against heat as against all sorts of vermin: and our men were so taken with it, that they got the wild savages to come and do the like for them; so that when I came to see the two Englishmen's colonies, they looked at a distance as if they lived all like bees in a hive. And as for Will Atkins, who was now become a very industrious, necessary, and sober fellow, he had made himself such a tent of basket-work as I believe was never seen. It was an hundred and twenty paces round in the outside, as I measured by my steps; the walls were as close worked as a basket, in panels or squares of thirty-two in number, and very strong, standing about seven feet high. In the middle was another not above twenty-two paces round, but built stronger, being eight-square in its form; and in the eight corners stood eight very strong posts, round the top of which he laid strong pieces pinned together with wooden pins, from which he raised a pyramid for the roof of eight rafters, very handsome, I assure you, and joined together very well, though he had no nails, and only a few iron spikes, which he made himself, too, out of the old iron that I had left there; and indeed this fellow showed abundance of ingenuity in several things which he had no knowledge of. He made him a forge, with a pair of wooden bellows to blow the fire; he made himself charcoal for his work; and he formed out of one of the iron crows a middling good anvil to hammer upon; in this manner he made many things, but especially hooks, staples, and spikes, bolts, and hinges. But, to return to the house: after he had pitched the roof of his innermost tent, he worked it up between the rafters with basket-work so firm, and thatched that over again so ingeniously with rice-straw, and over that a large leaf of a tree, which covered the top, that his house was as dry as if it had been tiled or slated. Indeed, he owned that the savages made the basket-work for him.

The outer circuit was covered, as a lean-to, all round this inner apartment, and long rafters lay from the two and thirty angles to the top of the posts of the inner house, being about twenty feet distance; so that there was a space like a walk within the outer wicker-wall and without the inner, near twenty feet wide.

The inner place he partitioned off with the same wicker-work, but much fairer, and divided it into six apartments, so that he had six rooms on a floor; and out of every one of these there was a door, first into the entry or coming into the main tent, and another door into the space or walk that was round it; so that walk was also divided into six equal parts, which served not only for retreat, but to store up any necessaries which the family had occasion for. These six spaces not taking up the whole circumference, what other apartments the outer circle had were thus ordered: as soon as you were in at the door of the outer circle, you had a short passage straight before you to the door of the inner house, but on either side was a wicker partition, and a door in it, by which you went, first, into a large room or store-house, twenty feet wide, and about thirty feet long, and through that into another not quite so long; so that in the outer circle were ten handsome rooms, six of which were only to be come at through the apartments of the inner tent, and served as closets or retiring rooms to the respective

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WILL ATKINS'S TENT.

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chambers of the inner circle; and four large warehouses or barns, or what you please to call them, which went in through one another, two on either hand of the passage that led through the outer door to the inner tent.

Such a piece of basket-work, I believe, was never seen in the world, nor a house or tent so neatly contrived, much less so built. In this great beehive lived the three families, that is to say, Will Atkins and his companion. The third was killed, but his wife remained with three children; for she was, it seems, big with child when he died. And the other two were not at all backward to give the widow her full share of everything, — I mean, as to their corn, milk, grapes, &c., and when they killed a kid, or found a turtle on the shore; so that they all lived well enough, though it was true they were not so industrious as the other two, as has been observed already.

One thing, however, cannot be omitted, namely, that as for religion, I don't know that there was anything of that kind among them. They pretty often, indeed, put one another in mind that there was a God, by the very common method of seamen, namely, swearing by his name. Nor were their poor ignorant savage wives much the better for having been married to Christians, as we must call them; for as they knew very little of God themselves, so they were utterly incapable of entering into any discourse with their wives about a God, or to talk anything to them concerning religion.

The utmost of all the improvements which I can say the wives had made from them was, that they had taught them to speak English pretty well; and all the children they had, which were near twenty in all, were taught to speak English too, from their first learning to speak, though they at first spoke it in a very broken manner, like their mothers. There were none of these children above six years old when I came thither, for it was not much above seven years that they had fetched these five savage ladies over: but they had all been pretty fruitful, for they had all children more or less; I think the cook's-mate's wife was big of her sixth child. And the mothers were all a good sort of well-governed, quiet, laborious women, modest and decent, helpful to one another; mighty observant and subject to their masters, I cannot call them husbands; and wanted nothing but to be well instructed in the Christian religion, and to be legally married; both which were happily brought about afterwards by my means, or, at least, in consequence of my coming among them.

Having thus given an account of the colony in general, and pretty much of my five runagate Englishmen, I must say something of the Spaniards, who were the main body of the family, and in whose story there are some incidents also remarkable enough.

I had a great many discourses with them about their circumstances when they were among the savages. They told me readily, that they had no instances to give of their application or ingenuity in that country; that they were a poor, miserable, dejected handful of people; that if means had been put into their hands, they had yet so abandoned themselves to despair, and so sunk under the weight of their misfortunes, that they thought of nothing but starving. One of them, a grave and very sensible man, told me he was convinced they were in the wrong; that it was not the part of wise men to give up themselves to their misery, but always to take hold of the helps which reason offered, as well for present support as for future deliverance. He told me that grief was the most senseless, insignificant passion in the world; for that it regarded only things past, which were generally impossible to be recalled or to be remedied, but had no view to things to come, and had no share in anything that looked like deliverance, but rather added to the affliction than proposed a remedy. And upon this he repeated a Spanish proverb, which though I cannot repeat in just the same words that he spoke in, yet I remember I made it into an English proverb of my own, thus: —

"In trouble to be troubled,
Is to have your trouble doubled."

He ran on then in remarks upon all the little improvements I had made in my solitude; my unwearied application, as he called it, and how I had made a condition which, in its circumstances, was at first much worse than theirs, a thousand times more happy than theirs was, even now, when they were all together. He told me it was remarkable that Englishmen had a greater presence of

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mind in their distress than any people that ever he met with; that their unhappy nation and the Portuguese were the worst men in the world to struggle with misfortunes, for their first step in danger, after the common efforts are over, was always to despair, lie down under it, and die, without rousing their thoughts up to proper remedies for escape.

I told him their case and mine differed exceedingly: that they were cast upon the shore without necessaries, without supply of food or of present sustenance till they could provide: that it is true I had this disadvantage and discomfort, that I was alone; but then the supplies I had providentially thrown into my hands by the unexpected driving of the ship on shore, were such a help as would have encouraged any creature in the world to have applied himself as I had done. "Seignior," says the Spaniard, "had we poor Spaniards been in your case, we should never have gotten half those things out of the ship, as you did; nay," says he, "we should never have found means to have gotten a raft to carry them, or to have gotten the raft on shore without boat or sail; and how much less should we have done," said he, "if any of us had been alone?" Well, I desired him to abate his compliment, and go on with the history of their coming on shore, where they landed. He told me they unhappily landed at a place where there were people without provisions; whereas, had they had the common sense to have put off to sea again, and gone to another island a little farther, they had found provisions, though without people; there being an island that way, as they had been told, where there were provisions, though no people; that is to say, that the Spaniards of Trinidad had frequently been there, and had filled the island with goats and hogs at several times; where they have bred in such multitudes, and where turtle and sea-fowls were in such plenty, that they could have been in no want of flesh, though they had found no bread; whereas here they were only sustained with a few roots and herbs which they understood not, and which had no substance in them, and which the inhabitants gave them sparingly enough, and who could treat them no better, unless they would turn cannibals, and eat men's flesh, which was the great dainty of their country.

They gave me an account how many ways they strove to civilize the savages they were with, and to teach them rational customs in the ordinary way of living, but in vain; and how they retorted it upon them as unjust, that they who came there for assistance and support should attempt to set up for instructors of those that gave them bread; intimating, it seems, that none should set up for the instructors of others but those who could live without them.

They gave me dismal accounts of the extremities they were driven to; how sometimes they were many days without any food at all; the island they were upon being inhabited by a sort of savages that lived more indolent, and for that reason were less supplied with the necessaries of life, than they had reason to believe others were in the same part of the world; and yet they found that these savages were less ravenous and voracious than those who had better supplies of food.

Also, they added, that they could not but see with what demonstrations of wisdom and goodness the governing providence of God directs the events of things in the world, which, they said, appeared in their circumstances: for if, pressed by the hardships they were under and the barrenness of the country where they were, they had searched after a better place to live in, they had then been out of the way of the relief that happened to them by my means.

Then they gave me an account how the savages whom they lived among expected them to go out with them into their wars. And it was true that, as they had fire-arms with them, had they not had the disaster to lose their ammunition, they should not have been serviceable only to their friends, but have made themselves terrible both to friends and enemies; but, being without powder and shot, and yet in a condition that they could not in reason deny to go out with their landlords to their wars, when they came into the field of battle they were in a worse condition than the savages themselves, for they neither had bows nor arrows, nor could they use those the savages gave them; so that they could do nothing but stand still and be wounded with arrows till they came up to the teeth of their enemy; and then, indeed, the three halberds they had were of use to them; and

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they would often drive a whole little army before them with those halberds and sharpened sticks put into the muzzles of their muskets. But that, for all this, they were sometimes surrounded with multitudes, and in great danger from their arrows, till at last they found the way to make themselves large targets of wood, which they covered with skins of wild beasts, whose names they knew not; and these covered them from the arrows of the savages; that, notwithstanding these, they were sometimes in great danger, and were once five of them knocked down together with the clubs of the savages; which was the time when one of them was taken prisoner, — that is to say, the Spaniard whom I had relieved, that at first they thought had been killed. But when afterwards they heard he was taken prisoner, they were under the greatest grief imaginable, and would willingly have ventured their lives to have rescued him.

They told me that when they were so knocked down, the rest of their company rescued them, and stood over them, fighting till they were come to themselves, all but him whom they thought had been dead; and then they made their way with their halberds and pieces, standing close together in a line, through a body of above a thousand savages, beating down all that came in their way, got the victory over their enemies, but to their great sorrow, because it was with the loss of their friend; whom the other party, finding him alive, carried off with some others, as I gave an account in my former.

They described most affectionately how they were surprised with joy at the return of their friend and companion in misery, whom they thought had been devoured by wild beasts of the worst kind, namely, by wild men; and yet how more and more they were surprised with the account he gave them of his errand, and that there was a Christian in any place near, much more one that was able, and had humanity enough, to contribute to their deliverance.

They described how they were astonished at the sight of the relief I sent them, and at the appearance of loaves of bread, things they had not seen since their coming to that miserable place; how often they crossed it and blessed it, as bread sent from Heaven; and what a reviving cordial it was to their spirits to taste it; as also of the other things I had sent for their supply. And, after all, they would have told me something of the joy they were in at the sight of a boat and pilots to carry them away to the person and place from whence all these new comforts came; but they told me it was impossible to express it by words, for their excessive joy naturally driving them to unbecoming extravagances, they had no way to describe them but by telling me that they bordered upon lunacy, having no way to give vent to their passion suitable to the sense that was upon them: that in some it worked one way and in some another; and that some of them, through a surprise of joy, would burst out into tears, others be stark mad, and others immediately faint. This discourse extremely affected me, and called to my mind Friday's ecstasy when he met his father; and the poor people's ecstasy when I took them up at sea, after their ship was on fire; the mate of the ship's joy when he found himself delivered in the place where he expected to perish; and my own joy when, after twenty-eight years' captivity, I found a good ship ready to carry me to my own country. All these things made me more sensible of the relation of those poor men, and more affected with it.

Having thus given a view of the state of things as I found them, I must relate the heads of what I did for these people, and the condition in which I left them. It was their opinion, and mine too, that they would be troubled no more with the savages; or that, if they were, they would be able to cut them off, if they were twice as many as before; so they had no concern about that. Then I entered into a serious discourse with the Spaniard, whom I call governor, about their stay in the island; for as I was not come to carry any of them off, so it would not be just to carry off some and leave others, who perhaps would be unwilling to stay if their strength was diminished.

On the other hand, I told them I came to establish them there, not to remove them; and then I let them know that I had brought with me relief of sundry kinds for them; that I had been at a great charge to supply them with all things necessary, as well for their convenience as their defence; and that I had such and such particular persons with

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me, as well to increase and recruit their number, as by the particular necessary employments which they were bred to, being artificers, to assist them in those things in which, at present, they were to seek.

They were all together when I talked thus to them; and before I delivered to them the stores I had brought, I asked them one by one if they had entirely forgot and buried the first animosities that had been among them, and would shake hands with one another, and engage in a strict friendship and union of interest, that so there might be no more misunderstandings or jealousies.

William Atkins, with abundance of frankness and good-humor, said they had met with afflictions enough to make them all sober, and enemies enough to make them all friends; that, for his part, he would live and die with them; and was so far from designing anything against the Spaniards, that he owned they had done nothing to him but what his own mad humors made necessary, and what he would have done, and perhaps much worse, in their case; and that he would ask them pardon, if I desired it, for the foolish and brutish things he had done to them; and was very willing and desirous of living in terms of entire friendship and union with them; and would do anything that lay in his power to convince them of it: and as for going to England, he cared not if he did not go thither these twenty years.

The Spaniards said they had indeed at first disarmed and excluded William Atkins and his two countrymen for their ill conduct, as they had let me know; and they appealed to me for the necessity they were under to do so; but that William Atkins had behaved himself so bravely in the great fight they had with the savages, and on several occasions since, and had shown himself so faithful to and concerned for the general interest of them all, that they had forgotten all that was past, and thought he merited as much to be trusted with arms and to be supplied with necessaries as any of them; and that they had testified their satisfaction in him by committing the command to him, next to the governor himself. And as they had an entire confidence in him and all his countrymen, so they acknowledged that they had merited that confidence by all the methods that honest men could merit to be valued and trusted; and they most heartily embraced the occasion of giving me this assurance, that they would never have any interest separate from one another.

Upon these frank and open declarations of friendship, we appointed the next day to dine all together; and indeed we made a splendid feast. I caused the ship's cook and his mate to come on shore and dress our dinner, and the old cook's-mate we had on shore assisted. We brought on shore six pieces of good beef and four pieces of pork out of the ship's provision, with our punch-bowl and materials to fill it; and, in particular, gave them ten bottles of French claret, and ten bottles of English beer, — things that neither the Spaniards nor the Englishmen had tasted for many years; and which, it may be supposed, they were exceeding glad of.

The Spaniards added to our feast five whole kids, which the cooks roasted; and three of them were sent, covered up close, on board the ship to the seamen, that they might feast on fresh meat from on shore, as we did with their salt meat from on board.

After this feast, at which we were very innocently merry, I brought out my cargo of goods, wherein, that there might be no dispute about dividing, I showed them that there was sufficient for them all; and desired that they might all take an equal quantity of the goods that were for wearing, — that is to say, equal when made up; as, first, I distributed linen sufficient to make every one of them four shirts, and at the Spaniard's request afterwards made them up six. These were exceeding comfortable to them, having been what, as I may say, they had long since forgot the use of, or what it was to wear them.

I allotted the thin English stuffs which I mentioned before to make every one a light coat, like a frock, which I judged fittest for the heat of the season, cool and loose; and ordered that whenever they decayed they should make more as they thought fit. The like for pumps, shoes, stockings, and hats, &c.

I cannot express what pleasure, what satisfaction, sat upon the countenances of all these poor men when they saw the care I had taken of them, and how well I had furnished them. They told me I was a father to them, and that, having such a cor-

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respondent as I was in so remote a part of the world, it would make them forget that they were left in a desolate place; and they all voluntarily engaged to me not to leave the place without my consent.

Then I presented to them the people I had brought with me, particularly the tailor, the smith, and the two carpenters, — all of them most necessary people; but, above all, my general artificer, than whom they could not name anything that was more useful to them. And the tailor, to show his concern for them, went to work immediately, and, with my leave, made them every one a shirt the first thing he did; and which was still more, he taught the women, not only how to sew and stitch, and use the needle, but made them assist to make the shirts for their husbands and for all the rest.

As to the carpenters, I scarce need mention how useful they were, for they took in pieces all my clumsy, unhandy things, and made them clever, convenient tables, stools, bedsteads, cupboards, lockers, shelves, and everything they wanted of that kind.

But, to let them see how Nature made artificers, at first, I carried the carpenters to see Will Atkins's basket-house, as I called it; and they both owned they never saw an instance of such natural ingenuity before, nor anything so regular and so handily built, at least of its kind. And one of them, when he saw it, after musing a good while, turning about to me, "I am sure," says he, "that man has no need of us; you need do nothing but give him tools."

Then I brought them out all my store of tools, and gave every man a digging-spade, a shovel, and a rake, for we had no harrows or ploughs; and to every separate place a pick-axe, crow, a broad-axe, and a saw, always appointing that, as often as any were broken or worn out, they should be supplied without grudging out of the general stores that I left behind.

Nails, staples, hinges, hammers, chisels, knives, scissors, and all sorts of tools and iron-work, they had without tale as they required; for no man would care to take more than they wanted, and he must be a fool that would waste or spoil them on any account whatever. And for the use of the smith, I left two ton of unwrought iron for a supply.

My magazine of powder and arms, which I brought them, was such, even to profusion, that they could not but rejoice at them; for now they could march as I used to do, with a musket upon each shoulder, if there was occasion; and were able to fight a thousand savages, if they had but some little advantages of situation, which also they could not miss of if they had occasion.

I carried on shore with me the young man whose mother was starved to death, and the maid also. She was a sober, well-educated, religious young woman, and behaved so inoffensively that every one gave her a good word. She had, indeed, an unhappy life with us, there being no woman in the ship but herself; but she bore it with patience. After a while, seeing things so well ordered, and in so fine a way of thriving upon my island, and considering that they had neither business nor acquaintance in the East Indies, or reason for taking so long a voyage, — I say, considering all this, both of them came to me, and desired I would give them leave to remain on the island, and be entered among my family, as they called it.

I agreed to it readily, and they had a little plat of ground allotted to them, where they had three tents or houses set up, surrounded with a basket-work, palisadoed like Atkins's, adjoining to his plantation. Their tents were contrived so that they had each of them a room apart to lodge in, and a middle tent like a great storehouse to lay all their goods in, and to eat and drink in. And now the other two Englishmen removed their habitation to the same place, and so the island was divided into three colonies, and no more, namely, the Spaniards, with old Friday and the first servants, at my old habitation under the hill, which was, in a word, the capital city; and where they had so enlarged and extended their works, as well under as on the outside of hill, that they lived, though perfectly concealed, yet full at large. Never was there such a little city in a wood, and so hid, I believe, in any part of the world; for I verily believe a thousand men might have ranged the island a month, and if they had not known there was such a thing, and looked on purpose for it, they would not have found it; for the trees stood so thick and so close, and grew so fast matted into one another, that nothing but cutting them down first

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could discover the place; except the only two narrow entrances, where they went in and out, could be found, which was not very easy. One of them was just down at the water-edge of the creek, and it was afterwards above two hundred yards to the place; and the other was up the ladder at twice. as I have already formerly described it; and they had a large wood, thick planted also, on the top of the hill, which contained above an acre, which grew apace and covered the place from all discovery there, with only one narrow place between two trees, not easy to be discovered, to enter on that side.

The other colony was that of Will Atkins, where there were four families of Englishmen, — I mean those I had left there, — with their wives and children; three savages that were slaves; the widow and children of the Englishman that was killed; the young man and the maid; and, by the way, we made a wife of her also before we went away. There were also the two carpenters and the tailor, whom I had brought with me for them; also the smith, who was a very necessary man to them, especially as a gunsmith, to take care of their arms; and my other man, whom I called Jack-of-all-trades, who was in himself as good almost as twenty men, for he was not only a very ingenious fellow, but a very merry fellow; and before I went away we married him to the honest maid that came with the youth in the ship I mentioned before.

And now I speak of marrying, it brings me naturally to say something of the French ecclesiastic that I had brought with me out of the ship's crew whom I took up at sea. It is true, this man was a Roman, and perhaps it may give offence to some hereafter if I leave anything extraordinary upon record of a man whom, before I begin, I must (to set him out in just colors) represent in terms very much to his disadvantage in the account of Protestants; as, *first*, that he was a Papist; *secondly*, a Popish priest; and, *thirdly*, a French Popish priest.

But justice demands of me to give him a due character; and I must say he was a grave, sober, pious, and most religious person, exact in his life, extensive in his charity, and exemplary in almost everything he did. What, then, can any one say against my being very sensible of the value of such a man, notwithstanding his profession, though it may be my opinion, perhaps, as well as the opinion of others who shall read this, that he was mistaken?

The first hour that I began to converse with him after he had agreed to go with me to the East Indies, I found reason to delight exceedingly in his conversation. And he first began with me about religion in the most obliging manner imaginable.

"Sir," says he, "you have not only, under God" (and at that he crossed his breast), "saved my life, but you have admitted me to go this voyage in your ship, and, by your obliging civility, have taken me into your family, giving me an opportunity of free conversation. Now, sir," says he, "you see by my habit what my profession is, and I guess by your nation what yours is. I may think it is my duty, and doubtless it is so, to use my utmost endeavors on all occasions to bring all the souls I can to the knowledge of the truth, and to embrace the Catholic doctrine; but as I am here under your permission, and in your family, I am bound, in justice to your kindness, as well as in decency and good manners, to be under your government; and therefore I shall not, without your leave, enter into any debates on the point of religion in which we may not agree, farther than you shall give me leave."

I told him his carriage was so modest that I could not but acknowledge it; that it was true we were such people as they called heretics, but that he was not the first Catholic that I had conversed with without falling into any inconveniences, or carrying the questions into any height in debate; that he should not find himself the worse used for being of a different opinion from us, and if we did not converse without any dislike on either side upon that score, it should be his fault, not ours.

He replied that he thought all our conversation might be easily separated from disputes; that it was not his business to cap principles with every man he discoursed with; and that he rather desired me to converse with him as a gentleman than as a *religieuse:* that if I would give him leave at any time to discourse upon religious subjects, he would readily comply with it; and that then he did not doubt but I would

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allow him also to defend his own opinions as well as he could; but that, without my leave, he would not break in upon me with any such thing.

He told me further that he would not cease to do all that became him in his office as a priest, as well as a private Christian, to procure the good of the ship and the safety of all that was in her; and though, perhaps, we would not join with him, and he could not pray *with* us, he hoped he might pray *for* us, which he would do upon all occasions. In this manner we conversed; and as he was of a most obliging, gentleman-like behavior, so he was, if I may be allowed to say so, a man of good sense and, as I believe, of great learning.

He gave me a most diverting account of his life, and of the many extraordinary events of it; of many adventures which had befallen him in the few years that he had been abroad in the world; and particularly this was very remarkable, namely, that in the voyage he was now engaged, he had had the misfortune to be five times shipped and unshipped, and never to go to the place whither any of the ships he was in were at first designed. That his first intent was to have gone to Martinique, and that he went on board a ship bound thither at St. Malo, but, being forced into Lisbon by bad weather, the ship received some damage by running aground in the mouth of the river Tagus, and was obliged to unload her cargo there: that, finding a Portuguese ship there bound to the Madeiras, and ready to sail, and supposing he should easily meet with a vessel there bound to Martinique, he went on board in order to sail to the Madeiras; but the master of the Portuguese ship, being but an indifferent mariner, had been out in his reckoning, and they drove to Fial, where, however, he happened to find a very good market for his cargo, which was corn, and therefore resolved not to go to the Madeiras, but to load salt at the Isle of May, and go away to Newfoundland. He had no remedy in this exigence but to go with the ship, and had a pretty good voyage as far as the Banks (so they call the place where they catch the fish), where, meeting with a French ship bound from France to Quebec, in the river of Canada, and from thence to Martinique, to carry provisions, he thought he should have an opportunity to complete his first design; but when he came to Quebec the master of the ship died, and the ship proceeded no farther: so the next voyage he shipped himself for France in the ship that was burned when we took them up at sea, and then shipped with us for the East Indies, as I have already said. Thus he had been disappointed in five voyages, all, as I may call it, in one voyage, besides what I shall have occasion to mention further of the same person.

But I shall not make digressions into other men's stories which have no relation to my own. I return to what concerns our affair in the island. He came to me one morning, for he lodged among us all the while we were upon the island, and it happened to be just when I was going to visit the Englishmen's colony at the farthest part of the island, — I say he came to me, and told me, with a very grave countenance, that he had for two or three days desired an opportunity of some discourse with me, which he hoped would not be displeasing to me, because he thought it might in some measure correspond with my general design, which was the prosperity of my new colony, and perhaps might put it, at least more than he yet thought it was, in the way of God's blessing.

I looked a little surprised at the last part of his discourse, and, turning a little short, "How, sir," said I, "can it be said that we are not in the way of God's blessing, after such visible assistances and wonderful deliverances as we have seen here, and of which I have given you a large account?"

"If you had pleased, sir," said he, with a world of modesty, and yet with great readiness, "to have heard me, you would have found no room to have been displeased, much less to think so hard of me that I should suggest that you have not had wonderful assistances and deliverances; and I hope, on your behalf, that you are in the way of God's blessing, and your design is exceeding good, and will prosper. But, sir, though it were more so than is even possible to you, yet there may be some among you that are not equally right in their actions. And you know that in the story of the children of Israel, one Achan in the camp removed God's blessing from them, and turned his hand so against them, that six-and-thirty of them, though not concerned in the crime,

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were the objects of Divine vengeance, and bore the weight of that punishment."

I was sensibly touched with his discourse, and told him his inference was so just, and the whole design seemed so sincere, and was really so religious in its own nature, that I was very sorry I had interrupted him, and begged him to go on; and in the mean time, because it seemed that what we had both to say might take up some time, I told him I was going to the Englishmen's plantations, and asked him to go with me, and we might discourse of it by the way. He told me he would more willingly wait on me thither, because there, partly, the thing was acted which he desired to speak to me about; so we walked on, and I pressed him to be free and plain with me in what he had to say.

"Why, then, sir," says he, "be pleased to give me leave to lay down a few propositions as the foundation of what I have to say, that we may not differ in the general principles, though we may be of some differing opinions in the practice of particulars. First, sir, though we differ in some of the doctrinal articles of religion, — and it is very unhappy that it is so, especially in the case before us, as I shall show afterwards, — yet there are some general principles in which we both agree, namely, first, that there is a God, and that this God having given us some stated general rules for our service and obedience, we ought not willingly and knowingly to offend him, either by neglecting to do what he has commanded, or by doing what he has expressly forbidden. And let our different religions be what they will, this general principle is readily owned by us all, that the blessing of God does not ordinarily follow a presumptuous sinning against his command; and every good Christian will be affectionately concerned to prevent any that are under his care living in a total neglect of God and his commands. It is not your men being Protestants, whatever my opinion may be of such, that discharges me from being concerned for their souls, and from endeavoring, if it lies before me, that they should live in as little distance from and enmity with their Maker as possible, especially if you give me leave to meddle so far in your circuit."

I could not yet imagine what he aimed at, and told him I granted all he had said, and thanked him that he would so far concern himself for us; and begged he would explain the particulars of what he had observed, that, like Joshua, to take his own parable, I might put away the accursed thing from us.

"Why, then, sir," says he, "I will take the liberty you give me; and there are three things which, if I am right, must stand in the way of God's blessing upon your endeavors here, and which I should rejoice for your sake and their own to see removed. And, sir," says he, "I promise myself that you will fully agree with me in them all as soon as I name them; especially because I shall convince you that every one of them may, with great ease, and very much to your satisfaction, be remedied."

He gave me no leave to put in any more civilities, but went on. "First, sir," says he, "you have here four Englishmen, who have fetched women from among the savages, and have taken them as their wives, and have had many children by them all, and yet are not married to them after any stated legal manner, as the laws of God and man require; and therefore are yet, in the sense of both, no less than adulterers, and living in adultery. To this, sir," says he, "I know you will object, that there was no clergyman or priest of any kind or of any profession to perform the ceremony; nor any pen and ink or paper to write down a contract of marriage and have it signed between them. And I know, also, sir, what the Spaniard governor has told you; I mean of the agreement that he obliged them to make when they took these women, namely, that they should choose them out by consent, and keep separately to them; which, by the way, is nothing of a marriage, no agreement with the women as wives, but only an agreement among themselves, to keep them from quarrelling.

"But, sir, the essence of the sacrament of matrimony" (so he called it, being a Roman) "consists not only in the mutual consent of the parties to take one another as man and wife, but in the formal and legal obligation that there is in the contract to compel the man and woman at all times to own and acknowledge each other; obliging the men to abstain from all other women, to engage in no other contract while these subsist, and

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on all occasions, as ability allows, to provide honestly for them and their children; and to oblige the women to the same, or like conditions, *mutatis mutandis*, on their side.

"Now, sir," says he, "these men may, when they please, or when occasion presents, abandon these women, disown their children, leave them to perish, and take other women and marry them whilst these are living." And here he added, with some warmth, "How, sir, is God honored in this unlawful liberty? and how shall a blessing succeed your endeavors in this place, however good in themselves, and however sincere in your design, while these men, who at present are your subjects, under your absolute government and dominion, are allowed by you to live in open adultery?"

I confess I was struck at the thing itself, but much more with the convincing arguments he supported it with; for it was certainly true, that though they had no clergyman upon the spot, yet a formal contract on both sides, made before witnesses, and confirmed by any token which they had all agreed to be bound by, though it had been but breaking a stick between them, engaging the men to own these women for their wives upon all occasions, and never to abandon them or their children, and the women to the same with their husbands, had been an effectual lawful marriage in the sight of God; and it was a great neglect that it was not done.

But I thought to have gotten off with my young priest by telling him that all that part was done when I was not here; and they had lived so many years with them now that if it was an adultery it was past remedy; they could do nothing in it now.

"Sir," says he, "asking your pardon for such freedom, you are right in this, that, it being done in your absence, you could not be charged with that part of the crime. But, I beseech you, flatter not yourself that you are not therefore under an obligation to do your utmost now to put an end to it. How can you think but that, let the time past lie on whom it will, all the guilt for the future will lie entirely upon you? Because it is certainly in your power now to put an end to it, and in nobody's power but yours."

I was so dull still that I did not take him right; but I imagined that by putting an end to it he meant that I should part them, and not suffer them to live together any longer. And I said to him, "I could not do this by any means, for that it would put the whole island into confusion." He seemed surprised that I should so far mistake him. "No, sir," says he, "I do not mean that you should now separate them, but legally and effectually marry them now. And as, sir, my way of marrying them may not be so easy to reconcile them to, though it will be as effectual, even by your own laws, so your way may be as well before God, and as valid among men; I mean by a written contract, signed by both man and woman, and by all the witnesses present, which all the laws of Europe would decree to be valid."

I was amazed to see so much true piety and so much sincerity of zeal, besides the unusual impartiality in his discourse as to his own party or church, and such true warmth for the preserving people that he had no knowledge of, or relation to, — I say, for preserving them from transgressing the laws of God, the like of which I had indeed not met with anywhere. But, recollecting what he had said of marrying them by a written contract, which I knew would stand too, I returned it back upon him, and told him I granted all that he had said to be just, and on his part very kind; that I would discourse with the men upon the point now, when I came to them. And I knew no reason why they should scruple to let him marry them all, which I knew well enough would be granted to be as authentic and valid in England as if they were married by one of our own clergymen. What was afterwards done in this matter I shall speak of by itself.

I then pressed him to tell me what was the second complaint which he had to make, acknowledging that I was very much his debtor for the first, and thanked him heartily for it. He told me he would use the same freedom and plainness in the second, and hoped I would take it as well. And this was, that, notwithstanding these English subjects of mine, as he called them, had lived with those women for almost seven years, had taught them to speak English, and even to read it, and that they were, as he perceived, women of tolerable understanding and capable of instruction, yet they had not to this hour taught them anything of the

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Christian religion, no, not so much as to know that there was a God, or a worship, or in what manner God was to be served, or that their own idolatry, and worshipping they knew not whom, was false and absurd.

This, he said, was an unaccountable neglect, and what God would certainly call them to account for, and perhaps at last take the work out of their hands. He spoke this very affectionately and warmly. "I am persuaded," says he, "had those men lived in the savage country whence their wives came, the savages would have taken more pains to have brought them to be idolaters, and to worship the Devil, than any of these men," so far as he could see, "had taken with them to teach them the knowledge of the true God. Now, sir," said he, "though I do not acknowledge your religion, or you mine, yet we should be glad to see the Devil's servants, and the subjects of his kingdom, taught to know the general principles of the Christian religion; that they might, at least, hear of God and of a Redeemer, and of the resurrection, and of a future state, — things which we all believe; they had at least been so much nearer coming into the bosom of the true Church than they are now in the public profession of idolatry and devil-worship."

I could hold no longer; I took him in my arms, and embraced him with an excess of passion. "How far," said I to him, "have I been from understanding the most essential part of a Christian, namely, to love the interest of the Christian Church, and the good of other men's souls! I scarce have known what belongs to being a Christian." "O sir, do not say so," replied he; "this thing is not your fault." "No," says I; "but why did I never lay it to heart as well as you?" "'T is not too late yet," said he; "be not too forward to condemn yourself." "But what can be done now?" said I; "you see I am going away." "Will you give me leave," said he, "to talk with these poor men about it?" "Yes, with all my heart," said I; "and I will oblige them to give heed to what you say, too." "As to that," said he, "we must leave them to the mercy of Christ; but it is our business to assist them, encourage them, and instruct them; and if you will give me leave, and God his blessing, I do not doubt but the poor ignorant souls shall be brought home into the great circle of Christianity, into the particular faith that we all embrace, and that even while you stay here." Upon this, I said, "I shall not only give you leave, but give you a thousand thanks for it." What followed on this account I shall mention also again in its place.

I now pressed him for the third article in which we were to blame. "Why, really," says he, "it is of the same nature; and I will proceed, asking your leave, with the same plainness as before. It is about your poor savages, who are, as I may say, your conquered subjects. It is a maxim, sir, that is, or ought to be, received among all Christians, of what church or pretended church soever, namely, 'The Christian knowledge ought to be propagated by all possible means and on all possible occasions.' 'T is on this principle that our Church sends missionaries into Persia, India, and China; and that our clergy, even of the superior sort, willingly engage in the most hazardous voyages and the most dangerous residence among murderers and barbarians, to teach them the knowledge of the true God, and to bring them over to embrace the Christian faith. Now, sir, you have such an opportunity here to have six or seven and thirty poor savages brought over from idolatry to the knowledge of God their Maker and Redeemer, that I wonder how you can pass such an occasion of doing good, which is really worth the expense of a man's whole life."

I was now struck dumb indeed, and had not one word to say. I had here a spirit of true Christian zeal for God and religion before me, let his particular principles be of what kind soever. As for me, I had not so much as entertained a thought of this in my heart before, and I believe should not have thought of it; for I looked upon those savages as slaves, and people whom, had we had any work for them to do, we would have used as such, or would have been glad to have transported them to any other part of the world; for our business was to get rid of them, and we would all have been satisfied if they had been sent to any country, so they had never seen their own. But to the case. I say I was confounded at his discourse, and knew not what answer to make him. He looked earnestly at me, seeing me in some disorder. "Sir," says he, "I shall be very sorry

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if what I have said gives you any offence." "No, no," says I, "I am offended with nobody but myself; but I am perfectly confounded, not only to think that I should never take any notice of this before, but with reflecting what notice I am able to take of it now. You know, sir," said I, "what circumstances I am in. I am bound to the East Indies, in a ship freighted by merchants, and to whom it would be an unsufferable piece of injustice to detain their ship here, the men lying all this while at victuals and wages upon the owners' account. It is true I agreed to be allowed twelve days here, and if I stay more I must pay £3 sterling per diem demurrage, nor can I stay upon demurrage above eight days more, and I have been here thirteen days already; so that I am perfectly unable to engage in this work, unless I would suffer myself to be left behind here again; in which case, if this single ship should miscarry in any part of her voyage, I should be just in the same condition that I was left in here at first, and from which I have been so wonderfully delivered."

He owned the case was very hard upon me as to my voyage, but laid it home upon my conscience whether the blessing of saving seven-and-thirty souls was not worth my venturing all I had in the world for? I was not so sensible of that as he was. I returned upon him thus: "Why, sir, it is a valuable thing, indeed, to be an instrument in God's hand to convert seven-and-thirty heathens to the knowledge of Christ, but as you are an ecclesiastic, and are given over to the work, so that it seems so naturally to fall into the way of your profession, how is it that you do not rather offer yourself to undertake it than press me to it?"

Upon this he faced about, just before me, as we walked along, and putting me to a full stop, made me a very low bow. "I most heartily thank God and you, sir," says he, "for giving me so evident a call to so blessed a work; and if you think yourself discharged from it, and desire me to undertake it, I will most readily do it, and think it a happy reward for all the hazards and difficulties of such a broken, disappointed voyage as I have met with, that I may be dropped at last into so glorious a work."

I discovered a kind of rapture in his face while he spoke this to me; his eyes sparkled like fire, his face glowed, and his color came and went, as if he had been falling into fits. In a word, he was fired with the joy of being embarked in such a work. I paused a considerable while before I could tell what to say to him, for I was really surprised to find a man of such sincerity and zeal, and carried out in his zeal beyond the ordinary rate of men, not of his profession only, but even of any profession whatsoever. But, after I had considered it awhile, I asked him seriously if he was in earnest, and that he would venture, on the single consideration of any attempt on those poor people, to be locked up in an unplanted island for, perhaps, his life, and at last might not know whether he should be able to do them any good or not.

He turned short upon me, and asked me what I called a venture. "Pray, sir," said he, "what do you think I consented to go in your ship to the East Indies for?" "Nay," said I, "that I know not, unless it was to preach to the Indians." "Doubtless it was," said he; "and do you think, if I can convert these seven-and-thirty men to the faith of Christ, it is not worth my time, though I shall never be fetched off the island again? nay, is it not infinitely of more worth to save so many souls than my life is, or the life of twenty more of the same profession? Yes, sir," says he, "I would give Christ and the Blessed Virgin thanks all my days if I could be made the least happy instrument of saving the souls of these poor men, though I was never to set my foot off this island, or see my native country any more. But since you will honor me," says he, "with putting me into this work (for which I will pray for you all the days of my life), I have one humble petition to you," said he, "besides." "What is that?" said I. "Why," says he, "it is that you will leave your man Friday with me, to be my interpreter to them, and to assist me; for without some help I cannot speak to them or they to me."

I was sensibly troubled at his requesting Friday, because I could not think of parting with him, and that for many reasons. He had been the companion of my travels; he was not only faithful to me, but sincerely affectionate to the last degree, and I had resolved to do something considerable for him if he outlived me, as it was probable he would. Then I knew that, as I had bred

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Friday up to be a Protestant, it would quite confound him to bring him to embrace another profession; and he would never, while his eyes were open, believe that his old master was a heretic, and would be damned; and this might in the end ruin the poor fellow's principles, and so turn him to his first idolatry.

However, a sudden thought relieved me in this strait, and it was this: I told him I could not say that I was willing to part with Friday on any account whatever, though a work that to him was of more value than his life ought to be to me of much more value than the keeping or parting with a servant. But, on the other hand, I was persuaded that Friday would by no means consent to part with me, and I could not force him to it without his consent, without manifest injustice, because I had promised and engaged him to me that he would never leave me unless I put him away.

He seemed very much concerned at it, for he had no rational access to these poor people, seeing he did not understand one word of their language nor they one word of his. To remove this difficulty, I told him Friday's father had learned Spanish, which I found he also understood, and he should serve him for an interpreter. So he was much better satisfied, and nothing could persuade him but he would stay to endeavor to convert them; but Providence gave another and very happy turn to all this.

I come back now to the first part of his objections. When we came to the Englishmen, I sent for them all together, and after some account given them of what I had done for them, namely, what necessary things I had provided for them, and how they were distributed, which they were very sensible of and very thankful for, I began to talk to them of the scandalous life they led, and gave them a full account of the notice the clergyman had already taken of it, and arguing how unchristian and irreligious a life it was. I first asked them if they were married men or bachelors. They soon explained their condition to me, and showed me that two of them were widowers, and the other three were single men or bachelors. I asked them with what consciences they could take these women and lie with them, as they had done, call them their wives, and have so many children by them, and not be married lawfully to them?

They all gave me the answer that I expected, namely, that there was nobody to marry them; that they agreed before the governor to keep them as their wives, and to maintain them and own them as their wives; and they thought, as things stood with them, they were as legally married as if they had been married by a parson, and with all the formalities in the world.

I told them that no doubt they were married in the sight of God, and were bound in conscience to keep them as their wives, but that the laws of men being otherwise, they might pretend they were not married, and so desert the poor women and children hereafter; and that their wives, being poor desolate women, friendless and moneyless, would have no way to help themselves. I therefore told them that, unless I was assured of their honest intent, I could do nothing for them, but would take care that what I did should be for the women and their children without them; and that unless they would give some assurances that they would marry the women, I could not think it was convenient they should continue together as man and wife, for that it was both scandalous to men and offensive to God, who they could not think would bless them if they went on thus.

All this went on as I expected, and they told me, especially Will Atkins, who seemed now to speak for the rest, that they loved their wives as well as if they had been born in their own native country, and would not leave them upon any account whatever; and they did verily believe their wives were as virtuous and as modest, and did, to the utmost of their skill, as much for them and for their children as any women could possibly do, and they would not part with them on any account. And Will Atkins, for his own particular, added, if any man would take him away, and offer to carry him home to England, and make him captain of the best man-of-war in the navy, he would not go with him if he might not carry his wife and children with him; and if there was a clergyman in the ship, he would be married to her now with all his heart.

This was just as I would have it. The priest was not with me at that moment, but was not far off; so, to try him farther, I told

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him I had a clergyman with me, and if he was sincere I would have him married the next morning, and bid him consider of it, and talk with the rest. He said, as for himself, he need not consider of it at all, for he was very ready to do it, and was glad I had a minister with me; and he believed they would be all willing also. I then told him that my friend the minister was a Frenchman, and could not speak English, but that I would act the clerk between them. He never so much as asked me whether he was Papist or Protestant, which was indeed what I was afraid of. But, I say, they never inquired about it. So we parted; I went back to my clergyman, and Will Atkins went in to talk with his companions. I desired the French gentleman not to say anything to them till the business was thorough ripe, and I told him what answer the men had given me.

Before I went from their quarter, they all came to me and told me they had been considering what I had said: that they were very glad to hear I had a clergyman in my company, and they were very willing to give me the satisfaction I desired, and to be formally married as soon as I pleased; for they were far from desiring to part with their wives, and that they meant nothing but what was very honest when they chose them. So I appointed them to meet me the next morning, and that in the mean time they should let their wives know the meaning of the marriage law; and that it was not only to prevent any scandal, but also to oblige them that they should not forsake them, whatever might happen.

The women were easily made sensible of the meaning of the thing, and were very well satisfied with it, as indeed they had reason to be. So they failed not to attend all together at my apartment the next morning, where I brought out my clergyman; and though he had not on a minister's gown, after the manner of England, or the habit of a priest, after the manner of France, yet having a black vest something like a cassock, with a sash round it, he did not look very unlike a minister; and as for his language, I was his interpreter.

But the seriousness of his behavior to them, and the scruples he made of marrying the women because they were not baptized and professed Christians, gave them an exceeding reverence for his person; and there was no need after that to inquire whether he was a clergyman or no.

Indeed, I was afraid his scruple would have been carried so far as that he would not have married them at all; nay, notwithstanding all I was able to say to him, he resisted me, though modestly, yet very steadily, and at last refused absolutely to marry them, unless he had first talked with the men and the women too; and though at first I was a little backward to it, yet at last I agreed to it with a good will, perceiving the sincerity of his design.

When he came to them, he let them know that I had acquainted him with their circumstances and with the present design; that he was very willing to perform that part of his function, and marry them as I had desired: but that before he could do it, he must take the liberty to talk with them. He told them, that in the sight of all indifferent men, and in the sense of the laws of society, they had lived all this while in an open adultery; and that it was true that nothing but the consenting to marry, or effectually separating them from one another now, could put an end to it; but there was a difficulty in it, too, with respect to the laws of Christian matrimony, which he was not fully satisfied about, namely, that of marrying one that is a professed Christian to a savage, an idolater, and a heathen, one that is not baptized; and yet that he did not see that there was time left for it to endeavor to persuade the women to be baptized, or to profess the name of Christ, whom they had, he doubted, heard nothing of, and without which they could not be baptized.

He told them he doubted they were but indifferent Christians themselves; that they had but little knowledge of God or of his ways; and therefore he could not expect that they had said much to their wives on that head yet; but that unless they would promise him to use their endeavor with their wives to persuade them to become Christians, and would, as well as they could, instruct them in the knowledge and belief of God that made them, and to worship Jesus Christ that redeemed them, he could not marry them; for he would have no hand in joining Christians with savages; nor was it consist-

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ent with the principles of the Christian religion; and was, indeed, expressly forbidden in God's law.

They heard all this very attentively, and I delivered it very faithfully to them from his mouth, as near his own words as I could; only sometimes adding something of my own to convince them how just it was, and how I was of his mind; and I always very faithfully distinguished between what I said for myself and what were the clergyman's words. They told me it was very true what the gentleman had said, that they were but very indifferent Christians themselves, and that they never talked to their wives about religion. "Lord! sir," says Will Atkins, "how should we teach them religion? Why, we know nothing ourselves; and besides, sir," said he, "should we go to talk to them of God and Jesus Christ, and heaven and hell, 't would be to make them laugh at us, and ask us what we believe ourselves. And if we should tell them we believe all the things that we speak of to them, — such as of good people going to heaven, and wicked people to the devil, — they would ask us where we intend to go ourselves, that believe all this and are such wicked fellows, as we indeed are. Why, sir, 't is enough to give them a surfeit of religion at first hearing. Folks must have some religion themselves before they pretend to teach other people." "Will Atkins," said I to him, "though I am afraid what you say has too much truth in it, yet can you not tell your wife that she 's in the wrong, — that there is a God and a religion better than her own, that her gods are idols, that they can neither hear nor speak; that there is a great Being that made all things, and that can destroy all that he has made; that he rewards the good and punishes the bad; and that we are to be judged by him at last for all we do here? You are not so ignorant but even nature itself will teach you that all this is true; and I am satisfied you know it all to be true, and believe it yourself."

"That 's true, sir," said Atkins; "but with what face can I say anything to my wife of all this, when she will tell me immediately it cannot be true?"

"Not true!" said I; "what do you mean by that?" "Why, sir," said he, "she will tell me it cannot be true that this God I shall tell her of can be just, or can punish or reward, since I am not punished and sent to the devil, that have been such a wicked creature as she knows I have been, even to her and to everybody else; and that I should be suffered to live that have been always acting so contrary to what I must tell her is good, and to what I ought to have done."

"Why, truly, Atkins," said I, "I am afraid thou speakest too much truth." And with that I let the clergyman know what Atkins had said, for he was impatient to know. "O," said the priest, "tell him there is one thing will make him the best minister in the world to his wife, and that is repentance; for none teach repentance like true penitents. He wants nothing but to repent, and then he will be so much the better qualified to instruct his wife. He will then be able to tell her that there is not only a God, and that he is the just Rewarder of good and evil, but that he is a merciful Being, and with infinite goodness and long-suffering forbears to punish those that offend, waiting to be gracious, and willing not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should return and live: that he oftentimes suffers wicked men to go on a long time, and even reserves damnation to the general day of retribution; that it is a clear evidence of God and of a future state, that righteous men receive not their reward, nor wicked men their punishment, until they come into another world; and this will lead him to teach his wife the doctrine of the resurrection and of the last judgment. Let him but repent for himself, he will be an excellent preacher of repentance to his wife."

I repeated all this to Atkins, who looked very serious all the while, and who, we could easily perceive, was more than ordinarily affected with it; when, being eager, and hardly suffering me to make an end, "I know all this, master," says he, "and a great deal more; but I han't the impudence to talk thus to my wife, when God and my own conscience knows, and my wife will be an undeniable evidence against me, that I have lived as if I had never heard of a God or future state, or anything about it. And to talk of my repenting, — alas!" (and with that he fetched a deep sigh, and I could see that tears stood in his eyes) "'t is past all that with me." "Past it, Atkins!" said I; "what dost thou mean by that?" "I know

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well enough what I mean," says he; "I mean 't is too late, and that is too true."

I told my clergyman word for word what he said. The poor zealous priest (I must call him so; for, be his opinion what it will, he had certainly a most singular affection for the good of other men's souls, and it would be hard to think he had not the like for his own), — I say, this zealous, affectionate man could not refrain tears also. But recovering himself, he said to me, "Ask him but one question, — Is he easy that it is too late, or is he troubled, and wishes it were not so?" I put the question fairly to Atkins, and he answered with a great deal of passion, "How could any man be easy in a condition that certainly must end in eternal destruction? that he was far from being easy, but that, on the contrary, he believed it would one time or other ruin him."

"What do you mean by that?" said I. Why, he said, he believed he should, one time or other, cut his throat to put an end to the terror of it.

The clergyman shook his head with a great concern in his face when I told him all this. But, turning quick to me upon it, says he, "If that be his case, you may assure him that it is not too late; Christ will give him repentance. But pray," says he, "explain this to him, that as no man is saved but by Christ and the merits of his passion procuring Divine mercy for him, how can it be too late for any man to receive mercy? Does he think he is able to sin beyond the power or reach of Divine mercy? Pray, tell him there may be a time when provoked mercy will no longer strive, and when God will refuse to hear, but that 't is never too late for men to ask mercy; and we that are Christ's servants are commanded to preach mercy at all times, in the name of Jesus Christ, to all those that sincerely repent; so that 't is never too late to repent."

I told Atkins all this, and he heard me with great earnestness; but it seemed as if he turned off the discourse to the rest, for he said to me he would go and have some talk with his wife; so he went out awhile, and we talked to the rest. I perceived they were all stupidly ignorant as to matters of religion, much as I was when I went rambling away from my father, and yet that there were none of them backward to hear what had been said; and all of them seriously promised that they would talk with their wives about it, and do their endeavor to persuade them to turn Christians.

The clergyman smiled upon me when I reported what answer they gave, but said nothing a good while; but at last, shaking his head, "We that are Christ's servants," says he, "can go no farther than to exhort and instruct; and when men comply, submit to the reproof, and promise what we ask, 'tis all we can do: we are bound to accept their good words. But believe me, sir," said he, "whatever you may have known of the life of that man you call Will Atkins, I believe he is the only sincere convert among them. I take that man to be a true penitent. I won't despair of the rest; but that man is apparently struck with the sense of his past life; and I doubt not but when he comes to talk religion to his wife, he will talk himself effectually into it; for attempting to teach others is sometimes the best way of teaching ourselves. I knew a man, who, having nothing but a summary notion of religion himself, and being wicked and profligate to the last degree in his life, made a thorough reformation of himself by laboring to convert a Jew. If that poor Atkins begins but once to talk seriously of Jesus Christ to his wife, my life for it, he talks himself into a thorough convert,— makes himself a penitent. And who knows what may follow?"

Upon this discourse, however, and their promising, as above, to endeavor to persuade their wives to embrace Christianity, he married the other three couples; but Will Atkins and his wife were not yet come in. After this, my clergyman, waiting awhile, was curious to know where Atkins was gone; and turning to me, says he, "I entreat you, sir, let us walk out of your labyrinth here and look. I dare say we shall find this poor man somewhere or other talking seriously to his wife, and teaching her already something of religion." I began to be of the same mind; so we went out together, and I carried him a way which none knew but myself, and where the trees were so thick set as that it was not easy to see through the thicket of leaves, and far harder to see in than to see out, when, coming to the edge of the wood, I saw Atkins and his tawny savage wife sitting under the shade of a bush, very eager in discourse. I

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stopped short till my clergyman came up to me, and then, having showed him where they were, we stood and looked very steadily at them a good while.

We observed him very earnest with her, pointing up to the sun, and to every quarter of the heavens, then down to the earth, then out to the sea, then to himself, then to her, to the woods, to the trees. "Now," says my clergyman, "you see my words are made good; the man preaches to her. Mark him now; he is telling her that our God has made him and her and the heavens, the earth, the sea, the woods, the trees, &c." "I believe he is," said I. Immediately we perceived Will Atkins start up upon his feet, fall down on his knees, and lift up both his hands. We suppose he said something; but we could not hear him, it was too far for that. He did not continue kneeling half a minute, but comes and sits down again by his wife, and talks to her again. We perceived then the woman very attentive; but whether she said anything or no, we could not tell. While the poor fellow was upon his knees, I could see the tears run plentifully down my clergyman's cheeks, and I could hardly forbear myself; but it was a great affliction to us both that we were not near enough to hear anything that passed between them.

Well, however, we could come no nearer for fear of disturbing them, so we resolved to see an end of this piece of still conversation, and it spoke loud enough to us without the help of voice. He sat down again, as I have said, close by her, and talked again earnestly to her; and two or three times we could see him embrace her most passionately. Another time we saw him take out his handkerchief and wipe her eyes, and then kiss her again with a kind of transport very unusual; and after several of these things we saw him on a sudden jump up again, and lend her his hand to help her up, when immediately, leading her by the hand a step or two, they both kneeled down together, and continued so about two minutes.

My friend could bear it no longer, but cries out aloud, "St. Paul, St. Paul! 'behold he prayeth!'" I was afraid Atkins would hear him; therefore I entreated him to withhold himself awhile, that we might see an end of the scene, which to me, I must confess, was the most affecting, and yet the most agreeable, that ever I saw in my life. Well, he strove with himself, and contained himself for a while, but was in such raptures of joy to think that the poor heathen woman was become a Christian, that he was not able to contain himself. He wept several times, then, throwing up his hands, and crossing his breast, said over several things ejaculatory, and by way of giving God thanks for so miraculous a testimony of the success of our endeavors. Some he spoke softly, and I could not well hear, others audibly; some in Latin, some in French; then two or three times the tears of joy would interrupt him that he could not speak at all. But I begged that he would compose himself, and let us more narrowly and fully observe what was before us, which he did for a time, and the scene was not ended there yet; for after the poor man and his wife were risen again from their knees, we observed he stood talking still eagerly to her; and we observed by her motion that she was greatly affected with what he said, by her frequent lifting up her hands, laying her hand to her breast, and such other postures as usually express the greatest seriousness and attention. This continued about half a quarter of an hour, and then they walked away too, so that we could see no more of them in that situation.

I took this interval to talk with my clergyman; and first I told him I was glad to see the particulars we had both been witnesses to; that though I was hard enough of belief in such cases, yet that I began to think it was all very sincere here, both in the man and his wife, however ignorant they might both be; and I hoped such a beginning would have a yet more happy end. "And who knows," said I, "but these two may in time, by instruction and example, work upon some of the others?" "Some of them!" said he, turning quick upon me, "ay, upon all of them. Depend upon it, if those two savages, for he has been but little better, as you relate it, should embrace Jesus Christ, they will never leave till they work upon all the rest; for true religion is naturally communicative, and he that is once made a Christian will never leave a pagan behind him, if he can help it." I owned it was a most Christian principle to think so, and a testimony of a true zeal, as well as a generous heart in him. "But, my friend," said I, "will you give me

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leave to start one difficulty here? I cannot tell how to object the least thing against that affectionate concern which you show for the turning the poor people from their paganism to the Christian religion; but how does this comfort you, while these people are in your account out of the pale of the Catholic Church, without which you believe there is no salvation; so that you esteem these but heretics, and for other reasons, as effectually lost as the pagans themselves?

To this he answered with abundance of candor and Christian charity, thus: "Sir, I am a Catholic of the Roman Church, and a priest of the Order of St. Benedict, and I embrace all the principles of the Roman faith; but yet, if you will believe me, and that I do not speak in compliment to you, or in respect to my circumstances and your civilities, — I say, nevertheless, I do not look upon you who call yourselves Reformed without some charity. I dare not say, though I know it is our opinion in general, — I say, I dare not say that you cannot be saved. I will by no means limit the mercy of Christ so far as to think that he cannot receive you into the bosom of his Church in a manner to us unperceivable, and which it is impossible for us to know; and I hope you have the same charity for us. I pray daily for your being all restored to Christ's Church, by whatsoever methods He who is all-wise is pleased to direct. In the mean time, sure you will allow it to consist with me, as a Roman, to distinguish far between a Protestant and a pagan, — between one that calls on Jesus Christ, though in a way which I do not think is according to the true faith, and a savage, a barbarian, that knows no God, no Christ, no Redeemer; and if you are not within the pale of the Catholic Church, we hope you are nearer being restored to it than those that know nothing of God or his Church. And I rejoice, therefore, when I see this poor man, who, you say, has been a profligate and almost a murderer, kneel down and pray to Jesus Christ, as we suppose he did, though not fully enlightened, believing that God, from whom every such work proceeds, will sensibly touch his heart, and bring him to the further knowledge of that truth in his own time; and if God shall influence this poor man to convert and instruct the poor ignorant savage, his wife, I can never believe that he shall be cast away himself. And have I not reason, then, to rejoice the nearer any are brought to the knowledge of Christ, though they may not be brought quite home into the bosom of the Catholic Church just in the time when I may desire it, leaving it to the goodness of Christ to perfect his work in his own time and in his own way? Certainly I would rejoice if all the savages in America were brought, like this poor woman, to pray to God, though they were to be all Protestants at first, rather than they should continue pagans and heathens, firmly believing that He that had bestowed the first light to them would further illuminate them with a beam of his heavenly grace, and bring them into the pale of his Church when he should see good."

I was astonished at the sincerity and temper of this truly pious Papist, as much as I was oppressed by the power of his reasoning; and it presently occurred to my thoughts that, if such a temper was universal, we might be all Catholic Christians, whatever church or particular profession we joined to or joined in; that a spirit of charity would soon work us all up into right principles. And, in a word, as he thought that the like charity would make us all Catholics, so I told him I believed, had all the members of his church the like moderation, they would soon be all Protestants. And there we left that part, for we never disputed at all.

However, I talked to him another way, and, taking him by the hand, "My friend," says I, "I wish all the clergy of the Romish Church were blessed with such moderation, and had an equal share of your charity. I am entirely of your opinion; but I must tell you that, if you should preach such doctrine in Spain or Italy, they would put you into the Inquisition."

"It may be so," said he; "I know not what they might do in Spain or Italy; but I will not say they would be the better Christians for that severity, for I am sure there is no heresy in too much charity."

Well, as Will Atkins and his wife were gone, our business there was over, so we went back our own way; and when we came back, we found them waiting to be called in. Observing this, I asked my clergyman if we should discover to him that we had seen him under the bush, or no; and

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it was his opinion we should not, but that we should talk to him first, and hear what he would say to us. So we called him in alone, nobody being in the place but ourselves, and I began with him thus: —

R. C. Will Atkins, prithee, what education had you? What was your father?

W. A. A better man than ever I shall be. Sir, my father was a clergyman.

R. C. What education did he give you?

W. A. He would have taught me well, sir; but I despised all education, instruction, or correction, like a beast as I was.

R. C. It's true, Solomon says, "He that despiseth reproof is brutish."

W. A. Ay, sir, I was brutish indeed; I murdered my father. For God's sake, sir, talk no more about that, sir; I murdered my poor father.

Pr. Ha! a murderer!

Here the priest started (for I interpreted every word as he spoke it) and looked pale. It seems he believed that Will had really killed his own father.

R. C. No, no, sir; I do not understand him so. Will Atkins, explain yourself. You did not kill your father, did you, with your own hand?

W. A. No, sir; I did not cut his throat, but I cut the thread of his comforts, and shortened his days. I broke his heart by the most ungrateful, unnatural return for the most tender, affectionate treatment that ever father gave, or child could receive.

R. C. Well, I did not ask you about your father to extort this confession; I pray God give you repentance for it, and forgive you that and all your other sins. But I asked you because I see that though you have not much learning, yet you are not so ignorant as some are in things that are good; that you have known more of religion a great deal than you have practised.

W. A. Though you, sir, did not extort the confession that I made about my father, conscience does; and whenever we come to look back upon our lives, the sins against our indulgent parents are certainly the first that touch us. The wounds they make lie the deepest, and the weight they leave will lie heaviest upon the mind of all the sins we can commit.

R. C. You talk too feelingly and sensibly for me, Atkins. I cannot bear it.

W. A. You bear it, master! I dare say you know nothing of it.

R. C. Yes, Atkins; every shore, every hill, nay, I may say every tree, in this island is witness to the anguish of my soul for my ingratitude and base usage of a good, tender father, — a father much like yours, by your description. And I murdered my father as well as you, Will Atkins; but I think, for all that, my repentance is short of yours, too, by a great deal.

I would have said more, if I could have restrained my passions: but I thought this poor man's repentance was so much sincerer than mine that I was going to leave off the discourse and retire; for I was surprised with what he said, and thought that, instead of my going about to teach and instruct him, the man was a teacher and instructor to me in a most surprising and unexpected manner.

I laid all this before the young clergyman, who was greatly affected, and said to me, "Did I not say, sir, that when this man was converted, he would preach to us all? I tell you, sir, if this one man be made a true penitent, here will be no need of me; he will make Christians of all in the island." But, having a little composed myself, I renewed my discourse with Will Atkins.

R. C. But, Will, how comes the sense of this matter to touch you just now?

W. A. Sir, you have set me about a work that has struck a dart through my very soul. I have been talking about God and religion to my wife, in order, as you directed me, to make a Christian of her; and she has preached such a sermon to me as I shall never forget while I live.

R. C. No, no, it is not your wife has preached to you; but when you were moving religious arguments to her, conscience has flung them back upon you.

W. A. Ay, sir, with such a force as is not to be resisted.

R. C. Pray, Will, let us know what passed between you and your wife, for I know something of it already.

W. A. Sir, it is impossible to give you a full account of it. I am too full to hold it, and yet have no tongue to express it. But let her have said what she will, and though I cannot give you an account of it, this I can tell you of it, that I resolve to amend and reform my life.

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R. C. But tell us some of it. How did you begin, Will? For this has been an extraordinary case, that's certain. She has preached a sermon indeed, if she has wrought this upon you.

W. A. Why, I first told her the nature of our laws about marriage, and what the reasons were that men and women were obliged to enter into such compacts as it was neither in the power of one or other to break; that otherwise order and justice could not be maintained, and men would run from their wives and abandon their children, mix confusedly with one another, and neither families be kept entire nor inheritances be settled by legal descent.

R. C. You talk like a civilian, Will. Could you make her understand what you meant by inheritance and families? They know no such thing among the savages, but marry anyhow, without regard to relation, consanguinity, or family: brother and sister, — nay, as I have been told, even the father and daughter, and the son and the mother.

W. A. I believe, sir, you are misinformed; and my wife assures me of the contrary, and that they abhor it. Perhaps, for any farther relations, they may not be so exact as we are; but she tells me they never touch one another in the near relations you speak of.

R. C. Well, what did she say to what you told her?

W. A. She said she liked it very well, and it was much better than in her country.

R. C. But did you tell her what marriage was?

W. A. Ay, ay; there began all our dialogue. I asked her if she would be married to me our way. She asked me what way that was. I told her marriage was appointed by God. And here we had a strange talk together, indeed, as ever man and wife had, I believe.

N. B. — This dialogue between W. Atkins and his wife, as I took it down in writing just after he told it me, was as follows: —

Wife. Appointed by your God! Why, have you a God in your country?

W. A. Yes, my dear; God is in every country.

Wife. No you God in my country. My country have the great old Benamuckee god.

W. A. Child, I am very unfit to show you who God is. God is in heaven, and made the heaven and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is.

Wife. No makee de earth. No you God make all earth; no make my country.

Will Atkins laughed a little at her expression, of God not making her country.

Wife. No laugh. Why laugh me? This no thing to laugh.

He was justly reproved by his wife, for she was more serious than he at first.

W. A. That's true indeed. I will not laugh any more, my dear.

Wife. Why you say you God make all?

W. A. Yes, child; our God made the whole world, and you and me, and all things. For he is the only true God; there is no God but him. He lives forever in heaven.

Wife. Why you no tell me long ago?

W. A. That's true indeed. But I have been a wicked wretch, and have not only forgotten to acquaint thee with anything before, but have lived without God in the world myself.

Wife. What! have you de great God in you country, you no know him? No say "O" to him? No do good thing for him? That no possible!

W. A. It is too true; though, for all that, we live as if there was no God in heaven, or that he had no power on earth.

Wife. But why God let you do so? Why he no makee you good live?

W. A. It is all our own fault.

Wife. But you say me he is great, much great, have much great power; can makee kill when he will. Why he no makee kill when you no serve him? No say "O" to him? No be good mans.

W. A. That is true. He might strike me dead; and I ought to expect it, for I have been a wicked wretch, that is true. But God is merciful, and does not deal with us as we deserve.

Wife. But then do not you tell God tankee for that too?

W. A. No, indeed; I have not thanked God for his mercy any more than I have feared God for his power.

Wife. Then you God no God. Me no think, believe he be such one, great much power, strong. No makee kill you though you makee him much angry.

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W. A. What! will my wicked life hinder you from believing in God? What a dreadful creature am I, and what a sad truth is it that the horrid lives of Christians hinder the conversion of heathens!

Wife. How me tink you have great much God up there — [*she points up to heaven*] — and yet no do well, no do good thing? Can he tell? Sure he no tell what you do?

W. A. Yes, yes; he knows and sees all things. He hears us speak; sees what we do; knows what we think, though we do not speak.

Wife. What! he no hear you swear, curse, speak the great damn?

W. A. Yes, yes; he hears it all.

Wife. Where be, then, the muchee great power strong?

W. A. He is merciful; that's all we can say for it. And this proves him to be the true God. He is God, and not man; and therefore we are not consumed.

Here Will Atkins told us he was struck with horror to think how he could tell his wife so clearly that God sees, and hears, and knows the secret thoughts of the heart, and all that we do; and yet that he had dared to do all the vile things he had done.

Wife. Merciful! What you call that?

W. A. He is our Father and Maker, and he pities and spares us.

Wife. So then he never makee kill, never angry when you do wicked? Then he no good himself, or no great able.

W. A. Yes, yes, my dear; he is infinitely good, and infinitely great, and able to punish too. And sometimes, to show his justice and vengeance, he lets fly his anger to destroy sinners and make examples. Many are cut off in their sins.

Wife. But no make kill you yet? Then he tell you, maybe, that he no make you kill, so you make de bargain with him, you do bad thing he no be angry at you when he be angry at other mans.

W. A. No, indeed. My sins are all presumptions upon his goodness, and he would be infinitely just if he destroyed me as he has done other men.

Wife. Well! and yet no kill, no makee you dead? What you say to him for that? You no tell him tankee for all that too?

W. A. I am an unthankful, ungrateful dog, that's true.

Wife. Why he no makee you much good better? You say he makee you?

W. A. He made me, as he made all the world. It it is I have deformed myself and abused his goodness, and made myself an abominable wretch.

Wife. I wish you makee God know me. I no makee him angry; I no do bad wicked thing.

Here Will Atkins said his heart sank within him to hear a poor untaught creature desire to be taught to know God, and he such a wicked wretch that he could not say one word to her about God but what the reproach of his own carriage would make most irrational to her to believe; nay, that already she had told him that she could not believe in God, because he that was so wicked was not destroyed.

W. A. My dear, you mean you wish I could teach you to know God, not God to know you; for he knows you already, and every thought in your heart.

Wife. Why, then, he know what I say to you now. He know me wish to know him; how shall me know who makee me?

W. A. Poor creature! he must teach thee; I cannot teach thee. I'll pray to him to teach thee to know him, and to forgive me that I am unworthy to teach thee.

The poor fellow was in such an agony at her desiring him to make her know God, and her wishing to know him, that, he said, he fell down on his knees before her, and prayed to God to enlighten her mind with the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and to pardon his sins, and accept of his being the unworthy instrument of instructing her in the principles of religion; after which he sat down by her again, and their dialogue went on. This was the time when we saw him kneel down and lift up his hands.

Wife. What you put down the knee for? What you hold up the hand for? What you say? Who you speak to? What is all that?

W. A. My dear, I bow my knees in token of my submission to him that made me. I said "O" to him, as you call it, and as you say your old men do to their idol Benamuckee; that is, I prayed to him.

Wife. What you say "O" to him for?

W. A. I prayed to him to open your eyes

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and your understanding, that you may know him and be accepted by him.

Wife. Can he do that too?

W. A. Yes, he can; he can do all things.

Wife. But now he hear what you say?

W. A. Yes; he has bid us pray to him, and promised to hear us.

Wife. Bid you pray? When he bid you? How he bid you? What! you hear him speak?

W. A. No, we do not hear him speak; but he has revealed himself many ways to us.

Here he was at a great loss to make her understand that God has revealed himself to us by his Word, and what his Word was. But at last he told it her thus: —

W. A. God has spoken to some good men in former days, even from heaven, by plain words; and God has inspired good men by his spirit, and they have written all his laws down in a book.

Wife. Me no understand that. Where is Book?

W. A. Alas, my poor creature, I have not this book! but I hope I shall one time or other get it for you, and help you to read it.

Here he embraced her with great affection, but with inexpressible grief that he had not a Bible.

Wife. But how you makee me know that God teachee them to write that book?

W. A. By the same rule that we know him to be God.

Wife. What rule, what way you know him?

W. A. Because he teaches and commands nothing but what is good, righteous, and holy, and tends to make us perfectly good as well as perfectly happy; and because he forbids and commands us to avoid all that is wicked, that is evil in itself, or evil in its consequences.

Wife. That me would understand, that me fain see. If he teachee all good thing, forbid all wicked thing: he reward all good thing, punish all wicked thing; he make all thing, he give all thing; he hear me when I say O to him, as you go do just now; he makee me good, if I wish be good, he spare me, no makee kill me when I no be good; all this you say he do, yet he be great God: me take, think, believe him be great God; me say O to him too with you, my dear.

Here the poor man could forbear no longer; but, raising her up, made her kneel by him, and he prayed to God aloud, to instruct her in the knowledge of himself by his Spirit, and that by some good providence, if possible, she might some time or other come to have a Bible, that she might read the Word of God, and be taught by it to know him.

This was the time that we saw him lift her up by the hand, and saw him kneel down by her, as above.

They had several other discourses, it seems, after this, too long to set down here; and particularly she made him promise, that since he confessed his own life had been a wicked, abominable course of provocation against God, that he would reform it, and not make God angry any more, lest he should make him dead, as she called it, and then she should be left alone, and never be taught to know this God better; and lest he should be miserable, as he had told her wicked men should be after death.

This was a strange account, and very affecting to us both, but particularly to the young clergyman. He was indeed wonderfully surprised with it, but under the greatest affliction imaginable that he could not talk to her, that he could not speak English to make her understand him; and as she spoke but very broken English, he could not understand her. However, he turned himself to me, and told me that he believed there must be more to do with this woman than to marry her. I did not understand him at first, but at length he explained himself, namely, that she ought to be baptized.

I agreed with him in that part readily, and was for going about it presently. "No, no; hold, sir," said he. "Though I would have her be baptized by all means, yet I must observe, that Will Atkins, her husband, has indeed brought her in a wonderful manner to be willing to embrace a religious life, and has given her just ideas of the being of a God, of his power, justice, mercy, yet I desire to know of him if he has said anything to her of Jesus Christ, and of the salvation of sinners, of the nature of faith in him, and redemption by him, of the Holy Spirit, the resurrection, the last judgment, and a future state."

I called Will Atkins again, and asked

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him; but the poor fellow fell immediately into tears, and told us he had said something to her of all those things, but that he was himself so wicked a creature, and his own conscience so reproached him with his horrid ungodly life, that he trembled at the apprehensions that her knowledge of him should lessen the attention she should give to those things, and make her rather contemn religion than receive it. But he was assured, he said, that her mind was so disposed to receive due impressions of all those things, that if I would but discourse with her she would make it appear to my satisfaction that my labor would not be lost upon her.

Accordingly, I called her in, and placing myself as interpreter between my religious priest and the woman, I entreated him to begin with her. But sure such a sermon was never preached by a Popish priest in these latter ages of the world; and, as I told him, I thought he had all the zeal, all the knowledge, all the sincerity of a Christian, without the error of a Roman Catholic; and that I took him to be such a clergyman as the Roman bishops were before the Church of Rome assumed spiritual sovereignty over the consciences of men.

In a word, he brought the poor woman to embrace the knowledge of Christ, and of redemption by him, not with wonder and astonishment only, as she did the first notions of a God, but with joy and faith, with an affection and a surprising degree of understanding scarce to be imagined, much less to be expressed; and at her own request she was baptized.

When he was preparing to baptize her, I entreated him that he would perform that office with some caution, that the man might not perceive he was of the Roman Church, if possible, because of other ill consequences which might attend a difference among us in that very religion which we were instructing the other in. He told me that, as he had no consecrated chapel, no proper things for the office, I should see he would do it in a manner that I should not know by it that he was a Roman Catholic myself, if I had not known it before. And so he did: for saying only some words over to himself in Latin, which I could not understand, he poured a whole dishful of water upon the woman's head, pronouncing in French, very loud, "Mary (which was the name her husband desired me to give her, for I was her godfather), I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"; so that none could know anything by it what religion he was of. He gave the benediction afterwards in Latin; but either Will Atkins did not know but it was in French, or else did not take notice of it at that time.

As soon as this was over, we married them; and after the marriage was over, he turned himself to Will Atkins, and in a very affectionate manner exhorted him not only to persevere in that good disposition he was in, but to support the convictions that were upon him by a resolution to reform his life; told him it was in vain to say he repented if he did not forsake his crimes; represented to him how God had honored him with being the instrument of bringing his wife to the knowledge of the Christian religion, and that he should be careful he did not dishonor the grace of God, and that if he did, he would see the heathen a better Christian than himself, — the savage converted and the instrument cast away.

He said a great many good things to them both, and then recommending them, in a few words, to God's goodness, gave them the benediction again, I repeating everything to them in English; and thus ended the ceremony. I think it was the most pleasant, agreeable day to me that ever I passed in my whole life.

But my clergyman had not done yet. His thoughts hung continually upon the conversion of the seven-and-thirty savages, and fain he would have stayed upon the island to have undertaken it. But I convinced him, first, that his undertaking was impracticable in itself; and, secondly, that perhaps I would put it into a way of being done in his absence to his satisfaction: of which by and by.

Having thus brought the affairs of the island to a narrow compass, I was preparing to go on board the ship, when the young man whom I had taken out of the famished ship's company came to me, and told me he understood I had a clergyman with me, and that I caused the Englishmen to be married to the savages whom they called wives; that he had a match too, which he desired might be finished before I went, between two Chris-

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tians, which he hoped would not be disagreeable to me.

I knew this must be the young woman who was his mother's servant, for there was no other Christian woman on the island. So I began to persuade him not to do anything of that kind rashly, or because he found himself in this solitary circumstance. I represented to him that he had some considerable substance in the world, and good friends, as I understood by himself and by his maid also; that his maid was not only poor and a servant, but was unequal to him, she being six or seven and twenty years old, and he not above seventeen or eighteen; that he might very probably, with my assistance, make a remove from this wilderness, and come into his own country again; and that then it would be a thousand to one but he would repent his choice: and the dislike of that circumstance might be disadvantageous to both. I was going to say more, but he interrupted me, smiling, and told me, with a great deal of modesty, that I mistook in my guesses; that he had nothing of that kind in his thoughts, his present circumstance being melancholy and disconsolate enough; and he was very glad to hear that I had thoughts of putting them in a way to see their country again; and nothing should have put him upon staying there but that the voyage I was going was so exceeding long and hazardous, and would carry him quite out of the reach of all his friends; that he had nothing to desire of me but that I would settle him in some little property in the island where he was, give him a servant or two, and some few necessaries, and he would settle himself here like a planter, waiting the good time when, if ever I returned to England, I would redeem him, and hoped I would not be unmindful of him when I came to England; that he would give me some letters to his friends in London to let them know how good I had been to him, and in what part of the world and what circumstance I had left him in; that he promised me that, whenever I redeemed him, the plantation, and all the improvement he had made upon it, let the value be what it would, should be wholly mine.

His discourse was very prettily delivered, considering his youth, and was the more agreeable to me because he told me positively the match was not for himself. I gave him all possible assurances that, if I lived to come safe to England, I would deliver his letter, and do his business effectually, and that he might depend I would never forget the circumstance I had left him in. But still I was impatient to know who were the persons to be married, upon which he told me it was my Jack-of-all-trades and his maid Susan.

I was most agreeably surprised when he named the match, for indeed I thought it very suitable. The character of that man I have given already; and as for the maid, she was a very honest, modest, sober, and religious young woman; had a very good share of sense, was agreeable enough in her person, spoke very handsomely and to the purpose, always with decency and good manners, and not backward to speak when anything required it, or impertinently forward to speak when it was not her business; very handy and housewifely in anything that was before her; an excellent manager, and fit indeed to have been governess to the whole island; she knew very well how to behave to all kind of folks she had about her, and to better, if she had found any there.

The match being proposed in this manner, we married them the same day; and as I was father at the altar, as I may say, and gave her away, so I gave her a portion; for I appointed her and her husband a handsome large space of ground for their plantation. And indeed this match, and the proposal the young gentleman made to give him a small property in the island, put me upon parcelling it out amongst them, that they might not quarrel afterwards about their situation.

This sharing out the land to them I left to Will Atkins, who, indeed, was now grown a most sober, grave, managing fellow, perfectly reformed, exceeding pious and religious, and, as far as I may be allowed to speak positively in such a case, I verily believe was a true, sincere penitent.

He divided things so justly, and so much to every one's satisfaction, that they only desired one general writing under my hand for the whole, which I caused to be drawn up and signed and sealed to them, setting out the bounds and situation of every man's plantation, and testifying that I gave them

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thereby severally a right to the whole possession and inheritance of the respective plantations or farms, with their improvements, to them and their heirs, reserving all the rest of the island as my own property, and a certain rent for every particular plantation after eleven years, if I, or any one from me or in my name, came to demand it, producing an attested copy of the same writing.

As to the government and laws among them, I told them I was not capable of giving them better rules than they were able to give themselves; only made them promise me to live in love and good neighborhood with one another. And so I prepared to leave them.

One thing I must not omit, and this is, that being now settled in a kind of commonwealth among themselves, and having much business in hand, it was but odd to have seven-and-thirty Indians live in a nook of the island independent, and indeed unemployed; for, excepting the providing themselves food, which they had difficulty enough in, too, sometimes, they had no manner of business or property to manage. I proposed therefore to the governor Spaniard that he should go to them, with Friday's father, and propose to them to remove, and either plant for themselves or take them into their several families as servants, to be maintained for their labor, but without being absolute slaves; for I would not admit them to make them slaves by force by any means, because they had their liberty given them by capitulation, and, as it were, articles of surrender, which they ought not to break.

They most willingly embraced the proposal, and came all very cheerfully along with him; so we allotted them land and plantations, which three or four accepted of, but all the rest chose to be employed as servants in the several families we had settled. And thus my colony was, in a manner, settled as follows: The Spaniards possessed my original habitation, which was the capital city, and extended their plantations all along the side of the brook, which made the creek that I have so often described, as far as my bower; and as they increased their culture, it went always eastward. The English lived in the northeast part, where Will Atkins and his comrades began, and came on southward and southwest, towards the back part of the Spaniards; and every plantation had a great addition of land to take in, if they found occasion, so that they need not jostle one another for want of room.

All the east end of the island was left uninhabited, that if any of the savages should come on shore there, only for their usual customary barbarities, they might come and go. If they disturbed nobody, nobody would disturb them; and no doubt but they were often ashore and went away again, for I never heard that the planters were attacked or disturbed any more.

It now came into my thoughts that I had hinted to my friend, the clergyman, that the work of converting the savages might perhaps be set on foot in his absence to his satisfaction. And I told him that now I thought it was put in a fair way; for the savages being thus divided among the Christians, if they would but every one of them do their part with those who came under their hands, I hoped it might have a very good effect.

He agreed presently in that, if, said he, they will do their part. "But how," says he, "shall we obtain that of them?" I told him we would call them together, and leave it in charge with them, or go to them one by one, which he thought best. So we divided it, he to speak to the Spaniards, who were all Papists, and I to the English, who were all Protestants; and we recommended it earnestly to them, and made them promise that they never would make any distinction of Papist or Protestant in their exhorting the savages to turn Christians; but teach them the general knowledge of the true God, and of their Saviour, Jesus Christ. And they likewise promised us that they would never have any differences or disputes one with another about religion.

When I came to Will Atkins's house, — I may call it so, for such a house, or such a piece of basket-work, I believe was not standing in the world again, — I say when I came there, I found the young woman I have mentioned above and Will Atkins's wife were become intimates; and this prudent, religious young woman had perfected the work William Atkins had begun. And though it was not above four days after what I have related, yet the new baptized savage woman was made such a Christian as I have seldom

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heard of any like her in all my observation or conversation in the world.

It came next into my mind, in the morning before I went to them, that amongst all the needful things I had to leave with them, I had not left them a Bible; in which I showed myself less considering for them than my good friend the widow was for me when she sent me the cargo of an hundred pounds from Lisbon, where she packed up three Bibles and a Prayer-Book. However, the good woman's charity had a greater extent than ever she imagined; for they were reserved for the comfort and instruction of those that made much better use of them than I had done.

I took one of the Bibles in my pocket, and when I came to Will Atkins's tent or house, and found the young woman and Atkins's baptized wife had been discoursing of religion together, — for Will Atkins told it me with a great deal of joy, — I asked if they were together now, and he said, "Yes"; so I went into the house, and he with me, and we found them together very earnest in discourse. "O, sir," says Will Atkins, "when God has sinners to reconcile to himself and aliens to bring home, he never wants a messenger; my wife has got a new instructor. I knew I was unworthy as I was incapable of that work. That young woman has been sent hither from heaven; she is enough to convert a whole island of savages!" The young woman blushed, and rose up to go away, but I desired her to sit still. I told her she had a good work upon her hands, and I hoped God would bless her in it.

We talked a little, and I did not perceive they had any book among them, though I did not ask; but I put my hand in my pocket, and pulled out my Bible. "Here," says I to Atkins, "I have brought you an assistant that perhaps you had not before." The man was so confounded that he was not able to speak for some time; but, recovering himself, he takes it with both his hands, and turning to his wife, "Here, my dear," says he; "did I not tell you our God, though he lives above, could hear what we said? Here 's the book I prayed for when you and I kneeled down under the bush: now God has heard us, and sent it." When he had said so, the man fell into such transports of a passionate joy, that between the joy of having it, and giving God thanks for it, the tears ran down his face like a child that was crying.

The woman was surprised, and was like to have run into a mistake that none of us were aware of; for she firmly believed God had sent the book upon her husband's petition. It is true that providentially it was so, and might be taken so in a consequent sense; but I believe it would have been no difficult matter at that time to have persuaded the poor woman to have believed that an express messenger came from heaven on purpose to bring that individual book. But it was too serious a matter to suffer any delusion to take place, so I turned to the young woman, and told her we did not desire to impose upon the new convert in her first and more ignorant understanding of things, and begged her to explain to her that God may be very properly said to answer our petitions, when in the course of his providence such things are in a particular manner brought to pass as we petitioned for; but we do not expect returns from heaven in a miraculous and particular manner, and that it is our mercy that it is not so.

This the young woman did afterwards effectually, so that there was, I assure you, no priestcraft used here; and I should have thought it one of the most unjustifiable frauds in the world to have had it so. But the surprise of joy upon Will Atkins is really not to be expressed; and there we may be sure there was no delusion. Sure, no man was ever more thankful in the world for anything of its kind than he was for his Bible; nor, I believe, never any man was glad of a Bible from a better principle. And though he had been a most profligate creature, desperate, headlong, outrageous, furious, and wicked to a great degree, yet this man is a standing rule to us all for the well instructing children, — namely, that parents should never give over to teach and instruct, or ever despair of the success of their endeavors, let the children be ever so obstinate, refractory, or to appearance insensible of instruction. For if ever God, in his providence, touches the consciences of such, the force of their education returns upon them, and the early instruction of parents is not lost, though it may have been

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many years laid asleep, but some time or other they may find the benefit of it.

Thus it was with this poor man. However ignorant he was, or divested of religion and Christian knowledge, he found he had some to do with now more ignorant than himself, and that the least part of the instruction of his good father that could now come to his mind was of use to him.

Among the rest it occurred to him, he said, how his father used to insist much upon the inexpressible value of the Bible, the privilege and blessing of it to nations, families, and persons; but he never entertained the least notion of the worth of it till now, when, being to talk to heathens, savages, and barbarians, he wanted the help of the written oracle for his assistance.

The young woman was very glad of it also for the present occasion, though she had one, and so had the youth, on board our ship among their goods, which were not yet brought on shore. And now, having said so many things of this young woman, I cannot omit telling one story more of her and myself, which has something in it very informing and remarkable.

I have related to what extremity the poor young woman was reduced; how her mistress was starved to death, and did die on board that unhappy ship we met at sea; and how the whole ship's company being reduced to the last extremity, the gentlewoman and her son and this maid were first hardly used as to provisions, and at last totally neglected and starved; that is to say, brought to the last extremity of hunger.

One day, being discoursing with her upon the extremities they suffered, I asked her if she could describe, by what she had felt, what it was to starve, and how it appeared. She told me she believed she could, and she told her tale very distinctly thus: —

"First, sir," said she, "we had for some days fared exceeding hard, and suffered very great hunger; but now at last we were wholly without food of any kind, except sugar and a little wine and a little water. The first day after I had received no food at all, I found myself towards evening first empty and sickish at my stomach, and nearer night mightily inclined to yawning, and sleepy. I lay down on a couch in the great cabin to sleep, and slept about three hours, and awaked a little refreshed, having taken a glass of wine when I lay down. After being about three hours awake, it being about five o'clock in the morning, I found myself empty, and my stomach sickish, and lay down again, but could not sleep at all, being very faint and ill; and thus I continued all the second day with a strange variety, first hungry, then sick again, with retchings to vomit. The second night, being obliged to go to bed again without any food more than a draught of fair water, and being asleep, I dreamed I was at Barbadoes, and that the market was mightily stocked with provisions; that I bought some for my mistress, and went and dined very heartily.

"I thought my stomach was as full after this as any would have been after or at a good dinner; but when I waked, I was exceedingly sunk in spirits to find myself in the extremity of famine. The last glass of wine we had I drank, and put sugar in it, because of its having some spirit to supply nourishment; but there being no substance in the stomach for the digesting office to work upon, I found the only effect of the wine was to raise disagreeable fumes from the stomach into the head; and I lay, as they told me, stupid and senseless, as one drunk, for some time.

"The third day, in the morning, after a night of strange and confused inconsistent dreams, and rather dozing than sleeping, I waked ravenous and furious with hunger; and I question, had not my understanding returned and conquered it, — I say I question whether, if I had been a mother, and had had a little child with me, its life would have been safe or not.

"This lasted about three hours, during which time I was twice raging mad as any creature in Bedlam, as my young master told me, and as he can now inform you.

"In one of these fits of lunacy or distraction, whether by the motion of the ship or some slip of my foot I know not, I fell down and struck my face against the corner of a pallet bed, in which my mistress lay, and with the blow the blood gushed out of my nose; and the cabin-boy bringing me a little basin, I sat down and bled into it a great deal, and as the blood ran from me I came to myself, and the violence of the flame or the

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fever I was in abated, and so did the ravenous part of the hunger.

"Then I grew sick, and retched to vomit, but could not, for I had nothing in my stomach to bring up. After I had bled some time I swooned, and they all believed I was dead; but I came to myself soon after, and then had a most dreadful pain in my stomach, not to be described, — not like the colic, but a gnawing eager pain for food; and towards night it went off with a kind of earnest wishing or longing for food, — something like, as I suppose, the longing of a woman with child. I took another draught of water with sugar in it, but my stomach loathed the sugar, and brought it all up again; then I took a draught of water without sugar, and that stayed with me; and I laid me down upon the bed, praying most heartily that it would please God to take me away; and composing my mind in hopes of it, I slumbered awhile, and then, waking, thought myself dying, being light with vapors from an empty stomach. I recommended my soul then to God, and earnestly wished that somebody would throw me into the sea.

"All this while my mistress lay by me, just, as I thought, expiring, but bore it with much more patience than I; and gave the last bit of bread she had left to her child, my young master, who would not have taken it, but she obliged him to eat it; and I believe it saved his life.

"Towards the morning I slept again, and first when I awaked I fell into a violent passion of crying, and after that I had a second fit of violent hunger. I got up ravenous, and in a most dreadful condition. Had my mistress been dead, as much as I loved her, I am certain I should have eaten a piece of her flesh with as much relish and as unconcerned as ever I did the flesh of any creature appointed for food; and once or twice I was going to bite my own arm. At last I saw the basin in which was the blood I had bled at my nose the day before. I ran to it, and swallowed it with such haste and such a greedy appetite as if I had wondered nobody had taken it before, and afraid it would be taken from me now.

"Though, after it was down, the thoughts of it filled me with horror, yet it checked the fit of hunger; and I drank a draught of fair water, and was composed and refreshed for some hours after it. This was the fourth day, and thus I held it, till towards night, when, within the compass of three hours, I had all these several circumstances over again, one after another, namely, sick, sleepy, eagerly hungry, pain in the stomach, then ravenous again, then sick again, then lunatic, then crying, then ravenous again; and so every quarter of an hour, and my strength wasted exceedingly. At night I laid me down, having no comfort but in the hope that I should die before morning.

"All this night I had no sleep; but the hunger was now turned into a disease, and I had a terrible colic and griping by wind, instead of food, having found its way into the bowels. And in this condition I lay until morning, when I was surprised a little with the cries and lamentations of my young master, who called out to me that his mother was dead. I lifted myself up a little, for I had not strength to rise; but found she was not dead, though she was able to give very little signs of life.

"I had then such convulsions in my stomach, for want of some sustenance, that I cannot describe, with such frequent throes and pangs of appetite that nothing but the tortures of death can imitate. And in this condition I was when I heard the seamen above cry out, 'A sail! a sail!' and halloo and jump about as if they were distracted.

"I was not able to get off from the bed, and my mistress much less; and my young master was so sick that I thought he had been expiring; so we could not open the cabin door, or get any account what it was that occasioned such confusion, nor had we any conversation with the ship's company for two days, they having told us that they had not a mouthful of anything to eat in the ship; and they told us afterwards they thought we had been dead.

"It was this dreadful condition we were in when you were sent to save our lives; and how you found us, sir, you know as well as I, and better too."

This was her own relation, and is such a distinct account of starving to death as I confess I never met with, and was exceeding entertaining to me. I am the rather apt to believe it to be a true account, because the youth gave me an account of a good part of it, though, I must own, not so distinct and so

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feelingly as his maid; and the rather, because it seems his mother fed him at the price of her own life. But the poor maid, though her constitution being stronger than that of her mistress, who was in years, and a weakly woman too, she might struggle harder with it, — I say, the poor maid might be supposed to feel the extremity something sooner than her mistress, who might be allowed to keep the last bit something longer than she parted with any to relieve the maid. No question, as the case is here related, if our ship, or some other, had not so providentially met them, a few days more would have ended all their lives, unless they had prevented it by eating one another; and even that, as their case stood, would have served them but a little while, they being five hundred leagues from any land or any possibility of relief other than in the miraculous manner it happened; but this is by the way. I return to my disposition of things among the people.

And, first, it is to be observed here, that for many reasons I did not think fit to let them know anything of the sloop I had framed, and which I thought of setting up among them; for I found, at least at my first coming, such seeds of division among them, that I saw it plainly, had I set up the sloop and left it among them, they would upon every light disgust have separated, and gone away from one another; or perhaps have turned pirates, and so made the island a den of thieves, instead of a plantation of sober and religious people, as I intended it. Nor did I leave the two pieces of brass cannon that I had on board, or the two quarter-deck guns that my nephew took extraordinarily, for the same reason. I thought it was enough to qualify them for a defensive war against any that should invade them; but not to set them up for an offensive war, or to encourage them to go abroad to attack others, which in the end would only bring ruin and destruction upon themselves and all their undertaking. I reserved the sloop, therefore, and the guns, for their service another way, as I shall observe in its place.

I have now done with the island. I left them all in good circumstances, and in a flourishing condition, and went on board my ship again the fifth day of May, having been five-and-twenty days among them; and as they were all resolved to stay upon the island until I came to remove them, I promised to send some further relief from the Brazils, if I could possibly find an opportunity; and, particularly, I promised to send them some cattle, such as sheep, hogs, and cows; for as to the two cows and calves which I brought from England, we had been obliged by the length of our voyage to kill them at sea, for want of hay to feed them.

The next day, giving them a salute of five guns at parting, we set sail, and arrived at the Bay of All Saints in the Brazils in about twenty-two days, meeting nothing remarkable in our passage but this, — that about three days after we sailed, being becalmed, and the current setting strong to the east-northeast, running, as it were, into a bay or gulf on the land side, we were driven something out of our course, and once or twice our men cried, "Land to the eastward"; but whether it was the continent or islands we could not tell by any means.

But the third day, towards evening, the sea smooth, and the weather calm, we saw the sea as it were covered towards the land with something very black. Not being able to discover what it was until after some time, our chief mate going up the main shrouds a little way, and looking at them with a perspective, cried out it was an army. I could not imagine what he meant by an army, and spoke a little hastily, calling the fellow a fool, or some such word. "Nay, sir," says he, "don't be angry, for 't is an army and a fleet too, for I believe there are a thousand canoes; and you may see them paddle along, and they are coming towards us, too, apace."

I was a little surprised then, indeed, and so was my nephew the captain; for he had heard such terrible stories of them in the island, and having never been in those seas before, that he could not tell what to think of it, but said two or three times we should all be devoured. I must confess, considering we were becalmed, and the current set strong towards the shore, I liked it the worse. However, I bade him not be afraid, but bring the ship to an anchor as soon as we came so near to know that we must engage them.

The weather continued calm, and they came on apace towards us; so I gave order to come to an anchor, and furl all our sails. As for the savages, I told them they had

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nothing to fear but fire; and therefore they should get their boats out and fasten them, one close by the head, and the other by the stern, and man them both well, and wait the issue in that posture. This I did, that the men in the boats might be ready with skeets and buckets to put out any fire these savages might endeavor to fix to the outside of the ship.

In this posture we lay by for them, and in a little while they came up with us; but never was such a horrid sight seen by Christians. My mate was much mistaken in his calculation of their number, — I mean of a thousand canoes; the most we could make of them, when they came up, being about a hundred and six-and-twenty; and a great many of them too; for some of them had sixteen or seventeen men in them, and some more, and the least six or seven.

When they came nearer to us they seemed to be struck with wonder and astonishment, as at a sight which they had doubtless never seen before; nor could they at first, as we afterwards understood, know what to make of us. They came boldly up, however, very near to us, and seemed to go about to row round us; but we called to our men in the boats not to let them come too near them.

This very order brought us to an engagement with them without our designing it; for five or six of their large canoes came so near our long-boat, that our men beckoned with their hands to them to keep back, which they understood very well, and went back; but at their retreat about fifty arrows came on board us from those boats, and one of our men in the long-boat was very much wounded.

However, I called to them not to fire by any means; but we handed down some deal boards into the boat, and the carpenters presently set up a kind of fence, like waste boards, to cover them from the arrows of the savages, if they should shoot again.

About half an hour afterwards they came all up in a body astern of us, and pretty near us, so near that we could easily discern what they were, though we could not tell their design. And I easily found they were some of my old friends, the same sort of savages that I had been used to engage with; and in a little time more they rowed a little further out to sea, until they came directly broadside with us, and then rowed down straight upon us, until they came so near that they could hear us speak. Upon this I ordered all my men to keep close, lest they should shoot any more arrows, and made all our guns ready: but being so near as to be within hearing, I made Friday go out upon the deck, and call out aloud to them in his language to know what they meant; which accordingly he did. Whether they understood him or not, that I know not; but as soon as he had called to them, six of them, who were in the foremost or nighest boat to us, turned their canoes from us, and, stooping down, showed us their naked backsides. Whether this was a defiance or challenge we know not, or whether it was done in mere contempt, or as a signal to the rest; but immediately Friday cried out they were going to shoot, and unhappily for him, poor fellow, they let fly about three hundred of their arrows, and, to my inexpressible grief, killed poor Friday, no other man being in their sight.

The poor fellow was shot with no less than three arrows, and about three more fell very near him; such unlucky marksmen they were.

I was so enraged with the loss of my old servant, the companion of all my sorrows and solitudes, that I immediately ordered five guns to be loaded with small shot, and four with great, and gave them such a broadside as they had never heard in their lives before, to be sure.

They were not above half a cable-length off when we fired, and our gunners took their aim so well that three or four of their canoes were overset, as we had reason to believe, by one shot only.

The ill manners of turning up their bare backsides to us gave us no great offence, neither did I know for certain whether that which would pass for the greatest contempt among us might be understood so by them or not; therefore, in return, I had only resolved to have fired four or five guns at them with powder only, which I knew would fright them sufficiently. But when they shot at us directly with all the fury they were capable of, and especially as they had killed my poor Friday, whom I so entirely loved and valued, and who indeed so well deserved it, I not only had been justified before God and man, but would

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have been very glad, if I could, to have overset every canoe there, and drowned every one of them.

I can neither tell how many we killed nor how many we wounded at this broadside; but sure such a fright and hurry never was seen among such a multitude. There were thirteen or fourteen of their canoes split and overset in all, and the men all set a-swimming; the rest, frighted out of their wits, scoured away as fast as they could, taking but little care to save those whose boats were split or spoiled with our shot. So I suppose that they were many of them lost. And our men took one poor fellow swimming for his life, above an hour after they were all gone.

Our small shot from our cannon must needs kill and wound a great many; but, in short, we never knew anything how it went with them, for they fled so fast that in three hours or thereabouts we could not see above three or four straggling canoes; nor did we ever see the rest any more, for a breeze of wind springing up the same evening, we weighed, and set sail for the Brazils.

We had a prisoner, indeed, but the creature was so sullen that he would neither eat nor speak, and we all fancied he would starve himself to death. But I took a way to cure him, for I made them take him and turn him into the long-boat, and made him believe they would toss him into the sea again, and so leave him where they found him, if he would not speak. Nor would that do; but they really did throw him into the sea, and came away from him; and then he followed them, for he swam like a cork, and called to them in his tongue, though they knew not one word of what he said. However, at last they took him in again, and then he began to be more tractable, nor did I ever design they should drown him.

We were now under sail again; but I was the most disconsolate creature alive for want of my man Friday, and would have been very glad to have gone back to the island, to have taken one of the rest from thence for my occasion, but it could not be; so we went on. We had one prisoner, as I have said, and 't was a long while before we could make him understand anything; but, in time, our men taught him some English, and he began to be a little tractable. Afterwards we inquired what country he came from, but could make nothing of what he said; for his speech was so odd, all gutturals, and spoken in the throat in such a hollow, odd manner, that we could never form a word from him; and we were all of opinion that they might speak that language as well if they were gagged, as otherwise. Nor could we perceive that they had any occasion either for teeth, tongue, lips, or palate, but formed their words just as a hunting-horn forms a tune with an open throat. He told us, however, some time after, when we taught him to speak a little English, that they were going with their kings to fight a great battle. When he said kings, we asked him how many kings? He said they were FIVE NATION, — we could not make him understand the plural *s*, — and that they all joined to go against TWO NATION. We asked him what made them come up to us? He said, "To makee te great wonder look"; where it is to be observed that all those natives, as also those of Africa, when they learn English, they always add two *e's* at the end of the words where we use one, and make the accent upon them, as *makèè*, *takèè*, and the like; and we could not break them of it; nay, I could hardly make Friday leave it off, though at last he did.

And now I name the poor fellow once more, I must take my last leave of him; poor, honest Friday! We buried him with all the decency and solemnity possible, by putting him into a coffin, and throwing him into the sea. And I caused them to fire eleven guns for him; and so ended the life of the most grateful, faithful, honest, and most affectionate servant that ever man had.

We went now away with a fair wind for Brazil, and in about twelve days' time we made land in the latitude of five degrees south of the line, being the north-easternmost land of all that part of America. We kept on south by east in sight of the shore four days, when we made Cape St. Augustine, and in three days came to an anchor off of the Bay of All Saints, the old place of my deliverance, from whence came both my good and evil fate.

Never ship came to this part that had less business than I had; and yet it was with great difficulty that we were admitted to hold the least correspondence on shore. Not my

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planter himself, who was alive, and made a great figure among them; not my two merchants' trustees; not the fame of my wonderful preservation in that island, could obtain me that favor. But my partner, remembering that I had given five hundred moidores to the prior of the monastery of the Augustines, and two hundred and seventy-two to the poor, went to the monastery, and obliged the prior that then was to go to the governor and get leave for me personally, with the captain and one more, besides eight seamen, to come on shore, and no more; and this upon condition, absolutely capitulated for, that we should not offer to land any goods out of the ship, or to carry any person away without license.

They were so strict with us as to landing any goods, that it was with extreme difficulty that I got on shore three bales of English goods, such as fine broadcloths, stuffs, and some linen, which I had brought for a present to my partner.

He was a very generous, broad-hearted man, though, like me, he came from little at first; and though he knew not that I had the least design of giving him anything, he sent me on board a present of fresh provisions, wine, and sweetmeats, worth above thirty moidores, including some tobacco, and three or four fine medals in gold. But I was even with him in my present, which, as I have said, consisted of fine broadcloth, English stuffs, lace, and fine Hollands. Also I delivered him about the value of one hundred pounds sterling in the same goods, for other uses; and I obliged him to set up the sloop which I had brought with me from England, as I have said, for the use of my colony, in order to send the refreshments I intended to my plantation.

Accordingly he got hands, and finished the sloop in a very few days, for she was ready framed; and I gave the master of her such instructions as he could not miss the place, nor did he miss them, as I had an account from my partner afterwards. I got him soon loaded with the small cargo I sent them; and one of our seamen that had been on shore with me there offered to go with the sloop and settle there, upon my letter to the governor Spaniard to allot him a sufficient quantity of land for a plantation, and giving him some clothes, and tools for his planting work, which he said he understood, having been an old planter at Maryland, and a buccaneer into the bargain.

I encouraged the fellow by granting all he desired; and, as an addition, I gave him the savage which we had taken prisoner of war to be his slave, and ordered the governor Spaniard to give him his share of everything he wanted with the rest.

When we came to fit this man out, my old partner told me there was a certain very honest fellow, a Brazil planter of his acquaintance, who had fallen into the displeasure of the Church. "I know not what the matter is with him," says he, "but on my conscience I think he is a heretic in his heart, and he has been obliged to conceal himself for fear of the Inquisition; that he would be very glad of such an opportunity to make his escape with his wife and two daughters; and if I would let them go to the island, and allot them a plantation, he would give them a small stock to begin with; for the officers of the Inquisition had seized all his effects and estate, and he had nothing left but a little household stuff, and two slaves. "And," adds he, "though I hate his principles, yet I would not have him fall into their hands; for he would assuredly be burnt alive if he did."

I granted this presently, and joined my Englishman with them, and we concealed the man and his wife and daughters on board our ship till the sloop put out to go to sea, and then, having put all their goods on board the sloop some time before, we put them on board the sloop after she was got out of the bay.

Our seaman was mightily pleased with this new partner; and their stock, indeed, was much alike, rich in tools, in preparations, and a farm, but nothing to begin with, but as above. However, they carried over with them, which was worth all the rest, some materials for planting sugar-canes, with some plants of canes, which he, I mean the Portugal man, understood very well.

Among the rest of the supplies sent my tenants in the island, I sent them by their sloop three milch-cows and five calves, about twenty-two hogs among them, three sows big with pig, two mares, and a stone-horse.

For my Spaniards, according to my promise, I engaged three Portugal women to go; and recommended it to them to marry them

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and use them kindly. I could have procured more women, but I remembered that the poor persecuted man had two daughters, and there were but five of the Spaniards that wanted; the rest had wives of their own, though in another country.

All this cargo arrived safe, and, as you may easily suppose, very welcome to my old inhabitants, who were now, with this addition, between sixty and seventy people, besides little children; of which there were a great many. I found letters at London from them all by the way of Lisbon, when I came back to England; of which I shall also take some notice immediately.

I have now done with my island, and all manner of discourse about it; and whoever reads the rest of my memorandums would do well to turn his thoughts entirely from it, and expect to read of the follies of an old man, not warned by his own harms, much less by those of other men, to beware of the like; not cooled by almost forty years' misery and disappointments, not satisfied with prosperity beyond expectation, not made cautious by affliction and distress beyond imitation.

I had no more business to go to the East Indies than a man at full liberty, and having committed no crime, has to go to the turnkey at Newgate and desire him to lock him up among the prisoners there, and starve him. Had I taken a small vessel from England and gone directly to the island; had I loaded her, as I did the other vessel, with all the necessaries for the plantation and for my people, taken a patent from the governor here to have secured my property, in subjection only to that of England; had I carried over cannon and ammunition, servants and people, to plant, and, taking possession of the place, fortified and strengthened it in the name of England, and increased it with people, as I might easily have done; had I then settled myself there, and sent the ship back loaded with good rice, as I might also have done in six months' time, and ordered my friends to have fitted her out again for our supply; — had I done this, and stayed there myself, I had, at least, acted like a man of common sense. But I was possessed with a wandering spirit, scorned all advantages. I pleased myself with being the patron of those people I placed there, and doing for them in a kind of haughty, majestic way, like an old patriarchal monarch; providing for them as if I had been father of the whole family, as well as of the plantation. But I never so much as pretended to plant in the name of any government or nation, or to acknowledge any prince, or to call my people subjects to any one nation more than another; nay, I never so much as gave the place a name, but left it as I found it, belonging to no man, and the people under no discipline or government but my own; who, though I had influence over them as father and benefactor, had no authority or power to act or command one way or other, farther than voluntary consent moved them to comply. Yet even this, had I stayed there, would have done well enough. But as I rambled from them, and came there no more, the last letters I had from any of them were by my partner's means, who afterwards sent another sloop to the place, and who sent me word (though I had not the letter till five years after it was written) that they went on but poorly, were malcontent with their long stay there; that Will Atkins was dead; that five of the Spaniards were come away; and that though they had not been much molested by the savages, yet they had had some skirmishes with them; and that they begged of him to write to me, to think of the promise I had made to fetch them away, that they might see their own country again before they died.

But I was gone a wild-goose chase indeed, and they that will have any more of me must be content to follow me through a new variety of follies, hardships, and wild adventures, wherein the justice of Providence may be duly observed, and we may see how easily Heaven can gorge us with our own desires, make the strongest of our wishes be our affliction, and punish us most severely with those very things which we think it would be our utmost happiness to be allowed in.

Let no wise man flatter himself with the strength of his own judgment, as if he were able to choose any particular station of life for himself. Man is a short-sighted creature, sees but a very little way before him; and as his passions are none of his best friends, so his particular affections are generally his worst counsellors.

I say this with respect to the impetuous desire I had from a youth to wander into the world, and how evident it now was that this

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principle was preserved in me for my punishment. How it came on, the manner, the circumstance, and the conclusion of it, it is easy to give you historically, and with its utmost variety of particulars. But the secret ends of Divine power, in thus permitting us to be hurried down the stream of our own desires, is only to be understood of those who can listen to the voice of Providence, and draw religious consequences from God's justice and their own mistakes.

Be it I had business, or no business, away I went. 'T is no time now to enlarge any further upon the reason or absurdity of my own conduct; but, to come to the history, I was embarked for the voyage, and the voyage I went.

I should only add here, that my honest and truly pious clergyman left me here. A ship being ready to go to Lisbon, he asked me leave to go thither, being still, as he observed, bound never to finish any voyage he began. How happy had it been for me if I had gone with him!

But it was too late now. All things Heaven appoints are best. Had I gone with him I had never had so many things to be thankful for, and you had never heard of the Second Part of the Travels and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. So I must leave here the fruitless exclaiming at myself, and go on with my voyage.

From the Brazils we made directly away over the Atlantic Sea to the Cape de Bon Esperance, or, as we call it, the Cape of Good Hope, and had a tolerable good voyage, our course generally south-east; now and then a storm, and some contrary winds. But my disasters at sea were at an end. My future rubs and cross events were to befall me on shore, that it might appear the land was as well prepared to be our scourge as the sea when Heaven, who directs the circumstances of things, pleases to appoint it to be so.

Our ship was on a trading voyage, and had a supercargo on board, who was to direct all her motions after she arrived at the Cape, only being limited to certain numbers of days for stay, by charter-party, at the several ports she was to go to. This was none of my business, neither did I meddle with it at all; my nephew, the captain, and the supercargo adjusting all those things between them as they thought fit.

We made no stay at the Cape longer than was needful to take in fresh water, but made the best of our way for the coast of Coromandel. We were indeed informed that a French man-of-war of fifty guns, and two large merchant-ships, were gone for the Indies; and as I knew we were at war with France, I had some apprehensions of them. But they went their way, and we heard no more of them.

I shall not pester my account, or the reader, with descriptions of places, journals of our voyages, variations of the compass, latitudes, meridian distances, trade-winds, situation of ports, and the like, such as almost all the histories of long navigation are full of, and makes the reading tiresome enough, and are perfectly unprofitable to all that read it, except only to those who are to go to those places themselves.

It is enough to name the ports and places which we touched at, and what occurred to us upon our passing from one to another. We touched first at the Island of Madagascar, where, though the people are fierce and treacherous, and, in particular, very well armed with lances and bows, which they use with inconceivable dexterity, yet we fared very well with them awhile; they treated us very civilly, and for some trifles which we gave them, such as knives, scissors, &c., they brought us eleven good fat bullocks, middling in size, but very good in flesh; which we took in partly for fresh provisions for our present spending, and the rest to salt for the ship's use.

We were obliged to stay here some time after we had furnished ourselves with provisions; and I, that was always too curious to look into every nook of the world wherever I came, was for going on shore as often as I could. It was on the east side of the island that we went on shore one evening; and the people, who, by the way, are very numerous, came thronging about us, and stood gazing at us at a distance. But as we had traded freely with them, and had been kindly used, we thought ourselves in no danger. But when we saw the people, we cut three boughs out of a tree, and stuck them up at a distance from us; which, it seems, is a mark in the country, not only of truce and friendship, but, when it is accepted, the other side set up three poles or boughs, which is a

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signal that they accept the truce too. But then this is a known condition of the truce, that you are not to pass between their three poles towards them, nor they to come past your three poles or boughs towards you; so that you are perfectly secure within the three poles, and all the space between your poles and theirs is allowed, like a market, for free converse, traffic, and commerce. When you go there, you must not carry your weapons with you; and if they come into that space, they stick up their javelins and lances all at the first poles, and come on unarmed; but if any violence is offered them, and the truce thereby broken, away they run to the poles and lay hold of their weapons, and then the truce is at an end.

It happened one evening, when we went on shore, that a greater number of their people came down than usual; but all was very friendly and civil, and they brought in several kinds of provisions, for which we satisfied them with such toys as we had. Their women also brought us milk and roots, and several things very acceptable to us; and all was quiet. And we made us a little tent, or hut, of some boughs of trees, and lay on shore all night.

I knew not what was the occasion, but I was not so well satisfied to lie on shore as the rest; and the boat lying at an anchor, about a stone-cast from the land, with two men in her to take care of her, I made one of them come on shore, and getting some boughs of trees to cover us also in the boat, I spread the sail on the bottom of the boat, and lay under the cover of the branches of trees all night in the boat.

About two o'clock in the morning, we heard one of our men make a terrible noise on the shore, calling out for God's sake to bring the boat in, and come and help them, for they were all like to be murdered. At the same time I heard the firing of five muskets, which was the number of the guns they had, and that three times over; for it seems the natives here were not so easily frighted with guns as the savages were in America, where I had to do with them.

All this while I knew not what was the matter; but rousing immediately from sleep with the noise, I caused the boat to be thrust in, and resolved, with three fusils we had on board, to land and assist our men.

We got the boat soon to the shore. But our men were in too much haste; for, being come to the shore, they plunged into the water to get to the boat with all the expedition they could, being pursued by between three and four hundred men. Our men were but nine in all, and only five of them had fusils with them; the rest had, indeed, pistols and swords, but they were of small use to them.

We took up seven of our men, and with difficulty enough too, three of them being very ill wounded. And that which was still worse was, that while we stood in the boat to take our men in, we were in as much danger as they were in on shore; for they poured their arrows in upon us so thick, that we were fain to barricade the side of the boat up with the benches, and two or three loose boards, which, to our great satisfaction, we had by mere accident or providence in the boat.

And yet, had it been daylight, they are, it seems, such exact marksmen, that if they could have seen but the least part of any of us, they would have been sure of us. We had, by the light of the moon, a little sight of them, as they stood pelting us from the shore with darts and arrows; and having got ready our fire-arms, we gave them a volley, and we could hear by the cries of some of them that we had wounded several. However, they stood thus in battle array on the shore till break of day; which, we suppose, was that they might see the better to take their aim at us.

In this condition we lay, and could not tell how to weigh our anchor or set up our sail, because we must needs stand up in the boat, and they were as sure to hit us as we were to hit a bird in a tree with small shot. We made signals of distress to the ship, and, though we rode a league off, yet my nephew, the captain, hearing our firing, and by glasses perceiving the posture we lay in, and that we fired towards the shore, pretty well understood us; and weighing anchor with all speed, he stood as near the shore as he durst with the ship, and then sent another boat with ten hands in her to assist us. But we called to them not to come too near, telling them what condition we were in. However, they stood in nearer to us; and one of the men taking the end of a tow-

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line in his hand, and keeping our boat between him and the enemy, so that they could not perfectly see him, swam on board us, and made fast the line to the boat; upon which we slipped our little cable, and leaving our anchor behind, they towed us out of reach of the arrows, we all the while lying close behind the barricado we had made.

As soon as we were got from between the ship and the shore, that she could lay her side to the shore, she ran along just by them, and we poured in a broadside among them, loaded with pieces of iron and lead, small bullets, and such stuff, besides the great shot; which made a terrible havoc amongst them.

When we were got on board and out of danger, we had time to examine into the occasion of this fray. And, indeed, our supercargo, who had been often in those parts, put me upon it; for, he said, he was sure the inhabitants would not have touched us after we had made a truce, if we had not done something to provoke them to it. At length it came out; namely, that an old woman, who had come to sell us some milk, had brought it within our poles, with a young woman with her, who also brought some roots or herbs; and while the old woman (whether she was mother to the young woman or no they could not tell) was selling us the milk, one of our men offered some rudeness to the wench that was with her, at which the old woman made a great noise. However, the seaman would not quit his prize, but carried her out of the old woman's sight among the trees, it being almost dark. The old woman went away without her, and, as we suppose, made an outcry among the people she came from, who, upon notice, raised this great army upon us in three or four hours; and it was great odds but we had been all destroyed.

One of our men was killed with a lance thrown at him, just at the beginning of the attack, as he sallied out of the tent they had made. The rest came off free, all but the fellow who was the occasion of all the mischief, who paid dear enough for his black mistress; for we could not hear what became of him a great while. We lay upon the shore two days after, though the wind presented, and made signals for him; made our boat sail up shore and down shore several leagues, but in vain. So we were obliged to give him over; and if he alone had suffered for it, the loss had been the less.

I could not satisfy myself, however, without venturing on shore once more, to try if I could learn anything of him or them. It was the third night after the action, that I had a great mind to learn, if I could by any means, what mischief we had done, and how the game stood on the Indians' side. I was careful to do it in the dark, lest we should be attacked again; but I ought indeed to have been sure that the men I went with had been under my command before I engaged in a thing so hazardous and mischievous as I was brought into by it without my knowledge or design.

We took twenty stout fellows with us as any in the ship, besides the supercargo and myself, and we landed two hours before midnight at the same place where the Indians stood drawn up the evening before. I landed here because my design, as I have said, was chiefly to see if they had quitted the field, and if they had left any marks behind them of the mischief we had done them. And I thought if we could surprise one or two of them, perhaps we might get our man again by way of exchange.

We landed without any noise, and divided our men into two bodies, whereof the boatswain commanded one and I the other. We neither saw nor heard anybody stir when we landed, and we marched up one body at a distance from the other to the place; but at first could see nothing, it being very dark, till, by and by, our boatswain, that led the first party, stumbled, and fell over a dead body. This made them halt awhile, for knowing by the circumstance that they were at the place where the Indians had stood, they waited for my coming up. Here we concluded to halt till the moon began to rise, which we knew would be in less than an hour, when we could easily discern the havoc we had made among them. We told two-and-thirty bodies upon the ground, whereof two were not quite dead. Some had an arm, and some a leg shot off, and one his head; those that were wounded, we supposed, they had carried away.

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When we had made, as I thought, a full discovery of all we could come at the knowledge of, I was resolved for going on board; but the boatswain and his party sent me word that they were resolved to make a visit to the Indian town, where these dogs, as they called them, dwelt, and asked me to go along with them; and if they could find them, as still they fancied they should, they did not doubt getting a good booty, and it might be they might find Thomas Jeffery there: that was the man's name we had lost.

Had they sent to ask my leave to go, I knew well enough what answer to have given them; for I would have commanded them instantly on board, knowing it was not a hazard fit for us to run, who had a ship and shiploading in our charge, and a voyage to make, which depended very much upon the lives of the men; but as they sent me word they were resolved to go, and only asked me and my company to go along with them, I positively refused it, and rose up, for I was sitting on the ground, in order to go to the boat. One or two of the men began to importune me to go, and when I refused positively, began to grumble, and say they were not under my command, and they would go. "Come, Jack," says one of the men, "will you go with me? I'll go for one." Jack said he would, and another followed, and then another; and, in a word, they all left me but one, whom I persuaded to stay, and a boy left in the boat. So the supercargo and I, with the third man, went back to the boat, where we told them we would stay for them, and take care to take in as many of them as should be left; for I told them it was a mad thing they were going about, and supposed most of them would run the fate of Thomas Jeffery.

They told me, like seamen, they'd warrant it they would come off again, and they would take care, &c. So away they went. I entreated them to consider the ship and voyage; that their lives were not their own, and that they were intrusted with the voyage in some measure; that if they miscarried, the ship might be lost for want of their help, and that they could not answer it to God or man. I said a great deal more to them on that head, but I might as well have talked to the mainmast of the ship; they were mad upon their journey, only they gave me good words, and begged I would not be angry; that they would be very cautious, and they did not doubt but they would be back again in about an hour at farthest; for the Indian town, they said, was not above half a mile off, though they found it above two miles before they got to it.

Well, they all went away as above; and though the attempt was desperate, and such as none but madmen would have gone about, yet, to give them their due, they went about it as warily as boldly. They were gallantly armed, that's true; for they had every man a fusil or musket, a bayonet, and every man a pistol; some of them had broad cutlasses, some of them hangers, and the boatswain and two more had pole-axes; besides all which, they had among them thirteen hand-grenadoes. Bolder fellows, and better provided, never went about any wicked work in the world.

When they went out their chief design was plunder, and they were in mighty hopes of finding gold there; but a circumstance which none of them were aware of set them on fire with revenge, and made devils of them all. When they came to the few Indian houses which they thought had been the town, which was not above half a mile off, they were under a great disappointment; for there were not above twelve or thirteen houses, and where the town was, or how big, they knew not. They consulted, therefore, what to do, and were some time before they could resolve; for if they fell upon these, they must cut all their throats, and it was ten to one but some of them might escape, it being in the night, though the moon was up; and if one escaped, he would run away, and raise all the town, so they should have a whole army upon them. Again, on the other hand, if they went away and left those untouched (for the people were all asleep), they could not tell which way to look for the town.

However, the last was the best advice; so they resolved to leave them, and look for the town as well as they could. They went on a little way, and found a cow tied to a tree. This, they presently concluded, would be a good guide to them, for they said the cow certainly belonged to the town before them or the town behind them; and, if they un-

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tied her, they should see which way she went: if she went back, they had nothing to say to her, but if she went forward, they had nothing to do but to follow her. So they cut the cord, which was made of twisted flags, and the cow went on before them. In a word, the cow led them directly to the town, which, as they report, consisted of above two hundred houses or huts, and in some of these they found several families living together.

Here they found all in silence as profoundly secure as sleep and a country that had never seen an enemy of that kind could make them; and, first, they called another council, to consider what they had to do; and, in a word, they resolved to divide themselves into three bodies, and to set three houses on fire in three parts of the town, and, as the men came out, to seize them and bind them (if any resisted, they need not be asked what to do then), and so to search the rest of the houses for plunder; but they resolved to march silently first through the town, and see what dimensions it was of, and if they might venture upon it or no.

They did so, and desperately resolved that they would venture upon them; but while they were animating one another to the work, three of them, that were a little before the rest, called out aloud to them, and told them they had found Thomas Jeffery. They all ran up to the place, and so it was indeed; for there they found the poor fellow hung up naked by one arm, and his throat cut. There was an Indian house just by the tree, where they found sixteen or seventeen of the principal Indians who had been concerned in the fray with us before, and two or three of them wounded with our shot; and our men found they were awake, and talking one to another in that house, but knew not their number.

The sight of their poor mangled comrade so enraged them, as before, that they swore to one another they would be revenged, and that not an Indian who came into their hands should have quarter; and to work they went immediately, and yet not so madly as by the rage and fury they were in might be expected. Their first care was to get something that would soon take fire, but, after a little search, they found that would be to no purpose; for most of the houses were low, and thatched with flags or rushes, of which the country is full. So they presently made some wild-fire, as we call it, by wetting a little powder in the palms of their hands, and in a quarter of an hour they set the town on fire in four or five places, and particularly that house where the Indians were not gone to bed. As soon as the fire began to blaze, the poor frighted creatures began to rush out to save their lives, but met with their fate in the attempt, and especially at the door, where they drove them back, the boatswain himself killing one or two with his pole-axe. The house being large, and many in it, he did not care to go in, but called for a hand-grenado, and threw it among them, which at first frightened them, but, when it burst, made such havoc among them that they cried out in a hideous manner.

In short, most of the Indians who were in the open part of the house were killed or hurt with the grenado, except two or three more who pressed to the door, which the boatswain and two more kept with their bayonets in the muzzles of their pieces, and despatched all who came that way. But there was another apartment in the house, where the prince or king, or whatever he was, and several others were; and these they kept in till the house, which was by this time all of a light flame, fell in upon them, and they were smothered or burned together.

All this while they fired not a gun, because they would not waken the people faster than they could master them; but the fire began to waken them fast enough, and our fellows were glad to keep a little together in bodies, for the fire grew so raging, all the houses being made of light combustible stuff, that they could hardly bear the street between them, and their business was to follow the fire for the surer execution. As fast as the fire either forced the people out of those houses which were burning, or frightened them out of others, our people were ready at their doors to knock them on the head, still calling and hallooing to one another to remember Thomas Jeffery.

While this was doing, I must confess I was very uneasy, and especially when I saw the flames of the town, which, it being night, seemed to be just by me.

My nephew, the captain, who was roused by his men too, seeing such a fire, was very uneasy, not knowing what the matter was, or

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what danger I was in; especially hearing the guns too, for by this time they began to use their fire-arms. A thousand thoughts oppressed his mind concerning me and the supercargo, what should become of us; and, at last, though he could ill spare any more men, yet, not knowing what exigence we might be in, he takes another boat, and, with thirteen men and himself, came on shore to me.

He was surprised to see me and the supercargo in the boat with no more than two men; and, though he was glad that we were well, yet he was in the same impatience with us to know what was doing, for the noise continued, and the flame increased. In short, it was next to an impossibility for any men in the world to restrain their curiosity to know what had happened, or their concern for the safety of the men. In a word, the captain told me he would go and help his men, let what would come. I argued with him, as I did before with the men, the safety of the ship, the danger of the voyage, the interest of the owners and merchants, &c., and told him I would go and the two men, and only see if we could at a distance learn what was like to be the event, and come back and tell him.

It was all one to talk to my nephew, as it was to talk to the rest before; he would go, he said, and he only wished he had left but ten men in the ship, for he could not think of having his men lost for want of help; he had rather lose the ship, the voyage, and his life and all; and away went he.

In a word, I was no more able to stay behind now than I was to persuade them not to go; so, in short, the captain ordered two men to row back to the pinnace, and fetch twelve men more, leaving the long-boat at an anchor, and that, when they came back, six men should keep the two boats, and six more come after us, so that he left only sixteen men in the ship; for the whole ship's company consisted of sixty-five men, whereof two were lost in the last quarrel, which brought this mischief on.

Being now on the march, you may be sure we felt little of the ground we trod on; and, being guided by the fire, we kept no path, but went directly to the place of the flame. If the noise of the guns was surprising to us before, the cries of the poor people were now of quite another nature, and filled us with horror. I must confess I never was at the sacking a city, or at the taking a town by storm. I had heard of Oliver Cromwell taking Drogheda, in Ireland, and killing man, woman, and child; and I had read of Count Tilly sacking the city of Magdeburg, and cutting the throats of twenty-two thousand of both sexes. But I never had an idea of the thing itself before, nor is it possible to describe it or the horror which was upon our minds at hearing it.

However, we went on, and at length came to the town, though there was no entering the streets of it for the fire. The first object we met with was the ruins of a hut or house, or rather the ashes of it, for the house was consumed; and just before it, plain now to be seen by the light of the fire, lay four men and three women killed, and, as we thought, one or two more lay in the heap among the fire. In short, there were such instances of a rage altogether barbarous, and of a fury something beyond what was human, that we thought it impossible our men could be guilty of it, or, if they were the authors of it, we thought they ought to be every one of them put to the worst of deaths. But this was not all. We saw the fire increased forward, and the cry went on just as the fire went on; so that we were in the utmost confusion. We advanced a little way farther, and behold, to our astonishment, three women, naked and crying in a most dreadful manner, came flying, as if they had indeed had wings, and after them sixteen or seventeen men, natives, in the same terror and consternation, with three of our English butchers, for I can call them no better, in their rear; who, when they could not overtake them, fired in among them, and one that was killed by their shot fell down in our sight. When the rest saw us, believing us to be their enemies, and that we would murder them as well as those that pursued them, they set up a most dreadful shriek, especially the women; and two of them fell down, as if already dead with the fright.

My very soul shrank within me, and my blood ran chill in my veins, when I saw this; and I believe, had the three English sailors that pursued them come on, I had made our men kill them all. However, we took some ways to let the poor flying crea-

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tures know that we would not hurt them, and immediately they came up to us, and kneeling down, with their hands lifted up, made piteous lamentation to us to save them, which we let them know we would; whereupon they crept all together in a huddle close behind us, as for protection. I left my men drawn up together, and charged them to hurt nobody, but if possible to get at some of our people, and see what devil it was possessed them, and what they intended to do; and, in a word, to command them off, assuring them that, if they stayed till daylight, they would have an hundred thousand men about their ears. I say I left them and went among those flying people, taking only two of our men with me; and there was indeed a piteous spectacle among them. Some of them had their feet terribly burned with trampling and running through the fire, others their hands burned. One of the women had fallen down in the fire, and was very much burned before she could get out again; and two or three of the men had cuts in their backs and thighs from our men pursuing; and another was shot through the body, and died while I was there.

I would fain have learned what the occasion of all this was; but I could not understand one word they said, though by signs I perceived that some of them knew not what was the occasion themselves. I was so terrified in my thoughts at this outrageous attempt, that I could not stay there, but went back to my own men, and resolved to go into the middle of the town through the fire, or whatever might be in the way, and put an end to it, cost what it would. Accordingly, as soon as I came back to my men I told them my resolution, and commanded them to follow me; when in the very moment came four of our men, with the boatswain at their head, roving over the heaps of bodies they had killed, all covered with blood and dust, as if they wanted more people to massacre, when our men hallooed to them as loud as they could halloo; and with much ado one of them made them hear, so that they knew who we were, and came up to us.

As soon as the boatswain saw us, he set up a halloo like a shout of triumph, for, as he thought, more help having come; and without bearing to hear me, "Captain," says he, "noble captain, I am glad you are come. We have not half done yet, villanous hell-hound dogs! I 'll kill as many of them as poor Tom has hairs upon his head. We have sworn to spare none of them; we 'll root out the very nation of them from the earth." And thus he ran on, out of breath too with action, and would not give us leave to speak a word.

At last, raising my voice that I might silence him a little, "Barbarous dog," said I, "what are you doing? I won't have one creature touched more, upon pain of death. I charge you, upon your life, to stop your hands, and stand still here, or you are a dead man this minute."

"Why, sir," says he, "do you know what you do, or what they have done? If you want a reason for what we have done, come hither." And with that he showed me the poor fellow hanging with his throat cut.

I confess I was urged then myself, and at another time would have been forward enough; but I thought they had carried their rage too far, and I thought of Jacob's words to his sons Simeon and Levi, "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel." But I had now a new task upon my hands; for when the men I carried with me saw the sight, as I had done, I had as much to do to restrain them as I should have had with the other. Nay, my nephew himself fell in with them, and told me in their hearing that he was only concerned for fear of the men being overpowered; for, as for the people, he thought not one of them ought to live, for they had all glutted themselves with the murder of the poor man, and that they ought to be used like murderers. Upon these words, away ran eight of my men, with the boatswain and his crew, to complete their bloody work; and I, seeing it quite out of my power to restrain them, came away pensive and sad, for I could not bear the sight, much less the horrible noise and cries of the poor wretches that fell into their hands.

I got nobody to come back with me but the supercargo and two men; and with these I walked back to the boats. It was a very great piece of folly in me, I confess, to venture back, as it were, alone; for as it began now to be almost day, and the alarm had run over the country, there stood above forty men, armed with lances and bows, at the little place where the twelve or thirteen

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houses stood mentioned before. But by accident I missed the place, and came directly to the seaside; and by the time I got to the seaside it was broad day. Immediately I took the pinnace and went aboard, and sent her back to assist the men in what might happen.

I observed about the time that I came to the boat-side that the fire was pretty well out and the noise abated; but in about half an hour after I got on board I heard a volley of our men's fire-arms, and saw a great smoke. This, as I understood afterwards, was our men falling upon the men who, as I said, stood at the few houses on the way; of whom they killed sixteen or seventeen, and set all those houses on fire, but did not meddle with the women or children.

By the time the men got to the shore again with the pinnace, our men began to appear. They came dropping in, some and some; not in two bodies, and in form, as they went, but all in heaps, straggling here and there in such a manner that a small force of resolute men might have cut them all off.

But the dread of them was upon the whole country; and the men were amazed and surprised, and so frightened, that I believe a hundred of them would have fled at the sight of but five of our men. Nor in all this terrible action was there a man who made any considerable defence. They were so surprised between the terror of the fire and the sudden attack of our men in the dark, that they knew not which way to turn themselves; for if they fled one way, they were met by one party; if back again, by another; so that they were everywhere knocked down. Nor did any of our men receive the least hurt, except one, who strained his foot; and another had one of his hands very much burned.

I was very angry with my nephew the captain, and indeed with all the men, in my mind; but with him in particular, as well for his acting so out of his duty as commander of the ship, and having the charge of the voyage upon him, as in his prompting rather than cooling the rage of his men in so bloody and cruel an enterprise. My nephew answered me very respectfully; but told me that when he saw the body of the poor seaman, whom they had murdered in such a cruel and barbarous manner, he was not master of himself, neither could he govern his passion. He owned he should not have done so, as he was commander of the ship; but as he was a man, and nature moved him, he could not bear it. As for the rest of the men, they were not subject to me at all; and they knew it well enough, so they took no notice of my dislike.

The next day we set sail, so we never heard any more of it. Our men differed in the account of the number they killed: some said one thing, some another; but according to the best of their accounts put together, they killed or destroyed about one hundred and fifty people, men, women, and children, and left not a house standing in the town. As for the poor fellow, Thomas Jeffery, as he was quite dead, for his throat was so cut that his head was half off, it would do him no service to bring him away. So they left him where they found him; only took him down from the tree where he was hanged by one hand.

However just our men thought this action, I was against them in it; and I always after that time told them God would blast the voyage, for I looked upon all the blood they shed that night to be murder in them. For though it is true that they had killed Thomas Jeffery, yet it was as true that Jeffery was the aggressor, had broken the truce, and had violated or debauched a young woman of theirs who came down to them innocently, and on the faith of their public capitulation.

The boatswain defended this quarrel when we were afterwards on board. He said, it is true that we seemed to break the truce, but really had not, and that the war was begun the night before by the natives themselves, who had shot at us and killed one of our men without any just provocation; so that as we were in a capacity to fight them now, we might also be in a capacity to do ourselves justice upon them in an extraordinary manner: that though the poor man had taken a little liberty with a wench, he ought not to have been murdered, and that in such a villanous manner; and that they did nothing but what was just, and what the laws of God allowed to be done to murderers.

One would think this should have been enough to have warned us against going on shore among heathens and barbarians; but

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it is impossible to make mankind wise but at their own experience, and their experience seems to be always of most use to them when it is dearest bought.

We were now bound to the Gulf of Persia, and from thence to the coast of Coromandel, only to touch at Surat; but the chief of the supercargo's design lay at the Bay of Bengal, where, if he missed of his business outward bound, he was to go up to China, and return to the coast as he came home.

The first disaster that befell us was in the Gulf of Persia, where five of our men, venturing on shore on the Arabian side of the gulf, were surrounded by the Arabians, and either all killed or carried away into slavery. The rest of the boat's crew were not able to rescue them, and had but just time to get off their boat. I began to upbraid them with the just retribution of Heaven in this case; but the boatswain very warmly told me he thought I went farther in my censures than I could show any warrant for in Scripture, and referred to the thirteenth of St. Luke, verse fourth, where our Saviour intimates that those men on whom the tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above all the Galileans. But that which indeed put me to silence in the case was, that not one of these five men who were now lost were of the number of those who went on shore to the massacre of Madagascar (so I always called it, though our men could not bear the word "massacre" with any patience). And indeed this last circumstance, as I have said, put me to silence for the present.

But my frequent preaching to them on this subject had worse consequences than I expected; and the boatswain, who had been the head of the attempt, came up boldly to me one time, and told me he found that I continually brought that affair upon the stage; that I made unjust reflections upon it, and had used the men very ill on that account, and himself in particular; that as I was but a passenger, and had no command in the ship or concern in the voyage, they were not obliged to bear it; that they did not know but I might have some ill design in my head, and perhaps to call them to account for it when they came to England; and that, therefore, unless I would resolve to have done with it, and also not to concern myself any farther with him or any of his affairs, he would leave the ship, for he did not think it was safe to sail with me among them.

I heard him patiently enough until he had done, and then told him that I did confess I had all along opposed the massacre of Madagascar, for such I would always call it; and that I had on all occasions spoken my mind freely about it, though not more upon him than any of the rest; that as to my having no command in the ship, that was true, nor did I exercise any authority, only took my liberty of speaking my mind in things which publicly concerned us all; and what concern I had in the voyage was none of his business: that I was a considerable owner of the ship, and in that claim I conceived I had a right to speak even farther than I had yet done, and would not be accountable to him or any one else, and began to be a little warm with him. He made but little reply to me at that time, and I thought that affair had been over. We were at this time in the road at Bengal; and, being willing to see the place, I went on shore with the supercargo in the ship's boat to divert myself, and towards evening was preparing to go on board, when one of the men came to me, and told me he would not have me trouble myself to come down to the boat, for they had orders not to carry me on board any more! Any one may guess what a surprise I was in at so insolent a message; and I asked the man who bade him deliver that errand to me. He told me the cockswain. I said no more to the fellow, but bade him let them know he had delivered his message, and that I had given him no answer to it.

I immediately went and found out the supercargo, and told him the story; adding what I presently foresaw, namely, that there would certainly be a mutiny in the ship, and entreated him to go immediately on board the ship in an Indian boat, and acquaint the captain of it. But I might have spared this intelligence, for before I had spoken to him on shore the matter was effected on board. The boatswain, the gunner, the carpenter, and, in a word, all the inferior officers, as soon as I was gone off in the boat, came up to the quarter-deck and desired to speak with the captain; and there the boatswain, making a long harangue, for the fellow talked very well, and repeating all he had

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said to me, told the captain, in few words, that as I was now gone peaceably on shore, they were loath to use any violence with me; which, if I had not gone on shore, they would otherwise have done, to oblige me to have gone; they therefore thought fit to tell him, that as they shipped themselves to serve in the ship under his command, they would perform it well and faithfully; but if I would not quit the ship, or the captain oblige me to quit it, they would all leave the ship, and sail no farther with him. And at that word "all," he turned his face about towards the mainmast, which was, it seems the signal agreed on between them; at which, all the seamen being got together, they cried out, "One and all! one and all!"

My nephew the captain was a man of spirit, and of great presence of mind; and though he was surprised, you may be sure, at the thing, yet he told them calmly that he would consider of the thing, but that he could do nothing in it until he had spoken to me about it. He used some arguments with them to show them the unreasonableness and injustice of the thing; but it was all in vain; they swore and shook hands round before his face that they would all go on shore unless he would engage to them not to suffer me to come any more on board the ship.

This was a hard article upon him, who knew his obligation to me, and did not know how I might take it. So he began to talk cavalierly to them; told them that I was a very considerable owner of the ship, and that in justice he could not put me out of my own house; that this was next door to serving me as the famous pirate Kidd had done, who made the mutiny in a ship, set the captain on shore on an uninhabited island, and ran away with the ship; that, let them go into what ship they would, if ever they came to England again, it would cost them dear; that the ship was mine, and that he could not put me out of it; and that he would rather lose the ship, and the voyage too, than disoblige me so much; so they might do as they pleased: however, he would go on shore, and talk with me on shore; and invited the boatswain to go with him, and perhaps they might accommodate the matter with me.

But they all rejected the proposal, and said they would have nothing to do with me any more, neither on board nor on shore, and if I came on board, they would all go on shore. "Well," said the captain, "if you are all of this mind, let me go on shore, and talk with him." So away he came to me with this account, a little after the message had been brought to me from the cockswain.

I was very glad to see my nephew, I must confess; for I was not without apprehensions that they would confine him by violence, set sail, and run away with the ship, and then I had been stripped naked in a remote country, and nothing to help myself; in short, I had been in a worse case than when I was all alone in the island.

But they had not come that length, it seems, to my great satisfaction; and when my nephew told me what they had said to him, and how they had sworn, and shook hands, that they would one and all leave the ship if I was suffered to come on board, I told him he should not be concerned at it at all, for I would stay on shore. I only desired he would take care and send me all my necessary things on shore, and leave me a sufficient sum of money, and I would find my way to England as well as I could.

This was a heavy piece of news to my nephew; but there was no way to help it, but to comply with it; so, in short, he went on board the ship again, and satisfied the men that his uncle had yielded to their importunity, and had sent for his goods from on board the ship; so that matter was over in a very few hours, the men returned to their duty, and I began to consider what course I should steer.

I was now alone in the remotest part of the world, as I think I may call it; for I was nearly three thousand leagues by sea farther off from England than I was at my island. Only, it is true, I might travel here by land over the Great Mogul's country to Surat; might go from thence to Bassora by sea, up the Gulf of Persia; and from thence might take the way of the caravans over the desert of Arabia to Aleppo and Scanderoon; from thence by sea again to Italy, and so over land into France: and this put together might be at least a full diameter of the globe, but if it were to be measured, I suppose it would appear to be a great deal more.

I had another way before me, which was to wait for some English ships, which were

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coming to Bengal from Achen, on the island of Sumatra, and get passage on board them for England; but as I came hither without any concern with the English East India Company, so it would be difficult to go from hence without their license, unless with great favor of the captains of the ships, or of the Company's factors, and to both I was an utter stranger.

Here I had the particular pleasure, speaking by contraries, to see the ship sail without me; a treatment, I think, a man in my circumstances scarce ever met with, except from pirates running away with a ship, and setting those that would not agree with their villany on shore. Indeed, this was next door to it both ways. However, my nephew left me two servants, or, rather, one companion and one servant; the first was clerk to the purser, whom he engaged to go with me, and the other was his own servant. I took me also a good lodging in the house of an Englishwoman, where several merchants lodged, some French, two Italians, or rather Jews, and one Englishman. Here I was handsomely enough entertained; and that I might not be said to run rashly upon anything, I stayed here above nine months, considering what course to take, and how to manage myself. I had some English goods with me of value, and a considerable sum of money, my nephew furnishing me with a thousand pieces of eight, and a letter of credit for more, if I had occasion, that I might not be straitened, whatever might happen.

I quickly disposed of my goods, and to advantage too; and, as I originally intended, I bought here some very good diamonds; which, of all other things, was the most proper for me in my present circumstances, because I might always carry my whole estate about me.

After a long stay here, and many proposals made for my return to England, but none falling out to my mind, the English merchant who lodged with me, and with whom I had contracted an intimate acquaintance, came to me one morning. "Countryman," says he, "I have a project to communicate to you, which, as it suits with my thoughts, may, for aught I know, suit with yours also, when you shall have thoroughly considered it.

"Here we are posted," says he, "you by accident, and I by my own choice, in a part of the world very remote from our own country; but it is in a country where, by us who understand trade and business, a great deal of money is to be got. If you will put a thousand pounds to my thousand pounds, we will hire a ship here, the first we can get to our minds; you shall be captain, I'll be merchant, and we will go a trading voyage to China; for what should we stand still for! The whole world is in motion, rolling round and round; all the creatures of God, heavenly bodies and earthly, are busy and diligent; why should we be idle? There are no drones in the world but men; why should we be of that number?"

I liked his proposal very well, and the more because it seemed to be expressed with so much good-will and in so friendly a manner. I will not say but that I might by my loose and unhinged circumstances be the fitter to embrace a proposal for trade, or, indeed, for anything else; whereas, otherwise, trade was none of my element. However, I might perhaps say with some truth, that if trade was not my element, rambling was, and no proposal for seeing any part of the world which I never had seen before could possibly come amiss to me.

It was, however, some time before we could get a ship to our minds; and when we had got a vessel, it was not easy to get English sailors; that is to say, so many as were necessary to govern the voyage and manage the sailors which we should pick up there. After some time we got a mate, a boatswain, and a gunner, English, a Dutch carpenter, and three Portuguese foremastmen. With these we found we could do well enough, having Indian seamen, such as they are, to make up.

There are so many travellers who have written the history of their voyages and travels this way, that it would be very little diversion to anybody to give a long account of the places we went to, and the people who inhabit there. Those things I leave to others, and refer the reader to those journals and travels of Englishmen, of which many, I find, are published, and more promised every day. 'T is enough for me to tell you that I made this voyage to Achen, in the island of Sumatra, and from thence to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium, and

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some arrack; the first a commodity which bears a great price among the Chinese, and which at that time was very much wanted there. In a word, we went up to Suskan, made a very great voyage, were eight months out, and returned to Bengal; and I was very well satisfied with my adventure. I observe that our people in England often admire how the officers which the Company send into India, and the merchants which generally stay there, get such very great estates as they do, and sometimes come home worth sixty, seventy, to one hundred thousand pounds at a time.

But it is no wonder, or at least we shall see so much farther into it, when we consider the innumerable ports and places where they have a free commerce, that it will then be no wonder; and much less will it be so, when we consider at all those places and ports where the English ships come there is so much and such constant demand for the growth of all other countries, that there is a certain vent for the returns, as well as a market abroad for the goods carried out.

In short, we made a very good voyage, and I got so much money by the first adventure, and such an insight into the method of getting more, that had I been twenty years younger, I should have been tempted to have stayed here, and sought no further for making my fortune. But what was all this to a man on the wrong side of threescore, that was rich enough, and came abroad more in obedience to a restless desire of seeing the world than a covetous desire of getting in it; and indeed I think it is with great justice that I now call it a restless desire, for it was so. When I was at home, I was restless to go abroad; and now I was abroad, I was restless to be at home. I say, what gain was this to me? I was rich enough, nor had I any uneasy desires about getting more money, and therefore the profits of the voyage to me were things of no great force for the prompting me forward to farther undertakings; and I thought that by this voyage I had made no progress at all, because I was come back, as I might call it, to the place from whence I came, as to a home; whereas my eye, which, like that which Solomon speaks of, was never satisfied with seeing, was still more desirous of wandering and seeing. I was come into a part of the world which I was never in before, and that part in particular which I had heard much of, and was resolved to see as much of as I could, and then I thought I might say I had seen all the world that was worth seeing.

But my fellow-traveller and I had different notions. I do not name this to insist upon my own; for I acknowledge his were the most just, and the most suited to the end of a merchant's life, who, when he is abroad upon adventures, it is his wisdom to stick to that as the best thing for him which he is like to get the most money by. My new friend kept himself to the nature of the thing, and would have been content to have gone like a carrier's horse always to the same inn, backward and forward, provided he could, as he called it, find his account in it. On the other hand, mine was the notion of a mad rambling boy, that never cares to see a thing twice over.

But this was not all: I had a kind of impatience upon me to be nearer home, and yet the most unsettled resolution imaginable which way to go. In the interval of these consultations my friend, who was always upon the search for business, proposed another voyage to me among the Spice Islands, and to bring home a loading of cloves from the Manillas, or thereabouts; places where indeed the Dutch do trade, but islands belonging partly to the Spaniards; though we went not so far, but to some other, where they have not the whole power, as they have at Batavia, Ceylon, &c. We were not long in preparing for this voyage; the chief difficulty was in bringing me to come into it. However, nothing else offering, and finding that really stirring about and trading, the profit being so great, and, as I may say, certain, had more pleasure in it, and more satisfaction to the mind, than sitting still, which, to me especially, was the unhappiest part of life, I resolved on this voyage too, which we made very successfully, touching at Borneo and several islands, whose names I do not remember, and came home in about five months. We sold our spice, which was chiefly cloves and some nutmegs, to the Persian merchants, who carried them away for the Gulf; and making near five of one, we really got a great deal of money.

My friend, when we made up this account, smiled at me. "Well now," said he, with a

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sort of agreeable insult upon my indolent temper, "is not this better than walking about here, like a man of nothing to do, and spending our time staring at the nonsense and ignorance of the pagans?" "Why, truly," says I, "my friend, I think it is, and I begin to be a convert to the principles of merchandising; but I must tell you," said I, "by the way, you do not know what I am doing; for if once I conquer my backwardness, and embark heartily, as old as I am, I shall harass you up and down the world till I tire you; for I shall pursue it so eagerly, I shall never let you lie still."

But to be short with my speculations, a little while after this there came in a Dutch ship from Batavia; she was a coaster, not an European trader, and of about two hundred tons' burden; the men, as they pretended, having been so sickly that the captain had not men enough to go to sea with. He lay by at Bengal, and having, it seems, got money enough, or being willing, for other reasons, to go for Europe, he gave public notice that he would sell his ship. This came to my ears before my new partner heard of it, and I had a great mind to buy it; so I goes home to him, and told him of it. He considered awhile; for he was no rash man neither; but, musing some time, he replied, "She is a little too big; but, however, we will have her." Accordingly, we bought the ship, and, agreeing with the master, we paid for her and took possession. When we had done so, we resolved to entertain the men, if we could, to join them with those we had, for the pursuing our business; but on a sudden, they having received not their wages, but their share of the money, not one of them was to be found. We inquired much about them, and at length were told that they were all gone together by land to Agra, the great city of the Mogul's residence, and from thence were to travel to Surat, and so by sea to the Gulf of Persia.

Nothing had so heartily troubled me a good while, as that I missed the opportunity of going with them; for such a ramble, I thought, and in such company as would both have guarded me and diverted me, would have suited mightily with my great design; and I should both have seen the world and gone homewards too. But I was much better satisfied a few days after, when I came to know what sort of fellows they were; for, in short, their history was, that this man they called captain was the gunner only, not the commander; that they had been a trading voyage, in which they were attacked on shore by some of the Malayans, who had killed the captain and three of his men; and that after the captain was killed, these men, eleven in number, had resolved to run away with the ship, which they did, and brought her in at the Bay of Bengal, leaving the mate and five men more on shore, of whom we shall hear farther.

Well, let them come by the ship how they would, we came honestly by her, as we thought; though we did not, I confess, examine into things so exactly as we ought, for we never inquired anything of the seamen, who, if we had examined, would certainly have faltered in their account, contradicted one another, and perhaps contradicted themselves, or, somehow or other, we should have seen reason to have suspected them. But the man showed us a bill of sale for the ship, to one Emanuel Clostershoven, or some such name (for I suppose it was all a forgery), and called himself by that name, and we could not contradict him; and being withal a little too unwary, or, at least, having no suspicion of the thing, we went through with our bargain.

We picked up some more English seamen here after this, and some Dutch, and now we resolved for a second voyage to the south-east, for cloves, &c.; that is to say, among the Philippine and Molucca Isles. And, in short, not to fill this part of my story with trifles, when what is yet to come is so remarkable, I spent from first to last six years in this country, trading from port to port, backward and forward, and with very good success, and was now the last year with my new partner, going in the ship above mentioned on a voyage to China, but designing first to go to Siam to buy rice.

In this voyage, being by contrary winds obliged to beat up and down a great while in the Straits of Malacca and among the islands, we were no sooner got clear of those difficult seas but we found our ship had sprung a leak, and we were not able by all our industry to find it out where it was. This forced us to make for some port, and my partner, who knew the country better than I did,

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directed the captain to put into the river of Cambodia; for I had made the English mate, one Mr. Thompson, captain, not being willing to take the charge of two ships upon myself. This river lies on the north side of the great bay or gulf which goes up to Siam.

While we were here, and going often on shore for refreshment, there comes to me one day an Englishman, and he was, it seems, a gunner's mate on board an English East India ship, which rode in the same river, up at or near the city of Cambodia. What brought him hither we know not, but he comes up to me, and speaking in English, "Sir," says he, "you are a stranger to me, and I to you, but I have something to tell you that very nearly concerns you."

I looked steadily at him a good while, and thought at first I had known him, but I did not. "If it very nearly concerns me," said I, "and not yourself, what moves you to tell it me?" "I am moved," says he, "by the imminent danger you are in, and, for aught I see, you have no knowledge of it." "I know no danger I am in," said I, "but that my ship is leaky, and I cannot find it out; but I purpose to lay her aground to-morrow to see if I can find it." "But, sir," says he, "leaky or not leaky, find it or not find it, you will be wiser than to lay your ship on shore to-morrow, when you hear what I have to say to you. Do you know, sir," said he, "the town of Cambodia lies about fifteen leagues up this river, and there are two large English ships about five leagues on this side, and three Dutch?" "Well," said I, "and what is that to me?" "Why, sir," said he, "is it for a man that is upon such adventures as you are upon, to come into a port and not examine first what ships there are there, and whether he is able to deal with them? I suppose you do not think you are a match for them?" I was amused very much at his discourse, but not amazed at it, for I could not conceive what he meant. I turned short upon him, and said, "Sir, I wish you would explain yourself. I cannot imagine what reason I have to be afraid of any company of English ships or Dutch ships. I am no interloper; what can they have to say to me?"

He looked like a man half angry, half pleased, and, pausing awhile, but smiling, "Well, sir," said he, "if you think yourself secure, you must take your chance. I am sorry your fate should blind you against good advice. But assure yourself, if you do not put to sea immediately, you will the very next tide be attacked by five long-boats full of men; and perhaps, if you are taken, you 'll be hanged for a pirate, and the particulars be examined afterwards. I thought, sir," added he, "I should have met with a better reception than this for doing you a piece of service of such importance." "I can never be ungrateful," said I, "for any service, or to any man that offers me any kindness; but it is past my comprehension," said I, "what they should have such a design upon me for. However, since you say there is no time to be lost, and that there is some villanous design in hand against me, I 'll go on board this minute and put to sea immediately, if my men can stop the leak, or if we can swim without stopping it. But, sir," said I, "shall I go away ignorant of the reason of all this? Can you give me no further light into it?"

"I can tell you but part of the story, sir," says he; "but I have a Dutch seaman here with me, and I believe I could persuade him to tell you the rest; but there is scarce time for it. But the short of the story is this, the first part of which, I suppose, you know well enough; namely, that you was with this ship at Sumatra, that there your captain was murdered by the Malayans with three of his men, and that you, or some of those who were on board with you, ran away with the ship, and are since turned pirates. This is the sum of the story; and you will be all seized as pirates, I can assure you, and executed with very little ceremony; for you know, merchant ships show but little law to pirates if they get them into their power."

"Now you speak plain English," said I, "and I thank you; and though I know nothing that we have done like what you talk of, but am sure we came honestly and fairly by the ship, yet, seeing such work is a doing as you say, and that you seem to mean honestly, I 'll be upon my guard." "Nay, sir," says he, "do not talk of being upon your guard; the best defence is to be out of the danger. If you have any regard to your life and the lives of all your men, put out to sea without fail at high-water; and as you have a whole tide before you, you will

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be gone too far out before they can come down; for they come away at high-water, and as they have twenty miles to come, you get near two hours of them by the difference of the tide, not reckoning the length of the way. Besides, as they are only boats, and not ships, they will not venture to follow you far out to sea, especially if it blows."

"Well," says I, "you have been very kind in this; what shall I do for you to make you amends?" "Sir," says he, "you may not be so willing to make me any amends, because you may not be convinced of the truth of it. I'll make an offer to you. I have nineteen months' pay due to me on board the ship ——, which I came out of England in, and the Dutchman that is with me has seven months' pay due to him; if you will make good our pay to us, we will go along with you, and if you find no more in it, we will desire no more; but if we do convince you that we have saved your life, and the ship, and the lives of all the men in her, we will leave the rest to you."

I consented to this readily, and went immediately on board, and the two men with me. As soon as I came to the ship's side, my partner, who was on board, came out on the quarter-deck, and called to me with a great deal of joy, "O ho! O ho! we have stopped the leak! we have stopped the leak!" "Say you so?" said I; "thank God! but weigh the anchor immediately." "Weigh!" says he, "what do you mean by that? What is the matter?" says he. "Ask no questions," says I, "but all hands to work, and weigh without losing a minute." He was surprised; but, however, he called the captain, and he immediately ordered the anchor to be got up. And though the tide was not quite done, yet a little land breeze blowing, we stood out to sea. Then I called him into the cabin and told him the story at large, and we called in the men and they told us the rest of it. But as it took up a great deal of time, so before we had done a seaman comes to the cabin door, and calls out to us that the captain bade him tell us we were chased. "Chased," said I, "by whom, and by what?" "By five sloops or boats," says the fellow, "full of men." "Very well," said I, "then it is apparent there is something in it." In the next place I ordered all our men to be called up, and told them that there was a design to seize the ship, and take us for pirates; and asked them if they would stand by us and by one another? The men answered cheerfully, that one and all they would live and die with us. Then I asked the captain what way he thought best for us to manage the fight with them, for resist them I was resolved we would, and that to the last drop. He said readily that the way was to keep them off with our great shot as long as we could, and then to fire at them with our small arms as long as we could; but when neither of these would do any longer, we should retire to our close quarters; perhaps they had not material to break open our bulkheads, or get in upon us.

The gunner had, in the mean time, order to bring two guns to bear fore and aft out of the steerage, to clear the deck, and load them with musket-bullets, and small pieces of old iron, and what next came to hand, and thus we made ready for fight; but all this while we kept out to sea with wind enough, and could see the boats at a distance, being five large long-boats, following us with all the sail they could make.

Two of these boats, which by our glasses we could see were English, outsailed the rest, and were near two leagues ahead of them, and gained upon us considerably, so that we found they would come up with us. Upon which we fired a gun without ball, to intimate that they should bring to, and we put out a flag of truce as a signal for parley. But they kept crowding after us till they came within shot, when we took in our white flag, they having made no answer to it, hung out a red flag, and fired at them with a shot. Notwithstanding this, they came on till they were near enough to call to them with a speaking-trumpet which we had on board; so we called to them, and bade them keep off at their peril.

It was all one; they crowded after us, and endeavored to come under our stern, so to board us on our quarter; upon which, seeing they were resolute for mischief, and depended upon the strength that followed them, I ordered to bring the ship to, so that they lay upon our broadside, when immediately we fired five guns at them; one of which had been levelled so true as to carry away the stern of the hindermost boat, and bring them to the necessity of taking down their

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sail, and running all to the head of the boat to keep her from sinking; so she lay by, and had enough of it; but seeing the foremost boat crowd on after us, we made ready to fire at her in particular.

While this was doing, one of the three boats that was behind, being forwarder than the other two, made up to the boat which we had disabled, to relieve her, and we could afterwards see her take out the men. We called again to the foremost boat, and offered a truce to parley again, and to know what was her business with us; but had no answer, only she crowded close under our stern. Upon this our gunner, who was a very dexterous fellow, ran out his two chase-guns and fired again at her; but the shot missing, the men in the boat shouted, waved their caps, and came on. But the gunner, getting quickly ready again, fired among them the second time; one shot of which, though it missed the boat itself, yet fell in among the men, and, we could easily see, had done a great deal of mischief among them; but we, taking no notice of that, wore the ship again, and brought our quarter to bear upon them, and firing three guns more, we found the boat was split almost to pieces; in particular, her rudder and a piece of her stern were shot quite away; so they handed their sail immediately, and were in great disorder. But, to complete their misfortune, our gunner let fly two guns at them again. Where he hit them we could not tell, but we found the boat was sinking, and some of the men already in the water. Upon this I immediately manned out our pinnace, which we had kept close by our side, with orders to pick up some of the men if they could, and save them from drowning, and immediately to come on board with them, because we saw the rest of the boats began to come up. Our men in the pinnace followed their orders, and took up three men, one of whom was just drowning, and it was a good while before we could recover him. As soon as they were on board we crowded all the sail we could make and stood farther out to sea, and we found that when the other three boats came up to the first two they gave over their chase.

Being thus delivered from a danger which, though I knew not the reason of it, yet seemed to be much greater than I apprehended, I took care that we should change our course, and not let any one imagine whither we were going; so we stood out to sea eastward, quite out of the course of all European ships, whether they were bound to China or anywhere else within the commerce of the European nations.

When we were now at sea we began to consult with the two seamen, and inquire, first, what the meaning of all this should be; and the Dutchman let us into the secret of it at once, telling us that the fellow that sold us the ship, as we said, was no more than a thief, that had run away with her. Then he told us how the captain, whose name too he told us, though I do not remember, was treacherously murdered by the natives on the coast of Malacca, with three of his men; and that he, this Dutchman, and four more, got into the woods, where they wandered about a great while; till at length he, in particular, in a miraculous manner made his escape, and swam off to a Dutch ship, which, sailing near the shore, in its way from China, had sent their boat on shore for fresh water; that he durst not come to that part of the shore where the boat was, but made shift in the night to take the water farther off, and the ship's boat took him up.

He then told us that he went to Batavia, where two of the seamen belonging to the ship arrived, having deserted the rest in their travels, and gave an account that the fellow who had run away with the ship sold her at Bengal to a set of pirates, which were gone a cruising in her, and that they had already taken an English ship and two Dutch ships very richly laden.

This latter part we found to concern us directly, and though we knew it to be false, yet, as my partner said very well, if we had fallen into their hands, and they had had such a prepossession against us beforehand, it had been in vain for us to have defended ourselves, or to hope for any good quarter at their hands; and especially considering that our accusers had been our judges, and that we could have expected nothing from them but what rage would have dictated and an ungoverned passion have executed. And, therefore, it was his opinion we should go directly back to Bengal, from whence we came, without putting in at any port whatever; because there we could give a good

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account of ourselves, could prove where we were when the ship put in, whom we bought her of, and the like; and, which was more than all the rest, if we were put to the necessity of bringing it before the proper judges, we should be sure to have some justice, and not be hanged first and judged afterwards.

I was some time of my partner's opinion, but, after a little more serious thinking, I told him I thought it was a very great hazard for us to attempt returning to Bengal, for that we were on the wrong side of the Straits of Malacca; and that, if the alarm was given, we should be sure to be waylaid on every side, as well by the Dutch of Batavia as the English elsewhere: that if we should be taken as it were running away, we should even condemn ourselves, and there would want no more evidence to destroy us. I also asked the English sailor's opinion, who said he was of my mind, and that we should certainly be taken.

This danger a little startled my partner and all the ship's company, and we immediately resolved to go away to the coast of Tonquin, and so on to the coast of China, and pursuing the first design as to trade, find some way or other to dispose of the ship, and come back in some of the vessels of the country, such as we could get. This was approved of as the best method for our security; and accordingly we steered away north-north-east, keeping above fifty leagues off from the usual course to the eastward.

This, however, put us to some inconveniences; for first the winds, when we came to the distance from the shore, seemed to be more steadily against us, blowing almost trade, as we call it, from the east, and east-north-east, so that we were a long while upon our voyage, and we were but ill provided with victuals for so long a voyage; and, which was still worse, there was some danger that those English and Dutch ships, whose boats pursued us, whereof some were bound that way, might be got in before us; and if not, some other ship bound to China might have information of us from them, and pursue us with the same vigor.

I must confess I was now very uneasy, and thought myself, including the late escape from the long-boats, to have been in the most dangerous condition that ever I was in through all my past life; for, whatever ill circumstances I had been in, I was never pursued for a thief before, nor had I ever done anything that merited the name of dishonest or fraudulent, much less thievish. I had chiefly been my own enemy; or, as I may rightly say, I had been nobody's enemy but my own. But now I was embarrassed in the worst condition imaginable; for though I was perfectly innocent, I was in no condition to make that innocence appear. And if I had been taken, it had been under a supposed guilt of the worst kind; at least, a crime esteemed so among the people I had to do with.

This made me very anxious to make an escape, though which way to do it I knew not, or what port or place we should go to. My partner seeing me thus dejected, though he was the most concerned at first, began to encourage me; and describing to me the several ports of that coast, told me he would put in on the coast of Cochin China or the Bay of Tonquin, intending to go afterwards to Macao, a town once in the possession of the Portuguese, and where still a great many European families resided, and particularly the missionary priests usually went thither, in order to their going forward to China.

Hither, then, we resolved to go; and accordingly, though after a tedious and irregular course, and very much straitened for provisions, we came within sight of the coast very early in the morning. And upon reflection upon the past circumstances we were in and the danger if we had not escaped, we resolved to put into a small river, which, however, had a depth enough of water for us, and to see if we could, either overland or by the ship's pinnace, come to know what ships were in any port thereabouts. This happy step was indeed our deliverance; for though we did not immediately see any European ships in the Bay of Tonquin, yet the next morning there came into the bay two Dutch ships, and a third without any colors spread out, but which we believed to be a Dutchman, passed by at about two leagues' distance, steering for the coast of China; and in the afternoon went by two English ships steering the same course; and thus we thought we saw ourselves beset with enemies both one way or other. The place we were in was wild and barbarous, the people thieves, even by occupation or pro-

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fession; and though it is true we had not much to seek of them, and, except getting a few provisions, cared not how little we had to do with them, yet it was with much difficulty that we kept ourselves from being insulted by them several ways.

We were in a small river of this country, within a few leagues of its utmost limits northward, and by our boat we coasted north-east to the point of land which opens the great Bay of Tonquin; and it was in this beating up along the shore that we discovered, as above, that, in a word, we were surrounded with enemies. The people we were among were the most barbarous of all the inhabitants of the coast; having no correspondence with any other nation, and dealing only in fish and oil, and such gross commodities. And it may be particularly seen that they are, as I said, the most barbarous of any of the inhabitants, namely, that among other customs, they have this as one, namely, that if any vessel have the misfortune to be shipwrecked upon the coast, they presently make the men all prisoners or slaves; and it was not long before we found a spice of their kindness this way, on the occasion following.

I have observed above that our ship sprung a leak at sea, and that we could not find it out: and however, it happened, that, as I have said, it was stopped unexpectedly in the happy minute of our being to be seized by the Dutch and English ships in the Bay of Siam; yet as we did not find the ship so perfectly fit and sound as we desired, we resolved, while we were in this place, to lay her on shore, take out what heavy things we had on board, which were not many, and to wash and clean her bottom, and, if possible, to find out where the leaks were.

Accordingly, having lightened the ship, and brought all our guns and other movable things to one side, we tried to bring her down, that we might come at her bottom; but, on second thoughts, we did not care to lay her dry on ground, neither could we find out a proper place for it.

The inhabitants, who had never been acquainted with such a sight, came wondering down to the shore to look at us; and seeing the ship lie down on her side in such a manner, and heeling in towards the shore, and not seeing our men, who were at work on her bottom with stages, and with their boats on the off-side, they presently concluded that the ship was cast away, and so lay fast on the ground.

On this supposition they came all about us in two or three hours' time, with ten or twelve large boats, having some of them eight, some ten men in a boat, intending, no doubt, to have come on board and plundered the ship, and if they had found us there, to have carried us away for slaves to their king, or whatever they call him, for we knew nothing who was their governor.

When they came up to the ship, and began to row round her, they discovered us all hard at work on the outside of the ship's bottom and side; washing and graving and stopping, as every seafaring man knows how.

They stood for a while gazing at us, and we, who were a little surprised, could not imagine what their design was; but, being willing to be sure, we took this opportunity to get some of us into the ship, and others to hand down arms and ammunition to those that were at work, to defend themselves with if there should be occasion. And it was no more than need; for in less than a quarter of an hour's consultation, they agreed, it seemed, that the ship was really a wreck, that we were all at work endeavoring to save her, or to save our lives by the help of our boats; and when we handed our arms into the boats, they concluded, by that motion, that we were endeavoring to save some of our goods. Upon this they took it for granted we all belonged to them, and away they came down upon our men, as if it had been in a line of battle.

Our men, seeing so many of them, began to be frightened, for we lay but in an ill posture to fight, and cried out to us to know what they should do. I immediately called to the men who worked upon the stage to slip them down and get up the side into the ship, and bade those in the boat to row round and come on board; and those few of us who were on board worked with all the strength and hands we had to bring the ship to rights. But, however, neither the men upon the stage nor those in the boats could do as they were ordered, before the Cochin Chinese were upon them; and two of their boats boarded our long-boat, and began to lay hold of the men as their prisoners.

The first man they laid hold of was an

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English seaman, a stout, strong fellow, who, having a musket in his hand, never offered to fire it, but laid it down in the boat, like a fool as I thought. But he understood his business better than I could teach him; for he grappled the pagan, and dragged him by main force out of their own boat into ours, where, taking him by the two ears, he beat his head so against the boat's gunwale that the fellow died instantly in his hands. And in the mean time, a Dutchman, who stood next, took up the musket, and with the but-end of it so laid about him, that he knocked down five of them who attempted to enter the boat. But this was doing little towards resisting thirty or forty men, who, fearless, because ignorant of their danger, began to throw themselves into the long-boat, where we had but five men in all to defend it. But one accident gave our men a complete victory, which deserved our laughter rather than anything else. And that was this.

Our carpenter, being preparing to grave the outside of the ship, as well as to pay the seams where he had calked her to stop the leaks, had got two kettles just let down into the boat, one filled with boiling pitch, and the other with rosin, tallow, and oil, and such stuff as the shipwrights use for that work; and the man that attended the carpenter had a great iron ladle in his hand, with which he supplied the men who were at work with that hot stuff. Two of the enemy's men entered the boat just where this fellow stood, being in the foresheets; he immediately saluted them with a ladleful of the stuff, boiling hot, which so burned and scalded them, being half naked, that they roared out like two bulls, and, enraged with the fire, leaped both into the sea. The carpenter saw it, and cried out, "Well done, Jack! give them some more of it"; and stepping forward himself, takes one of their mops, and dipping it in the pitch-pot, he and his man threw it among them so plentifully, that, in short, of all the men in the three boats, there was not one that was not scalded and burned with it in a most frightful and pitiful manner, and made such a howling and crying that I never heard a worse noise, and indeed nothing like it; for, it is worth observing that, though pain naturally makes all people cry out, yet every nation has a particular way of exclamation and making noises, as different from one another as their speech. I cannot give the noise these creatures made a better name than howling, nor a name more proper to the tone of it; for I never heard anything more like the noise of the wolves, which, as I have said, I heard howl in the forest on the frontiers of Languedoc.

I was never pleased with a victory better in my life; not only as it was a perfect surprise to me, and that our danger was imminent before, but as we got this victory without any bloodshed, except of that man the fellow killed with his naked hands, and which I was very much concerned at; for I was sick of killing such poor savage wretches, even though it was in my own defence, knowing they came on errands which they thought just, and knew no better. And though it may be a just thing, because necessary, for there is no necessary wickedness in nature, yet I thought it was a sad life, in which we must be always obliged to be killing our fellow-creatures to preserve our own; and indeed I think so still, and I would even now suffer a great deal, rather than I would take away the life even of the person injuring me. And I believe all considering people, who know the value of life, would be of my opinion; at least, they would if they entered seriously into the consideration of it.

But to return to my story. All the while this was doing, my partner and I, who managed the rest of the men on board, had with great dexterity brought the ship almost to rights; and having gotten the guns into their places again, the gunner called to me to bid our boat get out of the way, for he would let fly among them. I called back again to him, and bid him not offer to fire, for the carpenter would do the work without him, but bade him heat another pitch-kettle, which our cook, who was on board, took care of. But the enemy were so terrified with what they had met with in their first attack, that they would not come on again. And some of them that were farthest off, seeing the ship swim as it were upright, began, as we supposed, to see their mistake, and give over the enterprise, finding it was not as they expected. Thus we got clear of this merry fight; and having gotten some rice and some roots and bread, with about sixteen good big hogs, on board two days before, we

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resolved to stay here no longer, but go forward, whatever came of it; for we made no doubt but we should be surrounded the next day with rogues enough, perhaps more than our pitch-kettle would dispose of for us.

We therefore got all our things on board the same evening, and the next morning we were ready to sail. In the mean time, lying at an anchor at some distance, we were not so much concerned, being now in a fighting posture as well as in a sailing posture, if any enemy had presented. The next day, having finished our work within board, and finding our ship was perfectly healed of all her leaks, we set sail. We would have gone into the Bay of Tonquin, for we wanted to inform ourselves of what was to be known concerning the Dutch ships that had been there; but we durst not stand in there, because we had seen several ships go in, as we supposed, but a little before; so we kept on northeast, towards the Isle of Formosa, as much afraid of being seen by a Dutch or English merchant-ship, as a Dutch or English merchant-ship in the Mediterranean is of an Algerine man-of-war.

When we were thus got to sea, we kept out north-east, as if we would go to the Manillas or the Philippine Islands; and this we did that we might not fall into the way of any of our European ships; and then we steered north until we came to the latitude of 22 degrees, 30 minutes, by which means we made the Island of Formosa directly, where we came to an anchor, in order to get water and fresh provisions, which the people there, who are very courteous and civil in their manners, supplied us with willingly, and dealt very fairly and punctually with us in all their agreements and bargains; which is what we did not find among other people, and may be owing to the remains of Christianity, which was once planted here by a Dutch missionary of Protestants, and is a testimony of what I have often observed, namely, that the Christian religion always civilizes the people, and reforms their manners, where it is received, whether it works saving effects upon them or no.

From hence we sailed still north, keeping the coast of China at an equal distance, till we knew we were beyond all the ports of China where our European ships usually come, being resolved if possible not to fall into any of their hands, especially in this country, where, as our circumstances were, we could not fail of being entirely ruined; nay, so great was my fear in particular as to my being taken by them, that I believe firmly I would much rather have chosen to fall into the hands of the Spanish Inquisition.

Being now come to the latitude of 30 degrees, we resolved to put into the first trading port we should come at; and standing in for the shore, a boat came off two leagues to us, with an old Portuguese pilot on board, who, knowing us to be a European ship, came to offer his service, which indeed we were very glad of, and took him on board; upon which, without asking us whither we would go, he dismissed the boat he came in, and sent them back.

I thought it was now so much in our choice to make the old man carry us whither we would, that I began to talk with him about carrying us to the Gulf of Nankin, which is the most northern part of the coast of China. The old man said he knew the Gulf of Nankin very well; but, smiling, asked us what we would do there.

I told him we would sell our cargo and purchase China wares, calicoes, raw silks, tea, wrought silks, &c., and so would return by the same course we came. He told us our best port had been to have put in at Macao, where we could not have failed of a market for our opium to our satisfaction, and might for our money have purchased all sorts of China goods as cheap as we could at Nankin.

Not being able to put the old man out of his talk, of which he was very opinionated or conceited, I told him we were gentlemen as well as merchants, and that we had a mind to go and see the great city of Pekin, and the famous court of the monarch of China. "Why, then," says the old man, "you should go to Ningpo, where, by the river which runs into the sea there, you may go up within five leagues of the Great Canal." This canal is a navigable river, which goes through the heart of all that vast empire of China, crosses all the rivers, passes some considerable hills by the help of sluices and gates, and goes up to the city of Pekin; being in length near two hundred and seventy leagues.

"Well," said I, "Seignior Portuguese, but

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that is not our business now. The great question is, if you can carry us up to the city of Nankin, from whence we can travel to Pekin afterwards." "Yes," he said, "he could do so very well, and that there was a great Dutch ship gone by that way just before." This gave me a little shock; a Dutch ship was now our terror, and we had much rather have met the Devil, at least if he had not come in too frightful a figure; and we depended upon it that a Dutch ship would be our destruction, for we were in no condition to fight them; all the ships they trade with into those parts being of great burden and of much greater force than we were.

The old man found me a little confused and under some concern when he named a Dutch ship, and said to me, "Sir, you need be under no apprehensions of the Dutch; I suppose they are not now at war with your nation?" "No," says I, "that's true; but I know not what liberties men may take when they are out of the reach of the law." "Why," says he, "you are no pirates, what need you fear? They will not meddle with peaceable merchants, sure."

If I had any blood in my body that did not fly up into my face at that word, it was hindered by some stop in the vessels appointed by nature to prevent it; for it put me into the greatest disorder and confusion imaginable. Nor was it possible for me to conceal it so, but that the old man easily perceived it.

"Sir," says he, "I find you are in some disorder in your thoughts at my talk; pray be pleased to go which way you think fit, and, depend upon it, I'll do you all the service I can." "Why, seignior," said I, "it is true I am a little unsettled in my resolution at this time whither to go in particular; and I am something more so for what you have said about pirates. I hope there are no pirates in these seas; we are but in an ill condition to meet with them, for you see we have but a small force, and but very weakly manned."

"O sir," says he, "do not be concerned; I do not know that there have been any pirates in these seas these fifteen years, except one which was seen, as I hear, in the Bay of Siam about a month since; but you may be assured she is gone to the southward. Nor was she a ship of any great force, or fit for the work. She was not built for a privateer, but was run away with by a reprobate crew that were on board, after the captain and some of his men had been murdered by the Malayans at or near the island of Sumatra."

"What!" said I, seeming to know nothing of the matter, "did they murder the captain?" "No," said he; "I do not understand that they murdered him; but as they afterwards ran away with the ship, it is generally believed they betrayed him into the hands of the Malayans, who did murder him, and perhaps they procured them to do it." "Why, then," said I, "they deserve death as much as if they had done it themselves." "Yea," says the old man, "they do deserve it, and they will certainly have it, if they light upon any English or Dutch ship; for they have all agreed together that if they meet that rogue they will give him no quarter."

"But," said I to him, "you say the pirate is gone out of those seas. How can they meet with him?" "Why, that is true," says he. "They do say so; but he was, as I tell you, in the Bay of Siam, in the river Cambodia, and was discovered there by some Dutchmen who belonged to the ship, and who were left on shore when they ran away with her; and some English and Dutch traders being in the river, they were within a little of taking him. Nay," said he, "if the foremost boats had been well seconded by the rest, they had certainly taken him; but he, finding only two boats within reach of him, tacked about, and fired at these two, and disabled them before the others came up; and then standing off to sea, the others were not able to follow him, and so he got away. But they have all so exact a description of the ship that they will be sure to know him; and wherever they find him they have vowed to give no quarter to either the captain or the seamen, but to hang them all up at the yard-arm."

"What!" says I; "will they execute them right or wrong; hang them first and judge them afterwards?" "O sir!" says the old pilot, "there's no need to make a formal business of it with such rogues as those; let them tie them back to back and set them a diving. It is no more than they richly deserve."

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I knew I had my old man fast aboard, and that he could do me no harm, so that I turned short upon him. "Well now, seignior," said I, "and this is the very reason why I would have you carry us up to Nankin, and not to put back to Macao, or to any other part of the country where the English or Dutch ships come. For be it known to you, seignior, those captains of the English and Dutch ships are a parcel of rash, proud, insolent fellows, that neither know what belongs to justice, nor how to behave themselves as the laws of God and nature direct. But, being proud of their offices, and not understanding their power, they would act the murderers to punish robbers; would take upon them to insult men falsely accused, and determine them guilty without due inquiry. And perhaps I may live to call some of them to an account for it, where they may be taught how justice is to be executed, and that no man ought to be treated as a criminal until some evidence may be had of the crime, and that he is the man."

With this I told him that this was the very ship they attacked, and gave him a full account of the skirmish we had with their boats, and how foolishly and coward-like they behaved. I told him all the story of our buying the ship, and how the Dutchmen served us. I told him the reasons I had to believe that this story of killing the master by the Malayans was not true; as also the running away with the ship: but that it was all a fiction of their own, to suggest that the men were turned pirates; and they ought to have been sure it was so before they had ventured to attack us by surprise, and oblige us to resist them; adding that they would have the blood of those men whom we killed there in our just defence to answer for.

The old man was amazed at this relation, and told us we were very much in the right to go away to the north; and that, if he might advise us, it should be to sell the ship in China, which we might very well do, and buy or build another in the country. "And," said he, "though you will not get so good a ship, yet you may get one able enough to carry you and all your goods back again to Bengal or anywhere else."

I told him I would take his advice when I came to any port where I could find a ship for my turn, or get any customer to buy this. He replied I should meet with customers enough for the ship at Nankin, and that a Chinese junk would serve me very well to go back again; and that he would procure me people both to buy the one and sell the other.

"Well, but, seignior," says I, "as you say they know the ship so well, I may, perhaps, if I follow your measures, be instrumental to bring some honest, innocent man into a terrible broil, and perhaps to be murdered in cold blood; for wherever they find the ship, they will prove the guilt upon the men by proving this was the ship, and so innocent men may probably be overpowered and murdered." "Why," says the old man, "I will find out a way to prevent that also; for as I know all those commanders you speak of very well, and shall see them all as they pass by, I will be sure to set them to rights in the thing, and let them know that they had been so much in the wrong: that though the people who were on board at first might run away with the ship, yet it was not true that they had turned pirates; and that in particular these were not the men that first went off with the ship, but innocently bought her for their trade: and I am persuaded they will so far believe me as at least to act more cautiously for the time to come." "Well," says I; "and will you deliver one message to them from me?" "Yes, I will," says he, "if you will give it under your hand in writing, that I may be able to prove that it came from you, and not out of my own head." I answered that I would readily give it him under my hand. So I took a pen and ink and paper, and wrote at large the story of assaulting me with the long-boats, &c.; the pretended reason of it, and the unjust, cruel design of it; and concluded to the commanders that they had done what they not only should have been ashamed of, but also that, if ever they came to England, and I lived to see them there, they should all pay dearly for it, if the laws of my country were not grown out of use before I arrived there.

My old pilot read this over and over again, and asked me several times if I would stand to it. I answered, "I would stand to it as long as I had anything left in the world"; being sensible that I should one time or other find an opportunity to put it home to

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them. But we had no occasion ever to let the pilot carry this letter; for he never went back again. While these things were passing between us, by way of discourse, we went forward directly for Nankin; and in about thirteen days' sail came to an anchor at the south-west point of the great Gulf of Nankin, where, by the way, I came by accident to understand that two Dutch ships were gone the length before me, and that I should certainly fall into their hands. I consulted my partner again in this exigency; and he was as much at a loss as I was, and would very gladly have been safe on shore almost anywhere. However, I was not in such perplexity neither; but I asked the old pilot if there was no creek or harbor which I might put into, and pursue my business with the Chinese privately, and be in no danger of the enemy. He told me if I would sail to the southward about two-and-forty leagues, there was a little port called Quinchang, where the fathers of the mission usually landed from Macao, on their progress to teach the Christian religion to the Chinese, and where no European ships ever put in; and if I thought to put in there, I might consider what further course to take when I was ashore. He confessed, he said, it was not a place for merchants, except that, at some certain times, they had a kind of a fair there, when the merchants from Japan came over to buy the Chinese merchandise.

We all agreed to go back to this place. The name of the port as he called it I may, perhaps, spell wrong, for I do not particularly remember it, having lost this, together with the names of many other places set down in a little pocket-book which was spoiled by the water, on an accident which I shall relate in its order; but this I remember, that the Chinese or Japanese merchants we corresponded with called it by a different name from that which our Portuguese pilot gave it, and pronounced it, as above, Quinchang.

As we were unanimous in our resolution to go to this place, we weighed the next day, having only gone twice ashore, where we were to get fresh water, on both which occasions the people of the country were very civil to us, and brought us abundance of things to sell to us, — I mean of provisions, plants, roots, tea, rice, and some fowls, — but nothing without money.

We came to the other port (the wind being contrary) not till five days, but it was very much to our satisfaction. And I was joyful, and I may say thankful, when I set my foot safe on shore, resolving, and my partner too, that if it was possible to dispose of ourselves and effects any other way, though not every way to our satisfaction, we would never set one foot on board that unhappy vessel more; and indeed I must acknowledge that, of all the circumstances of life that ever I had any experience of, nothing makes mankind so completely miserable as that of being in constant fear. Well does the Scripture say, "The fear of man bringeth a snare": it is a life of death, and the mind is so entirely suppressed by it that it is capable of no relief; the animal spirits sink, and all the vigor of nature, which usually supports men under other afflictions, and is present to them in the greatest exigencies, fails them here.

Nor did it fail of its usual operations upon the fancy by heightening every danger, representing the English and Dutch captains to be men incapable of hearing reason or of distinguishing between honest men and rogues, or between a story calculated for our own turn, made out of nothing, on purpose to deceive, and a true, genuine account of our whole voyage, progress, and design. For we might many ways have convinced any reasonable creature that we were not pirates: the goods we had on board, the course we steered, our frankly showing ourselves, and entering into such and such ports, and even our very manner, the force we had, the number of men, the few arms, little ammunition, short provisions, — all these would have served to convince any men that we were no pirates. The opium and other goods we had on board would make it appear the ship had been at Bengal. The Dutchmen, who, it was said, had the names of all the men that were in the ship, might easily see that we were a mixture of English, Portuguese, and Indians, and but two Dutchmen on board. These and many other particular circumstances might have made it evident to the understanding of any commander whose hands we might fall into that we were no pirates.

But fear, that blind, useless passion, worked another way, and threw us into the vapors; it bewildered our understandings, and set the imagination at work to form a thousand ter-

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rible things that perhaps might never happen. We first supposed, as indeed everybody had related to us, that the seamen on board the English and Dutch ships, but especially the Dutch, were so enraged at the name of a pirate, and especially at our beating off their boats and escaping, that they would not give themselves leave to inquire whether we were pirates or no, but would execute us off-hand, as we call it, without giving us any room for a defence. We reflected that there was really so much apparent evidence before them that they would scarce inquire after any more; as, first, that the ship was certainly the same, and that some of the seamen among them knew her, and had been on board her; and, secondly, that when we had intelligence at the river of Cambodia that they were coming down to examine us, we fought their boats and fled: so that we made no doubt that they were fully satisfied of our being pirates, as we were satisfied of the contrary; and, as I often said, I know not but I should have been apt to have taken those circumstances for evidence, if the tables were turned, and my case was theirs, and have made no scruple of cutting all the crew to pieces, without believing, or perhaps considering, what they might have to offer in their defence.

But let that be how it will, those were our apprehensions; and both my partner and I too scarce slept a night without dreaming of halters and yard-arms,— that is to say, gibbets, of fighting, and being taken; of killing, and being killed; and one night I was in such a fury in my dream, fancying the Dutchmen had boarded us, and I was knocking one of their seamen down, that I struck my double fist against the side of the cabin I lay in with such a force as wounded my hand most grievously, broke my knuckles, and cut and bruised the flesh; so that it not only waked me out of my sleep, but I was once afraid I should have lost two of my fingers.

Another apprehension I had, was of the cruel usage we might meet with from them if we fell into their hands. Then the story of Amboyna came into my head, and how the Dutch might perhaps torture us, as they did our countrymen there, and make some of the men, by extremity of torture, confess those crimes they never were guilty of, own themselves and all of us to be pirates, and so they would put us to death, with a formal appearance of justice; and that they might be tempted to do this for the gain of our ship and cargo, which was worth four or five thousand pounds, put all together.

These things tormented me, and my partner too, night and day; nor did we consider that the captains of ships have no authority to act thus; and if we had surrendered prisoners to them, they could not answer the destroying us, or torturing us, but would be accountable for it when they came into their own country: this, I say, gave me no satisfaction; for if they will act thus with us, what advantage would it be to us that they would be called to an account for it? or if we were first to be murdered, what satisfaction would it be to us to have them punished when they came home?

I cannot refrain taking notice here what reflections I now had upon the past variety of my particular circumstances; how hard I thought it was that I, who had spent forty years in a life of continued difficulties, and was at last come, as it were, to the port or haven which all men drive at, namely, to have rest and plenty, should be a volunteer in new sorrows by my own unhappy choice; and that I, who escaped so many dangers in my youth, should now come to be hanged in my old age, and in so remote a place, for a crime I was not in the least inclined to, much less really guilty of, and in a place and circumstance where innocence was not like to be any protection at all to me.

After these thoughts, something of religion would come in; and I would be considering that this seemed to me to be a disposition of immediate Providence, and I ought to look upon it and submit to it as such; that although I was innocent as to men, I was far from being innocent as to my Maker; and I ought to look in and examine what other crimes in my life were more obvious to me, and for which Providence might justly inflict this punishment as a retribution; and that I ought to submit to this, just as I would to a shipwreck, if it had pleased God to have brought such a disaster upon me.

In its turn, natural courage would sometimes take its place, and then I would be talking myself up to vigorous resolutions, that I would not be taken, to be barbarously used, by a parcel of merciless wretches, in cold blood; that it were much better to have

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fallen into the hands of the savages, who were men-eaters, and who, I was sure, would feast upon me when they had taken me, than by those, who would perhaps glut their rage upon me by inhuman tortures and barbarities: that in the case of the savages I always resolved to die fighting to the last gasp; and why should I not do so now, seeing it was much more dreadful to me, at least, to think of falling into these men's hands, than ever it was to think of being eaten by men; for the savages, give them their due, would not eat a man till he was dead, and killed him first, as we do a bullock; but that these men had many arts beyond the cruelty of death. Whenever these thoughts prevailed I was sure to put myself in a kind of fever with the agitations of a supposed fight; my blood would boil and my eyes sparkle as if I was engaged; and I always resolved that I would take no quarter at their hands, but even at last, if I could resist no longer, I would blow up the ship and all that was in her, and leave them but little booty to boast of.

By how much the greater weight the anxieties and perplexities of these things were to our thoughts while we were at sea, by so much the greater was our satisfaction when we saw ourselves on shore; and my partner told me that he dreamed he had a very heavy load upon his back, which he was to carry up a hill, and found that he was not able to stand long under it; but that the Portuguese pilot came and took it off his back, and the hill disappeared, the ground before him showing all smooth and plain; and truly it was so, we were all like men who had a load taken off their backs.

For my part I had a weight taken off from my heart that I was not able any longer to bear; and, as I said above, we resolved to go no more to sea in that ship. When we came on shore, the old pilot, who was now our friend, got us a lodging and a warehouse for our goods; which, by the way, was much the same. It was a little house or hut, with a large house joining to it, all built with canes, and palisadoed round with large canes to keep out pilfering thieves, of which, it seems, there were not a few in that country. However, the magistrates allowed us also a little guard, and we had a sentinel with a kind of halberd, or half-pike, who stood sentinel at our door; to whom we allowed a pint of rice and a little piece of money, about the value of threepence, per day; so that our goods were kept very safe.

The fair or mart usually kept in this place had been over some time; however, we found that there were three or four junks in the river, and two Japanners, I mean ships from Japan, with goods which they had bought in China, and were not gone away, having Japanese merchants on shore.

The first thing our old Portuguese pilot did for us was to bring us acquainted with three missionary Romish priests who were in the town, and who had been there some time, converting the people to Christianity; but we thought they made but poor work of it, and made them but sorry Christians when they had done. However, that was none of our business. One of these was a Frenchman, whom they called Father Simon. He was a jolly, well-conditioned man, very free in his conversation; not seeming so serious and grave as the other two did, one of whom was a Portuguese, and the other a Genoese: but Father Simon was courteous, easy in his manner, and very agreeable company. The other two were more reserved, seemed rigid and austere, and applied seriously to the work they came about, namely, to talk with and insinuate themselves among the inhabitants wherever they had opportunity. We often ate and drank with those men; and though I must confess the conversion, as they call it, of the Chinese to Christianity is so far from the true conversion required to bring heathen people to the faith of Christ that it seems to amount to little more than letting them know the name of Christ, and say some prayers to the Virgin Mary and her Son in a tongue which they understand not, and to cross themselves, and the like, yet it must be confessed that these religious, whom we call missionaries, have a firm belief that these people shall be saved, and that they are the instruments of it. And on this account they undergo, not only the fatigue of the voyage and hazards of living in such places, but oftentimes death itself, with the most violent tortures, for the sake of this work; and it would be a great want of charity in us, whatever opinion we have of the work itself, and the manner of their doing it, if we should not have a good opinion of their zeal, who undertook it with so many hazards, and who

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have no prospect of the least temporal advantage to themselves.

But, to return to my story. This French priest, Father Simon, was appointed, it seems, by order of the chief of the mission, to go up to Pekin, the royal seat of the Chinese Emperor, and waited only for another priest who was ordered to come to him from Macao to go along with him; and we scarce ever met together but he was inviting me to go that journey, telling me how he would show me all the glorious things of that mighty empire; and, among the rest, the greatest city in the world, — "a city," said he, "that your London and our Paris put together cannot be equal to." This was the city of Pekin, which, I confess, is very great, and infinitely full of people; but as I looked on those things with different eyes from other men, so I shall give my opinion of them in few words, when I come in the course of my travels to speak more particularly of them.

But, first, I come to my friar or missionary. Dining with him one day, and being very merry together, I showed some little inclination to go with him, and he pressed me and my partner very hard, and with a great many persuasions, to consent. "Why, Father Simon," says my partner, "why should you desire our company so much? You know we are heretics, and you do not love us, nor can keep us company with any pleasure." "O," says he, "you may perhaps be good Catholics in time; my business here is to convert heathens, and who knows but what I may convert you too?" "Very well, father," said I; "so you will preach to us all the way." "I won't be troublesome to you," says he; "our religion does not divest us of good manners; besides," says he, "we are here like countrymen, and so we are, compared to the place we are in; and if you are Huguenots and I a Catholic, we may be all Christians at last; at least," said he, "we are all gentlemen, and we may converse so without being uneasy to one another." I liked that part of his discourse very well, and it began to put me in mind of my priest that I had left in the Brazils; but this Father Simon did not come up to his character, by a great deal; for though Father Simon had no appearance of a criminal levity in him neither, yet he had not that fund of Christian zeal, strict piety, and sincere affection to religion that my other good ecclesiastic had, of whom I have said so much.

But to leave him a little, though he never left us, nor soliciting us to go with him; but we had something else before us at first, for we had all this while our ship and our merchandise to dispose of, and we began to be very doubtful what we should do, for we were now in a place of very little business; and once I was about to venture to sail for the river of Kilam and the city of Nankin. But Providence seemed now more visibly, as I thought, than ever to concern itself in our affair; and I was encouraged from this very time to think I should one way or other get out of this tangled circumstance and be brought home to my own country again, though I had not the least view of the manner; and when I began sometimes to think of it, could not imagine by what method it was to be done. Providence, I say, began here to clear up our way a little; and the first thing that offered was, that our old Portuguese pilot brought a Japan merchant to us, who began to inquire what goods we had; and, in the first place, he bought all our opium, and gave us a very good price for it, paying us in gold by weight; some in small pieces of their own coin, and some in small wedges of about ten or eleven ounces each. While we were dealing with him for our opium, it came into my head that he might perhaps deal with us for the ship too, and I ordered the interpreter to propose it to him. He shrunk up his shoulders at it when it was first proposed to him, but in a few days after he came to me, with one of the missionary priests for his interpreter, and told me he had a proposal to make to me, and that was this: he had bought a great quantity of goods of us, when he had no thoughts (or proposals made to him) of buying the ship, and that therefore he had not money enough to pay for the ship; but if I would let the same men who were in the ship navigate her, he would hire the ship to go to Japan, and would send them from thence to the Philippine Islands with another loading, which he would pay the freight of before they went from Japan; and that at their return he would buy the ship. I began to listen to his proposal, and so eager did my head still run upon rambling, that I could not but begin to entertain a notion of going myself with him, and to sail from the Phi-

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lippine Islands away to the South Seas; and accordingly I asked the Japan merchant if he would not hire us to the Philippine Islands and discharge us there. He said, No, he could not do that, for then he could not have the return of his cargo; but he would discharge us in Japan, he said, at the ship's return. Well, still I was for taking him at that proposal, and going myself; but my partner, wiser than myself, persuaded me from it, representing the dangers as well of the seas as of the Japanese, who are a false, cruel, and treacherous people; and then of the Spaniards at the Philippines, more false, more cruel, and more treacherous than they.

But, to bring this long turn of our affairs to a conclusion, the first thing we had to do was to consult with the captain of the ship and with his men, and know if they were willing to go to Japan. And while I was doing this, the young man whom, as I said, my nephew had left with me as my companion for my travels, came to me and told me that he thought that voyage promised very fair, and that there was a great prospect of advantage, and he would be very glad if I undertook it; but that if I would not, and would give him leave, he would go as a merchant, or how I pleased to order him; that if ever he came to England, and I was there and alive, he would render me a faithful account of his success, and it should be as much mine as I pleased.

I was really loath to part with him, but, considering the prospect of advantage, which was really considerable, and that he was a young fellow as likely to do well in it as any I knew, I inclined to let him go; but first I told him I would consult my partner, and give him an answer the next day. My partner and I discoursed about it, and my partner made a most generous offer. He told me, "You know it has been an unlucky ship, and we both resolved not to go to sea in it again; if your steward," so he called my man, "will venture the voyage, I 'll leave my share of the vessel to him, and let him make his best of it; and if we live to meet in England, and he meets with success abroad, he shall account for one half of the profits of the ship's freight to us, the other shall be his own."

If my partner, who was no way concerned with my young man, made him such an offer, I could do no less than offer him the same; and all the ship's company being willing to go with him, we made over half the ship to him in property, and took a writing from him, obliging him to account for the other; and away he went to Japan. The Japan merchant proved a very punctual, honest man to him, protected him at Japan, and got him a license to come on shore, which the Europeans in general have not lately obtained; paid him his freight very punctually, sent him to the Philippines loaded with Japan and China wares, and a supercargo of their own, who, trafficking with the Spaniards, brought back European goods again, and a great quantity of cloves and other spices. And there he was not only paid his freight very well and at a very good price, but, being not willing to sell the ship then, the merchant furnished him with goods on his own account; that for some money and some spices of his own, which he brought with him, he went back to the Manillas to the Spaniards, where he sold his cargo very well. Here, having gotten a good acquaintance at Manilla, he got his ship made a free ship; and the Governor of Manilla hired him to go to Acapulco, in America, on the coast of Mexico, and gave him a license to land there, and travel to Mexico, and to pass in any Spanish ship to Europe, with all his men.

He made the voyage to Acapulco very happily, and there he sold his ship; and having there also obtained allowance to travel by land to Portobello, he found means, somehow or other, to get to Jamaica with all his treasure, and about eight years after, came to England exceeding rich: of the which I shall take notice in its place; in the mean time, I return to our particular affairs.

Being now to part with the ship and ship's company, it came before us, of course, to consider what recompense we should give to the two men that gave us such timely notice of the design against us in the river of Cambodia. The truth was, that they had done us a considerable service, and deserved well at our hands; though, by the way, they were a couple of rogues too; for as they believed the story of our being pirates, and that we had really run away with the ship, they came down to us, not only to betray the design that was formed against us, but to go to sea with us as pirates; and one of

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them confessed afterwards, that nothing else but the hopes of going a roguing brought him to do it. However, the service they did us was not the less; and therefore, as I had promised to be grateful to them, I first ordered the money to be paid to them which they said was due to them on board their respective ships; that is to say, the Englishman nineteen months' pay, and to the Dutchman seven; and over and above that I gave them, each of them, a small sum of money in gold, and which contented them very well. Then I made the Englishman gunner in the ship, the gunner being now made second mate and purser; the Dutchman I made boatswain: so they were both very well pleased, and proved very serviceable, being both able seamen, and very stout fellows.

We were now on shore in China. If I thought myself banished and remote from my own country at Bengal, where I had many ways to get home for my money, what could I think of myself now, when I was gotten about a thousand leagues farther off from home, and perfectly destitute of all manner of prospect of return?

All we had for it was this, that in about four months' time there was to be another fair at the place where we were; and then we might be able to purchase all sorts of the manufactures of the country, and withal might possibly find some Chinese junks or vessels from Tonquin that would be to be sold, and would carry us and our goods whither we pleased. This I liked very well, and resolved to wait; besides, as our particular persons were not obnoxious, so if any English or Dutch ships came thither, perhaps we might have an opportunity to load our goods and get passage to some other place in India, nearer home.

Upon these hopes we resolved to continue here; but, to divert ourselves, we took two or three journeys into the country. First we went ten days' journey to see the city of Nankin, a city well worth seeing indeed. They say it has a million of people in it; which, however, I do not believe. It is regularly built, the streets all exactly straight, and cross one another in direct lines, which gives the figure of it great advantage.

But when I come to compare the miserable people of these countries with ours, their fabrics, their manner of living, their government, their religion, their wealth, and their glory (as some call it), I must confess I do not so much as think it is worth naming, or worth my while to write of, or any that shall come after me to read.

It is very observable, that we wonder at the grandeur, the riches, the pomp, the ceremonies, the government, the manufactures, the commerce, and the conduct of these people; not that it is to be wondered at, or, indeed, in the least to be regarded, but because, having first a true notion of the barbarity of those countries, the rudeness and the ignorance that prevail there, we do not expect to find any such things so far off.

Otherwise, what are their buildings to the palaces and royal buildings of Europe? What is their trade to the universal commerce of England, Holland, France, and Spain? What are their cities to ours, for wealth, strength, gayety of apparel, rich furniture, and an infinite variety? What are their ports, supplied with a few junks and barks, to our navigation, our merchant fleets, our large and powerful navies? Our city of London has more trade than all their mighty empire. One English or Dutch or French man-of-war of eighty guns would fight and destroy all the shipping of China. But the greatness of their wealth, their trade, the power of their government, and strength of their armies, are surprising to us, because, as I have said, considering them as a barbarous nation of pagans, little better than savages, we did not expect such things among them; and this, indeed, is the advantage with which all their greatness and power is represented to us. Otherwise, it is in itself nothing at all; for as I have said of their ships, so may be said of their armies and troops. All the forces of their empire, though they were to bring two millions of men into the field together, would be able to do nothing but ruin the country and starve themselves. If they were to besiege a strong town in Flanders, or to fight a disciplined army, one line of German cuirassiers or of French cavalry would overthrow all the horse of China. A million of their foot could not stand before one embattled body of our infantry, posted so as not to be surrounded, though they were to

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be not one to twenty in number; nay, I do not boast if I say that thirty thousand German or English foot, and ten thousand French horse, would fairly beat all the forces of China. And so of our fortified towns, and of the art of our engineers in assaulting and defending towns. There is not a fortified town in China could hold out one month against the batteries and attacks of an European army; and, at the same time, all the armies in China could never take such a town as Dunkirk, provided it was not starved, no, not in ten years' siege. They have fire-arms, it is true, but they are awkward, clumsy, and uncertain in going off. They have powder, but it is of no strength. They have neither discipline in the field, exercise to their arms, skill to attack, nor temper to retreat. And therefore I must confess it seemed strange to me, when I came home and heard our people say such fine things of the power, riches, glory, magnificence, and trade of the Chinese; because I saw and knew that they were a contemptible herd or crowd of ignorant, sordid slaves, subjected to a government qualified only to rule such a people. And in a word (for I am now launched quite beside my design) — I say, in a word, were not its distance inconceivably great from Muscovy, and were not the Muscovite empire almost as rude, impotent, and ill-governed a crowd of slaves as they, the Czar of Muscovy might with much ease drive them all out of their country, and conquer them in one campaign. And had the Czar, who I since hear is a growing prince, and begins to appear formidable in the world, fallen this way, instead of attacking the warlike Swedes (in which attempt none of the powers of Europe would have envied or interrupted him), he might by this time have been Emperor of China, instead of being beaten by the King of Sweden at Narva, when the latter was not one to six in number. As their strength and their grandeur, so their navigation, commerce, and husbandry are imperfect and impotent, compared to the same things in Europe; also their knowledge, their learning, their skill in the sciences. They have globes and spheres, and a snatch of the knowledge of the mathematics; but when you come to inquire into their knowledge, how short-sighted are the wisest of their students! They know nothing of the motion of the heavenly bodies; and are so grossly and absurdly ignorant, that when the sun is eclipsed, they think it is a great dragon has assaulted and run away with it, and they fall a clattering with all the drums and kettles in the country, to fright the monster away, just as we do to hive a swarm of bees!

As this is the only excursion of this kind which I have made in all the account I have given of my travels, so I shall make no more descriptions of countries and people; it is none of my business, or any part of my design, but giving an account of my own adventures, through a life of inimitable wanderings, and a long variety of changes, which perhaps few that come after me will have heard the like of. I shall therefore say very little of all the mighty places, desert countries, and numerous people I have yet to pass through more than relates to my own story, and which my concern among them will make necessary. I was now, as near as I can compute, in the heart of China, about the latitude of 30 degrees north of the line, for we were returned from Nankin. I had indeed a mind to see the city of Pekin, which I had heard so much of, and Father Simon importuned me daily to do it. At length his time of going away being set, and the other missionary who was to go with him being arrived from Macao, it was necessary that we should resolve either to go or not to go; so I referred him to my partner, and left it wholly to his choice, who at length resolved it in the affirmative, and we prepared for our journey. We set out with very good advantage as to finding the way; for we got leave to travel in the retinue of one their mandarins, — a kind of viceroy, or principal magistrate in the province where they reside, and who take great state upon them, travelling with great attendance, and with great homage from the people, who are sometimes greatly impoverished by them, because all the countries they pass through are obliged to furnish provisions for them and all their attendance. That which I particularly observed, as to our travelling with his baggage, was this, that though we received sufficient provisions, both for ourselves and our horses, from the country, as belonging to the mandarin, yet we were obliged to pay

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for everything we had after the market price of the country, and the mandarin's steward, or commissary of the provisions, collected it duly from us; so that our travelling in the retinue of the mandarin, though it was a very great kindness to us, was not such a mighty favor in him, but was indeed a great advantage to him, considering there were above thirty other people travelled in the same manner besides us, under the protection of his retinue, or, as we may call it, under his convoy. This, I say, was a great advantage to him, for the country furnished all the provisions for nothing, and he took all our money for them.

We were five-and-twenty days travelling to Pekin, through a country infinitely populous but miserably cultivated; the husbandry, the economy, and the way of living miserable, though they boast so much of the industry of the people. I say miserable, and so it is, if we who understand how to live were to endure it, or to compare it with our own; but not so to these poor wretches who know no other. The pride of these people is infinitely great, and exceeded by nothing but their poverty, which adds to that which I call their misery. And I must needs think the naked savages of America live much more happily, because, as they have nothing, so they desire nothing; whereas these are proud and insolent, and in the main are mere beggars and drudges. Their ostentation is inexpressible, and is chiefly shown in their clothes and buildings, and in keeping multitudes of servants or slaves; and, which is to the last degree ridiculous, their contempt of all the world but themselves.

I must confess I travelled more pleasantly afterwards in the deserts and vast wildernesses of Grand Tartary than here; and yet the roads here are well paved and well kept, and very convenient for travellers; but nothing was more awkward to me than to see such a haughty, imperious, insolent people in the midst of the grossest simplicity and ignorance; for all their famed ingenuity is no more. And my friend Father Simon and I used to be very merry upon these occasions, to see the beggarly pride of those people. For example, coming by the house of a country gentleman, as Father Simon called him, about ten leagues off of the city of Nankin, we had first of all the honor to ride with the master of the house about two miles. The state he rode in was a perfect Don-Quixotism, being a mixture of pomp and poverty.

The habit of this greasy don was very proper for a scaramouch or merry-andrew, being a dirty calico, with all the tawdry and trapping of a fool's coat, such as hanging sleeves, tassels, and cuts and slashes almost on every side. It covered a taffeta vest, as greasy as a butcher, and which testified that his honor must needs be a most exquisite sloven.

His horse was a poor, lean, starved, hobbling creature, such as in England might sell for about thirty or forty shillings; and he had two slaves followed him on foot to drive the poor creature along. He had a whip in his hand, and he belabored the beast as fast about the head as his slaves did about the tail; and thus he rode by us with about ten or twelve servants, and we were told he was going from the city to his country-seat, about half a league before us. We travelled on gently, but this figure of a gentleman rode away before us, and we stopped at a village about an hour to refresh us. When we came by the country-seat of this great man, we saw him in a little place before his door eating his repast. It was a kind of a garden, but he was easy to be seen; and we were given to understand that the more we looked on him the better he would be pleased.

He sat under a tree something like the palmetto-tree, which effectually shaded him over the head; and on the south side, but under the tree also, was placed a large umbrella, which made that part look well enough. He sat lolling back in a great elbow-chair, being a heavy, corpulent man, and his meat being brought him by two women slaves. He had two more, whose office, I think, few gentlemen in Europe would accept of their service in, namely, one fed the squire with a spoon, and the other held the dish with one hand, and scraped off what he let fall upon his worship's beard and taffeta vest; while the great fat brute thought it below him to employ his own hands in any of those familiar offices, which kings and monarchs would rather do than be troubled with the clumsy fingers of their servants.

I took this time to think what pains men's

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pride puts them to, and how troublesome a haughty temper, thus ill managed, must be to a man of common sense. And leaving the poor wretch to please himself with our looking at him, as if we admired his pomp, whereas we really pitied and contemned him, we pursued our journey. Only Father Simon had the curiosity to stay to inform himself what dainties the country justice had to feed on, in all his state, which, he said, he had the honor to taste of, and which was, I think, a dose that an English hound would scarce have eaten if it had been offered him, namely a mess of boiled rice, with a great piece of garlic in it, and a little bag filled with green pepper, and another plant which they have there, something like our ginger, but smelling like musk and tasting like mustard. All this was put together, and a small lump or piece of lean mutton boiled in it; and this was his worship's repast, four or five servants more attending at a distance. If he fed them meaner than he was fed himself, the spice excepted, they must fare very coarsely indeed.

As for our mandarin, with whom we travelled, he was respected like a king; surrounded always with his gentlemen, and attended in all his appearances with such pomp that I saw little of him but at a distance. But this I observed, that there was not a horse in his retinue but that our carriers' pack-horses in England seem to me to look much better; but they were so covered with equipage, mantles, trappings, and such like trumpery, that you could not see whether they were fat or lean. In a word, we could see scarce anything but their feet and their heads.

I was now light-hearted, and all my trouble and perplexity that I have given an account of being over, I had no anxious thoughts about me, which made this journey the pleasanter to me; nor had any ill accident attended me, only in the passing or fording a small river my horse fell, and made me free of the country, as they call it, that is to say threw me in. The place was not deep, but it wetted me all over. I mention it because it spoiled my pocket-book, wherein I had set down the names of several people and places which I had occasion to remember; and which, not taking due care of, the leaves rotted, and the words were never after to be read, to my great loss as to the names of some places I touched at in this voyage.

At length we arrived at Pekin. I had nobody with me but the youth whom my nephew the captain had given me to attend me as a servant, and who proved very trusty and diligent; and my partner had nobody with him but one servant, who was a kinsman. As for the Portuguese pilot, he being desirous to see the court, we gave him his passage, — that is to say, bore his charges for his company, and to use him as an interpreter; for he understood the language of the country, and spoke good French and a little English. And, indeed, this old man was a most useful implement to us everywhere; for we had not been above a week at Pekin when he came laughing. "Ah, Seignior Inglese," says he, "I have something to tell you will make your heart glad." "My heart glad," says I. "What can that be? I don't know anything in this country can either give me joy or grief to any great degree." "Yes, yes," said the old man, in broken English; "make you glad, me sorrow." "Sorry" he would have said. This made me more inquisitive. "Why," said I, "will it make you sorry?" "Because," said he, "you have brought me here twenty-five days' journey, and will leave me to go back alone. And which way shall I get to my port afterwards, without a ship, without a horse, without *pecune?*" So he called money, being his broken Latin, of which he had abundance to make us merry with.

In short, he told us there was a great caravan of Muscovite and Polish merchants in the city, and they were preparing to set out on their journey by land to Muscovy, within four or five weeks; and he was sure we would take the opportunity to go with them, and leave him behind to go back all alone. I confess I was surprised with his news; a secret joy spread itself over my whole soul, which I cannot describe, and never felt before or since, and I had no power for a good while to speak a word to the old man. But at last I turned to him. "How do you know this?" said I. "Are you sure it is true?" "Yes," says he; "I met this morning in the street an old acquaintance of mine, an Armenian, or one you call a Grecian, who is among them. He came last from Astracan, and was designing to go to Tonquin, where

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I formerly knew him, but has altered his mind, and is now resolved to go with the caravan to Moscow, and so down the river Volga to Astracan." "Well, seignior," says I, "do not be uneasy about being left to go back alone. If this be a method for my return to England, it shall be your fault if you go back to Macao at all." We then went to consulting together what was to be done, and I asked my partner what he thought of the pilot's news, and whether it would suit with his affairs. He told me he would do just as I would; for he had settled all his affairs so well at Bengal, and left his effects in such good hands, that as we had made a good voyage here, if he could vest it in China silks, wrought and raw, such as might be worth the carriage, he would be content to go to England, and then make his voyage back to Bengal by the Company's ships.

Having resolved upon this, we agreed that, if our Portugal pilot would go with us, we would bear his charges to Moscow, or to England if he pleased. Nor, indeed, were we to be esteemed over-generous in that part neither, if we had not rewarded him further, for the service he had done us was really worth all that, and more: for he had not only been a pilot to us at sea, but he had been like a broker for us on shore; and his procuring for us the Japan merchant was some hundreds of pounds in our pocket. So we consulted together about it, and being willing to gratify him, which was indeed but doing him justice, and very willing also to have him with us besides, for he was a most necessary man on all occasions, we agreed to give him a quantity of coined gold, which, as I compute it, came to about one hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling between us, and to bear all his charges, both for himself and horse, except only a horse to carry his goods.

Having settled this among ourselves, we called him to let him know what we had resolved. I told him he had complained of our being to let him go back alone, and I was now to tell him we were resolved he should not go back at all; that as we had resolved to go to Europe with the caravan, we resolved also he should go with us; and that we called him to know his mind. He shook his head, and said it was a long journey, and he had no *pecune* to carry him thither, or to subsist himself when he came there. We told him we believed it was so, and therefore we had resolved to do something for him that should let him see how sensible we were of the service he had done us, and also how agreeable he was to us. And then I told him what we had resolved to give him here, which he might lay out as we would do our own; and that as for his charges, if he would go with us, we would set him safe ashore, life and casualties excepted, either in Muscovy or England, which he would, at our own charge, except only the carriage of his goods.

He received the proposal like a man transported, and told us he would go with us over the whole world; and so, in short, we all prepared ourselves for the journey. However, as it was with us, so it was with the other merchants: they had many things to do, and instead of being ready in five weeks, it was four months and some odd days before all things were got together.

It was the beginning of February, our style, when we set out from Pekin. My partner and the old pilot had gone express back to the port where we had first put in, to dispose of some goods which we had left there; and I, with a Chinese merchant, whom I had some knowledge of at Nankin, and who came to Pekin on his own affairs, went to Nankin, where I bought ninety pieces of fine damasks, with about two hundred pieces of other very fine silks, of several sorts, some mixed with gold, and had all these brought to Pekin against my partner's return. Besides this, we bought a very large quantity of raw silk, and some other goods; our cargo amounting in these goods only to about three thousand five hundred pounds sterling; which, together with tea and some fine calicoes, and three camel-loads of nutmegs and cloves, loaded in all eighteen camels for our share, besides those we rode upon, which, with two or three spare horses and two horses loaded with provisions, made us, in short, twenty-six camels and horses in our retinue.

The company was very great, and, as near as I can remember, made between three and four hundred horse, and upwards of a hundred and twenty men, very well armed, and provided for all events. For as the Eastern caravans are subject to be attacked by the

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Arabs, so are these by the Tartars. But they are not altogether so dangerous as the Arabs, nor so barbarous when they prevail.

The company consisted of people of several nations, such as Muscovites chiefly; for there were above sixty of them who were merchants or inhabitants of Moscow, though of them some were Livonians, and, to our particular satisfaction, five of them were Scots, who appeared also to be men of great experience in business, and men of very good substance.

When we had travelled one day's journey, the guides, who were five in number, called all the gentlemen and merchants, that is to say, all the passengers, except the servants, to a great council, as they called it. At this great council every one deposited a certain quantity of money to a common stock, for the necessary expense of buying forage on the way, where it was not otherwise to be had, and for satisfying the guides, getting horses, and the like. And here they constituted the journey, as they call it; namely, they named captains and officers to draw us all up and give the command in case of an attack, and gave every one their turn of command. Nor was this forming us into order any more than what we found needful upon the way, as shall be observed in its place.

The road all on this side of the country is very populous, and is full of potters and earth-makers; that is to say, people that temper the earth for the china-ware. And as I was coming along, our Portugal pilot, who had always something or other to say to make us merry, came sneering to me, and told me he would show me the greatest rarity in all the country, and that I should have this to say of China, after all the ill-humored things I had said of it, that I had seen one thing which was not to be seen in all the world beside. I was very importunate to know what it was. At last he told me it was a gentleman's house built all with china-ware. "Well," says I, "are not the materials of their building the product of their own country; and so is all china-ware, is it not?" "No, no," says he; "I mean it is a house all made of china-ware, such as you call it in England; or, as it is called in our country, porcelain." "Well," says I, "such a thing may be. How big is it? Can we carry it in a box upon a camel? If we can, we will buy it." "Upon a camel!" says the old pilot, holding up both his hands; "why, there is a family of thirty people in it."

I was then curious indeed to see it; and when I came to it, it was nothing but this: it was a timber house, or a house built, as we call it in England, with lath and plaster, but all the plastering was really china-ware; that is to say, it was plastered with the earth that makes china-ware."

The outside, which the sun shone hot upon, was glazed, and looked very well, perfectly white, and painted with blue figures, as the large china-ware in England is painted, and hard, as if it had been burned. As to the inside, all the walls, instead of wainscot, were lined up with hardened and painted tiles, like the little square tiles we call galley-tiles in England, all made of the finest china; and the figures exceeding fine indeed, with extraordinary variety of colors mixed with gold, many tiles making but one figure, but joined so artificially, the mortar being made of the same earth, that it was very hard to see where the tiles met. The floors of the room were of the same composition, and as hard as the earthen floors we have in use in several parts of England, especially Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, &c., as hard as a stone, and smooth, but not burned and painted, except some smaller rooms, like closets, which were all, as it were, paved with the same tile. The ceiling, and, in a word, all the plastering work in the whole house, were of the same earth; and, after all, the roof was covered with tiles of the same, but of a deep shining black.

This was a china-ware house indeed, truly and literally to be called so; and had I not been upon the journey, I could have stayed some days to see and examine the particulars of it. They told me there were fountains and fish-ponds in the garden, all paved at the bottom and sides with the same, and fine statues set up in rows on the walks, entirely formed of the porcelain earth, and burned whole.

As this is one of the singularities of China, so they may be allowed to excel in it; but I am very sure they excel in their accounts of it; for they told me such incredible things of their performance in crockery ware, for such it is, that I care not to relate, as knowing

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it could not be true. They told me, in particular, of one workman that made a ship with all its tackle and masts and sails in earthenware, big enough to carry fifty men. If he had told me he launched it, and made a voyage to Japan in it, I might have said something to it indeed; but as it was, I knew the whole of the story, which was, in short, asking pardon for the word, that the fellow lied. So I smiled, and said nothing to it.

This odd sight kept me two hours behind the caravan, for which the leader of it for the day fined me about the value of three shillings, and told me, if it had been three days' journey without the wall, as it was three days' within, he must have fined me four times as much, and made me ask pardon the next council day. So I promised to be more orderly; for, indeed, I found afterwards the orders made for keeping all together were absolutely necessary for our common safety.

In two days more we passed the great China wall, made for a fortification against the Tartars; and a very great work it is, going over hills and mountains in a needless track, where the rocks are impassable, and the precipices such as no enemy could possibly enter, or indeed climb up, or where, if they did, no wall could hinder them. They tell us, its length is near a thousand English miles, but that the country is five hundred in a straight measured line, which the wall bounds, without measuring the windings and turnings it takes. 'T is about four fathom high, and as many thick in some places.

I stood still an hour or thereabout, without trespassing our orders, for so long the caravan was in passing the gate. I say, I stood still an hour to look at it on every side, near and far off; I mean, that was within my view. And the guide of our caravan, who had been extolling it for the wonder of the world, was mighty eager to hear my opinion of it. I told him it was a most excellent thing to keep off the Tartars; which he happened not to understand as I meant it, and so took it for a compliment. But the old pilot laughed. "O Seignior Inglese," says he, "you speak in colors." "In colors," said I; "what do you mean by that?" "Why, you speak what looks white this way, and black that way; gay one way, and dull another way. You tell him it is a good wall to keep out Tartars. You tell me by that, it is good for nothing but to keep out Tartars, or it will keep out none but Tartars. I understand you, Seignior Inglese, — I understand you," says he; "but Seignior Chinese understood you his own way."

"Well," says I, "seignior, do you think it would stand out an army of our country people, with a good train of artillery; or our engineers, with two companies of miners? would not they batter it down in ten days, that an army might enter in battalia, or blow it up in the air, foundation and all, that there should be no sign of it left?" "Ah, ah," says he, "I know that." The Chinese wanted mightily to know what I said, and I gave him leave to tell him a few days after, for he was then almost out of their country, and he was to leave us in a little time afterward; but when he knew what I had said, he was dumb all the rest of the way, and we heard no more of his fine story of the Chinese power and greatness while he stayed.

After we had passed this mighty nothing called a wall, something like the Picts' wall, and so famous in Northumberland, and built by the Romans, we began to find the country thinly inhabited, and the people rather confined to live in fortified towns and cities, as being subject to the inroads and depredations of the Tartars, who rob in great armies, and therefore are not to be resisted by the naked inhabitants of an open country.

And here I began to find the necessity of keeping together in a caravan as we travelled, for we saw several troops of Tartars roving about; but when I came to see them distinctly, I wondered more that the Chinese empire could be conquered by such contemptible fellows; for they are a mere horde or crowd of wild fellows, keeping no order, and understanding no discipline or manner of fight.

Their horses are poor, lean, starved creatures, taught nothing, and fit for nothing; and this we said the first day we saw them, which was after we entered the wilder part of the country. Our leader for the day gave leave for about sixteen of us to go a hunting, as they call it; and what was this, but hunting of sheep! However, it may be called hunting, too; for the creatures are the wildest and swiftest of foot that ever I saw of

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their kind. Only they will not run a great way, and you are sure of sport when you begin the chase; for they appear generally thirty or forty in a flock, and, like true sheep, always keep together when they fly.

In pursuit of this odd sort of game it was our hap to meet with about forty Tartars. Whether they were hunting mutton as we were, or whether they looked for another kind of prey, I know not; but as soon as they saw us, one of them blew a kind of horn very loud, but with a barbarous sound, that I had never heard before, and, by the way, never care to hear again. We all supposed this was to call their friends about them, and so it was; for in less than half a quarter of an hour a troop of forty or fifty more appeared at about a mile distance; but our work was over first, as it happened.

One of the Scots merchants of Moscow happened to be amongst us, and as soon as he heard the horn he told us, in short, that we had nothing to do but to charge them immediately without loss of time; and drawing us up in a line, he asked if we were resolved. We told him we were ready to follow him; so he rode directly up to them. They stood gazing at us like a mere crowd, drawn up in no order, nor showing the face of any order at all; but as soon as they saw us advance, they let fly their arrows, which, however, missed us very happily. It seems they mistook not their aim, but their distance; for their arrows all fell a little short of us, but with so true an aim, that had we been about twenty yards nearer, we must have had several men wounded, if not killed.

Immediately we halted; and though it was at a great distance, we fired, and sent them leaden bullets for wooden arrows, following our shot full gallop, to fall in among them sword in hand, for so our bold Scot that led us directed. He was indeed but a merchant, but he behaved with that vigor and bravery on this occasion, and yet with such a cool courage too, that I never saw any man in action fitter for command. As soon as we came up to them we fired our pistols in their faces, and then drew, but they fled in the greatest confusion imaginable. The only stand any of them made was on our right, where three of them stood, and by signs called the rest to come back to them, having a kind of scimitar in their hands, and their bows hanging at their backs. Our brave commander, without asking anybody to follow him, gallops up close to them, and with his fusee knocks one of them off his horse, kills the second with his pistol, and the third ran away; and thus ended our fight. But we had this misfortune attending it, namely, that all our mutton that we had in chase got away. We had not a man killed or hurt; but as for the Tartars, there were about five of them killed. Who were wounded, we knew not; but this we knew, that the other party was so frightened with the noise of our guns that they made off, and never made any attempt upon us.

We were all this while in the Chinese dominion, and therefore the Tartars were not so bold as afterwards; but in about five days we entered a vast, great wild desert, which held us three days' and nights' march; and we were obliged to carry our water with us in great leathern bottles, and to encamp all night, just as I have heard they do in the desert of Arabia.

I asked whose dominion this was in, and they told me this was a kind of border that might be called No Man's Land, being a part of the Great Karakathie, or Grand Tartary, but that, however, it was all reckoned to China; but that there was no care taken here to preserve it from the inroads of thieves, and therefore it was reckoned the worst desert in the whole world, though we were to go over some much larger.

In passing this wilderness, which I confess was at the first very frightful to me, we saw two or three times little parties of the Tartars, but they seemed to be upon their own affairs, and to have no design upon us; and so, like the man who met the Devil, if they had nothing to say to us, we had nothing to say to them; we let them go.

Once, however, a party of them came so near as to stand and gaze at us; whether it was to consider what they should do, whether attack us or not attack us, that we knew not; but when we were passed at some distance by them, we made a rear-guard of forty men, and stood ready for them, letting the caravan pass half a mile or thereabouts before us. But after a while they marched off, only we found they saluted us with five arrows at their parting, one of which wounded a horse so that it disabled him; and we left him the

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next day, poor creature, in great need of a good farrier. We supposed they might shoot more arrows, which might fall short of us; but we saw no more arrows or Tartars that time.

We travelled near a month after this, the ways being not so bad as at first, though still in the dominions of the Emperor of China, but lay, for the most part, in villages, some of which were fortified, because of the incursions of the Tartars. When we came to one of these towns (it was about two and a half days' journey before we were to come to the city Naum), I wanted to buy a camel, of which there are plenty to be sold all the way upon that road, and of horses also, such as they are, because, so many caravans coming that way, they are often wanted. The person that I spoke to to get me a camel would have gone and fetched it for me, but I, like a fool, must be officious, and go myself along with him. The place was about two miles out of the village, where, it seems, they kept the camels and horses feeding under a guard.

I walked it on foot with my old pilot, being very desirous, forsooth, of a little variety. When we came to the place, it was a low, marshy ground, walled round with a stone wall, piled up dry, without mortar or earth among it, like a park, with a little guard of Chinese soldiers at the door. Having bought a camel, and agreed for the price, I came away, and the Chinese man that went with me led the camel; when, on a sudden, came up five Tartars on horseback: two of them seized the fellow, and took the camel from him, while the other three stepped up to me and my old pilot, seeing us, as it were, unarmed; for I had no weapon about me but my sword, which could but ill defend me against three horsemen. The first that came up stopped short upon my drawing my sword (for they are arrant cowards); but a second, coming upon my left, gave me a blow on the head, which I never felt till afterward, and wondered, when I came to myself, what was the matter with me, and where I was, for he laid me flat on the ground. But my never-failing old pilot, the Portuguese (so Providence, unlooked for, directs deliverances from dangers, which to us are unforeseen), had a pistol in his pocket, which I knew nothing of, nor the Tartars either: if they had, I suppose they would not have attacked us; but cowards are always boldest when there is no danger.

The old man, seeing me down, with a bold heart stepped up to the fellow that had struck me, and laid hold of his arm with one hand, and pulling him down by main force, a little towards him, with the other, shot him into the head, and laid him dead upon the spot; he then immediately stepped up to him who had stopped us, as I said, and before he could come forward again (for it was all done, as it were, in a moment), made a blow at him with a scimitar which he always wore, but, missing the man, cut his horse into the side of his head, cut one of his ears off by the root, and a great slice down the side of his face. The poor beast, enraged with the wound, was no more to be governed by his rider, though the fellow sat well enough too, but away he flew, and carried him quite out of the pilot's reach; and, at some distance, rising up upon his hind-legs, threw down the Tartar, and fell upon him.

In this interval the poor Chinese came in who had lost the camel, but he had no weapon; however, seeing the Tartar down, and his horse fallen upon him, away he runs to him, and, seizing upon an ugly, ill-favored weapon he had by his side, something like a pole-axe, but not a pole-axe either, he wrenched it from him, and made shift to knock his Tartarian brains out with it. But my old man had the third Tartar to deal with still; and, seeing he did not fly as he expected, nor come on to fight him as he apprehended, but stood stock still, the old man stood still too, and falls to work with his tackle to charge his pistol again; but as soon as the Tartar saw the pistol, whether he supposed it to be the same or another I know not, but away he scoured, and left my pilot, my champion I called him afterward, a complete victory.

By this time I was a little awake; for I thought, when first I began to wake, that I had been in a sweet sleep; but, as I said above, I wondered where I was, how I came upon the ground, and what was the matter: in a word, a few moments after, as sense returned, I felt pain, though I did not know where. I clapped my hand to my head, and took it away bloody; then I felt my head ache, and then, in another moment, memory

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returned, and everything was present to me again.

I jumped up upon my feet instantly, and got hold of my sword, but no enemies were in view. I found a Tartar lying dead, and his horse standing very quietly by him; and, looking farther, I saw my champion and deliverer, who had been to see what the Chinese had done, coming back with his hanger in his hand. The old man, seeing me on my feet, came running to me, and embraced me with a great deal of joy, being afraid before that I had been killed, and, seeing me bloody, would see how I was hurt; but it was not much, only what we call a broken head; neither did I afterwards find any great inconvenience from the blow, other than the place which was hurt, and was well again in two or three days.

We made no great gain, however, by this victory; for we lost a camel, and gained a horse: but that which was remarkable, when we came back to the village, the man demanded to be paid for the camel. I disputed it, and it was brought to a hearing before the Chinese judge of the place; that is to say, in English, we went before a justice of the peace. Give him his due, he acted with a great deal of prudence and impartiality; and, having heard both sides, he gravely asked the Chinese man that went with me to buy the camel whose servant he was. "I am no servant," said he, "but went with the stranger." "At whose request?" says the justice. "At the stranger's request," says he. "Why, then," says the justice, "you were the stranger's servant for the time; and the camel being delivered to his servant, it was delivered to him, and he must pay for it."

I confess the thing was so clear that I had not a word to say; but admiring to see such just reasoning upon the consequence, and so accurate stating the cause, I paid willingly for the camel, and sent for another. But, you may observe, I sent for it; I did not go and fetch it myself any more; I had enough of that.

The city of Naum is a frontier of the Chinese Empire: they call it fortified, and so it is, as fortifications go there; for this I will venture to affirm, that all the Tartars in Karakathie, which, I believe, are some millions, could not batter down the walls with their bows and arrows; but to call it strong, if it were attacked with cannon, would be to make those who understand it laugh at you.

We wanted, as I have said, about two days' journey of this city, when messengers were sent express to every part of the road to tell all travellers and caravans to halt till they had a guard sent for them; for that an unusual body of Tartars, making ten thousand in all, had appeared in the way, about thirty miles beyond the city.

This was very bad news to travellers: however, it was carefully done of the governor, and we were very glad to hear we should have a guard. Accordingly, two days after, we had two hundred soldiers sent us from a garrison of the Chinese on our left, and three hundred more from the city of Naum, and with those we advanced boldly; the three hundred soldiers from Naum marched in our front, the two hundred in our rear, and our men on each side of our camels with our baggage, and the whole caravan in the centre. In this order, and well prepared for battle, we thought ourselves a match for the whole ten thousand Mogul Tartars, if they had appeared; but the next day, when they did appear, it was quite another thing.

It was early in the morning, when, marching from a little well-situated town, called Changu, we had a river to pass, where we were obliged to ferry; and had the Tartars had any intelligence, then had been the time to have attacked us, when, the caravan being over, the rear-guard was behind: but they did not appear.

About three hours after, when we were entered upon a desert of about fifteen or sixteen miles over, behold, by a cloud of dust they raised, we saw an enemy was at hand; and they were at hand indeed, for they came on upon the spur.

The Chinese, our guard on the front, who had talked so big the day before, began to stagger, and the soldiers frequently looked behind them, which is a certain sign in a soldier that he is just ready to run away. My old pilot was of my mind; and being near me, he called out: "Seignior Inglese," says he, "those fellows must be encouraged, or they will ruin us all; for if the Tartars come on, they will never stand it." "I am of your mind," said I; "but what course must be done?" "Done!" says he; "let

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fifty of our men advance, and flank them on each wing, and encourage them, and they will fight like brave fellows in brave company; but without, they will every man turn his back." Immediately I rode up to our leader, and told him, who was exactly of our mind; and accordingly, fifty of us marched to the right wing, and fifty to the left, and the rest made a line of reserve; and so we marched, leaving the last two hundred men to make another body by themselves, and to guard the camels; only that, if need were, they should send a hundred men to assist the last fifty.

In a word, the Tartars came on, and an innumerable company they were; how many we could not tell, but ten thousand, we thought, was the least. A party of them came on first, and viewed our posture, traversing the ground in front of our line; and as we found them within gun-shot, our leader ordered the two wings to advance swiftly, and give them a salvo on each wing with their shot, which was done; but they went off, and, I suppose, back to give an account of the reception they were like to meet with; and, indeed, that salute clogged their stomach, for they immediately halted, stood awhile to consider of it, and, wheeling off to the left, they gave over the design, and said no more to us for that time, which was very agreeable to our circumstances, which were but very indifferent for a battle with such a number.

Two days after this we came to the city Naun, or Naum. We thanked the governor for his care for us, and collected to the value of a hundred crowns, or thereabouts, which we gave to the soldiers sent to guard us; and here we rested one day. This is a garrison, indeed, and there were nine hundred soldiers kept here; but the reason of it was, that formerly the Muscovite frontiers lay nearer to them than they do now, the Muscovites having abandoned that part of the country (which lies from this city west, for about two hundred miles) as desolate and unfit for use; and more especially, being so very remote, and so difficult to send troops thither for its defence; for we had yet above two thousand miles to Muscovy, properly so called.

After this we passed several great rivers, and two dreadful deserts, one of which we were sixteen days passing over, and which, as I said, was to be called No Man's Land; and on the 13th of April we came to the frontiers of the Muscovite dominions. I think the first city or town or fortress, whatever it might be called, that belonged to the Czar of Muscovy, was called Argun, being on the west side of the river Argun.

I could not but discover an infinite satisfaction that I was soon arrived in, as I called it, a Christian country, or at least in a country governed by Christians; for though the Muscovites do, in my opinion, but just deserve the name of Christians, yet such they pretend to be, and are very devout in their way. It would certainly occur to any man who travels in the world as I have done, and who had any power of reflection, — I say, it would occur to him to reflect what a blessing it is to be brought into the world where the name of God and of a Redeemer is known, worshipped, and adored; and not where the people, given up by Heaven to strong delusions, worship the Devil, and prostrate themselves to stocks and stones, worship monsters, elements, horribly shaped animals, and statues or images of monsters. Not a town or city we passed through but had their pagods, their idols, and their temples, and ignorant people worshipping even the works of their own hands.

Now we came where, at least, a face of the Christian worship appeared, where the knee was bowed to Jesus; and, whether ignorantly or not, yet the Christian religion was owned, and the name of the true God was called upon and adored; and it made the very recesses of my soul rejoice to see it. I saluted the brave Scots merchant I mentioned above, with my first acknowledgment of this; and, taking him by the hand, I said to him, "Blessed be God, we are once again come among Christians!" He smiled, and answered, "Do not rejoice too soon, countryman; these Muscovites are but an odd sort of Christians; and but for the name of it, you may see very little of the substance for some months further of our journey."

"Well," says I, "but still it is better than paganism and worshipping of devils." "Why, I'll tell you," says he; "except the Russian soldiers in garrisons, and a few of the inhabitants of the cities upon the road, all the rest of this country, for above a thousand miles farther, is inhabited by the worst and

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most ignorant of pagans." And so, indeed, we found it.

We were now launched into the greatest piece of solid earth, if I understand anything of the surface of the globe, that is to be found in any part of the earth: we had at least twelve hundred miles to the sea, eastward; we had at least two thousand to the bottom of the Baltic Sea, westward; and above three thousand miles, if we left that sea and went on west to the British and French Channels; we had full five thousand miles to the Indian or Persian Sea, south; and about eight hundred miles to the Frozen Sea, north; nay, if some people may be believed, there might be no sea northeast till we came round the Pole, and consequently into the northwest, and so had a continent of land into America, the Lord knows where; though I could give some reasons why I believe that to be a mistake.

As we entered into the Muscovite dominions, a good while before we came to any considerable towns, we had nothing to observe there but this: first, that all the rivers that run to the east, as I understood by the charts which some in our caravan had with them, it was plain, all those rivers ran into the great river Yamour, or Gammour. This river, by the natural course of it, must run into the East Sea, or Chinese Ocean. The story they tell us, that the mouth of this river is choked up with bulrushes of a monstrous growth, namely, three feet about and twenty or thirty feet high, I must be allowed to say I believe nothing of; but as its navigation is of no use, because there is no trade that way,—the Tartars, to whom alone it belongs, dealing in nothing but cattle,—so nobody, that ever I heard of, has been curious enough either to go down to the mouth of it in boats, or come up from the mouth of it in ships; but this is certain, that this river running due east, in the latitude of about fifty degrees, carries a vast concourse of rivers along with it, and finds an ocean to empty itself in that latitude; so we are sure of sea there.

Some leagues to the north of this river there are several considerable rivers, whose streams run as due north as the Yamour runs east; and these are all found to join their waters with the great river Tartarus, named so from the northernmost nations of the Mongul Tartars, who, the Chinese say, were the first Tartars in the world; and who, as our geographers allege, are the Gog and Magog mentioned in sacred story.

These rivers running all northward, as well as all the other rivers I am yet to speak of, make it evident that the Northern Ocean bounds the land also on that side; so that it does not seem rational in the least to think that the land can extend itself to join with America on that side, or that there is not a communication between the Northern and the Eastern Ocean. But of this I shall say no more; it was my observation at that time, and therefore I take notice of it in this place. We now advanced from the river Arguna by easy and moderate journeys, and were very visibly obliged to the care the Czar of Muscovy has taken to have cities and towns built in as many places as are possible to place them, where his soldiers keep garrison, something like the stationary soldiers placed by the Romans in the remotest countries of their empire, some of which I had read particularly were placed in Britain for the security of commerce and for the lodging travellers; and thus it was here; for wherever we came, though at these towns and stations the garrisons and governor were Russians and professed Christians, yet the inhabitants of the country were mere pagans, sacrificing to idols, and worshipping the sun, moon, and stars, or all the host of heaven: and not only so, but were, of all the heathens and pagans that ever I met with, the most barbarous, except only that they did not eat man's flesh, as our savages of America did.

Some instances of this we met with in the country between Arguna, where we enter the Muscovite dominions, and a city of Tartars and Russians together, called Nertsinskay; in which is a continued desert or forest, which cost us twenty days to travel over it. In a village near the last of those places I had the curiosity to go and see their way of living, which is most brutish and unsufferable. They had, I suppose, a great sacrifice that day; for there stood out upon an old stump of a tree an idol made of wood, frightful as the devil, at least as anything we can think of to represent the devil can be made. It had a head certainly not so much as resembling any creature that the world ever saw;

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ears as big as goats' horns, and as high; eyes as big as a crown-piece; a nose like a crooked ram's horn; and a mouth extended four-cornered like that of a lion, with horrible teeth hooked like a parrot's under bill. It was dressed up in the filthiest manner that you could suppose; its upper garment was of sheep-skins, with the wool outward, a great Tartar bonnet on the head, with two horns growing through it; it was about eight feet high, yet had no feet or legs, or any other proportion of parts.

This scarecrow was set up at the outer side of the village, and when I came near to it there were sixteen or seventeen creatures, whether men or women I could not tell, for they make no distinction by their habits, either of body or head. These lay all flat on the ground, round this formidable block of shapeless wood. I saw no motion among them any more than if they had been logs of wood like the idol, and at first really thought they had been so; but when I came a little nearer, they started up upon their feet, and raised a howling cry, as if it had been so many deep-mouthed hounds, and walked away as if they were displeased at our disturbing them. A little way off from the idol, and at the door of that tent or hut made all of sheep-skins and cow-skins dried, stood three butchers; I thought they were such; when I came nearer to them, I found they had long knives in their hands, and in the middle of the tent appeared three sheep killed, and one young bullock or steer. These, it seems, were sacrifices to that senseless log of an idol, and these three men priests belonging to it; and the seventeen prostrated wretches were the people who brought the offering, and were making their prayers to that stock.

I confess I was more moved at their stupidity and brutish worship of a hobgoblin than ever I was at anything in my life; to see God's most glorious and best creature, to whom he had granted so many advantages, even by creation, above the rest of the works of his hands, vested with a reasonable soul, and that soul adorned with faculties and capacities adapted both to honor his Maker and be honored by him, sunk and degenerated to a degree so more than stupid as to prostrate itself to a frightful nothing, a mere imaginary object dressed up by themselves, and made terrible to themselves by their own contrivance; adorned only with clouts and rags; and that this should be the effect of mere ignorance, wrought up into hellish devotion by the devil himself, who, envying to his Maker the homage and adoration of his creatures, had deluded them into such gross, surfeiting, sordid, and brutish things as one would think would shock nature itself.

But what signified all the astonishment and reflection of thoughts? Thus it was, and I saw it before my eyes, and there was no room to wonder at it or think it impossible. All my admiration turned to rage, and I rode up to the image or monster, call it what you will, and with my sword cut the bonnet that was on its head in two in the middle, so that it hung down by one of the horns; and one of our men that was with me took hold of the sheep-skin that covered it, and pulled at it, when, behold, a most hideous outcry and howling ran through the village, and two or three hundred people came about my ears, so that I was glad to scour for it, for we saw some had bows and arrows. But I resolved from that moment to visit them again.

Our caravan rested three nights at the town, which was about four miles off, in order to provide some horses which they wanted, several of the horses having been lamed and jaded with the badness of the way and long march over the last desert; so we had some leisure here to put my design in execution. I communicated my project to the Scots merchant of Moscow, of whose courage I had had sufficient testimony, as above. I told him what I had seen, and with what indignation I had since thought that human nature could be so degenerate. I told him I was resolved, if I could but get four or five men well armed to go with me, I was resolved to go and destroy that vile, abominable idol, and let them see that it had no power to help itself, and consequently could not be an object of worship, or to be prayed to, much less help them that offered sacrifices to it.

He laughed at me. Says he, "Your zeal may be good, but what do you propose to yourself by it?" "Propose!" said I; "to vindicate the honor of God, which is insulted by this devil-worship." "But how will it vindicate the honor of God?" said he;

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"while the people will not be able to know what you mean by it, unless you could speak to them and tell them so, and then they will fight you, and beat you too, I 'll assure you; for they are desperate fellows, and that especially in defence of their idolatry." "Can we not," said I, "do it in the night, and then leave them the reasons and causes in writing in their own language?" "Writing!" said he; "why, there is not a man in five nations of them that knows anything of a letter, or how to read a word in any language, or in their own." "Wretched, ignorant!" said I to him; "however, I have a great mind to do it. Perhaps nature may draw inferences from it to them, to let them see how brutish they are to worship such horrid things." "Look you, sir," said he; "if your zeal prompts you to it so warmly, you must do it; but, in the next place, I would have you consider these wild nations of people are subjected by force to the Czar of Muscovy's dominions; and if you do this, 't is ten to one but they will come by thousands to the Governor of Nertsinskay and complain, and demand satisfaction; and if he cannot give them satisfaction, 't is ten to one but they revolt, and will occasion a new war with all the Tartars in the country."

This, I confess, put new thoughts into my head for a while; but I harped upon the same string still, and all that day I was uneasy to put my project in execution. Towards the evening, the Scots merchant met me by accident in our walk about the town, and desired to speak with me. "I believe," said he, "I have put you off of your good design. I have been a little concerned about it since, for I abhor the idol and the idolatry as much as you can do." "Truly," says I, "you have put it off a little as to the execution of it, but you have not put it all out of my thoughts; and I believe I shall do it still before I quit this place, though I were to be delivered up to them for satisfaction." "No, no," says he; "God forbid they should deliver you up to such a crew of monsters. They shall not do that neither: that would be murdering you indeed." "Why," says I, "how would they use me?" "Use you!" says he; "I 'll tell you how they served a poor Russian, who affronted them in their worship just as you did, and whom they took prisoner. After they had lamed him with an arrow that he could not run away, they took him and stripped him stark naked, and set him up on the top of the idol monster, and stood all round him, and shot as many arrows into him as would stick over his whole body, and then they burned him, and all the arrows sticking in him, as a sacrifice to the idol." "And was this the same idol?" "Yes," says he, "the very same." "Well," says I, "I 'll tell you a story." So I related the story of our men at Madagascar, and how they burned and sacked the village there, and killed man, woman, and child, for their murdering one of our men, just as it is related before; and when I had done, I added, that I thought we ought to do so to this village.

He listened very attentively to the story; but when I talked of doing so to that village, says he, "You mistake very much. It was not this village: it was almost a hundred miles from this place; but it was the same idol, for they carry him about in procession all over the country." "Well, then," says I, "then that idol ought to be punished for it; and it shall," says I, "if I live this night out."

In a word, finding me resolute, he liked the design, and told me I should not go alone, but he would go with me, and bring a stout fellow, one of his countrymen, to go also with us; "and one," says he, "as famous for his zeal as you can desire any one to be, against such devilish things as these." In a word, he brought me his comrade, a Scotsman, whom he called Captain Richardson, and I gave him a full account of what I had seen, and, in a word, of what I intended; and he told me readily he would go with me if it cost him his life: so we agreed to go only us three. I had, indeed, proposed it to my partner, but he declined it. He said he was ready to assist me to the utmost, and upon all occasions, for my defence, but that this was an adventure quite out of his way. So, I say, we resolved upon our work, only us three and my man-servant, and to put it in execution that night about midnight, with all the secrecy imaginable.

However, upon second thoughts, we were willing to delay it till the next night, because the caravan being to set forward in the morning, we supposed the governor could not pretend to give them any satisfaction upon

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us when we were out of his power. The Scots merchant, as steady in his resolution for the enterprise as bold in executing, brought me a Tartar's robe or gown of the sheep-skins, and a bonnet, with a bow and arrows, and had provided the same for himself and his countryman, that the people, if they saw us, should not be able to determine who we were.

All the first night we spent in mixing up some combustible matter with aqua vitæ, gunpowder, and such other materials as we could get; and having a good quantity of tar in a little pot, about an hour after night we set out upon our expedition.

We came to the place about eleven o'clock at night, and found that the people had not the least jealousy of danger attending their idol. The night was cloudy, yet the moon gave us light enough to see that the idol stood just in the same posture and place that it did before. The people seemed to be all at their rest, only that in the great hut, or tent, as we called it, where we saw the three priests, whom we mistook for butchers, we saw a light, and, going up close to the door, we heard people talking as if there were five or six of them. We concluded, therefore, that if we set the wildfire to the idol, these men would come out immediately, and run up to the place to rescue it from the destruction that we intended for it; and what to do with them we knew not. Once we thought of carrying it away, and setting fire to it at a distance; but when we came to handle it, we found it too bulky for our carriage, so we were at a loss again. The second Scotsman was for setting fire to the tent or hut, and knocking the creatures that were there on the head when they came out; but I could not join with that. I was against killing them, if it was possible to be avoided. "Well, then," said the Scots merchant, "I'll tell you what we will do: we will try to take them prisoners, tie their hands behind them, and make them stand still and see their idol destroyed."

As it happened, we had twine or packthread enough about us, which was used to tie our fireworks together with; so we resolved to attack the people first, and with as little noise as we could. The first thing we did, we knocked at the door, which issued just as we desired it; for one of their idol priests came to the door. We immediately seized upon him, stopped his mouth, and tied his hands behind him, and led him to the idol, where we gagged him that he might not make a noise, tied his feet also together, and left him on the ground.

Two of us then waited at the door, expecting that another would come out to see what the matter was; but we waited so long till the third man came back to us, and then, nobody coming out, we knocked again gently, and immediately out came two more, and we served them just in the same manner, but were obliged to go all with them, and lay them down by the idol, some distance from one another. When, going back, we found two more were come out to the door, and a third stood between them within the door. we seized the two, and immediately tied them, when the third, stepping back, and crying out, my Scots merchant went in after him, and taking out a composition we had made, that would only smoke and stink, he set fire to it, and threw it in among them. By that time the other Scotsman and my man, taking charge of the two men who were already bound, and tied together also by the arm, led them away to the idol, and left them there, to see if their idol would relieve them, making haste back to us.

When the fuze we had thrown in had filled the hut with so much smoke that they were almost suffocated, we then threw in a small leather bag of another kind, which flamed like a candle, and, following it in, we found there were but four people left, who, it seems, were two men and two women, and, as we supposed, had been about some of their diabolic sacrifices. They appeared, in short, frighted to death, at least so as to sit trembling and stupid, and not able to speak either, for the smoke.

In a word, we took them, bound them as we had the others, and all without any noise. I should have said, we brought them out of the house or hut first; for, indeed, we were not able to bear the smoke any more than they were. When we had done this, we carried them all together to the idol. When we came there, we fell to work with him. And, first, we daubed him all over, and his robes also, with tar and such other stuff as we had, which was tallow mixed with brimstone; then we stopped his eyes, ears, and mouth full

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of gunpowder; and then we wrapped up a great piece of wildfire in his bonnet; and then, sticking all the combustibles we had brought with us upon him, we looked about to see if we could find anything else to help to burn him, when my man remembered that by the tent or hut where the men were there lay a heap of dry forage, whether straw or rushes I do not remember. Away he and one of the Scotsmen ran, and fetched their arms full of that. When we had done this, we took all our prisoners, and brought them, having untied their feet and ungagged their mouths, and made them stand up, and set them just before their monstrous idol, and then set fire to the whole.

We stayed by it a quarter of an hour, or thereabouts, till the powder in the eyes and mouth and ears of the idol blew up, and, we could perceive, had split and deformed the shape; and, in a word, till we saw it burn into a mere block or log of wood: and then, setting the dry forage to it, we found it would be quite consumed, when we began to think of going away. But the Scotsman said, "No, we must not go; for these poor deluded wretches will all throw themselves into the fire, and burn themselves with the idol." So we resolved to stay till the forage was burned down too, and then we came away and left them.

In the morning we appeared among our fellow-travellers, exceedingly busy in getting ready for our journey; nor could any man suggest that we had been anywhere but in our beds, as travellers might be supposed to be, to fit themselves for the fatigue of that day's journey.

But it did not end so. The next day came a great multitude of the country people, not only of this village, but of a hundred more, for aught I know, to the town gates, and, in a most outrageous manner, demanded satisfaction of the Russian governor for the insulting their priests and burning their great Cham-Chi-Thaungu; such a hard name they gave the monstrous creature they worshipped. The people of Nertsinskay were at first in a great consternation; for they said the Tartars were no less than thirty thousand, and that in a few days more would be one hundred thousand strong.

The Russian governor sent out messengers to appease them, and gave them all the good words imaginable. He assured them he knew nothing of it, and that there had not a soul of his garrison been abroad; that it could not be from anybody there; and if they would let him know who it was, they should be exemplarily punished. They returned haughtily, that all the country reverenced the great Cham-Chi-Thaungu, who dwelt in the sun, and no mortal would have dared to offer violence to his image but some Christian miscreant, so they called them, it seems; and they therefore denounced war against him, and all the Russians, who, they said were miscreants and Christians.

The governor, still patient, and unwilling to make a breach, or to have any cause of war alleged to be given by him, the czar having straitly charged them to treat the conquered country with gentleness and civility, gave them still all the good words he could. At last he told them there was a caravan gone towards Russia that morning, and perhaps it was some of them who had done them this injury; and that if they would be satisfied with that, he would send after them to inquire into it. This seemed to appease them a little; and, accordingly, the governor sent after us, and gave us a particular account how the thing was; intimating withal that if any in our caravan had done it, they should make their escape; but that whether they had done it or no, we should make all the haste forward that was possible; and that in the mean time he would keep them in play as long as he could.

This was very friendly in the governor; however, when it came to the caravan, there was nobody knew anything of the matter. And as for us that were guilty, we were the least of all suspected; none so much as asked us the question. However, the captain of the caravan for the time took the hint that the governor gave us, and we marched or travelled two days and two nights without any considerable stop. And then we lay at a village called Plothus; nor did we make any long stop here, but hastened on towards Jarawena, another of the Czar of Muscovy's colonies, and where we expected we should be safe; but it is to be observed, that here we began for two or three days' march to enter upon the vast nameless desert, of which I shall say more in its place;

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and which, if we had now been upon it, it is more than probable we had been all destroyed. It was the second day's march from Plothus that, by the clouds of dust behind us, at a great distance, some of our people began to be sensible we were pursued. We had entered the desert, and had passed by a great lake called Schaks-Oser, when we perceived a very great body of horse appear on the other side of the lake to the north, we travelling west. We observed they went away west as we did, but had supposed we would have taken that side of the lake, whereas we very happily took the south side; and in two days more we saw them not, for they, believing we were still before them, pushed on till they came to the river Udda. This is a very great river when it passes farther north; but where we came to it we found it narrow and fordable.

The third day they either found their mistake, or had intelligence of us, and came pouring in upon us towards the dusk of the evening. We had, to our great satisfaction, just pitched upon a place for our camp which was very convenient, for the night; for, as we were upon a desert, though but at the beginning of it, that was above five hundred miles over, we had no towns to lodge at, and indeed expected none but the city of Jarawena, which we had yet two days' march to. The desert, however, had some few woods in it on this side, and little rivers, which ran all into the great river Udda. It was in a narrow strait between two little but very thick woods that we pitched our little camp for that night, expecting to be attacked in the night.

Nobody knew but ourselves what we were pursued for; but, as it was usual for the Mogul Tartars to go about in troops in that desert, so the caravans always fortify themselves every night against them, as against armies of robbers; and it was therefore no new thing to be pursued.

But we had this night, of all the nights of our travels, a most advantageous camp; for we lay between two woods, with a little rivulet running just before our front; so that we could not be surrounded or attacked any way but in our front or rear. We took care also to make our front as strong as we could, by placing our packs, with our camels and horses, all in a line on the inside of the river, and felling some trees in our rear.

In this posture we encamped for the night; but the enemy was upon us before we had finished our situation. They did not come on us like thieves, as we expected, but sent three messengers to us, to demand the men to be delivered to them that had abused their priests and burnt their god Cham-Chi-Thaungu with fire, that they might burn them with fire; and upon this, they said, they would go away and do us no further harm, otherwise they would burn us all with fire. Our men looked very blank at this message, and began to stare at one another, to see who looked with most guilt in their faces; but nobody was the word, nobody did it. The leader of the caravan sent word he was well assured it was not done by any of our camp; that we were peaceable merchants, travelling on our business; that we had done no harm to them or to any one else; and that therefore they must look further for their enemies who had injured them, for we were not the people. So desired them not to disturb us; for, if they did, we should defend ourselves.

They were far from being satisfied with this for an answer; but a great crowd of them came down in the morning by break of day to our camp. But seeing us in such an unaccountable situation, they durst come no farther than the brook in our front, where they stood and showed us such a number that indeed terrified us very much; for those that spoke least of them spoke of ten thousand. Here they stood and looked at us awhile, and then, setting up a great howl, they let fly a crowd of arrows among us; but we were well enough fortified for that, for we sheltered under our baggage; and I do not remember that one man of us was hurt.

Some time after this we saw them move a little to our right, and expected them on the rear; when a cunning fellow, a Cossack, as they call them, of Jarawena, in the pay of the Muscovites, calling to the leader of the caravan, said to him, "I 'll go send all these people away to Sibeilka." This was a city four or five days' journey at least to the right, and rather behind us. So he takes his bow and arrows, and, getting on horseback, he rides away from our rear directly, as it were, back to Nertsinskay. After this

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he takes a great circuit about, and comes to the army of the Tartars, as if he had been sent express to tell them a long story; that the people who had burnt the Cham-Chi-Thaungu were gone to Sibeilka, with a caravan of miscreants, as he called them, that is to say, Christians; and that they had resolved to burn the god Schal-Isar belonging to the Tongueses.

As this fellow was himself a mere Tartar, and perfectly spoke their language, he counterfeited so well, that they all took it from him, and away they drove in a most violent hurry to Sibeilka, which it seems was five days' journey to the north; and in less than three hours they were entirely out of our sight, and we never heard any more of them; and we never knew whether they went to that other place called Sibeilka or no.

So we passed safely on to the city of Jarawena, where there was a garrison of Muscovites; and there we rested five days, the caravan being exceedingly fatigued with the last day's hard march, and with want of rest in the night.

From this city we had a frightful desert, which held us three-and-twenty days' march. We furnished ourselves with some tents here, for the better accommodating ourselves in the night; and the leader of the caravan procured sixteen carriages or wagons of the country for carrying our water and provisions, and these carriages were our defence every night round our little camp; so that had the Tartars appeared, unless they had been very numerous indeed, they would not have been able to hurt us.

We may well be supposed to want rest again after this long journey; for in this desert we saw abundance of the sable-hunters, as they called them. These are all Tartars of the Mogul Tartary, of which this country is a part; and they frequently attack small caravans, but we saw no numbers of them together. I was curious to see the sable-skins they catched, but could never speak with any of them; for they durst not come near us, neither durst we straggle from our company to go near them.

After we had passed this desert we came into a country pretty well inhabited; that is to say, we found towns and castles settled by the Czar of Muscovy, with garrisons of stationary soldiers to protect the caravans and defend the country against the Tartars, who would otherwise make it very dangerous travelling; and his czarish majesty has given such strict orders for the well guarding the caravans and merchants, that if there are any Tartars heard of in the country, detachments of the garrisons are always sent to see the travellers safe from station to station.

And thus the governor of Adinskoy, whom I had opportunity to make a visit to, by means of the Scots merchant, who was acquainted with him, offered us a guard of fifty men, if we thought there was any danger, to the next station.

I thought, long before this, that as we came nearer to Europe we should find the country better peopled, and the people more civilized; but I found myself mistaken in both, for we had yet the nation of the Tongueses to pass through, where we saw the same tokens of paganism and barbarity, or worse than before, only as they were conquered by the Muscovites, and entirely reduced, they were not so dangerous; but for rudeness of manners, idolatry, and multitheism, no people in the world ever went beyond them. They are clothed all in skins of beasts, and their houses are built of the same. You know not a man from a woman, neither by the ruggedness of their countenances or their clothes; and in the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, they live underground in houses like vaults, which have cavities going from one to another.

If the Tartars had their Cham-Chi-Thaungu for a whole village or country, these had idols in every hut and in every cave; besides, they worship the stars, the sun, the water, the snow, and, in a word, everything that they do not understand, and they understand but very little; so that almost every element, every uncommon thing, sets them a sacrificing.

But I am no more to describe people than countries, any farther than my own story comes to be concerned in them. I met with nothing peculiar to myself in this country, which I reckon was, from the desert which I spoke of last, at least four hundred miles, half of it being another desert, which took us up twelve days' severe travelling, without house or tree or bush, but were obliged again to carry our own provisions, as well water as bread. After we were out of this

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state of universal life, and how little this world was concerned in its true felicity, was perfectly capable of making a felicity for itself, fully satisfying to itself, and suitable to its own best ends and desires, with but very little assistance from the world; that air to breathe in, food to sustain life, clothes for warmth, and liberty for exercise in order to health, completed, in his opinion, all that the world could do for us: and though the greatness, the authority, the riches, and the pleasures which some enjoyed in the world, and which he had enjoyed his share of, had much in them that was agreeable to us, yet, he observed, that all those things chiefly gratified the coarsest of our affections, such as our ambition, our particular pride, our avarice, our vanity, and our sensuality, — all which were, indeed, the mere product of the worst part of man, were in themselves crimes, and had in them the seeds of all manner of crimes, but neither were related to or concerned with any of those virtues that constituted us wise men, or of those graces which distinguished us as Christians: that, being now deprived of all the fancied felicity which he enjoyed in the full exercise of all those vices, he said he was at leisure to look upon the dark side of them, where he found all manner of deformity; and was now convinced that virtue only makes a man truly wise, rich, and great, and preserves him in the way to a superior happiness in a future state. And in this, he said, they were more happy in their banishment than all their enemies were, who had the full possession of all the wealth and power that they (the banished) had left behind them.

"Nor, sir," says he, "do I bring my mind to this politically, by the necessity of my circumstances, which some call miserable; but, if I know anything of myself, I would not now go back, though the czar, my master, should call me, and reinstate me in all my former grandeur, — I say, I would no more go back to it than I believe my soul, when it shall be delivered from this prison of the body, and has had a taste of the glorious state beyond life, would come back to the jail of flesh and blood it is now enclosed in, and leave heaven to deal in the dirt and grime of human affairs."

He spoke this with so much warmth in his temper, so much earnestness and motion of his spirits, which were apparent in his countenance, that it was evident it was the true sense of his soul. There was no room to doubt his sincerity.

I told him I once thought myself a kind of a monarch in my old station, of which I had given him an account, but that I thought he was not a monarch only, but a great conqueror; for that he that has got a victory over his own exorbitant desires, and has the absolute dominion over himself, whose reason entirely governs his will, is certainly greater than he that conquers a city. "But, my lord," said I, "shall I take the liberty to ask you a question?" "With all my heart," says he. "If the door of your liberty was opened," said I, "would you not take hold of it to deliver yourself from this exile?"

"Hold!" said he; "your question is subtle, and requires some serious, just distinctions to give it a sincere answer; and I 'll give it to you from the bottom of my heart. Nothing that I know of in this world would move me to deliver myself from this state of banishment except these two: first, the enjoyment of my relations; and, secondly, a little warmer climate. But I protest to you that to go back to the pomp of the court, the glory, the power, the hurry of a minister of state, the wealth, the gayety, and the pleasures, that is to say, follies, of a courtier, — if my master should send me word this moment that he restores me to all he banished me from, I protest, if I know myself at all, I would not leave this wilderness, these deserts, and these frozen lakes, for the palace at Moscow."

"But, my lord," said I, "perhaps you not only are banished from the pleasures of the court, and from the power and authority and wealth you enjoyed before, but you may be absent, too, from some of the conveniences of life, your estate, perhaps, confiscated, and your effects plundered, and the supplies left you here may not be suitable to the ordinary demands of life."

"Ay," says he, "that is, as you suppose me to be a lord or a prince, &c. So indeed I am; but you are now to consider me only as a man, a human creature, not at all distinguished from another; and so I can suffer no want unless I shall be visited with sickness and distempers. However, to put the question out of dispute: you see our man-

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ner; we are in this place five persons of rank; we live perfectly retired, as suited to a state of banishment; we have something rescued from the shipwreck of our fortunes which keeps us from the mere necessity of hunting for our food; but the poor soldiers who are here, without that help, live in as much plenty as we, who go into the woods and catch sables and foxes. The labor of a month will maintain them a year; and as the way of living is not expensive, so it is not hard to get sufficient to ourselves: so that objection is out of doors."

I have not room to give a full account of the most agreeable conversation I had with this truly great man; in all which he showed that his mind was so inspired with a superior knowledge of things, so supported by religion as well as by a vast share of wisdom, that his contempt of the world was really as much as he had expressed, and that he was always the same to the last, as will appear in the story I am going to tell.

I had been here eight months, and a dark, dreadful winter I thought it to be, the cold so intense that I could not so much as look about without being wrapped in furs, and a mask of fur before my face, or rather a hood, with only a hole for breath and two for sight. The little daylight we had was, as we reckoned, for three months, not above five hours a day, and six at most; only that the snow lying on the ground continually, and the weather clear, it was never quite dark. Our horses were kept, or rather starved, underground; and as for our servants, — for we hired three servants here to look after our horses and selves, — we had every now and then their fingers and toes to thaw and take care of, lest they should mortify and fall off.

It is true, within doors we were warm, the houses being close, the walls thick, the lights small, and the glass all double. Our food was chiefly the flesh of deer, dried and cured in the season; good bread enough, but baked as biscuits; dried fish of several sorts, and some flesh of mutton and of the buffaloes, which is pretty good beef. All the stores of provision for the winter are laid up in the summer, and well cured. Our drink was water mixed with aqua vitæ instead of brandy; and, for a treat, mead instead of wine, which, however, they have excellent good. The hunters, who venture abroad all weathers, frequently brought us in fresh venison, very fat and good, and sometimes bear's flesh, but we did not much care for the last. We had a good stock of tea, with which we treated our friends, as above; and, in a word, we lived very cheerfully and well, all things considered.

It was now March, and the days grown considerably longer, and the weather at least tolerable; so the other travellers began to prepare sleds to carry them over the snow, and to get things ready to be going; but my measures being fixed, as I have said, for Archangel, and not to Muscovy or the Baltic, I made no motion, knowing very well that the ships from the south do not set out for that part of the world till May or June, and that, if I was there by the beginning of August, it would be as soon as any ships would be ready to go away; and therefore, I say, I made no haste to be gone, as others did; in a word, I saw a great many people, nay, all the travellers, go away before me. It seems, every year they go from hence to Moscow for trade, namely, to carry furs and buy necessaries with them, which they bring back to furnish their shops: also others went of the same errand to Archangel; but then they also, being to come back again above eight hundred miles, went all out before me.

In short, about the latter end of May I began to make all ready to pack up; and as I was doing this, it occurred to me that, seeing all these people were banished by the Czar of Muscovy to Siberia, and yet, when they came there, were left at liberty to go whither they would, why did they not then go away to any part of the world wherever they thought fit? and I began to examine what should hinder them from making such an attempt.

But my wonder was over when I entered upon that subject with the person I have mentioned, who answered me thus: "Consider, first, sir," said he, "the place where we are; and, secondly, the condition we are in; especially," said he, "the generality of the people who are banished hither. We are surrounded," said he, "with stronger things than bars and bolts: on the north side an unnavigable ocean, where ship never sailed and boat never swam; neither, if we had both, could we know where to go with them. Every other way," said he, "we have above a

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thousand miles to pass through the Czar's own dominions, and by ways utterly unpassable, except by the roads made by the governor, and by the towns garrisoned by his troops; so that we could neither pass undiscovered by the road, or subsist any other way; so that it is in vain to attempt it."

I was silenced, indeed, at once, and found that they were in a prison every jot as secure as if they had been locked up in the castle at Moscow. However, it came into my thought, that I might certainly be made an instrument to procure the escape of this excellent person, and that whatever hazard I ran, I would certainly try if I could carry him off. Upon this I took an occasion one evening to tell him my thoughts: I represented to him that it was very easy for me to carry him away, there being no guard over him in the country, and as I was not going to Moscow, but to Archangel, and that I went in the nature of a caravan, by which I was not obliged to lie in the stationary towns in the desert, but could encamp every night where I would, we might easily pass uninterrupted to Archangel, where I would immediately secure him on board an English or Dutch ship, and carry him off safe along with me; and as to his subsistence and other particulars, it should be my care till he could better supply himself.

He heard me very attentively, and looked earnestly on me all the while I spoke. Nay, I could see in his very face that what I said put his spirits into an exceeding ferment; his color frequently changed, his eyes looked red, and his heart fluttered, that it might be even perceived in his countenance; nor could he immediately answer me when I had done, and, as it were, expected what he would say to it; but after he had paused a little he embraced me, and said, "How unhappy are we, unguarded creatures as we are, that even our greatest acts of friendship are made snares to us, and we are made tempters of one another! My dear friend," said he, "your offer is so sincere, has such kindness in it, is so disinterested in itself, and is so calculated for my advantage, that I must have very little knowledge of the world, if I did not both wonder at it and acknowledge the obligation I have upon me to you for it; but did you believe I was sincere in what I have so often said to you of my contempt of the world? Did you believe I spoke my very soul to you, and that I had really obtained that degree of felicity here, that had placed me above all that the world could give me or do for me? Did you believe I was sincere when I told you I would not go back, if I was recalled even to all that once I was in the court, with the favor of the Czar, my master? Did you believe me, my friend, to be an honest man, or did you think me to be a boasting hypocrite?" Here he stopped, as if he would hear what I would say; but, indeed, I soon after perceived that he stopped because his spirits were in motion; his great heart was full of struggles, and he could not go on. I was, I confess, astonished at the thing, as well as at the man, and I used some arguments with him to urge him to set himself free; that he ought to look upon this as a door opened by Heaven for his deliverance, and a summons by Providence, who has the care and disposition of all events, to do himself good and to render himself useful in the world.

He had by this time recovered himself. "How do you know, sir," says he, warmly, "that, instead of a summons from Heaven, it may not be a feint of another instrument, representing, in all the alluring colors to me, the show of felicity as a deliverance, which may in itself be my snare, and tend directly to my ruin? Here I am free from the temptation of returning to my former miserable greatness; there I am not sure but that all the seeds of pride, ambition, avarice, and luxury, which I know remain in nature, may revive and take root, and, in a word, again overwhelm me; and then the happy prisoner whom you see now master of his soul's liberty shall be the miserable slave of his own senses, in the full enjoyment of all personal liberty. Dear sir, let me remain in this blessed confinement, banished from the crimes of life, rather than purchase a show of freedom at the expense of the liberty of my reason, and at the expense of the future happiness which now I have in my view, but shall then, I fear, quickly lose sight of; for I am but flesh, a man, a mere man, have passions and affections as likely to possess and overthrow me as any man. O, be not my friend and my tempter both together!"

If I was surprised before, I was quite dumb now, and stood silent, looking at him;

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and, indeed, admired what I saw. The struggle in his soul was so great that, though the weather was extremely cold, it put him into a most violent sweat, and I found he wanted to give vent to his mind; so I said a word or two, that I would leave him to consider of it, and wait on him again; and then I withdrew to my own apartment.

About two hours after, I heard somebody at or near the door of my room, and I was going to open the door; but he had opened it, and came in. "My dear friend," says he, "you had almost overset me, but I am recovered; do not take it ill that I do not close with your offer; I assure you, 't is not for want of a sense of the kindness of it in you: and I come to make the most sincere acknowledgment of it to you; but I hope I have got the victory over myself."

"My lord," said I, "I hope you are fully satisfied that you do not resist the call of Heaven." "Sir," said he, "if it had been from Heaven, the same power would have influenced me to accept it; but I hope, and am fully satisfied, that it is from Heaven that I decline it; and I have an infinite satisfaction in the parting, that you shall leave me an honest man still, though not a free man."

I had nothing to do but to acquiesce, and make professions to him of my having no end in it but a sincere desire to serve him. He embraced me very passionately, and assured me he was sensible of that, and should always acknowledge it: and with that he offered me a very fine present of sables, too much indeed for me to accept from a man in his circumstances; and I would have avoided them, but he would not be refused.

The next morning I sent my servant to his lordship, with a small present of tea, and two pieces of China damask, and four little wedges of Japan gold, which did not all weigh above six ounces or thereabout, but were far short of the value of his sables, which, indeed, when I came to England, I found worth near £200. He accepted the tea, and one piece of the damask and one of the pieces of gold, which had a fine stamp upon it, of the Japan coinage, which I found he took for the rarity of it, but would not take any more; and he sent word by my servant that he desired to speak with me.

When I came to him, he told me I knew what had passed between us, and hoped I would not move him any more in that affair; but that, since I had made such a generous offer to him, he asked me, if I had kindness enough to offer the same to another person that he would name to me, in whom he had a great share of concern. I told him that I could not say I inclined to do so much for any one but himself, for whom I had a particular value, and should have been glad to have been the instrument of his deliverance; however, if he would please to name the person to me, I would give him my answer, and hoped he would not be displeased with me, if he was with my answer. He told me, it was only his son, who, though I had not seen him, yet was in the same condition with himself, and above two hundred miles from him, on the other side the Oby; but that, if I consented, he would send for him.

I made no hesitation, but told him I would do it. I made some ceremony in letting him understand that it was wholly on his account; and that, seeing I could not prevail on him, I would show my respect to him by my concern for his son. But these things are too tedious to repeat here. He sent away the next day for his son; and in about twenty days he came back with the messenger, bringing six or seven horses loaded with very rich furs, and which in the whole amounted to a very great value.

His servants brought the horses into the town, but left the young lord at a distance, till night, when he came *incognito* into our apartment, and his father presented him to me; and, in short, we concerted there the manner of our travelling, and everything proper for the journey.

I had bought a considerable quantity of sables, black fox-skins, fine ermines, and such other furs as are very rich, — I say, I had bought them in that city in exchange for some of the goods I brought from China; in particular, for the cloves and nutmegs, of which I sold the greatest part here, and the rest afterwards at Archangel, for a much better price than I could have done at London; and my partner, who was sensible of the profit, and whose business more particularly than mine was merchandise, was mightily pleased with our stay, on account of the traffic we made here.

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It was the beginning of June when I left this remote place, a city, I believe, little heard of in the world; and, indeed, it is so far out of the road of commerce that I know not how it should be much talked of. We were now come to a very small caravan, being only thirty-two horses and camels in all; and all of them passed for mine, though my new guest was proprietor of eleven of them. It was most natural, also, that I should take more servants with me than I had before, and the young lord passed for my steward. What great man I passed for myself I know not, neither did it concern me to inquire. We had here the worst and the largest desert to pass over that we met with in all the journey. Indeed, I call it the worst, because the way was very deep in some places and very uneven in others. The best we had to say for it was, that we thought we had no troops of Tartars and robbers to fear, and that they never came to this side the Oby, or at least but very seldom; but we found it otherwise.

My young lord had with him a faithful Muscovite servant, or rather a Siberian servant, who was perfectly acquainted with the country, and led us by private roads, so that we avoided coming into the principal towns and cities upon the great road, such as Tumen, Soly-Kamskoi, and several others; because the Muscovite garrisons which are kept there are very curious and strict in their observation upon travellers, and searching lest any of the banished persons of note should make their escape that way into Muscovy. But by this means, as we were kept out of the cities, so our whole journey was a desert, and we were obliged to encamp and lie in our tents when we might have had very good accommodation in the cities on the way. This the young lord was so sensible of, that he would not allow us to lie abroad, when we came to several cities on the way, but lay abroad himself with his servant in the woods, and met us always at the appointed places.

We were just entered Europe, having passed the river Kama, which, in these parts, is the boundary between Europe and Asia, and the first city on the European side was called Soly-Kamskoi, which is as much as to say the great city on the river Kama. And here we thought to have seen some evident alteration in the people, their manners, their habits, their religion, and their business. But we were mistaken; for we had a vast desert to pass, which, by relation, is near seven hundred miles long in some places, but not above two hundred miles over where we passed it, so, till we came past that horrible place, we found very little difference between that country and the Mogul Tartary; the people mostly pagans, and little better than the savages of America, their houses and towns full of idols, and their way of living wholly barbarous, except in the cities as above, and the villages near them, where there are Christians, as they call themselves, of the Greek Church, but have their religion mingled with so many relics of superstition, that it is scarce to be known in some places from mere sorcery and witchcraft.

In passing this forest, I thought indeed we must, after all our dangers were in our imagination escaped, as before, have been plundered and robbed, and perhaps murdered, by a troop of thieves. Of what country they were, whether the roving bands of the Ostiachi, a kind of Tartars or wild people on the bank of the Oby, and ranged thus far; or whether they were the sable-hunters of Siberia, I am yet at a loss to know; but they were all on horseback, carried bows and arrows, and were at first about five-and-forty in number. They came so near to us as within about two musket-shots, and, asking no questions, they surrounded us with their horses, and looked very earnestly upon us twice. At length they placed themselves just in our way, upon which we drew up in a little line before our camels, being not above sixteen men in all; and being drawn up thus, we halted, and sent out the Siberian servant, who attended his lord, to see who they were. His master was the more willing to let him go, because he was not a little apprehensive that they were a Siberian troop sent out after him. The man came up near them with a flag of truce, and called them; but though he spoke several of their languages of dialects, or languages rather, he could not understand a word they said. However, after some signs to him not to come nearer to them at his peril, so he said he understood them to mean, offering to shoot at him if he advanced, the fellow came back no wiser than he went; only that by their dress, he said, he believed them to be some

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Tartars of Kalmuck, or of Circassian hordes, and that there must be more of them upon the great desert, though he never heard that any of them ever were seen so far north before.

This was small comfort to us; however, we had no remedy. There was on our left hand, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, a little grove or clump of trees, which stood close together, and very near the road. I immediately resolved we would advance to those trees, and fortify ourselves as well as we could there: for, first, I considered that the trees would, in a great measure, cover us from their arrows; and, in the next place, they could not come to charge us in a body. It was indeed my old Portuguese pilot who proposed it, and who had this excellency attending him, namely, that he was always readiest and most apt to direct and encourage us in cases of the most danger. We advanced immediately with what speed we could, and gained that little wood, the Tartars or thieves, for we knew not what to call them, keeping their stand, and not attempting to hinder us. When we came thither, we found, to our great satisfaction, that it was a swampy, springy piece of ground; and on the one side a very great spring of water, which, running out in a little rill or brook, was, a little farther, joined by another of the like bigness, and was, in short, the head or source of a considerable river, called afterwards the Wirtska. The trees which grew about this spring were not in all above two hundred, but were very large, and stood pretty thick; so that as soon as we got in we saw ourselves perfectly safe from the enemy, unless they alighted and attacked us on foot.

But to make this more difficult, our Portuguese, with indefatigable application, cut down great arms of the trees, and laid them hanging, not quite cut off, from one tree to another, so that he made a continued fence almost round us.

We stayed here, waiting the motion of the enemy, some hours, without perceiving they made any motion: when, about two hours before night, they came down directly upon us, and, though we had not perceived it, we found they had been joined by some more of the same, so that there were near fourscore horse, whereof, however, we fancied some were women. They came on till they were within half-shot of our little wood, when we fired one musket without ball, and called to them in the Russian tongue to know what they wanted, and bid them keep off. But, as if they knew nothing of what we said, they came on with a double fury, directly up to the wood-side, not imagining we were so barricaded that they could not break in. Our old pilot was our captain as well as he had been our engineer, and desired of us not to fire upon them till they came within pistol-shot, that we might be sure to kill, and that, when we did fire, we should be sure to take good aim. We bade him give the word of command, which he delayed so long that they were, some of them, within two pikes' length of us when we fired.

We aimed so true, or Providence directed our shot so sure, that we killed fourteen of them, and wounded several others, as also several of their horses; for we had all of us loaded our pieces with two or three bullets at least.

They were terribly surprised with our fire, and retreated immediately about one hundred rods from us, in which time we loaded our pieces again; and seeing them keep that distance, we sallied out, and caught four or five of their horses, whose riders, we suppose, were killed, and, coming up to the dead, we could easily perceive they were Tartars, but knew not from what country, or how they came to make an excursion such an unusual length.

About an hour after they made a motion to attack us again, and rode round our little wood to see where else they might break in; but finding us always ready to face them, they went off again, and we resolved not to stir from the place for that night.

We slept little, you may be sure, but spent the most part of the night in strengthening our situation, and barricading the entrances into the wood, and keeping a strict watch. We waited for daylight, and when it came it gave us a very unwelcome discovery indeed; for the enemy, who we thought were discouraged with the reception they had met with, were now increased to no less than three hundred, and had set up eleven or twelve huts and tents, as if they were resolved to besiege us; and this little camp they had pitched upon the open plain, at

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about three quarters of a mile from us. We were indeed surprised at this discovery; and now, I confess, I gave myself over for lost, and all that I had. The loss of my effects did not lie so near me, though they were very considerable, as the thoughts of falling into the hands of such barbarians, at the latter end of my journey, after so many difficulties and hazards as I had gone through, and even in sight of our port, where we expected safety and deliverance. As for my partner, he was raging. He declared that to lose his goods would be his ruin; and he would rather die than be starved; and he was for fighting to the last drop.

The young lord, as gallant as ever flesh showed itself, was for fighting to the last also; and my old pilot was of the opinion we were able to resist them all in the situation we were then in. And thus we spent the day in debates of what we should do. But towards evening we found that the number of our enemies still increased, perhaps as they were abroad in several parties for prey. The first had sent out scouts to call for help, and to acquaint them of the booty; and we did not know but by the morning they might still be a greater number. So I began to inquire of those people we had brought from Tobolski if there were no other or more private ways by which we might avoid them in the night, and perhaps either retreat to some town, or get help to guard us over the desert.

The Siberian who was servant to the young lord told us, if we designed to avoid them, and not fight, he would engage to carry us off in the night, to a way that went north towards the Petrou, by which he made no question but we might get away, and the Tartars never the wiser. But, he said, his lord had told him he would not retreat, but would rather choose to fight. I told him he mistook his lord; for that he was too wise a man to love fighting for the sake of it; that I knew his lord was brave enough by what he had showed already; but that his lord knew better than to desire to have seventeen or eighteen men fight five hundred, unless an unavoidable necessity forced them to it; and that if he thought it possible for us to escape in the night, we had nothing else to do but to attempt it. He answered, if his lord gave him such an order, he would lose his life if he did not perform it. We soon brought his lord to give that order, though privately; and we immediately prepared for the putting it in practice.

And first, as soon as it began to be dark, we kindled a fire in our little camp, which we kept burning, and prepared so as to make it burn all night, that the Tartars might conclude we were still there. But as soon as it was dark, that is to say, so as we could see the stars, for our guide would not stir before, having all our horses and camels ready loaded, we followed our new guide, who, I soon found, steered himself by the pole, or north star, all the country being level for a long way.

After we had travelled two hours very hard, it began to be lighter still; not that it was quite dark all night, but the moon began to rise, so that, in a word, it was rather lighter than we wished it to be. By six o'clock the next morning we were gotten near forty miles, though the truth is we almost spoiled our horses. Here we found a Russian village named Kermazinskoy, where we rested, and heard nothing of the Kalmuck Tartars that day. About two hours before night we set out again, and travelled till eight the next morning, though not quite so quiet as before; and about seven o'clock we passed a little river called Kirtza, and came to a good large town inhabited by Russians, and very populous, called Ozomoys. There we heard that several troops or hordes of Kalmucks had been abroad upon the desert, but that we were now completely out of danger of them, which was to our great satisfaction, you may be sure. Here we were obliged to get some fresh horses, and, having need enough of rest, we stayed five days; and my partner and I agreed to give the honest Siberian who brought us thither the value of ten pistoles for his conducting us.

In five days more we came to Veussima, upon the river Witzogda, and running into the Dwina. We were there, very happily, near the end of our travels by land, that river being navigable in seven days' passage to Archangel. From hence we came to Lawrenskoy, the 3d of July, and, providing ourselves with two luggage-boats, and a barge for our own convenience, we embarked the 7th, and arrived all safe at Archangel the

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18th, having been a year and five months and three days on the journey, including our stay of eight months and odd days at Tobolski.

We were obliged to stay at this place six weeks, for the arrival of the ships, and must have tarried longer, had not a Hamburger come in above a month sooner than any of the English ships; when, after some consideration that the city of Hamburg might happen to be as good a market for our goods as London, we all took freight with him; and, having put my goods on board, it was most natural for me to put my steward on board to take care of them, by which means my young lord had a sufficient opportunity to conceal himself, never coming on shore in all the time we stayed there; and this he did that he might not be seen in the city, where some of the Moscow merchants would certainly have seen and discovered him.

We sailed from Archangel the 20th of August, the same year, and after no extraordinary bad voyage, arrived in the Elbe the 13th of September. Here my partner and I found a very good sale for our goods, as well those of China as the sables, &c., of Siberia; and dividing the produce of our effects, my share amounted to £3,475 17 *s.* 3 *d.*, notwithstanding so many losses we had sustained and charges we had been at, only remembering that I had included in this about six hundred pounds' worth of diamonds which I had purchased at Bengal.

Here the young lord took his leave of us, and went up the Elbe, in order to go to the Court of Vienna, where he resolved to seek protection, and where he could correspond with those of his father's friends who were left alive. He did not part without all the testimonies he could give me of gratitude for the service I had done him, and his sense of my kindness to the prince, his father.

To conclude. Having stayed near four months in Hamburg, I came from thence overland to the Hague, where I embarked in the packet, and arrived in London the 10th of January, 1705, having been gone from England ten years and nine months.

And here, resolving to harass myself no more, I am preparing for a longer journey than all these, having lived seventy-two years a life of infinite variety, and learned sufficiently to know the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

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THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD:

A TALE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

It cannot be said of Goldsmith, as has been observed of most authors, that the memoirs of his life comprise little more than a history of his writings. His life was full of adventures.

Oliver, the third son of Mr. Charles Goldsmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, on the 29th of November, 1728. His father, who had been educated at Dublin College, was a clergyman of the Established Church, and had married Anne, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school of Elphin. The liberal education which the father bestowed upon the eldest son had deducted so much from a narrow income that, when Oliver was born, after an interval of seven years from the birth of the former child, no prospect in life appeared for him but a mechanical or a mercantile occupation.

The rudiments of instruction he acquired from a schoolmaster in the village, who had served in Queen Anne's wars as a quartermaster in that detachment of the army which was sent to Spain. Being of a communicative turn, and finding a ready hearer in young Oliver, this man used frequently to entertain him with what he called his adventures; nor is it without probability supposed that these laid the foundation of that wandering disposition which became afterward so conspicuous in his pupil.

At an early age Oliver exhibited indications of genius, and, while a boy, received some schooling, until, on the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin. After leaving the University, where he had pursued a wild and reckless career, it was settled that he should make physic his profession; and he departed for Edinburgh, where he settled about the latter end of the year 1752.

Having, however, gone through the usual courses of physic and anatomy in the Scottish University, Goldsmith went to Leyden to complete his studies. Here he resided about a year, studying anatomy under Albinus and chemistry under Gambius; but here, as formerly, his little property was destroyed by play and dissipation; and he is actually believed to have set out on his travels with only one clean shirt and not a guilder in his purse, trusting wholly to Providence for a subsistence.

It is generally understood that in the history of his Philosophic Vagabond (Vicar of Wakefield, Chap. XX.) he has related many of his own adventures; and that when on his pedestrian tour through Flanders and France, as he had some knowledge of

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music, he turned what had formerly been his amusement into a present means of subsistence.

From Switzerland Goldsmith proceeded to Padua, where he stayed six months, and is by some supposed to have there taken his degree of Bachelor of Physic; though others are of opinion that if ever he really took any medical degree abroad, it was at Louvain.

After visiting all the northern part of Italy he travelled, still on foot, through France; and, embarking at Calais, landed at Dover in the summer of 1756, unknown, as he supposed, to a single individual, and with not a guinea in his pocket went up to London.

His first employment was as an usher in some school. Afterward he commenced medical practice at Bankside, in Southwark, whence he presently removed to the neighborhood of the Temple. His success as a physician is not known, but his income was very small; for, as he used to say, he got very few fees, though he had abundance of patients. Some addition, however, he now began to derive from the efforts of his pen; and it appears that he was for a while with the celebrated Samuel Richardson as corrector of the press.

Toward the latter end of 1758 Goldsmith happened to dine at Dr. Milner's table with Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of "The Monthly Review," who invited him to write articles of criticism for that respectable publication, on the terms of a liberal salary, beside board and lodging. By a written agreement this engagement was to last for a year; but at the end of seven or eight months it was dissolved by mutual consent, and Goldsmith took a miserable apartment in Green Arbor Court, Little Old Bailey, where he worked industriously and wrote much. By Dr. Smollett, too, he was recommended to some respectable booksellers, particularly to Mr. John Newbery, by whom he was engaged at a salary of £100 a year to write for "The Public Ledger" a series of periodical papers. These he called "Chinese Letters"; and they were afterward collected in two volumes, under the title of "The Citizen of the World." It was soon after this that he commenced his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson.

The important engagement with Newbery for £100 a year encouraged Goldsmith to descend Breakneck Steps, and to hire a decent apartment in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. Here he dropped the humble *Mister*, and dubbed himself *Doctor* Goldsmith. Here also he put the finishing hand to his excellent novel called "The Vicar of Wakefield," but was, when he had done, extremely embarrassed in his circumstances, dunned by his landlady for arrears of rent, and not daring to stir abroad for fear of arrest; in fact, she herself at length had him arrested. He then summoned resolution to send a message to Dr. Johnson, stating that he was in great distress, and begging that he would come to him as soon as possible. Johnson sent him a guinea, and promised to follow almost immediately. When he arrived, he found Goldsmith in a violent passion with the woman of the house, but consoling himself as well as he could with a bottle of Madeira, which he had already purchased with part of the guinea. Johnson, corking the bottle, desired Goldsmith would be calm, and consider in what way he could extricate himself.

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The latter then produced his novel, as ready for the press. The doctor looked into it, saw its merit, and went away with it to Mr. Newbery, who gave him £60 for it; with this sum he returned to Goldsmith, who, with many invectives, paid his landlady her rent. Newbery, however, seems not to have been very sanguine in his hopes of this novel, for he kept the manuscript by him near three years unprinted; his ready purchase of it, probably, was in the way of a benefaction to its distressed author, rather than under any idea of profit by its publication. Goldsmith's career was thenceforward a constant succession of profuse though irregular literary labor, as novelist, poet, critic, and dramatist, generally well paid for with money that was soon spent. In the spring of 1774 he was attacked in a very severe manner by the strangury, a disease of which he had often experienced slight symptoms. It now induced a nervous fever, which required medical assistance; with this he suffered till Monday, April 4, when he died.

Dr. Johnson, as quoted by Boswell, says: "Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and generally without confusion; whose language was capacious without exuberance, exact without restraint, and easy without weakness."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, a husbandman, and a father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach and ready to obey; as simple in affluence and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humor will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS, AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony; and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situate in a fine country and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt among the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table; so that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or

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the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country," — "Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, — handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe, — open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow; the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia, to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay; the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either; and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude; and a new set of ribands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character, — that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY MISFORTUNE. — THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret

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pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, — a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained, with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second: or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not like me made it a subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, and even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, — the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favorite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to

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my old friend, Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but, not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How!" cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument."—"Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account, till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure."—"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances; and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentlemen's favor, nor will I allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortunes; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined; one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence,—too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

CHAPTER III.

A MIGRATION.—THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled, without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighborhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us to conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then

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should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility. We have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise; and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff; and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way. These two lines in it are worth a million: '*I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterward. The leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat; and we put up for the night at an obscure inn, in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity; and that there was scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern for the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and resi-

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dence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more lucky than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company; and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath by the roadside, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and myself bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." "What," cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence." "Something perhaps too much so," replied Mr. Burchell: "at least, he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that they were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain; what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit: his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature; that indeed was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay; he grew improvident, as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made of him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew around him crowds of dependants, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him were little

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estimable, — he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found, that — that — I forgot what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot, and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but he still preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and with some difficulty brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that, if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; one almost at the verge of beggary thus to assume language of the most insulting affluence might excite the ridicule of ill-nature; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT CONSTITUTION.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the ut-

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most neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, — one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and my daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labor after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests. Sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for, while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last Good-Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut. My wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behavior served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendor, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now." — "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." — "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." — "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect. They went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waist-

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coats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED. — WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPE UPON GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labor soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparation for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with bluebells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labor, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman who rode foremost passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless, superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learned the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favored with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother, so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favorite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a courtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother, too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at; my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavors could scarce keep their dirty fingers

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from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of the opinion that it was a most fortunate hit; for she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them, and concluded she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr. Simpkins got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?" — "Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she; "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject the more he has to say; and, what is more, I protest he is very handsome." — "Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but, for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking." These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this that Sophia internally despised as much as Olivia secretly admired him. "Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess a truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favor. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honorable; but if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that! It is true I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character." I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favor than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRESIDE.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters it was universally agreed that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. "I am sorry," cried I, "that we have no neighbor or stranger to take part in this good cheer. Feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality." — "Bless me!" cried my wife, "here comes our good friend, Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument." — "Confute me in argument, child!" cried I, "you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that. I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you 'll leave argument to me." As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons: because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighborhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads and telling them

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stories, and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them, — a piece of gingerbread or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighborhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbors' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round. He sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the History of Patient Grizzel, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger. All our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs." — "Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to his nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining among us. Deborah, my dear," cried I, to my wife, "give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning, early, I called out my whole family to help at saving an aftergrowth of hay; and, our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labors went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind. I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own he would join in hers, and enter into a close conversation; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited, as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbor's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor, forlorn creature! Where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command? Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander. Their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly. He is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent nor the skill to be useful." Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment." — "You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses, "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another; besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station, for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day when he conversed with you." This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him that she scarcely took any notice of what he said to her, but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

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As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones. My daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair, by sly degrees, to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAPTER VII.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED. — THE DULLEST FELLOWS MAY LEARN TO BE COMICAL FOR A NIGHT OR TWO.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the by, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception; but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed, with an oath, that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty. "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humor.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the church; for this, I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for?" — "For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it." — "I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you." — "Very well, sir," cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport; "if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?" — "I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. — "Good, again," cried the squire; "and, firstly, of the first. I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is; for if you don't grant me that, I can go no further." — "Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it." — "I hope, too," returned the other, "you will grant that a part is less than the whole." — "I grant that, too," cried Moses; "it is but just and reasonable." — "I hope," cried the squire, "you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones." — "Nothing can be plainer," returned the other, and looked round him with his usual importance. — "Very well," cried the squire, speaking very quick; "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable." — "Hold, hold," cried the other, "I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doc-

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THE VICAR STIRRING THE FIRE.

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trines?" — "What!" replied the squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right, when he says that relatives are related?" —"Undoubtedly," replied the other. — "If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly." — "I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer." — "O sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellect too. No, sir; there, I protest, you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humor, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory, as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?" — "Ay, who knows that indeed?" answered I, with a groan; "for my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend upon it, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that, allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I, "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument. She observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: "and who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands. You certainly overrate her merit." — "Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship." — "Very well," cried

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I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMOUR WHICH PROMISES LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE, YET MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF MUCH.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fireside. It is true, his labor more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigor, and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment which he discovered to my daughter. He would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress; and when he brought each of the girls a set of ribands, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field; and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar redbreast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it a hundred times with new rapture." — "In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the Acis and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better; and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends." — "It is remarkable," cried Mr. Burchell, "that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithets. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connection; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you 'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned."

A BALLAD.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring,
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

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Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly pressed, and smiled;
And skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies;
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms!

And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside:

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove;

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain;

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died!

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"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I 'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I 'll lay me down and die;
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast.
The wondering fair one turned to chide,
'T was Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us; and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia, in the fright, had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight on the grass-plat before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honored with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner." To this, my girl replied that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honor. "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my companion in the task of the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements." Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions, but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgment of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED. — SUPERIOR FINERY EVER SEEMS TO CONFER SUPERIOR BREEDING.

Mr. Burchell had scarcely taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of undergentlemen and two young ladies, richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore despatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and, as we were in want of ladies to make up a set of country-dances, the two gentlemen

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went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbor Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red topknots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the roundabout to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright; Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbors, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked, but all would not do. The gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but Neighbor Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, by the *living jingo*, she was *all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade, for they would talk of nothing but high life and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. It is true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable). Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and whatever appeared amiss was ascribed to tiptop quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed that, had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her; to which the other added that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both, adding that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. "And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part," continued he, "my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims; but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers, and the only favor I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family which you now condescend to favor with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honor as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honor, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful." I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. "As to your present hint," continued he, "I protest nothing was further from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a *coup de main*."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very

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discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue. In this my wife, the chaplain, and I soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance and of the sunshine of the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time, to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at length the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties. The girls, too, looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal, for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOR TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS. — THE MISERIES OF THE POOR WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation now fell upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling apiece, to cross her hands with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honor of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?" — "I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right; for she positively declared that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth?" — "Well now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?" — "Sir," replied she, "I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire." — "How!" cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? only a lord and a squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat

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the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortune as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens; they felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire; and true-love knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup.

Toward the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: "I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow." — "Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not." — "That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?" — "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behavior and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene." — "Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us." — "You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible to have time for meditation before the service begins." — "Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean that we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this, — there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy: why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house." All these objections, however, were overruled, so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half-way home perceived the procession marching slowly forward toward the church, — my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters on the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr.

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Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it in his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at Neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot-cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and, last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company, in this play, plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer; when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and, finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters. Their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the

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garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true or it may not be true; but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze. His lordship turned all manner of colors, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our peeress, "this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out, *Fudge!* — an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your ladyship should except," says the other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience, for of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, — virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money; all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favors, but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small-clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

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When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, "that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: but a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion: but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form." *Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character: but this our peeress declined, as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD. — MORTIFICATIONS OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it." — "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say. "What, only pretty well?" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?" — "Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded so much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, — trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too

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good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him and asking his advice. Although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." — "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I 'll warrant we 'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I 'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedler. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well! my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. — "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. "Come, let us have it then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasi-

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MOSES RETURNS FROM THE FAIR.

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ness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!" — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." — "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY; FOR HE HAS THE CONFIDENCE TO GIVE DISAGREEABLE ADVICE.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavored to take the advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they never would forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and, farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now: but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried to his little companion, 'My

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little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor forever.' 'No,' cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, 'no; I declare off; I fight no more; for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honor and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'"

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardor, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamor. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all; she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. "Madam," cried Mr. Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret; but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove. "How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips!"—"Why would he provoke me then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."—"Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?" cried I; "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else, no, never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor."—"Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were, upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength to prevent it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRESH MORTIFICATIONS, OR A DEMONSTRATION THAT SEEMING CALAMITIES MAY BE REAL BLESSINGS.

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behavior. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal

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the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye. It was therefore determined that we should dispose of him, for the purpose above mentioned, at the neighboring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt of acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavorable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and, after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but, observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for, though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation when a brother clergyman, and old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and, entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favorably. His locks of silver-gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation. My friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time; and, when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age." — "Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe,

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"I fear I have been too familiar; but you 'll forgive my curiosity, sir; I beg pardon." — "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you 'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem." — "Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy. And do I behold —" I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects. At first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbor such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe that the world in general began to be blamably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. "Ay, sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, — "ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon ara kai ateletaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho, also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, — Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phàel-Asser, Nubon-Asser, — he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world, so he attempted to investigate — But, sir, I ask pardon; I am straying from the question." That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much if he thought proper. The subject therefore insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair. Mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and, very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you 'll do it at Neighbor Jackson's, or anywhere." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver; which I undertook to improve by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that, by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbor, "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I." A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money, for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done

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wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser and having back my horse: but this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and, informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson." — "Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, — the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, — too humble to excite envy and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLANY AT ONCE DETECTED. — THE FOLLY OF BEING OVERWISE.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, were employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies; scarcely a family in the neighborhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, "The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle." It instantly occurred that he was the base informer; and we deliberated whether the note should not be broken open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows: —

"LADIES: The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as

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well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach: he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. "A fine day, Mr. Burchell." — "A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns." — "The shooting of your horns," cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being so fond of a joke. "Dear madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me." — "Perhaps not, sir," cried my wife, winking at us; "and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce." — "I fancy, madam," returned Mr. Burchell, "you have been reading a jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding." — "I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her. "And yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have very little." — "And no doubt," replied her antagonist, "you have known ladies set up for wits that had none." I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. "Both wit and understanding," cried I, "are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart?

"'An honest man 's the noblest work of God.'"

"I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope," returned Mr. Burchell, "as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not from their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school to the erroneous but sublime animations of the Roman pencil."

"Sir," replied I, "your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt."

"Perhaps," cried he, "there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence. On the contrary, I have ever perceived that where the mind was capacious the affections were good. And, indeed, Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals. The little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; while those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle."

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"These observations sound well," returned I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir, this pocket-book?" — "Yes, sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance; "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it." — "And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay, never falter, man, but look me full in the face; I say, do you know this letter?" — "That letter," replied he, "yes; it was I that wrote that letter." — "And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?" — "And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do is, to swear at the next justice's that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door." This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. "Ungrateful wretch! begone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Begone! and never let me see thee again. Go from my door; and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!" So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and, shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. "My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame. They only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

"Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and, in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together; but their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both. Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part forever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which, in the beginning of their journey, they had left behind. — Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in Vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FAMILY USE ART, WHICH IS OPPOSED BY STILL GREATER.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and, while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the playhouses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters picquet; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding it was her judgment that mixed the ingredi-

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ents. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family. My wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at Neighbor Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having therefore engaged the limner (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbor's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, — a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style; and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large, historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to fit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colors; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had all been greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbors. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle. Some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours was an honor too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me en-

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tire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honor of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands. "But Heaven help," continued she, "the girls who have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? Or what signifies all the virtue and all the qualifications in the world in this age of self-interest? It is not what is she, but what has she, is all the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice as well as the novelty of your remarks; and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times for the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah! sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her; she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated: and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband." — "Ay, sir," said she, "but do you know of any such person?" — "No, madam," returned he, "it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband; she's too great a treasure for one man's possession; she's a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak what I think; she is an angel." — "Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals" (which was actually the case); "but, sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice." — "How, madam!" replied he, "my approbation! My approbation of such a choice? Never! What! sacrifice so much beauty and sense and goodness to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons!" — "Indeed, sir!" cried Deborah, "if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons." — "Excuse me, madam," returned he, "they lie too deep for discovery," laying his hand upon his bosom; "they remain buried, riveted here."

After he was gone, upon a general consultation we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine. It seemed to me pretty plain that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCARCELY ANY VIRTUE FOUND TO RESIST THE POWER OF LONG AND PLEASING TEMPTATION.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased

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me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and, with a pensive air, took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his own power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honorable passion. But, whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was much greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gayety. "You now see, my child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration." — "Yes, papa," returned she, "but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours." — "Olivia, my darling," returned I, "every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you desire to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me; and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day; let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the mean time take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you forever." This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety; but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third day he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past and laying schemes for the future. Busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?" — "My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when Sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for nothing." — "That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits, into

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the bargain." — "He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses, "and I think he goes through it very prettily." — "Does he so?" cried I, "then let us have it: where is little Dick? let him up with it boldly." — "My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is just gone out with Sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, *The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog?*" — "The Elegy, child, by all means," said I; "I never heard that yet; and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry-wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me. And, Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found;
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man!

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word, and an elegy that may truly be called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!"

"With all my heart," cried my wife; "and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song. It was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story." — "However that be," cried I, "the most vulgar ballad of all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes and things that petrify us in a single stanza; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lapdog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould. Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together. He gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there, for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, sir," returned Moses; "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe: Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year, but our English wives are salable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother; "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives." — "And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted

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I. "It is as a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life, and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old, but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die they will transmit our honor untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song; let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert." Just as I spoke Dick came running in, — "O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us! My sister Livy is gone from us forever!" — "Gone, child!" — "Yes; she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, 'O, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone?'" — "Now, then," cried I, "my children, go and be miserable, for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And O, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!" — "Father," cried my son, "is this your fortitude?" — "Fortitude, child! yes, he shall see I have fortitude. Bring me my pistols; I'll pursue the traitor. While he is on earth I'll pursue him! Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain! the perfidious villain!" I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. "My dearest, dearest husband," cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us." — "Indeed, sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy. You should not have cursed him, villain as he is." — "I did not curse him, child, did I?" — "Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice." — "Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies. Blessed be His holy name for all the good he hath given and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not, it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child! to undo my darling! May confusion seize — Heaven forgive me; what am I about to say? You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming. Till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died — but she is gone. The honor of our family is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away. If he forced her, she may yet be innocent." — "Ah no, sir," cried the child; "he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast." — "She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, "to use us thus; she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, — thus to bring your gray hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint and ill-supposed sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, at-

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tempted to ease her heart by reproaches. "Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No! let the strumpet live with her vile seducer. She may bring us to shame, but she shall nevermore deceive us."

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus hardly. My detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor, returning, repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice; again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff. I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PURSUIT OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM A LOST CHILD TO VIRTUE.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps toward Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter; but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; I therefore went to the young squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately. He soon appeared with the most open, familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honor that he was quite a stranger to it. I now, therefore, condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villany, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone toward the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way, but received no accounts, till, entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them, for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure. How different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home; however, I retired to a little ale-house by the roadside, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait

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the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children; he called himself their friend: but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red, pimpled face: for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and now I condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them: as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we arise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and please. Still, as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a wagon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. "Good company upon the road," says the proverb, "is the shortest cut." I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day. "I fancy, sir," cried the player, "few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honored by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden's and Rowe's manners, sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakespeare, are the only things that go down." — "How!" cried I, "is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humor, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?" — "Sir," returned my companion, "the public think nothing about dialect or humor or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakespeare's name." — "So, then, I suppose," cried I, "that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare than nature." — "To say the truth," returned my companion, "I don't know that they imitate anything at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural."

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-

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house that offered, and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play? Upon my informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my mind for nothing less than a Parliament-man, at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON DISCONTENTED WITH THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND APPREHENSIVE OF THE LOSS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

THE house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed that, as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which, replying in the negative, "What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he. "Neither, sir," returned I. "That's strange, very strange," replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians."—"Then it is to be hoped," cried I, "you reverence the king."—"Yes," returned my entertainer, "when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I 'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think, only, I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner."

"I wish," cried I, "that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and, if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale."

"How!" cried one of the ladies, "do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!"

"Can it be possible," cried our entertainer, "that there should be any found, at present, advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, sir, be so abject?"

"No, sir," replied I, "I am for liberty, that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who are called levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the

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animal that is cunninger or stronger than he sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind, also, are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves, and all they have to do in the state is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such as to favor the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when by their means the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken; and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition: by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants by purchasing the liberty of the needy, or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighboring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called the people. Now it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble; for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that greater numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the

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rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be anything sacred among men it must be the anointed *sovereign* of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons have already done much; it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of these pretended champions for liberty, in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant."

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding; but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. "What!" cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's clothes; but, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson." I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. "Pardon!" returned he, in a fury; "I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir, I insist upon it!" I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As sure as death there is our master and mistress come home!" It seems our entertainer all this while was only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. "Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, "my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favor that we almost sink under the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George, but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. "My dear sir," cried she, "to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Doctor Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning, early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. "Alas! madam," cried I, "he has now been nearly three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is, I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or

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happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall nevermore see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want but infamy upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but, as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several offers that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbors, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening: the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any one who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day. "But this gentleman," continued he, "seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally, in our journey down." This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the playhouse, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last: and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin; when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immovable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him, but, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable revery by Miss Wilmot; who, pale, and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behavior, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach and an invitation for him; and, as he persisted in his refusal to appear again on the stage, the players put another in his place; and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport, for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND, PURSUING NOVELTY, BUT LOSING CONTENT.

After we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her that a stick and a wallet were all the movable things upon this earth which he could boast of. "Why, ay, my son," cried I, "you left me but poor; and poor, I find, you are come back; and yet, I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world." — "Yes, sir," replied my son, "but travelling after Fortune is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit." — "I fancy, sir," cried Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing; the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the

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company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation." — "Madam," replied my son, "I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; and yet in the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded therefore toward London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road, and comforted myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

"Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is, indeed, a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate! I was up early and late; I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?' — 'No.' — 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?' — 'No.' — 'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?' — 'No.' — 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?' — 'No.' — 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' — 'Yes.' — 'Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir: if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet, come,' continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence, — all honest, jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised; men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

"Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the Antiqua Mater of Grub Street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a tract which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import, but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer."

"Well said, my boy," cried I; "and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt: go on. You published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruelest mortification, — neglect.

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As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, "I see,' cried he, 'you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,' continued he, 'I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil."

"Bless us, George," cried I, "and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?"

"O no, sir," returned he; "a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection condescend to solicit it.

"Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautus, Philalethes, Phileleutheros, and Philanthropos all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I.

"Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

"In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation, — he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I. — "Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord." — "Bless me!" cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbor of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend's first care," continued my son, "was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in

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spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Beside this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the corkscrew; to stand god-father to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humor; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.

"In this honorable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman, whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet, as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes, 'Pray, sir,' cried he, 'inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation. But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices? I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more that it may be some inducement to your repentance.' The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look around me. Everything was grand, and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's *valet-de-chambre*. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. 'Are you,' cried he, 'the bearer of this here letter?' I answered with a bow. 'I learn by this,' continued he, 'as how that —' But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card; and without taking further notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of

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three or four more, who came like me to petition for favors. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when I halloed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which I only heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

"My patience," continued my son, "was now quite exhausted. Stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought Fortune herself should not deprive me; but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused awhile upon the properest means of providing for me, and, slapping his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

"As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was on the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. 'But,' continued he, 'I fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails tomorrow for Amsterdam; what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I warrant you 'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,' added he, 'by this time, or the deuce is in it.' I confidently assured him of that, but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed, with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my movables, I found myself, as fallen from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

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"This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but, dropping into company with an Irish student who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turned upon topics of literature (for, by the way, it may be observed that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse on such subjects); from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain and there live by teaching Greek: and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

"I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burden of my movables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed, at first, to doubt my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: 'You see me, young man; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short,' continued he, 'as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.'

"I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; and I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house toward nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as, whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but, as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt,—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

"In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favorite. After walking about the town for four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality; when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This meeting was very agreeable to me, and, I believe, not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a *connoscento* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe that the pictures might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. 'But,' says he, 'as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying in Paris.'

"With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living; and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improving my dress by his assistance; and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was

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not a little surprised with his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for, when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the coloring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish that was accidentally by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

"When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how much money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at; but, if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was; and all this, though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land: he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so, paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

"I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but, by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way toward England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few; I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

"Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but, on my journey down, my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who, I found, belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learned in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till

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at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG THE VICIOUS, WHICH IS COEVAL ONLY WITH MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, with a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, upon seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candor, and after a short time his presence seemed only to increase the general good-humor.

After tea he called me aside to inquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised, adding that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot or my son; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: "for at best," cried he, "it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in to stand up at country-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me. We had now continued here a week at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family, but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that were going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two: "As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, "I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure." This was a favor we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use despatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress (for Miss Wilmot actually loved him) he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had, — my blessing: "And now, my boy," cried I, "thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue.

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Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good family that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned toward home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the roadside, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and, after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him in an angry tone what he did there; to which he only replied, in an ironical way, by drinking her health. "Mr. Symonds," cried she, "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop." I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a courtesy, and, drinking toward my good health,— "Sir," continued she, "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back; he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her over-civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it."— "What signifies minding her," cried the host; "if she be slow, she is sure."— "I don't know that," replied the wife; "but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money."— "I suppose, my dear," cried he, "we shall have it all in a lump.' — "In a lump!" cried the other, "I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage."— "Consider, my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect."— "As for the matter of that," returned the hostess, "gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sassarara. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow." Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room overhead, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice and the bitterness of her reproaches that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly: "Out, I say, pack out this moment! Tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for these three months. What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house without cross or coin to bless yourself with, come along, I say!"— "O dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, pity a poor, abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest." I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear, forlorn wretch in my arms. "Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though

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THE VICAR FINDS HIS DAUGHTER.

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the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forgive them all." — "O my own dear," — for minutes she could say no more, — "my own dearest, good papa! Could angels be kinder? How do I deserve so much? The villain, I hate him; and myself, to be a reproach to such goodness. You can't forgive me; I know you cannot." — "Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee: only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia." — "Ah, never, sir, never! The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad and shame at home. But alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? Surely, you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself." — "Our wisdom, young woman," replied I, — "Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name." — "I ask pardon, my darling," returned I; "but I was going to observe that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one."

The landlady now returned to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown to a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. "That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting, made me honorable, though private, proposals."

"Villain, indeed," cried I; "and yet it in some measure surprises me how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honor could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labor under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him." — "Mr. Thornhill!" interrupted I, "can it be?" — "Yes, sir," returned she, "it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education and so virtuous a disposition as thine."

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a Popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honor!" — "What!" interrupted I, "and were you indeed married by a priest in orders?" — "Indeed, sir, we were," replied she, "though we were both sworn to conceal his name." — "Why, then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connection."

"Alas! papa," replied she, "you are but little acquainted with his villanies: he has been married already by the same priest to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Has he so?" cried I. "Then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow." — "But, sir," returned she, "will that be right when I am sworn to secrecy?" — "My dear," I replied, "if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I, tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good; as, in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a

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limb may be lopped off to preserve the body. But in religion the law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed forever. But I interrupt you, my dear; go on."

"The very next morning," continued she, "I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited me there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. I was going; he offered me a purse, but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just at that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here, where, since my arrival, my own anxiety and this woman's unkindness have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much, but mine are greater than theirs; for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I 'll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

CHAPTER XXII.

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT BOTTOM.

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were but very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded toward home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the wel-

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come I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace; the laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent, my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out into a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud, convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep, and he, perceiving the flames, instantly awaked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked around me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. "O misery! where," cried I, "where are my little ones?"—"They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife, calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined. "Where are my little ones?"—"Here, dear papa, here we are!" cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was going out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish; here they are,—I have saved my treasures: here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbors were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbors contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbor and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having, therefore, informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had; this task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam!" cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery. My daugh-

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ter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction: yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner which was ever followed with instant submission: "I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all. I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissensions among each other; if we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the downhill path to perdition is of itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

CHAPTER XXIII.

NONE BUT THE GUILTY CAN BE LONG AND COMPLETELY MISERABLE.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbors, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist in repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person in our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I 'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though his retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her

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beauty at first caught his eye; her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent; after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors upon this occasion to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation that Matilda came to take the last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger; he acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed; the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on earth were united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the color of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia's affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there in great splendor, the bride attended by six young ladies and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William, who bore so good a character. He added that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him, if he can," returned I; "but, my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls and humid floor; my wretched body, thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless. Almost all men have been

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taught to call life a passage and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going toward home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me, for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfaction, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round and a song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRESH CALAMITIES.

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank, where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure or inspired by sounds of harmony soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice, from sorrow, gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this, nor can I understand what it means! I hope you do not think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it."

"Go," cried I; "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honor for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute it. We can marry her to another in a short time, and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the

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mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul and sting it into rage. "Avoid my sight, thou reptile," cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But, as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequence of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself; which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent; it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to: and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Nevermore, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee, — beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it, you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters, also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence; he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort, — like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving off my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure, — the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

"Why, my treasures," cried I, "why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, where we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure."

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be

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officers of justice, were making toward the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in, and, approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county-jail, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather in which you are come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such a deep snow; but if it must be so —"

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my son to assist his elder sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use despatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER XXV.

NO SITUATION, HOWEVER WRETCHED IT SEEMS, BUT HAS SOME SORT OF COMFORT ATTENDING IT.

We set forward from this peaceful neighborhood, and walked on slowly; my eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had a horse, kindly took her behind him: for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a jail, while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequences might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

"What! my friends," cried I, "and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit, thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ringleader? Show me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet, perhaps, one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting."

They now seemed all repentance, and, melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and containing no marks of its ancient superiority but the jail.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved

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with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Beside this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations and various sounds of misery, but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamor. I was apprised of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

"How!" cried I to myself, "shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy."

With such reflections I labored to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the jail, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it; for if good, I might profit by his instructions; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

"That's unfortunate," cried he, "as you are allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bedclothes are heartily at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a jail, in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon;* and, in fact," continued I, "what is the world if it affords only solitude?"

"You talk of the world, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner; "the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelution to pan*, which implies —" "I ask pardon, sir," cried I, "for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge Fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?" At this demand he only sighed. "I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, "one Dr. Primrose, from whom you bought a horse?"

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. "Yes, sir," returned Mr. Jenkinson, "I remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbor Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes: for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see," continued he, pointing to his shackles, "what my tricks have brought me to."

"Well, sir," replied I, "your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavors to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that."

"Well, sir," cried he, "all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bedclothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before he appeared at least sixty. "Sir," answered he, "you are little acquainted with

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the world! I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and, that perhaps when you least expect it."

We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the jailer's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A REFORMATION IN THE JAIL. — TO MAKE LAWS COMPLETE, THEY SHOULD REWARD AS WELL AS PUNISH.

THE next morning early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy appearance of everything about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as could conveniently be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the jailer with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears."

"No, papa," says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie anywhere where you are."

"And I," says Bill, who was yet but four years old, "love every place best that my papa is in."

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me. "And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labor of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-laborer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what you earn for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were laboring to make themselves a future and more tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return, and in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good-humor, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

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I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane, because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal. "For be assured, my friends," cried I, "(for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship), though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the Devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that 's good hereafter.

"If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take the proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

"Alas, doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!"

"Why, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals; and if they be good, it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner, "that it must give you a great comfort to have this little family about you."

"A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!" replied I, "yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid, then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here" (looking at my son Moses) "one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him. "Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir," returned the other, "it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black riband in your hair, that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

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"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

"Not much of either," returned Mr. Jenkinson. "Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.

"Indeed, I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest, simple neighbor Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I continued tricksy and cunning, and was poor without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not the skill to avoid a jail myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying he would try what could be done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

The next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavors would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me; perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain: for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival, and each prepared with some jail-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig away, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry "Amen!" in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation

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somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day, — a trifle, indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would be convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands, — it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state; nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right, which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And, besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments, that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased, as if the more enormous our wealth the more extensive our fears, all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets, to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both: for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion came to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless before

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we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, — it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures whose souls are held as dross only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY RATHER THE RESULT OF PRUDENCE THAN OF VIRTUE IN THIS LIFE; TEMPORAL EVILS OR FELICITIES BEING REGARDED BY HEAVEN AS THINGS MERELY IN THEMSELVES TRIFLING, AND UNWORTHY ITS CARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

"I am glad to see thee, my dear," cried I; "but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, my child, and we may yet see happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here, and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill: it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying."

"Never, child," replied I, "never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter as a prostitute; for, though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another."

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed that the rest of my family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. "Besides," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But, though my submission and approbation could transfer me hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for a union. No, villain as he is, I should even wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now should I not be the most cruel of all fathers to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?" He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing that he feared my daughter's life

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was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. "However," continued he, "though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and, my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer." I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and, unluckily, all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with; but, in the mean time, was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter; the complaints of a stranger against a favorite nephew were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished, like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and, while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declining faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven. Another account came,—she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient,—she was dead! The next morning he returned and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not cry, for I was now too old to weep. "And is not my sister an angel now, papa?" cried the eldest, "and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel, out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me?"—"Yes," added my youngest darling, "heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad."

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle by observing that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

"Heaven be praised," replied I, "there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart,—for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner,—yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and, if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know that if I have done him any injury I am sorry for it." Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which when Mr. Thornhill had read,

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he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and, as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

"Well, sir," said I to my fellow-prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing toward an abode that looks brighter as I approach it; this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave a helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; some friend perhaps will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their Heavenly Father."

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. "Why, my love," cried I, "why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more."—"We have indeed lost," returned she, "a darling child! My Sophia, my dearest, is gone, snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!"

"How, madam!" cried my fellow-prisoner: "Miss Sophia carried off by villains! Sure, it cannot be?"

She could only answer with a fixed look and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who was present and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account. She informed us that, as my wife, my daughter, and herself were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped. Upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and, forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster! The child that was next my heart! She had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall. Not to leave me one!"—"Alas, my husband!" said my wife, "you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great, but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children and all the world, if they leave me but you."

My son, who was present, endeavored to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—"My child," cried I, "look round the world and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?"—"My dear father," returned he, "I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction, for I have a letter from my brother George."—"What of him, my child?" interrupted I. "Does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers."—"Yes, sir," returned he, "he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favorite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant."

"But are you sure of all this?" cried my wife. "Are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?"—"Nothing indeed, madam," returned my son; "you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if anything can procure you comfort, I am sure that will."—"But are you sure," still repeated she, "that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?"—"Yes, madam," replied he, "it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family."—"Then I thank Providence," cried she, "that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear," continued she, turning to me, "I will now confess that, though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favorable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing,

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and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him who directs all things, — it has miscarried, and I am at rest." — "Woman," cried I, "thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. O, what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence indeed has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has been reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy and insensible of our afflictions, still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother and to protect his brothers and sisters! But what sisters has he left? He has no sisters now! They are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone!" — "Father," interrupted my son, "I beg you will give me leave to read this letter; I know it will please you." Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows: —

"Honored Sir: I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fireside at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress. But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

"Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and, could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this number, I fear, sir, that I must consider you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them that they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them; yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that, after all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining your dutiful son."

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer! Heaven be his guard and keep my boy thus happy to be the support of his widowed mother and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptation of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honor!" I had scarcely said these words, when a noise like that of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison below; it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion upon the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son! "My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus? wounded! fettered! Is this thy happiness? Is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight would break my heart at once and let me die!"

"Where, sir, is your fortitude?" returned my son, with an intrepid voice; "I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it. It is my last happiness that I have committed no murder, though I have lost all hopes of pardon."

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. "O my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it! In the moment I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again, chained, wounded! And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day; to see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy

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upon the murderer of my children! May he live, like me, to see —"

"Hold, sir," replied my son, "or I shall blush for thee. "How, sir! forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own gray head with destruction! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion."

"My child, you must not die! I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him."

"Mine, sir," returned my son, "is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honor, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person but by despatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assailed me, and, I fear, desperately; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable; I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first aggressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in your example."

"And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greater tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortations, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share. Good jailer, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to approve them." Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from the straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel; my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EQUAL DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED WITH REGARD TO THE HAPPY AND THE MISERABLE HERE BELOW. THAT, FROM THE NATURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN, THE WRETCHED MUST BE REPAID THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUFFERINGS IN THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

"My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands who by suicide show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable.

"Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves, — these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

"In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other: for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are

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protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold, in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain.

"But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch's friend; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

"But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrow lays himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure; he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution nature kindly covers with insensibility.

"Thus Providence has given to the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life, — greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned, as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

"Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do; it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up, by duration, what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

"These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor; and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dark vapor of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

"To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly

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dear, for if our reward be in this life alone, we are, indeed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify as well as to confine us; this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans, — O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to carol over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself forever in our eyes, — when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages, but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

"And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and, what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours; and, what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on a past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like the horizon, still flies before him, yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxuriant great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure of our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending."

CHAPTER XXX.

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR. LET US BE INFLEXIBLE, AND FORTUNE WILL AT LAST CHANGE IN OUR FAVOR.

When I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the jailer, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and, grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighboring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the jailer came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found! Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure.

"Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety." A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah, Mr. Burchell," cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you 'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base, ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me."

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"It is impossible," replied Mr. Burchell, "that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it."

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble; but now I find it so. But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who were the ruffians that carried thee away?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent he intended no harm. In the mean time I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance, but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him! As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when in less than a minute I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knocked the postilion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of themselves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr. Burchell, running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed to me, at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome, then," cried I, "my child, and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is yours; if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning; I give you a treasure in her mind."

"But I suppose, sir," cried Mr. Burchell "that you are apprised of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?"

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest, brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this his silence seemed to give a mortifying refusal; and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn; to which, being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and, though in a prison, asserted he was never more disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the jailer, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful; the cir-

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cumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted, and the jailer granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. "Come on," cried I, "my son; though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer; to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship; he deserves our warmest gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. "My dear brother," cried his sister, "why don't you thank my good deliverer? The brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen anything so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, "I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime —" But here he was interrupted by one of the jailer's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. "Bid the fellow wait," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive him"; and then, turning to my son, "I again find, sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt of your own life gives you a right to take that of another; but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud when he alleges that he staked a counter?"

"Alas, sir!" cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. "This," says he, "though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir," continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fireside. My nephew has been apprised of my intentions of coming here, and I find he is arrived; it would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination; if there be injury, there shall be redress; and this I may say without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found that the personage whom we had so long entertained as a harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who

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was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

"Ah, sir," cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, "how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness! the slights you received from me the last time I had the honor of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out,—these, sir, I fear can never be forgiven."

"My dear good lady," returned he with a smile, "if you had your joke I had my answer. I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I cannot be positive; yet now I recollect he had a large mark over one of his eyebrows."—"I ask pardon, madam," interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, "but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?"—"Yes, I think so," cried Sophia. "And did your honor," continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"—"I can't be sure of their length," cried the baronet; "but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done."—"Please your honor," cried Jenkinson, "I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England. He has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle; Timothy Baxter is his name: I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honor will bid Mr. Jailer let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at furthest." Upon this the jailer was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. "Yes, please your honor," replied the jailer, "I know Sir William Thornhill well; and everybody that knows anything of him will desire to know more of him."—"Well, then," said the baronet, "my request is that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."—"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other; "and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honor thinks fit."

In pursuance of the jailer's compliance, Jenkinson was despatched in pursuit of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee,—"What, Bill, you chubby rogue!" cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell? And Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession. this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the jailer himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honor in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear in order to vindicate his innocence and honor; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FORMER BENEVOLENCE NOW REPAID WITH UNEXPECTED INTEREST.

Mr. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other

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repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, sir, at present," cried the baronet, with a look of severity; "the only way to my heart is by the road of honor; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly; his daughter vilely seduced as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into a prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult; his son, too, whom you feared to face as a man—"

"Is it possible, sir," interrupted his nephew, "that my uncle could object that as a crime which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?"

"Your rebuke," cried Sir William, "is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honor, but thou—yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation."

"And I hope," said his nephew, "that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement; thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress."

"If this," cried Sir William, "be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offences; and, though your conduct might have been more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable."

"He cannot contradict a single particular," replied the squire; "I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, sir," continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him,—"thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though, at your entreaty, I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life;—this, I say, was such guilt that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster!" cried my wife; "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—" But the appearance of Jenkinson and the jailer's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter. "Here," cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, "here we have him; and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one."

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner and Jenkinson, who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink back with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. "What, squire," cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honor," continued he, turning to Sir William, "has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded; he declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with a post-

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THORNHILL'S VILLANY EXPOSED.

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chaise. The plan was laid between them that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in in the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to run off, by which Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender."

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account, concluding that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

"Heavens!" cried Sir William; "what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice, too, as he seemed to be! But he shall have it—secure him, Mr. Jailer—yet hold, I fear there is no legal evidence to detain him."

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidence against him, but that his servants should be examined. "Your servants!" replied Sir William; "wretch, call them yours no longer; but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say; let his butler be called."

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived, by his former master's looks, that all his power was now over. "Tell me," cried Sir William, sternly, "have you ever seen your master and that fellow dressed up in his clothes in company together?"—"Yes, please your honor," cried the butler, "a thousand times; he was the man that always brought him his ladies."—"How!" interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, "this to my face?"—"Yes," replied the butler, "or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."—"Now, then," cried Jenkinson, "tell his honor whether you know anything of me."—"I can't say," replied the butler, "that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you was one of them."—"So, then," cried Sir William, "I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence; thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches! But," continuing his examination, "you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter?"—"No, please your honor," replied the butler; "he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business: but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them."—"It is but too true," cried Jenkinson, "I cannot deny it; that was the employment assigned to me; and I confess it to my confusion."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the worthy baronet; "how every new discovery of his villany alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge; at my request, Mr. Jailer, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend, the magistrate who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to confront this wretch; I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in; where is she?"

"Ah, sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries—" Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was the next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father, were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but, stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes, but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffect-

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ual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did; and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without a reflection on those accidental meetings which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labor; the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. "Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she, to the squire, who she supposed was come here to succor, and not to oppress us, "I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both; you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir William, interrupting her; "no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters because he had the courage to face his betrayer! And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster."

"O goodness!" cried the lovely girl; "how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me, for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest miss," cried my wife, "he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of anybody else; and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake." She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; thence she made a rapid digression to the squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Wilmot; "how very near have I been to the brink of ruin: but how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous."

But by this time my son was freed from the encumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson, also, who had acted as his *valet-de-chambre*, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favor. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarcely believe it real. "Sure, madam," cried he, "this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy!" — "No, sir," replied she, "I have been deceived, basely deceived; else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it; but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another's." — "And no other's you shall be,"

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cried Sir William, "if I have any influence with your father."

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open and hardy villain. "I find, then," cried he, "that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, sir," turning to Sir William, "I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favors. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other."

This was an alarming blow; Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. "Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least, all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And now I protest, my Arabella, by all that 's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. "I must confess, sir," cried he, "that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each other, and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance."

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be assured I never yet forced her inclination, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here," meaning me, "give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favor. We had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that 's good, and after such an interval of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so high!" — "Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, "now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O, what an exchange have I made from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune; I now can be happy even in indigence." — "And I promise you," cried the squire, with a malicious grin, "that I shall be very happy with what you despise." — "Hold, hold, sir," cried Jenkinson, "there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a

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single stiver of it. Pray, your honor," continued he to Sir William, "can the squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?" — "How can you make such a simple demand?" replied the baronet; "undoubtedly he cannot." — "I am sorry for that," cried Jenkinson; "for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already." — "You lie like a rascal," returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; "I never was legally married to any woman." — "Indeed, begging your honor's pardon," replied the other, "you were; and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her." So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. "Ay, let him go," cried the squire, "whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs."

"I am surprised," said the baronet, "what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humor, I suppose." — "Perhaps, sir," replied I, "he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some of them — Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to bless me!" The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures. "And art thou returned to me, my darling," cried I, "to be my comfort in age?" — "That she is," cried Jenkinson, "and make much of her, for she is your own honorable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And as for you, squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawfully wedded wife: and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the license by which you were married together." So saying, he put the license into the baronet's hand, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect. "And now, gentlemen," continued he, "I find you are surprised at all this; but a very few words will explain the difficulty. That there squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship, — but that 's between ourselves, — has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false license and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do but went and got a true license and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them? Perhaps you 'll think it was generosity made me do all this. But no. To my shame I confess it, my only design was to keep the license, and let the squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money." A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy even reached the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

"And shook their chains
In transport and rude harmony."

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheeks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps among all there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. "How could you," cried I, turning to Jenkinson, — "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain."

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young

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lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living; there was, therefore, no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him; he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and, after pausing a few moments, — "Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserve no tenderness, yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine; and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future." He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, and such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he had left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father: my wife, too, kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honor. Our satisfaction seemed scarcely capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round, with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. "I think now," cried he, with a smile, "that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir," continued he, turning to me, "of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? — will you have him?" My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. "Have him, sir!" cried she, faintly, "no, sir, never!" — "What!" cried he again, "not have Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor; a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations!" — "I beg, sir," returned she, scarcely able to speak, "that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched." — "Was ever such obstinacy known," cried he again, "to refuse the man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds? What, not have him!" — "No, sir, never," replied she, angrily; "I'd sooner die first!" — "If that be the case, then," cried he, "if you will not have him, — I think I must have you myself." And so saying he caught her to his breast with ardor. "My loveliest, my most sensible of girls," cried he, "how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman who, a stranger to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!" Then, turning to Jenkinson, — "As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is to give you her fortune; and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds." Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time Sir William's gentleman appeared, to

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tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where everything was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CONCLUSION.

The next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting at my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favor. First, having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favor, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubt whether I ought in justice to accept this offer. While I was pondering upon this Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me that, as he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning.

A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardor, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good-breeding. But as as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and, shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day." This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbor Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them. We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William,

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my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by this harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea apiece to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other, for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But, to return, for I am apt to digress thus: when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides; but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carving the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humor. I cannot say whether we had more wit among us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you." Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for; all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By JONATHAN SWIFT.

REVISED FOR FAMILY READING.

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INTRODUCTION.

JONATHAN SWIFT, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was descended from the younger branch of the family of the Swifts, in Yorkshire. He was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667, being St. Andrew's Day; the house is still pointed out.

At the age of six Swift was sent to the school of Kilkenny, and at fourteen admitted into the University of Dublin. While he was at the University, he appears to have disliked and neglected the line of study which was at that time cultivated, and a proficiency in which was necessary for the attainment of his degree. Instead of mastering the intricacies of the old Treatises on Logic, written by those great men, Smeglesius, Kechermanus, and Burgesdicius, he passed his time more agreeably in reading poetry and history, and he told his tutor that he could reason without the assistance of the artificial rules of logic. There is a proof, however, that though he turned aside from the path of academic study, his voluntary reading was extensive and various, for he had drawn up a rough sketch of the "Tale of a Tub," which he communicated to his friend, Mr. Waryng. The first time he sat for his degree it was refused him; and so pertinaciously did he adhere to his determination not to attend to the necessary line of studies, that when he went up a second time he succeeded only through the interest of his friends. He remained in the college nearly three years after this, not through choice, but necessity. Little known or regarded by scholars, he was esteemed a blockhead; and as his poverty would not allow him to keep company of an equal rank with himself, or on an equal footing, he scorned to take up with those of a lower class, or to be obliged to those of a higher. He lived therefore much alone, and his time was employed in pursuing his course of reading in history and poetry, then very unfashionable studies for an academic, or in gloomy meditations on his own unhappy circumstances.

On the breaking out of the war in Ireland, Swift left that country to visit his mother at Leicester, in England, and to consult with her on his future plans and prospects of life. He was now in his one-and-twentieth year, not qualified by particular study for any profession, except, perhaps, for the Church; his academical reputation was not advantageous to him; the recluseness of his life had rendered him little known, and the spleen and severity of his temper had not attracted many friends.

Without any letter of recommendation to introduce him in England, and without any acquaintance who could assist him, by the recommendation of his mother he

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went to see Sir William Temple, whose lady was a distant relation of hers, and communicate to him his depressed situation and gloomy prospects. When he arrived at Shene, the residence of the retired statesman, his story was listened to with compassionate attention; he was cheerfully received into his house, and treated with kindness and generosity. Although he was not admitted to much personal familiarity with his illustrious kinsman, yet he found in his house what was of invaluable advantage, — sound advice with regard to the prosecution of his studies, and a secure and elegant retirement, where he could pursue them undisturbed.

For eight years he followed a system of study, according to his own account, of not less than eight hours a day. In 1692 he went to Oxford, to take his Master's degree, to which he was admitted on the 5th of July, 1692. From Oxford he paid a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor Park. Two years later he procured a slight recommendation to Lord Capel, then lord deputy of Ireland, and was ordained in September, 1694, and appointed to a small country living, being then almost twenty-seven years old; but soon tiring of his obscure position, he returned to Moor Park.

Sir William Temple died in the year 1699, leaving Swift a legacy, and the advantage to be derived from publishing his posthumous writings. He also obtained from King William a promise of a stall at Canterbury or Westminster for him. How much Swift esteemed him may be seen in a part of the register which he kept of Sir William's illness, where he concludes: "He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men."

Swift then removed to London, and his first care was to discharge the trust reposed on him of publishing a full and correct edition of his patron's works. This he dedicated to the king. After waiting some time for the fulfilment of the promise made for his advancement in the Church, he addressed a memorial to the monarch; but getting no encouragement, he relinquished his hopes of preferment and accepted the offer made to him by Lord Berkeley, of attending him to Ireland as his private secretary and chaplain. When they arrived at Dublin he found himself supplanted in his former office by a person of the name of Bush, who had ingratiated himself into his lordship's favor, and was obliged to take a small living at Laracor. After this he restlessly changed his residence between England and Ireland every few years, and entered actively into the literary pursuit of politics.

In 1704 the celebrated "Tale of a Tub" was published. Though it appeared without a name, yet it had been often shown in manuscript, at Sir William Temple's, to his relatives and friends. Swift, with singular indifference to fame, had kept this piece by him for eight years after it had been completely finished. There can be no doubt but that the offence given by this work proved to be the real bar which prevented his ever attaining an eminent situation in the Church. After its publication he wrote nothing of consequence for three or four years. He formed, however, a very close connection with Addison, which ripened into a sincere and lasting friendship. Swift considered his conversation to be the most agreeable he ever met with; and Addison appears to have thought most highly of the genius of Swift.

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After many difficulties and much procrastination, in April, 1713, the Deanery of St. Patrick was obtained for him, worth about seven hundred a year, which he professed to consider only as an honorable exile. Swift was anxious for preferment in England, but it could not be obtained; and in June he set out, in no very good humor, for Ireland, to be installed. Here he made himself active in his duties, and gained great popularity and influence, but kept up his political writing both in Ireland and England.

In November of 1727 "Gulliver's Travels" made their public appearance, after having been privately seen and admired by Swift's friends in England.

The plan of this entertaining and delightful satire varies, as Scott observes, in its different parts. The voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England. Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of Mr. Premier *Flimnap;* the factions of high and low heels express the Tories and the Whigs; the Small-endians and Big-endians the religious divisions of Papist and Protestant; and when the heir-apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the Prince of Wales, who at that time divided his favor between the two leading political parties of England, laughed heartily at the comparison. The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the Royal Palace seems to intimate the author's own disgrace with Queen Anne, founded on the indecorum of the "Tale of a Tub," which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the cause of the High Church was forgotten.

In the voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the time. It seems intended to show in the most forcible manner the vanity of our desires and the insignificance of our pursuits, by exhibiting the opinions formed of them by beings of superior power and more philosophical thought, and more cool and less passionate temperaments. The two other parts, the Voyage to Laputa and the Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms, are of less interest, and being somewhat gross have fallen into neglect. They are not reproduced here.

While in Ireland, Swift gave much attention to local public affairs; in a variety of publications relating to Ireland he laid open the causes of her distress and poverty, and pointed out the means by which they might be alleviated: and he also directed his attention to some of the best-planned charities that were ever supported from a private purse. He gave very largely in proportion to his fortune. After his settlement at the Deanery, and when he was out of debt, he divided his income into three parts: one he appropriated to his own support and his domestic expenses; the second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation after his death; and the third he disposed of in charities to the poor and distressed. He lent to poor industrious tradesmen small sums of five and ten pounds, to be repaid, with interest, weekly; and he always demanded good security for the repayment. Sheridan says that he has been well assured that many families in Dublin, now living in great credit, owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from this source. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great that he was consulted by several corporations in

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matters of trade; and he was not seldom chosen umpire in their decisions. By his integrity, his patriotism, by the superiority of his talents, and his endeavors to serve the public, he obtained a remarkable ascendency over the people of Ireland, and he was known over the whole kingdom as *the Dean*. In a letter which Lord Carteret, the chief governor of Ireland, wrote to him in 1732, he says, "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they obeyed all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's"; and in the postscript to another of March 24, 1736, he says, "When people asked me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift."

Swift had now relinquished all expectations of further preferment. Walpole was exasperated against him on account of some severe poems which he had written, and some forged letters in favor of Mr. Barber, bearing the Dean's signature, had excited the displeasure of the queen.

About the year 1736 his memory was greatly impaired, and the general powers of the intellect showed marks of decay. He always entertained apprehensions that he should outlive his understanding. Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates that, walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed Mr. Dean, who had stayed behind the rest of the company. He turned back in order to know the occasion of it, and found Swift at some distance, gazing intensely at the top of a lofty elm whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die first at the top."

Not long after this time his understanding failed to such a degree that it was found necessary to have legal guardians appointed to take care of his present estate. This was followed by a fit of lunacy which continued some months, and then he sank into a state of idiocy which lasted to his death. He died October 19, 1745. When the death of the Dean, so beloved and admired in Ireland as he was, was announced, the citizens of Dublin gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations was heard round all the quarter where he lived; and happy were they who first got into the chamber where he lay, to procure locks of his hair, —

> "Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue."

So eager, says Sheridan, were numbers to obtain at any price this precious memorial, that in less than an hour his head was stripped of all its silver ornaments, so that not a hair remained. He was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions of his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and, by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved a Latin epitaph, written by himself.

Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made; of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which expressed the boldness and confidence of his mind; he never was known to laugh; and, according to Scott, the description of Cassius, in Shakespeare, might be applied to him: —

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"He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. —
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."

His features have been preserved in many busts, prints, and medals. In youth he was reckoned handsome. Pope says that his eyes were as azure as the heavens, and had an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age his countenance was dignified and expressive. He spoke in public with facility and force; and had he been on the bench of bishops, he would have been of great assistance to the ministry in the House of Lords. "The government of Ireland," says Scott, "dreaded his eloquence as much as his pen." His manners in society were free, lively, and engaging: and even when age and infirmities had impaired his spirits and his temper, his conversation was still valued for the richness of the anecdotes, the acquaintance which it displayed with mankind, the liveliness of his repartees, and shrewdness and satire of the wit.

In his personal habits he was scrupulously neat. In his latter days he was an early riser, and fond of exercise; though at one period of his life he was said to lie in bed and think of wit for the day. Of his learning, it must be said that it was not that of a professed scholar.

Sir Walter Scott says that, as an author, there are three peculiarities remarkable in the character of Swift: the first is, the brilliant attribute of *originality*, and it cannot be refused to him by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed that no author can be found who has borrowed so little, or who has well maintained his claim to be considered original.

The second peculiarity is, his total indifference to literary fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes.

The third characteristic mark of his literary character is, that with the exception of history, he has never attempted a style of composition in which he has not obtained a distinguished pitch of excellence.

But although his political treatises raised his fame when published, and are still read as excellent models of that species of composition, it is to his "Tale of a Tub," to the "Battle of the Books," to his moral romance of "Gulliver," and to his smaller but not less exquisite satire on "Men and Manners," that Swift owes the extent and permanency of his popularity as an English classic of the first rank.

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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.*

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY. — HIS FIRST INDUCEMENTS TO TRAVEL. — HE IS SHIPWRECKED, AND SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE. — GETS SAFE ON SHORE IN THE COUNTRY OF LILLIPUT. — IS MADE A PRISONER, AND CARRIED UP THE COUNTRY.

MY father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College, in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the advice of him and my uncle John and

* Gulliver's Travels were originally designed to form part of a satire on the Abuse of Human Learning, projected by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. In their joint publication, the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," the sketch of the work is thus given by Pope.

"It was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee; but what hints I am at liberty to give I will.

"Thou shalt know, then, that in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm to a discovery of the ancient Pygmean empire.

"That, in his second, he was happily shipwrecked on the land of the Giants, the most humane people in the world.

"That, in his third, he discovered a whole kingdom of philosophers, who govern by the mathematics; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

"And hence it is that in his fourth voyage he discovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almost to a disgust of his species; but, above all, a mortal detestation of the whole flagitious race of ministers, and a final resolution not to give in any memorial to the Secretary of State, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the crown of Great Britain.

"Now, if by these hints the reader can help himself to a further discovery of the nature and contents of these travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honor, not to speak more openly."

Pope, however, appears to have been displeased at the substitution of Lemuel Gulliver for Martinus Scriblerus; he adds, rather ill-naturedly:—

"But if any man shall see such very extraordinary voyages, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator, and can imagine them to belong to *a surgeon of a ship* or *a captain of a merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance."

Swift himself thus announces the approaching appearance of the work in a letter to Pope, dated Dublin, September 29, 1725: "I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels, in four parts complete, newly augumented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found bold enough to venture his ears."

The existence of a nation of pygmies was firmly believed in ancient times. The diminutive race is mentioned by Herodotus, Aristotle, Pliny, and even

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some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden; there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful to me in long voyages. Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannell commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.*

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping,

by some of the earlier modern travellers. The following account is from Ctesias, who was contemporary with Xenophon. "In the middle of India there are black men called pygmies, using the same language as the other Indians; they are very little, the tallest of them being but two cubits, and most of them but a cubit and a half high. They have very long hair, reaching down to their knees and lower, and a beard larger than any man's. After their beards are grown long they wear no clothes, but the hair of their head falls behind a great deal below their hams, and that of their beard before comes down to their feet; then, laying their hair thick all about their body, they afterwards gird themselves, making use of their hair for clothes. They are flat-nosed and ill-favored. Their sheep are like lambs, and their oxen and asses scarce as big as rams, and their horses and mules, and all their other cattle, not bigger. Three thousand of these pygmies are household troops in the service of the King of India. They are good archers. They are very just, and use the same laws as the Indians do."

Some of the old commentators on the Bible translated the word *Gammachia* pygmies, and it is so rendered in the Vulgate. "This circumstance," as Sir Thomas Browne remarks in his "Enquiries into Vulgar Errors," "tended greatly to confirm the popular belief in the existence of this fabulous race." Viewed as a mere fiction, the account of Lilliput did not appear so extravagant in Swift's days as it does in ours. Every one has heard the story of the Irish bishop, a very learned man, who, having read the voyage to Lilliput, said that "there were some things in it which he could not believe."

After the publication of the Travels, Swift was much amused to find that Gulliver was a real name, and that a Mr. Jonathan Gulliver was a member of the House of Representatives in Boston. An American writer adds, that this Jonathan deemed it necessary to disclaim publicly all connection with Lemuel.

* Swift and De Foe are unrivalled in the art of introducing trifling and minute circumstances, which give an air of reality to their fictitious narratives. In Gulliver's early history, as in that of Crusoe, persons are casually mentioned of whom we hear nothing more. Gulliver's uncle, like Crusoe's brother, only comes on the stage to disappear again forever. This is quite contrary to the usual course of romance writers, who rarely introduce a personage or an incident that does not in some way aid the development of the plot. Sir Walter Scott suggests that Swift probably imitated De Foe in this particular, but the ideal character of Gulliver naturally led the Dean to introduce these petty particulars. He designed to portray Gulliver as a kind of second Dampier, uniting the homely sense and prejudices of a true-born Englishman to the acquired wisdom of a life of adventures. There is a sailor's bluntness and frankness in everything that Gulliver tells us of himself and family; the occasional minuteness, and even coarseness, of the personal details, are faithfully taken from the journals of the early English voyagers, whose accounts of their discoveries are strangely blended with the most trifling particulars respecting their food, clothing, etc. The character of Gulliver is that of a thorough English sailor; his education at Leyden did not raise him too high above the rude tars with whom he mingled, and we always find his learning brought forward with difficulty, and by an effort, while his mother-wit and sailor's courage are present in every emergency.

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hoping to get business among the sailors, but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land.* By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back.* In the mean time I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a

* This island was first discovered, A. D. 1633, by Abel Janson Tasman, a Dutch navigator, who called it Van Diemen's Land after the governor of Batavia, by whom he had been sent to examine the Southern Ocean. Tasman's narrative was very loose and inaccurate, so that Swift might people the seas which that navigator traversed with any creatures he pleased.

* This incident is taken from Philostratus (Icon. lib. ii. p. 817). "The pygmies," he says, "were anxious to revenge the death of Antæus, and having found Hercules napping in Libya, they mustered up all their forces against him. One phalanx assaulted his left hand; but against his right hand, that being the stronger, two phalanxes were appointed. The archers and slingers besieged his feet, admiring the hugeness of his thighs; but against his head, as the arsenal, they raised batteries, the king himself taking his post there. They set fire to his hair, put reaping-hooks in his eyes, and, that he might not breathe, fixed doors to his mouth and nostrils. But all the execution that they could do was only to awake him; and when this was done, deriding their folly, he gathered them all up into his lion's skin and carried them (Philostratus thinks) to Euristneus.

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fright, and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul!* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time, with a violent pull which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and, after it had ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when, in an instant, I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it, from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.* But I should have mentioned that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the string that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of middle age and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.† I answered

* Moore has made a very amusing use of this incident in an ode to Sir Hudson Lowe, which is too good to be passed over with a mere reference.

"Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*
(By name and, ah! by nature so),
As thou art fond of persecutions;
Perhaps thou 'st read or heard repeated
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

"They tied him down,—these little men did,—
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the mighty man's protuberance,
They did so strut! Upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll,
To see their pygmy pride's exuberance!

"And how the doughty manikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some *very* little things,
That pass'd for lords, on scaffoldings
Got up and worried him with speeches.

"Alas! alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping;
Though different, too, these persecutions;
For Gulliver there took the nap,
While *hers* the Nap—ah, sad mishap!—
Is taken by the Lilliputians."

† In the excitement that followed the Revolution, public speaking became more common in England than it had ever had been before, and several

in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two and three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them, — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, — soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank, from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture

of the Whig lords rendered efficient service to the cause of the Hanoverian succession by their speeches at county meetings. Swift despised and hated these itinerant orators, to whose exertions the overthrow of his party was mainly owing, and it is probable that in this description he alludes to some particular leader of the Whig party who was remarkable for his addresses to popular assemblies. Sir Robert Walpole, after his expulsion from Parliament, was an active agitator among the Whigs, and was not less formidable to Harley and Bolingbroke, outside the walls of the House of Commons, than he had been as a leader of parliamentary opposition.

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to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself by resting on the other side, which I did, to the great astonishment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the danger of being crushed by my great bulk and weight. But, before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured: and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have aroused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast.* All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the

* The caution of the Lilliputian courtiers is probably designed to ridicule the over-acted solicitude by which the ministers of George I. affected to protect the king from the plots of the Jacobites. The Tories, who hasted to greet the king on his landing, were either refused admittance or harshly dismissed. "Lord Harcourt, who arrived with a patent for the peerage of the Prince of Wales, was abruptly dismissed; the Duke of Ormond, who was hastening to Greenwich, was forbidden to appear in the royal presence; and Lord Oxford, who had shown more joy in proclaiming the king than his friends thought respectful towards the late queen, was barely admitted in the crowd to kiss the king's hand." — *Lord J. Russell's Affairs of Europe*, Vol. I. p. 308.

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GULLIVER DRAWN TO THE CAPITAL.

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force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advanced very softly to my face; one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently, whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT, ATTENDED BY SEVERAL OF THE NOBILITY, COMES TO SEE THE AUTHOR IN HIS CONFINEMENT. — THE EMPEROR'S PERSON AND HABIT DESCRIBED. — LEARNED MEN APPOINTED TO TEACH THE AUTHOR THEIR LANGUAGE. — HE GAINS FAVORS BY HIS MILD DISPOSITION. — HIS POCKETS ARE SEARCHED, AND HIS SWORD AND PISTOLS TAKEN FROM HIM.

QUIETLY as I had endured my tedious confinement to one posture, it was with great pleasure that I found myself again upon my feet. I looked about me, and must confess that I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang* * and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

* A stang is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and a half. — *Orig.*

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Having gone into my house for a while, I soon came out, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount.*

When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all: twenty of them were filled with meat and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen phials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the

* There can be little room for doubting that, in the description of the emperor of Lilliput, Swift dimly shadowed forth some leading traits in the character of George I. The points of direct resemblance, however, for obvious reasons, are very few; it is only by collecting all the incidents recorded of the Lilliputian emperor, that we find out his general similarity to the first monarch of the house of Brunswick. The following account of George I. will enable the reader to discover the most prominent points of identity in the two portraits: "George I. ascended the English throne in his fifty-fifth year, when men are usually more disposed to acquiesce in the settled routine than venture on novel and perhaps troublesome experiments. Moreover, the natural disposition and understanding of the king were not of a kind, at any period of his life, to carry him out of the established orbit. He was a person of as simple tastes as appearance; in England he was a stranger, his home being Hanover. He naturally inclined to the seclusion of a private station, being shy and reserved in public, but easy and facetious among his intimates. During the fourteen years of his government of the electorate he had acquired the reputation of a just and circumspect prince, who well understood and steadily pursued his own interests, and would have been well content to end his days in the petty sovereignty of his ancestors, had not the ambition of others been greater than his own. Punctual in business, he was more dull than indolent; and the plain honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. He had no taste for literature or the arts, and was very parsimonious." — *Wade's British History*, p. 334.

Compare also the following passage from Thackeray's "Four Georges," pp. 12, 23: "In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the Hanover forces of eight or ten thousand men, George served the Emperor on the Danube against the Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Rhine. When he succeeded to the electorate, he handled its affairs with great prudence and dexterity. He was very much liked by his people of Hanover. He did not show his feelings much, but he cried heartily on leaving them, as they cried for joy when he came back. He showed an uncommon prudence and coolness of behavior when he came into his kingdom [of England], exhibiting no elation, reasonably doubtful whether he should not be turned out some day; looking upon himself only as a lodger, and making the most of his brief tenure of St. James's and Hampton Court; plundering, it is true, somewhat, and dividing among his German followers, — but what could be expected of a sovereign who at home could sell his subjects at so many ducats per head, and make no scruple in so disposing of them? I fancy a considerable shrewdness, prudence, and even moderation, in his ways. The German Protestant was a cheaper and better and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sat, and so far loyal to England that he let England govern herself. . . . . The king we had selected, the courtiers who came in his train, the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back, — I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture."

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better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose: it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and, as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.*

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds† of the common measure were brought in carriages and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double; which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be

* Gulliver's history, as a courtier at Lilliput, is obviously designed to represent the administration of Harley and Bolingbroke at the close of Anne's reign. Whatever were the other demerits of that cabinet, it must be confessed that they showed more tenderness to the party by which they were opposed, and greater clemency to political delinquents, than their successors. This forbearance, especially in the case of libellers, is very ingeniously intimated by Gulliver's granting pardon to the malicious archers. Swift used frequently to remark that Anne was the only sovereign during whose entire reign no one suffered the penalties of high treason.

† Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearance of the objects thus lessened. — *Orrery.*

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taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine.* Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above mentioned; which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury: for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and, lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language: during which time the emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire "that he would be pleased to give me my liberty"; which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*"; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom: however, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me "to acquire, by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered part in words and part in signs. He replied "that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:*—

* The parsimony of George I. has been already noticed; "avarice was so predominant in him that he would raise no troops to secure the succession." —*Wade's British History*, p. 334.

* This inventory is designed to ridicule the reports of the several committees of secrecy appointed by Walpole to investigate the presumed designs of

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indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold and some smaller ones, my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences, which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR DIVERTS THE EMPEROR, AND HIS NOBILITY OF BOTH SEXES, IN A VERY UNCOMMON MANNER. — THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT OF LILLIPUT DESCRIBED. — THE AUTHOR HAS HIS LIBERTY GRANTED HIM UPON CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest without falling succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset* several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England.† My friend Rel-

* *Summerset* or *summersault*, a gambol of a tumbler in which he springs up, turns heels over head in the air, and comes down upon his feet. — *Orig.*

† Flimnap is intended for Sir Robert Walpole, from whom Swift at first had some expectations of promotion; when these were disappointed the Dean became the bitter enemy of the minister, and his hatred was aggravated by the zeal with which Walpole persecuted Swift's great favorites, Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. In an epistle to the poet Gay the Dean gives the following bitter description of Walpole: —

"And first to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his geer,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise and impudence and lies."

And again, alluding to Walpole's continuance in office under George II., and Sir Spencer Compton's refusal to form an administration: —

"I knew a brazen minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate;
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, "When will they turn out this odious rogue?"
A juncture happened, in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remained no room to doubt,
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or will you? or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept;

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dresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer;* the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck if one of the king's cushions that accidentally lay on the ground had not weakened the force of his fall.†

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and the first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any country of the New or Old World. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick and the first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice around about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.*

The horses of the army and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived, with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than

And such was then the temper of the times;
He owed his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observed his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause;
But when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him."

* Mr. Secretary Stanhope was most probably intended by Reldresal; he supplanted Walpole in 1717, and adopted a more temperate and conciliatory course towards the Tories and Jacobites, with whom Swift was connected.

† Walpole was compelled to resign his office of state through the intrigues of Lord Sunderland and Mr. Secretary Stanhope, who, following the king to Hanover, sought and found a favorable opportunity of supplanting Walpole and Townshend in the royal favor. After an exclusion of four years, which seemed, politically, "to have broken his neck," he was restored by his interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the favorite mistress of George I.; and this was "the king's cushion that lay accidentally on the ground, and weakened the force of the fall."

* The revival of the Order of the Bath by Sir Robert Walpole in 1726, as a cheap means of gratifying his political adherents, was fair game to a satirist like Swift. Walpole was distinguished, not only by the Order of the Bath, but by that of the Garter, which was conferred on him in 1726. — *Coxe's Life of Walpole.*

It is scarcely necessary to mention that blue is the cognizance of the Garter, red of the Bath, and green of the Thistle.

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the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of the best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command, and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and, covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest politeness as to my appearance; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they passed under me; and, to confess the truth, my clothes were at that time in so ill a condition that they afforded

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THE ARMY MARCHES UNDER GULLIVER'S LEGS.

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some opportunities for laughter and admiration.*

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy.† But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first, in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws, which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.*

GOLBASTO MOMAREM EVLAME GURDILO SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposes to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform: —

I. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

II. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

III. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

IV. As he walks the said roads he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

V. If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

* The author probably intends to ridicule the partiality of George I. for reviews and military pageantry. Hogarth's celebrated picture of the "March of the Guards to Finchly" belongs to a much later period, but its satiric touches would probably have been as applicable in the reign of the first as of the second George.

† Skyresh Bolgolam is most probably the Duke of Argyle, who was greatly incensed at Swift's attacks on the Scottish nation, in his "Public Spirit of the Whigs." In an unfinished poem on himself, the Dean alludes to the proclamation offering three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of this pamphlet, which was issued at the demand rather than the request of the Duke of Argyle; he conducted all the Scotch lords in a body to demand an audience of the queen and seek reparation.

"The queen incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot;
Now through the realm a proclamation spread
To fix a price on his devoted head,
While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight."

See also the character given of Argyle in Swift's notes on Macky, Appendix to Lilliput I.

* In his description of *Lilliput*, in the following Articles, Gulliver seems to have had *England* more immediately in view. In his description of *Blefuscu*, he seems to intend the people and kingdom of *France*. — *Orrery*.

It is perhaps in order to qualify this parallel that Swift has changed the relative description of the two countries, and made Lilliput the continent, Blefuscu the island. — *Sir Walter Scott*.

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VI. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

VII. That the said Man-mountain shall, at his time of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

VIII. That the said Man-mountain shall in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity I shall not repeat, he added "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article of the recovery of my liberty the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

MILDENDO, THE METROPOLIS OF LILLIPUT, DESCRIBED, TOGETHER WITH THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. — A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND A PRINCIPAL SECRETARY, CONCERNING THE AFFAIRS OF THAT EMPIRE. — THE AUTHOR OFFERS TO SERVE THE EMPEROR IN HIS WARS.

LIBERTY having been granted me, my first request was for permission to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor readily allowed me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sidelong through the two principal streets only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories; the shops and markets well provided.

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The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined.

There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.*

* The character of the empress is manifestly taken from that of Queen Anne, — good-natured, but easily duped.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals; their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful: my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said "he might pretend to some merit in it"; but, however, added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils, — a violent faction at home; and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Trameksan* and *Slameksan*,* from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high-heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every *accidental difference* between man and man, in person and circumstances, is by this work rendered extremely contemptible, so *speculative differences* are shown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and defended too much exceeds their importance. — *Hawkesworth.*

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use only of low-heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe: and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *druur* than any of his court (*druur* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait.* Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon or one of the stars; because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs.* The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one emperor lost his life,† and another his crown.‡ These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, which is their Alcoran. This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end; and which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine.§

* George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was at this time vehement in his hostility to his father's ministers; like all heirs-apparent since the accession of the house of Brunswick, he chose his political friends among the parties most opposed to the court, calling around him both the discontented Whigs and the displeased Tories. We learn from a letter of Mrs. Howard that the prince was greatly amused at this description of his hobbling between the two political parties. On his accession to the throne, which took place shortly after the publication of Gulliver, he was easily induced by Queen Caroline to continue Sir Robert Walpole at the head of affairs; an unexpected change, which greatly disappointed Swift and his friends.

* The controversy respecting the sacraments between the Romish and Anglican churches is humorously portrayed in the dispute about the proper end of breaking the egg. The emperor who cut his fingers is manifestly Henry VIII., who was so sadly perplexed by the sacrament of marriage and the difficulty of divorce.

† Charles I. ‡ James II.

§ Swift appears to intimate that the great point at issue between the Romish and English churches, the sacrament of the eucharist, has been decided too positively by the theologians on both sides; he intimates that the question of transubstantiation should be left open to the faith of the receiver, in accordance with the memorable lines of Queen Elizabeth, —

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread, and brake it,
And what that word did make it;
That I believe and take it."

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"Now the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours.* However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and let him know "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."†

CHAPTER V.

THE AUTHOR, BY AN EXTRAORDINARY STRATAGEM, PREVENTS AN INVASION. — A HIGH TITLE OF HONOR IS CONFERRED UPON HIM. — AMBASSADORS ARRIVE FROM THE EMPEROR OF BLEFUSCU, AND SUE FOR PEACE. — THE EMPRESS'S APARTMENTS ON FIRE BY ACCIDENT; THE AUTHOR INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING THE REST OF THE PALACE.

LILLIPUT is part of the continent, but the empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the northeast of the mainland, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet, which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure, and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frighted when they saw me, that they escaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost if I had not suddenly

* This description of the Big-endian war is designed for the wars of the revolution, which were terminated by the peace of Utrecht, and the enumeration of the losses and slaughter occasioned by the war is intended to vindicate Harley and Bolingbroke for bringing it to a conclusion.

† Gulliver, without examining the subject of dispute, readily engaged to defend the emperor against invasion; because he knew that no such monarch had a right to invade the dominions of another for the propagation of truth. — *Hawkesworth.*

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thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred arrows in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive.* When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried, in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.*

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design by many arguments drawn from the topics

* The capture of the Blefuscudian fleet is intended to represent the efforts made by the Tory ministry to secure the naval supremacy of England in the negotiations at Utrecht, and particularly their success in procuring the demolition of Dunkirk and the cession of several French colonies.

* The treaty at Utrecht was at first very popular with the English people; and it was regarded by Queen Anne as a blessing to England and to Europe. The promised demolition of Dunkirk, and its surrender as a guaranty to General Hill, were regarded not only by the court, but by the nation, as an advantage scarcely inferior to what the capture of the Blefuscudian fleet would have been to the emperor of Lilliput. Swift wrote a song on the event, which was very popular. The following are the concluding stanzas: —

"Our merchant ships may cut the line,
And not be snapped by privateers;
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers;
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise cent per cent;
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain;
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
And the queen shall enjoy her own again.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford swears
Dunkirk never shall be theirs;
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A health to General Hill,
For the queen now enjoys her own again."

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GULLIVER KNIGHTED BY THE EMPEROR.

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of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery"; and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.*

This open, bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which by a side wind reflected on me; and from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honor to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection"; from which, I am sure, my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.*

It is to be observed that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbor; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other in order to polish themselves by seeing the world and understanding men and manners,

* The conquest of France was seriously believed feasible by many friends of the Duke of Marlborough; but when the siege of such a petty fortress as Bouchain occupied the greater part of one campaign, the best English statesmen saw there was little chance of such a consummation. Mesnager, if the memoirs published in his name be not a forgery, declares that the Tories used to annoy the Whigs by asking, "How long will it take to conquer France at the rate of a Bouchain per summer?" In the debates on the Treaty of Utrecht (A. D. 1713), the advocates for peace had decidedly the best of the argument, so that Gulliver is justified in saying that "the wisest were of his opinion."

* The charge raised against Gulliver for his innocent intercourse with the ambassadors from Blefuscu alludes to the chief accusation brought against Bolingbroke (A. D. 1715), which was his treasonable intimacy with the French ministers during the negotiations of the peace at Utrecht. Bolingbroke's journey to France to negotiate a separate peace, and his clandestine intercourse with the agents of Louis, were, however, of such a suspicious nature that he did not think it prudent to wait for his trial.

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— there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire by the carelessness of a maid of honor, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and, orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat; which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. In three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to desecrate so far the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty "that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form"; which, however, I could not obtain; and I was privately assured that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.*

* Swift, in this description of the empress's hostility on account of his indecency and her forgetfulness of the essential service which he had rendered, alludes to the prejudices of Queen Anne, who was more indignant at the immorality of his writings than grateful for his support of her favorite ministry. It must be admitted that the character and influence of the "Tale of a Tub" are not inaptly described by this allegory of the fire in the palace, and the violation of propriety which Gulliver committed in extinguishing it. Nor will the reader of the "Tale of a Tub" be surprised at the indignant feeling of the queen. So great are its irreverence and coarseness, that, although written in defence of the Church, it was recommended by Voltaire, "because the ludicrous combinations which are formed in the mind by the perusal tend to lower the respect due to revelation." The queen had actually nominated Swift to an English bishopric, when Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York, went to her, showed her the "Tale of a Tub," and declared that the author of such a work could not be made a prelate without bringing disgrace on the Church. Hence Swift, in the lines on himself, complains that he is

"By an old —— pursued,
A crazy prelate and a royal prude."

And again,

"York is from Lambeth sent to show the Queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen,
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'T is thought could be the work of none but Swift."

The Archbishop was eagerly seconded by the Duchess of Somerset, whom Swift had bitterly lampooned. The Queen could never afterwards be

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CHAPTER VI.*

OF THE INHABITANTS OF LILLIPUT; THEIR LEARNING, LAWS, AND CUSTOMS; THE MANNER OF EDUCATING THEIR CHILDREN. — THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF LIVING IN THAT COUNTRY.— HIS VINDICATION OF A GREAT LADY.

QUARRELS and intrigues are so common in courts that I need not dwell on the calumnies devised by the envious to prejudice the mind of the empress still further against me, and I shall therefore turn to a different subject. Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees; for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards till you come to the smallest, which to my sight were almost invisible: but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk.

Their tallest trees are about seven feet high, — I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans, —

Inimitable, Incomparable:

nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians, —

صبح لضمص شجلق للطل جكس

nor from up to down, like the Chinese, —

算	天
才	風
功	律
史	子

but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence; or if

persuaded to revoke her determination, and Swift thenceforth always spoke of her in terms of contempt.

* In a German critique on Gulliver's Travels, this chapter has been rather severely censured, because the author has neglected to give any particulars of the Lilliputian climate and its effects; a source from which the review avers that many circumstances might have been deduced which would give an additional plausibility to the narrative. It must be observed, however, in Swift's justification, that this neglect of observing climate and its peculiarities is common to all the early narratives of voyagers, and also that for the purposes of his satire it was necessary to identify the Lilliputian climate with that of England.

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that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he received by order and ran away with, and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, further than the common answer that different nations had different customs; for I confess I was heartily ashamed.*

Although we call rewards and punishments the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes; two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show that she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend, his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on ropes, or badges of favor and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.*

* An act of Parliament has since been passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital. — *Orig.*

* The author alludes to the prostitution of hon-

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Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus; that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of their passions; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle; for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself nor intended so by the parents, on the child's behalf.* Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and laborers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honor, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together, in smaller or greater numbers, to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts are managed proportionably after the same manner, only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex, but always in the presence of a professor or deputy till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the

ors and the lavish distribution of titles in the reign of James I.

* Sir Walter Scott is of opinion that this idea is borrowed from Cyrano Bergerac's Voyage to the Moon, where he finds a people with whom it was the rule that parents should obey their children. It has been a favorite with modern humorists.

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young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness; neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without the tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort the children are instructed in all kinds of work proper for their sex and their several degrees; those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept until eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, beside their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child, and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and laborers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals, for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get, which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders, all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields

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to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired "that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness," as he was pleased to call it, "of dining with me." They came, accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high-treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff, and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but ate more than usual, in honor to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor "the low condition of his treasury, that he was forced to take up money at a great discount, that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent below par, that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle), and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me." *

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer on my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court; and I still appeal to my servants round whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for if there were six horses, the postilion always unharnessed four), and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents; and I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have spent many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make the best of it), Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned,* to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honor to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an

* Sir Robert Walpole was often reproached with false economy, — no uncommon topic of railing against the Whigs. The parsimonious disposition of George I. has been already noticed.

* The Dean probably alludes to the inquiries made into Bolingbroke's intrigues by the committee of 1715, and particularly that which he was suspected of having formed with Madame Tencin. There are few passages in this work which can compete for grave and quiet humor with Gulliver's earnest defence of the lady's character.

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accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favorite.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR, BEING INFORMED OF A DESIGN TO ACCUSE HIM OF HIGH TREASON, MAKES HIS ESCAPE TO BLEFUSCU. — HIS RECEPTION THERE.

An account of my leaving this kingdom may properly be prefaced by some particulars of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me. I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed, I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me: —

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high admiral) has been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded: —

"Out of gratitude for the favors you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles;* wherein I venture my head for your service.

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT

AGAINST

QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

ART. I.

Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whosoever shall make

* These articles are designed to ridicule the articles of impeachment against Oxford, Ormond, and Bolingbroke, in 1715.

There are many who believed that, in consequence of the numerous victories obtained by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene it would have been possible for the Allies to have marched to Paris and compelled Louis XIV. to purchase peace by the sacrifice of a large portion of his dominion. Swift so far yields to popular prejudice as not to contest the possibility of such an exploit (here typified by the complete conquest of Blefuscu); he takes the higher ground of national justice, and insinuates that if the Allies had violated the integrity of France, they would have been guilty of the very crime which furnished a pretext for their inveterate hostility to Louis XIV. The frivolous and vexatious character of some of the articles of Gulliver's impeachment is scarcely an exaggeration of the trivial nature of many of the charges brought against Queen Anne's last cabinet by the Walpole administration.

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water within the precincts of the royal palace shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under color of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, etc., against the duty, etc.

ART. II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy; he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against this most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.*

ART. III.

That whereas certain ambassdors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court; he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants of a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

ART. IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal license from his imperial majesty, and, under color of the said license, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavoring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honorable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both of your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous pro-

* A lawyer thinks himself honest if he does the best he can for his client; and a statesman, if he promotes the interests of his country: but the Dean here inculcates a higher notion of right and wrong and obligations to a larger community. — *Hawkesworth.*

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ceedings of those who have the honor to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.*

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in a fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reason to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster and grew sooner fat; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.*

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. † And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you will grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cartloads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus by the great friendship of the secretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting, except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon

* The pretended merciful counsel of Reldresal, who proposed a commutation of punishment which, however, was worse than death, appears to be a satire on those Whigs who proposed that the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, instead of being impeached for high treason and thus brought in peril of life, should only be accused of high misdemeanors, which would justify their being deprived of title and estate, and sentenced to civil death.

* There is something so odious in whatever is wrong, that even those whom it does not subject to punishment endeavor to color it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unsuccessful, and only betrays a consciousness of deformity by showing a desire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to dispense with the strict letter of the law to put Gulliver to death, though by the strict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the statute not being to suffer the palace rather to be burnt than so to be extinguished. — *Hawkesworth.*

† This appears to be directed against the partial pardon which was granted to Lord Bolingbroke. George I. could never be persuaded to restore him to his rights as a peer, though Bolingbroke bribed the Duchess of Kendal to use her powerful intercession, and actually induced her to place his memorial in the king's own hand.

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your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favorite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom;* nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things that I could not discover the lenity and favor of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision in so critical a juncture and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance: for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favors I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.*

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment.† But, hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's license to pay my attendance

* Sir Walter Scott supposes that a sarcasm is intended here against the royal proclamations issued after the rebellion of 1715, but Swift more probably alludes to the king's speech at the opening of Parliament, October 11, 1722, wherein he informed both Houses of the conspiracy to restore the Pretender, in which Atterbury was involved.

* Gulliver's defence of himself for escaping to Blefuscu is a covert apology for Bolingbroke's flight to France in 1715; a circumstance which was frequently quoted as decisive proof of his guilt, and censured as an act of imprudence by many who believed in his innocence. The Dean insinuates that it was, like that of Gulliver, rendered necessary by the malice of the ministers of the day; and it must be confessed that the mode in which the articles of impeachment were urged forward gave too much reason to believe that Bolingbroke's death was predetermined by his accusers.

† This bitter stroke of irony is directed against the acts of Parliament by which Ormond, Bolingbroke, and the Bishop of Rochester were attainted. Swift gave rather a perilous proof of his belief in the innocence of the Duke of Ormond, when, after that nobleman's attainder, the heralds from the Irish College of Arms went to remove his escutcheon from St. Patrick's Cathedral, Swift refused them admittance, and persevered in keeping the duke's coat-of-arms in its ancient place of honor.

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upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me." I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty, "that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince"; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince, nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet. *

* The author probably alludes to the severe hardships endured by many of the Jacobite exiles in France.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUTHOR, BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT, FINDS MEANS TO LEAVE BLEFUSCU; AND, AFTER SOME DIFFICULTIES, RETURNS SAFE TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide, and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the forepart of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labor to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favoring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men with ropes and engines I

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made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor "that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart"; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard * of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was despatched with a copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu "the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no further than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor." The envoy further added "that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor." †

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, "that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance."

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved nevermore to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favorable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him that, "since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs." Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered by a certain accident that he was very glad of my resolution and so were most of his ministers. *

* "I did very much wonder not to have heard," etc. This sentence is ungrammatical; it should have been, "I did very much wonder, in all this time, at not having heard of any express," etc. — *Sheridan.*

† This embassy from Lilliput is designed to satirize the frequent remonstrances made to the French court by the English ministers in consequence of the protection granted to the Jacobites.

* This irony is directed against the jealousy with which Bolingbroke, during his exile, was regarded by the French ministers. His restless spirit of intrigue rendered him scarcely less formidable at Versailles than he had been at St. James's. During his exile Bolingbroke entered into the Pretender's service, but soon quarrelled with his master, and was formally attainted at the mock-court of St. James's. It was a singular fortune to be secretary to and attainted by both governments. Swift has invariably eulogized Bolingbroke as a pure patriot; but he was far from deserving that character. "His life," says a recent writer, "was chiefly spent in retirement, and although not highly exemplary of practical wisdom, he was looked up to with oracular veneration by contemporary wits and politicians. He was a fine speaker and highly accomplished man; of great energy and decision of character; but unscrupulous, and lacked the integrity of principle and singleness of purpose which inspire confidence and lead to unquestioned excellence. He was am-

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These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country and propagate the breed; and to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honor "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail, on the 24th day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and, when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at southeast, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the northwest. I advanced forward and cast anchor on the lee side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and, heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the northeast of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the southeast; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent* had disturbed

bitious, envious of superiority, resentful, lax in morals, a partisan in politics, and an infidel in religion.

* "I had underwent" is not English; it should have been "I had undergone," for "I had underwent."

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my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep: I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a grazing on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary; neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.*

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land near Epping of about thirty pounds a year, and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married and has children) was then at her needlework. I took leave of my wife and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

* This is a passing sarcasm on the numerous acts of Parliament for encouraging the woollen manufactures, and the various schemes proposed in Swift's time for improving the growth and fineness of wool. There is probably no other subject on which greater blunders have been made in commercial legislation than the English woollen trade, nor any which more clearly shows the futility of protecting duties and direct encouragement from Parliament. Swift provoked the indignation of the party in power, by protesting earnestly against the commercial jealousy which annihilated the woollen manufactures of Ireland, under pretence of their interfering with the staple manufacture of England; but wool was the favorite hobby of his day, and projects for extending the trade formed no small part of the bubbles of 1720.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

AN ODE.

By Titty Tit, Esq.
POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF LILLIPUT.

Translated into English.

In amaze,
Lost, I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise!
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse inspire
All thy fire.
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propped the skies:
See, and believe your eyes.

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods,
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake;

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Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops take heed.
Left and right,
Speed your flight,
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turned aside,
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound;
From his nose
Clouds he blows;
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats;
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand,
So shall I,
Lofty poet, touch the sky.

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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.*

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT STORM DESCRIED; THE LONG-BOAT SENT TO FETCH WATER, THE AUTHOR GOES WITH IT TO DISCOVER THE COUNTRY. — HE IS LEFT ON SHORE, IS SEIZED BY ONE OF THE NATIVES, AND CARRIED TO A FARMER'S HOUSE. — HIS RECEPTION, WITH SEVERAL ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED THERE. — A DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS.

AN active and restless life having been assigned me by nature and fortune; in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but, having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning

* The existence of giants as a distinct race, superior in strength and stature to the rest of mankind, was long maintained as an article of faith, not merely by the ignorant and vulgar, but by men of learning. According to the Rabbins, Adam was not only the first but the largest of mankind: they affirm that when he was created his stature was so great that his head reached the heavens. This so annoyed the angels that they remonstrated with the Creator, upon which God placed his hand on Adam's head and he instantly shrank into one thousand cubits. When the Garden of Eden was disjoined from the rest of the world, after the Fall, by the interposition of the ocean, they assert that Adam waded through the depths to his new habitation, and that Eve accompanied him without fear of drowning, which she might well do, if, as the Mohammedan doctors tell us, when her head lay on a hill near Mecca her knees rested on two others in the plain, more than two bow-shots asunder.

Not only Jewish but Christian writers have maintained that a gigantic antediluvian race was produced by the intercourse between "the sons of God" and "the daughters of men." (Gen. vi. 5.) And they aver that these giants were destroyed by the universal deluge. Hence the Douay version renders Job xxvi. 5: "Behold the giants groan under the waters, and they that dwell with them. Hell is naked before them, and there is no cover for perdition." To this sublime version the following comment is added: "Giants were not able to wade in Noah's flood, but were drowned with the rest." The Rabbins, however, make an exception in favor of Og, king of Basan, compared to whom, according to their legends, all other giants were mere Lilliputians. The waters of the deluge, they say, only reached to his knees, and he was alive at the time of Exodus, when God destroyed him by the hand of Moses. For Og, perceiving the advance of the Israelites, whose army covered a space of nine miles, cut a stone out of a mountain, so wide that it would have covered the whole army, and he put it on his head that he might throw it upon them. But God sent a lapwing which pecked a hole through the stone, so that it slipped over Og's head and hung around his neck like a necklace. The weight bore him to the ground on his face, and in this condition he was attacked by Moses. Moses was ten cubits in stature, and he took a spear ten cubits long and threw it ten cubits high, and yet it only reached Og's heels. Moses, however, succeeded in slaying him; and when he was dead his body lay for a whole year, reaching as far as the river Nile in Egypt.

The feats of the giants who warred against the gods are sufficiently known, and they may be

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of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together; during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2d of May, at which time the wind ceased and it was a perfect calm; whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened on the day following; for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow,* we took in our spritsail, and stood by to hand the foresail; but, making foul weather, we looked that the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the foresail and set him, and hauled aft the foresheet; the helm was hard-a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the topmast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship

passed over as purely mythological. But grave historians have recorded that Scandinavia was originally inhabited by giants, one of whom, according to Olaus Magnus, was an eminent poet, and, unlike the rest of the tuneful brotherhood, wrote against indulgence in love and wine. Britain, if we may trust Grafton's Chronicle, was similarly tenanted: "Brute with his companie after his first landing in the island at Totnesse, searched and travailed throughout all the land, and found the same to be marvellous ryche and plentifull of wood and pasture, and garnished with most goodly and pleasant ryvers and stremes; and as he passed he was encountered in sundry places with a great number of mightie and strong gyants, which at that time did inhabite the same."

A belief in the existence of whole nations of giants is only now beginning to fade away before the gradual progress of geographical discovery. The ancients supposed that giants possessed the interior of Africa. In the time of Purchas (A. D. 1614) the Indians of Virginia were supposed to belong to the race of Anak, for he gives the following account of a Virginian tribe, on the authority of Alexander Whitaker, an early traveller in these regions: "The Sasquesahanockes are a giantly people, strange in proportion, behavior, and attire, their voice sounding from them as out of a cave, their attire of bears' skins hanged with bears' paws, the head of a wolf, and such like jewels; and (if any would have a spoone to eat with the divele) their tobacco-pipes were three quarters of a yard long, carved at the great end with a bird, beare, or other device, sufficient to beat out the braines of a horse, (and how many asses' braines are beat out, or rather men's braines smoked out and asses' braines haled in, by our lesse pipes at home!) the rest of their furniture was suitable. The calf of one of their legges was measured three quarters of a yard about, the rest of his limbs proportionable." The exaggerated accounts of the Patagonians published by Magellan and Le Maire had not been refuted in Swift's time; so late as 1764 Commodore Byron declared that their stature filled him with astonishment. Hence Brobdingnag, considered merely as a fiction, did not seem so extravagant in the early part of the eighteenth as it does in the nineteenth century.

Lucian in his True History, and Bishop Godwin in his whimsical account of Domingo Gonsales's journey to the moon, have introduced gigantic races into their fictions. It is very probable that Swift took his first hint of the Brobdingnaggians from the latter, for, like the Bishop, he associates mildness and gentleness with enormous stature. "Many of the lunarians," says the author of the World in the Moon, "live wonderful long, even beyond belief, affirming to me that some survived thirty thousand moons, which is above a thousand years; and this is generally noted, that the taller people are of stature the more excellent are their endowments of mind and the longer time they live; for their stature is very different, great numbers not much exceeding ours, who seldom live above a thousand moons, which is fourscore of our years. These they account base, unworthy creatures, but one degree above brute beasts, and employ them in mean and servile offices, calling them bastards, counterfeits, or changelings. Those whom they account true natural lunars, or moon-men, exceed ours generally thirty times, both in quantity of body and length of life, proportionable to the quality of the day in both worlds, theirs containing almost thirty of our days."

* This is a parody upon the account of storms and naval manœuvres frequent in old voyages, and is merely an assemblage of sea terms put together at random.

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to. Then we set the mizen, maintopsail, and the foretopsail. Our course was east-northeast, the wind was at southwest. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie. During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-southwest, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men, well armed, in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men, therefore, wandered on the shore to find some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek, and the sea being full in my view I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you come to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him, with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be, for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for

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the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world, where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded forever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly, philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?*

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping hook. And, therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small, dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in; for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides, letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who

* The satire in the account of the Voyage to Lilliput is for the most part personal, but in the account of Brobdingnag the satire is general, and directed against institutions rather than individuals. There are, however, a few sarcastic hits in the account given of the court of Brobdingnag which bore hard on the statesmen of the day. — *Percy, Bishop of Dromore, MS.*

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was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer, having (as I suppose, by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hair aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, "Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?" He then placed me softly on the ground on all fours, but I immediately got up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, and then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and, opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being at great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and waving it

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over my head gave three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled a European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favorite cat leaped into her lap.

I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off, and though my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist; but all in vain; so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and color. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying-glass; where we find, by experiment, that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse and ill-colored.*

I remember when I was at Lilliput the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon the subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said "he could discover great holes in my skin; that

* The bitterness of Swift's satire stops at nothing, certainly not at any ordinary barrier of courtesy. The two women who loved him, and to whose friendship he owed the purest emotions of pleasure his stormy life was blessed with, were no arguments in his mind why he should not vent his sarcastic spleen against the ladies of the court, who, from the queen down, were nearly all his enemies, and lost no occasion of showing it.

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the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colors, altogether disagreeable"; although I must beg leave to say for myself that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me "one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose"; nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his laborers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked,* and found myself alone in a vast room between two and three hundred feet wide and about two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. The very impossibility made me long to get down. I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen, where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to draw the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding. I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars,* which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling, vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his

* This ought to have been "awoke," the preterit of the verb neuter, not "awaked," the preterit of the verb active. — *Sheridan.*

* The seeming inconsequence and at times almost tediousness of the details of Gulliver's daily life, which at first are apt to tire the reader, become, when one is thoroughly interested in the development of the author's idea, the most admirable elements of his work. It is the wonderful truthfulness to probabilities, the *vraisemblance*, of these absurd adventures, that insensibly wins upon our admiration. A master in every style of English, Swift chose for the ordinary vehicle of his thought the commonest and simplest language; with all the compass of his imagination, he preferred the real to the imaginative. This ridiculously true fiction was, indeed, written for purposes of satire upon human nature and society; but it is not needful to suppose a subtle meaning to lurk under every detail, and the general reader can enjoy the fable without constantly stopping to consult the commentator.

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thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance; however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAPTER II.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER. — THE AUTHOR CARRIED TO A MARKET-TOWN AND THEN TO THE METROPOLIS. — THE PARTICULARS OF HIS JOURNEY.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language; when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *manikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse, and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honorable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighborhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it also imitated in all its actions, seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving when I observed my master and his friend whisper-

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ing long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honor, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighboring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were* but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Albans. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said *they were welcome*, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in.* My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky

* The subjunctive mood is improperly used here; it should have been the indicative, "though it was," instead of "though it were."—*Sheridan.*

* The passion for shows and sight-seeing was never at a greater height in England than during the reign of George I.; and the wags of the day derived great amusement from practising on the credulity of the people. Immense crowds assembled to see a man creep into a quart bottle, and when they discovered that they had been deceived, were near destroying the house in their rage. Swift's works contain several amusing parodies of the puffing placards in which these exhibitions were announced.

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GULLIVER ON EXHIBITION.

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school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighboring gentlemen from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I was not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having, therefore, provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles' distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR SENT FOR TO COURT. — THE QUEEN BUYS HIM OF HIS MASTER, THE FARMER, AND PRESENTS HIM TO THE KING. — HE DISPUTES WITH HIS MAJESTY'S

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GREAT SCHOLARS. — AN APARTMENT AT COURT PROVIDED FOR THE AUTHOR. — HE IS IN HIGH FAVOR WITH THE QUEEN. — HE STANDS UP FOR THE HONOR OF HIS OWN COUNTRY. — HIS QUARRELS WITH THE QUEEN'S DWARF.

LABORS such as I underwent every day made, in a few weeks, a very considerable change in my health; the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behavior, and good sense. Her majesty and those who attended her were beyond measure delighted with my demeanor. I fell on my knees, and begged the honor of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked "whether I would be content to live at court." I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered "that I was my master's slave; but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master "whether he was willing to sell me at a good price." He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favor that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and when the farmer was gone out of the apartment asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty "that I owed no other obligation to my late master than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his fields, which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have go so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill treated, under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation, so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, "how

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long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck?*" for such it seems he took me to be as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humor, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words, and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in the weekly waiting, according to the custom of that country. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness or climbing of trees or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects; which they offered, by many learned arguments,* to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favorite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum scalclath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ;* a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavored in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself and to find sustenance as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson."† The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was

* By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of Providence in the creation and government of the world; whose cavils are specious, like those of the Brobdingnagian sages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed. — *Hawksworth.*

† This satire is levelled against all who reject those facts for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported. — *Hawksworth.*

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not yet gone out of town.* Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bedchamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my direction, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square and twelve high, with sash windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bedchamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England.† I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty ate, just at her elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelvepenny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that, every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their Sabbath)

* Sir Walter Scott thinks that Swift has designedly introduced some traits of William III.'s character in the sketch of the king of Brobdingnag; but if anything more than the ideal of a patriot monarch is designed, it is probable that the Dean had an eye to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., from whom the Tories had formed favorable anticipations.

† Swift's frequent references to proportions, both here and in the Voyage to Lilliput, give an air of probability to his story which none of his imitators have been able to attain.

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the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favorite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe, wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me whether I was a Whig or Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed, "how contemptible a thing was human grandeur which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; and yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor; they contrive little nests and burrows that they call houses and cities; they make a figure and dress in equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray." And thus he continued on, while my color came and went several times with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.*

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no.† For after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off that, if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birthday clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting and bowing and prating, — to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed

* These boasts, which have been the commonplaces of party during the last two centuries, are rendered supremely ridiculous by their contrast with the speech of the king of Brobdingnag.

† "Whether I was injured or no." This vulgar and ungrammatical mode of expression has become almost universal; but instead of "no" the particle "not" should be used. The absurdity of the former will appear by only repeating the word to which it refers, and annexing to it, as thus, — "whether I were injured, or no injured," whereas, "whether I were injured, or *not* injured," is good grammar. — *Sheridan.*

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above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favor; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again on the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this; the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose larger optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe; upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY DESCRIBED. — A PROPOSAL FOR CORRECTING MODERN MAPS. — THE KING'S PALACE, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE METROPOLIS. — THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF TRAVELLING. — THE CHIEF TEMPLE DESCRIBED.

JOURNEYS with Glumdalclitch having given me some knowledge of the country, I

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now intend to give the reader a short description of it, as far as I travelled, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there stayed till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth; whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts by joining this vast tract of land to the northwest parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the northeast by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops; neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom; and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world.* But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish: for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles), and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times, barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster Hall, but not altogether so high; how-

* This description of a sea that could not be safely navigated appears to have been taken from that veracious traveller, Sir J. Mandeville. "From the land of Bactry men go many days' journey to the land of Prester John, that is a great emperor of Inde; and men call his land the yle of Pantoxore. . . . . There are many places in the sea where are many rockes of a stone that is called adamand, the which of his own kinde draweth all manner of yron, and therefore there may be no ships that hath yron nayles pass but it draweth them to him, and therefore they dare not go into that country with ships for fear of adamand. I went once into that sea, and saw along as it had been a great yle of trees, stockes, and branches growinge, and the shipman told me that those were of greate shippes that abode there through the vertue of the adamandes, and of things that were in the shippes, whereof those trees sprung and waxed."

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ever, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach and gave me the most horrible spectacle that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five wool-packs; and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of a European louse through a microscope, — and their snouts, with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling; because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave, trusty servant, in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favor than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock, hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table neatly screwed to the floor to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And, having been long used to sea voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly, one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength; for the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length.* Glumdal-

* Had Swift seen the colossal statuary of ancient Egypt he would have found that it rivalled the imaginary sculpture of Brobdingnag. Belzoni has

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clitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is, indeed, a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St. Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose, after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme, and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom), and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.*

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables; they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days he is attended, for state, by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which, indeed, I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

given the exact dimensions of the four stupendous figures which are seated side by side in front of the excavated temple of Ipsambul; each of them, though seated, measures sixty-four feet from the ground to the top of the cap: the arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, measures fifteen feet and a half, the ear three feet and a half, and the chest, across the shoulders, twenty-five feet four inches. Yet the great Sphinx is half as large again as these. Among the Egyptian antiquities there is a colossal fist, probably belonging to a sphinx; were the hand opened, the finger would be nearly of the size of that which Glumdalclitch is said to have picked up.

* Lord Orrery has directed attention to the air of probability which Swift's minute attention to proportions and his reference to familiar objects, as a standard, give to his account of Lilliput. The same tact is not less observable in the account of Brobdingnag, and particularly in the comparison of the royal kitchen with the cupola of St. Paul's; perhaps, also, Swift intended to hint that St. Paul's, however splendid as an edifice, does not, like the Gothic cathedrals, immediately suggest that it was erected for religious purposes.

CHAPTER V.

SEVERAL ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED TO THE AUTHOR. — THE EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL. — THE AUTHOR SHOWS HIS SKILL IN NAVIGATION.

JUSTLY may I say that I should have lived happy enough in the country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground, and when I was down the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is that at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near

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eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious * to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did, but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who, by this time, had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking along and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and, seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honor often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me.* With this I was much disgusted,

* The particle "as" is here improperly omitted; it should be so curious "as" to weigh, etc. — *Sheridan.*

* Swift attributed his disappointment in his hopes of obtaining a bishopric from Queen Anne to the united influence of female intrigues and the remonstrances of Archbishop Sharpe. The Duchess of Somerset is said to have besought the queen on

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because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantages of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect, but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honor (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of sensitiveness, for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put their clothes on in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bosoms, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust; their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously colored, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing further concerning the rest of their persons.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted, and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed on a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal * for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, "If I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in." The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten

her knees not to grant him promotion, in revenge for a bitter lampoon, in which the character of the duchess was very roughly handled. Coarse as is the description here given of the maids of honor in the court of Brobdingnag, it contains, in earlier editions of "Gulliver's Travels," passages still more offensive than those here preserved, and there is reason to believe that even in its worst printed version it had been much softened down from the original sketch.

Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard in the character of Gulliver, says: "The zeal you have shown for truth [in answering objections to the "Travels"] calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me by reconciling me to the maids of honor, whom they say I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. I will venture to affirm that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt." He had neither admiration nor respect for the maids of honor; no doubt they deserved the censure which he implies in the text, though no wonder they took it in dudgeon.

* It should be, "was not equal to it." etc. — *Sheridan.*

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days, finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial: where I could not manage my two skulls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep: which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet, upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless * to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a

* It should be, "was so careless *as* to let."—*Sheridan.*

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GULLIVER'S BOAT FANNED BY THE LADIES.

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young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favors, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me "what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw, how I liked the victuals he gave me, his manner of feeding, and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach." He desired to know "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country." I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in." This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavor to do himself honor among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behavior very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common-sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her

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governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling-box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cowdung in the path, and I must need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle, up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home, where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court, so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVERAL CONTRIVANCES OF THE AUTHOR TO PLEASE THE KING AND QUEEN. — HE SHOWS HIS SKILL IN MUSIC. — THE KING INQUIRES INTO THE STATE OF ENGLAND, WHICH THE AUTHOR RELATES TO HIM. — THE KING'S OBSERVATIONS THEREON.

JOINED as I was to the court, I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold, for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth that it was almost useless; neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats: through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as, indeed, they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonorable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on the table to hear them; but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window curtains, after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head that I

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would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labor, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sidelong upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent; and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor, consequently, play the bass and treble together, as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box and set upon the table in his closet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box and sit down within three yards' distance, upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty "that the contempt he discovered toward Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English Parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers,— persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valor, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honor has been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their life and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.*

* The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, so strenuously maintained by many eminent English divines, rendered the Church an object

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That the other part of the Parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valor and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honor of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked, "What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords; whether the humor of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be the motives in those advancements?* What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, af-

of suspicion to the several Whig cabinets, and ministerial patronage was exerted to weaken the political influence of the Church by promoting persons not likely to maintain the claims of ecclesiastical power. Not only Swift, but many others, complained that the Church was betrayed by the state, and that the secular power was directly exerted to overthrow Episcopal authority. Bishop Warburton, in one of his letters, urges this complaint with his usual force, vulgarity, and mannerism; the passage is also remarkable for a Brobdingnagian image worthy of Swift himself. "You mention Noah's ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared it to the Church, as many a grave divine has done before me. The rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather he was more than half boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious cavalier mounted on his hackney, and see if it does not bring before you the Church bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion."

The former comparison of the Church to the ark, which Warburton's correspondent appears to have noticed, is not less characteristic. "The Church, like the ark of Noah, is worth saving; not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamor in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without."

* A bill for the Limitation of the Peerage was passed by the House of Lords in 1719; but, after a long debate, was rejected by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. On this occasion the Tories joined with that section of the Whigs which recognized Walpole as a leader. Swift unconsciously has adopted a portion of the reasoning of his great enemy.

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ter they were admitted into that assembly?" *

He then desired to know, "What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighborhood? How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere?" † And he desired to know "Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry?" He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

* Swift very frequently assailed the Irish bench of bishops, asserting that they were ignorant of the creed of their own church; in one of these attacks on the Episcopal body he says:—

"Of whom there are not four at most
Who know there is an Holy Ghost:
And when they boast they have conferred it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And when they gave it, 't is well known,
They gave what never was their own."

In another political squib we find the following bitter lines:—

"Let prelates by their good behavior
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell, what they so dearly bought,
This country nor their own, for naught."

The Bishop of Kilkenny was particularly obnoxious to the Dean, and bears the brunt of Swift's fierce attack on the Irish bench for proposing to divide the church livings.

"Old Latimer, preaching, did fairly describe
A bishop, who ruled all the rest of his tribe:
And who is this bishop? and where did he dwell?
Why, truly, 't is Satan, Archbishop of Hell:
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his Grim Grace for a pound to a penny
You 'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious:
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Had got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there incog.
To give them by turns an invisible jog."

† Considerable excitement was produced by Sir John Cope having charged Sir Francis Page, one of the barons of the Exchequer, with endeavoring to corrupt the borough of Banbury, in order to secure the return of Sir William Codrington at the next election. The charge was heard at the bar of the House of Commons, and though the ministers of the day exerted all their influence to shield the judge, he was acquitted by a majority of four only, the numbers being 128 to 124. A bill for securing the freedom of elections was, about the same time, rejected by the House of Lords, through the influence of the ministers, who had failed to strangle it in the Commons. This afforded the Tories an opportunity of representing themselves as the friends, and the Whigs as the enemies, of constitutional liberty, which they were too wise to neglect. During the debate in the Commons Mr. Hutcheson, member for Hastings, used the following language, which seems to have suggested the king of Brobdingnag's queries to Swift: "But what in God's name can all this tend to? What other construction can any man in common sense put upon all these things, but that there seems to have been a grand design of violence and oppression, first to humble you and make your necks pliable to the yoke, and then to finish the work by tempting the poverty and necessities of the people to sell themselves into the most abject and detestable slavery, for that very money which had been either unnecessarily raised or mercilessly and unjustly plundered and torn from their very bowels? And thus you may be in a fair way of being beaten by your own weapons. Nor can I imagine what inducement men have who run from borough to borough and purchase their elections at such extravagant rates, unless it be from a strong expectation of being well paid for their votes, and of receiving ample recompense and reward for the secret service they have covenanted to perform here. . . . . It were very much to be wished that gentlemen of estates and families in the country would heartily unite in this particular, of keeping the elections in the several counties among themselves; that they would resolve inviolably to support each other's interests against the encroachments and corrupt applications of strangers, let them come from what quarter they will. If this were done, it would in a great measure put an end to those dangerous and infamous practices that are now on foot, and we might hope once more to see this House filled with gentlemen of free and independent fortunes, such as would be above making their court anywhere at the expense of their country, and would despise all manner of slavish concessions to men in power."

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Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked "What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And particularly whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?"*

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said "he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations.* But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me "Who were our creditors; and where we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbors, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings!" He asked "What business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said, "if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?"†

* In the session of 1720 Sir William Thompson, solicitor-general, charged Mr Lechmere, attorney-general, with breach of his oath, trust, and duty as a privy councillor, saying that he acted as counsel and received sums of money for his advice in matters to him referred by the privy council as attorney-general. The charge was investigated by a committee of the whole House; it appeared that Mr. Lechmere had taken nothing but his usual fees as chamber counsellor, and the accusation was declared by the House to be false, scandalous, and malicious. The lawyers of Swift's day were for the most part Whigs, and strongly attached to the Protestant succession; they were on this account particularly odious to the Jacobites, and, when individual satire failed, bitter attacks were made on the entire legal profession. It must, however, be added, that the Whig lawyers were too ready to extend the dangerous principle of constructive treason, and far too ardent in their prosecutions for libel. Swift was particularly hostile to lawyers on account of the vexatious prosecutions undertaken against the printers and publishers of the Drapier's Letters, and he never omits an opportunity of venting his indignation.

* The National Debt was first incurred by the Whig administrations in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, when the ordinary revenue was found inadequate to the expenses of the great wars against France. It was a favorite topic of declamation with their Tory opponents, and was not the least efficacious in depriving the Whigs of their popularity. In 1722 the Tories proposed the following resolution in the Lords: "That the lessening the public debt annually by all proper methods is necessary to the restoring and securing the public credit." The previous question was carried; upon which a spirited protest was entered on the Journals, and copies of it industriously circulated through the country.

† One of the most memorable debates in the reign of George I. was on the grant for maintaining a standing army of sixteen thousand men. Mr. Shippen and Mr. Jeffries resisted the proposal with great energy, and the former used such severity of

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He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics." He said "he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials." *

He observed "that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming; he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take from them the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received,† to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others?"

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and, stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valor, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation and the answers I have with much pains wringed * and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

language that he was committed to the Tower. The Tories, both on this question and on the Debt, had a decided advantage in argument over their adversaries, especially as they could appeal to a parliamentary resolution in the reign of Charles II., which declared, "That the continuance of standing forces in this nation, other than the militia, is illegal, and a great grievance and vexation to the people." Mr. Shippen, in his speech, perplexed the Whigs by referring to their own recorded principles. "It is," said he, "every year declared in the Act of Mutiny and Desertion, that the keeping up a standing army in time of peace is against law; and as the freeing us from it was one of the ends of the Revolution, so, no doubt, the preserving us forever from an attempt of the like nature was one of those innumerable glorious advantages proposed by the Act of Succession."

* It is not easy to reconcile these intolerant sentiments with the opinions on toleration already noticed in the Voyage to Lilliput. There was at this time reason to fear that the Presbyterians would obtain the ascendancy in the Irish Parliament, and abolish Episcopacy; hence probably arises Swift's bitterness against sectaries, which is very strongly manifested here and in his celebrated Letter on the Sacramental Test.

† Receiving a loss is certainly not a good expression; it should be, "the losses they have sustained." — *Sheridan.*

* Instead of "wringed," it should have been "wrung." — *Sheridan.*

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CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR'S LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY. — HE MAKES A PROPOSAL OF MUCH ADVANTAGE TO THE KING, WHICH IS REJECTED. — THE KING'S GREAT IGNORANCE IN POLITICS. — THE LEARNING OF THAT COUNTRY VERY IMPERFECT AND CONFINED. — THE LAWS AND MILITARY AFFAIRS, AND PARTIES IN THE STATE.

Love of truth could alone have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given; but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favorable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian; I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavor in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations; the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favor, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up into the air together with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground; sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together by a chain would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favor and protection."

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of these terrible engines and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I" (these were his expressions) "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner as to appear wholly

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unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more." *

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning; endowed with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people.† Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of the English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common-sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes, with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." * The learning of this people is very defective; consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation; and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind, but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long,

* It is scarcely necessary to expose the fallacious reasoning of this passage; everybody knows that wars have been far less sanguinary since the invention of gunpowder than they were before, and that every improvement in the arts of destruction has been followed by a saving of human life. Swift, however, knew that the glories of Marlborough's campaigns were the chief source of the popularity of the Whigs, and, as he could not deny the military merits of these victories, he hoped to weaken their influence by declaiming against wars in general.

† It was more than hinted by the Tories that the House of Brunswick intended to make use of the standing army to subvert British liberty. Mr. Shippen, in the speech to which allusion has been already made, said "that the second paragraph of the king's speech seemed rather to be calculated for the meridian of Germany than Great Britain; and that the king was a stranger to our language and constitution." It was for these expressions that he was committed to the Tower.

* The Tories were always anxious to identify themselves with the agricultural interest, to which Swift consequently loses no opportunity of paying a compliment.

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whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long; it was indeed a movable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and, turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and, in the largest folios, not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history or morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bedchamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave, elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small, abortive births in comparison of those in ancient times." He said "it was very reasonable to think not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common, dwindled race of men in our days." He argued "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident, — of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse; if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen, after the manner of Venice, by ballot? I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field, near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier mounted on a large steed might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse upon a word of command draw their swords at once and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so

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astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject, — the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition, and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING AND QUEEN MAKE A PROGRESS TO THE FRONTIERS. — THE AUTHOR ATTENDS THEM. — THE MANNER IN WHICH HE LEAVES THE COUNTRY VERY PARTICULARLY RELATED. — HE RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

JUNCTURES of perilous circumstances from which I had already escaped inspired me with a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders "that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and, with all its crew and passengers, brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud." He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed; but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary-birds, and perhaps in time sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favorite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in the country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling-box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued; I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page, whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the

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sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful, melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of my box for the convenience of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the cord of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enable him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board. In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the cord of my box in his beak), and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara;* after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved, and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death; nor could anything have preserved the windows but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavored to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a

* This cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vast lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and it is said to have been heard fifteen leagues. — *Hawkesworth.*

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miserable death of cold and hunger? I was for four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window; and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor, and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be anybody below, let them speak." I answered, "I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in." The voice replied "I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out." I answered "that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin."* Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pygmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost: a fine hammock, a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he

* There are several little incidents which show the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature, and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardor to be delivered: and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity by his zeal to preserve his furniture. — *Hawkesworth.*

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would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and, going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterward found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk outright. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, "that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked "whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me." To which he answered "that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size"; which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "how far he reckoned we might be from land." He said, "by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues." I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely "whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions; for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived." He added "that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behavior while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell

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my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest, worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candor and veracity. But, further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp-stings, like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honor's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard that when I returned to England I got it hollowed into a cup and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men who was afflicted with the toothache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said "he hoped, when were turned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper and making it public." My answer was "that I thought we were overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little besides common events without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals, or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound." However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said "he wondered at one thing very much, which was to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king and queen of that country were thick of hearing." I told him, "it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the streets to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him, "I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most contemptible little creatures I had ever beheld." For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparisons gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said "that while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered "it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nutshell"; and so I went on describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions after the same manner. For, although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness as

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people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages"; and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven northeastward to the latitude of 44 degrees and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and, coasting New Holland, kept our course west-southwest, and then south-southwest, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight, but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.*

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to them to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of my servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants and one or two friends who were in the house as if they had been pygmies and I a giant. I told my wife "she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time I and my family and friends came to a right understanding; but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time I here conclude the Second Part of my unfortunate Voyages.

* This exquisitely simple incident will probably remind the reader of Campbell's description of Commodore Byron:—

"In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'T was his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock;
Scourged by the winds and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men,
Whose race unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of nature but the form;
Yet at thy call the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild and mermaids on the shore;
Till led by Hope o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend."

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PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

BY

H-J. BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

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INTRODUCTION.

HENRI-JACQUES BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE was born at Havre in 1737. Many anecdotes are related of his childhood, indicative of the youthful author, — of his strong love of nature, and his humanity to animals.

That "the child is father of the man" has been seldom more strongly illustrated. At eight years of age he took the greatest pleasure in the regular culture of his garden, and possibly then stored up some of the ideas which afterward appeared in the "Fraisier." His sympathy with all living things was extreme. In "Paul and Virginia" he praises, with evident satisfaction, their meal of milk and eggs, which had not cost any animal its life. It has been remarked, and possibly with truth, that every tenderly disposed heart, deeply imbued with a love of nature, is at times somewhat Brahminical. St. Pierre's certainly was.

When quite young he advanced with a clenched fist toward a carter who was ill-treating a horse. And when taken for the first time by his father to Rouen, having the towers of the cathedral pointed out to him, he exclaimed, "My God! how high they fly!" Every one present naturally laughed. Bernardin had only noticed the flight of some swallows who had built their nests there. He thus early revealed those instincts which afterward became the guidance of his life; the strength of which possibly occasioned his too great indifference to all monuments of art. The love of study and of solitude were also characteristics of his childhood. His temper is said to have been moody, impetuous, and intractable. Whether this faulty temper may not have been produced or rendered worse by mismanagement, cannot now be ascertained. It undoubtedly became afterward to St. Pierre a fruitful source of misfortune and of woe.

The reading of voyages was with him, even in childhood, almost a passion. At twelve years of age his whole soul was occupied by Robinson Crusoe and his island. His romantic love of adventure seeming to his parents to announce a predilection in favor of the sea, he was sent by them with one of his uncles to Martinique. But St. Pierre had not sufficiently practised the virtue of obedience to submit, as was necessary, to the discipline of a ship. He was afterward placed with the Jesuits at Caen, with whom he made immense progress in his studies. But it is to be feared he did not conform too well to the regulations of the college, for he conceived from that time the greatest detestation for places of public education. And this aversion he

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has frequently testified in his writings. While devoted to his books of travels, he in turn anticipated being a Jesuit, a missionary, or a martyr; but his family at length succeeded in establishing him at Rouen, where he completed his studies, with brilliant success, in 1757. He soon after obtained a commission as an engineer, with a salary of one hundred louis. In this capacity he was sent (1760) to Dusseldorf, under the command of Count St. Germain. This was a career in which he might have acquired both honor and fortune; but, most unhappily for St. Pierre, he looked upon the useful and necessary etiquettes of life as so many unworthy prejudices. Instead of conforming to them, he sought to trample on them. In addition, he evinced some disposition to rebel against his commander, and was unsocial with his equals. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that at this unfortunate period of his existence he made himself enemies; or that, notwithstanding his great talents, or the coolness he had exhibited in moments of danger, he should have been sent back to France. Unwelcome, under these circumstances, to his family, he was ill received by all.

A prize in the lottery had just doubled his very slender means of existence, when he obtained the appointment of geographical engineer, and was sent to Malta. The Knights of the Order were at this time expecting to be attacked by the Turks. Having already been in the service, it was singular that St. Pierre should have had the imprudence to sail without his commission. He thus subjected himself to a thousand disagreeable incidents, for the officers would not recognize him as one of themselves. The effects of their neglect on his mind were tremendous; his reason for a time seemed almost disturbed by the mortifications he suffered. After receiving an insufficient indemnity for the expenses of his voyage, St. Pierre returned to France, there to endure fresh misfortunes; and the pressure of poverty drove him to Holland. He was well received at Amsterdam by a French refugee named Mustel, who edited a popular journal there, and who procured him employment, with handsome remuneration. St. Pierre did not, however, remain long satisfied with this quiet mode of existence. Allured by the encouraging reception given by Catherine II. to foreigners, he set out for St. Petersburg. Here, until he obtained the protection of the Maréchal de Munich and the friendship of Duval, he had again to contend with poverty. The latter generously opened to him his purse, and by the Maréchal he was introduced to Villebois, the Grand Master of Artillery, and by him presented to the empress. The empress, with the rank of captain, bestowed on him a grant of fifteen hundred francs; but when General Dubosquet proposed to take him with him to examine the military position of Finland, his only anxiety seemed to be to return to France: still he went to Finland; and his own notes of his occupations and experiments on that expedition prove that he gave himself up in all diligence to considerations of attack and defence. He who loved nature so intently seems only to have seen in the extensive and majestic forests of the North a theatre of war. In this instance he appears to have stifled every emotion of admiration, and to have beheld alike cities and countries in his character of military surveyor.

On his return to St. Petersburg he found his protector, Villebois, disgraced. St. Pierre then resolved on espousing the cause of the Poles. He went into Poland

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with a high reputation, — that of having refused the favors of despotism to aid the cause of liberty. But it was his private life, rather than his public career, that was affected by his residence in Poland, and, owing to a sorrowful love affair with the Princess Mary, he left Poland for Germany.

In 1766 he returned to Havre; but his relations were by this time dead or dispersed, and after six years of exile he found himself once more in his own country, without employment, and destitute of pecuniary resources.

The Baron de Breteuil at length obtained for him a commission as engineer to the Isle of France, whence he returned in 1771. In this interval his heart and imagination doubtless received the germs of his immortal works. Many of the events, indeed, of the "Voyage à l'Ile de France" are to be found, modified by imagined circumstances, in "Paul and Virginia." He returned to Paris poor in purse, but rich in observations and mental resources, and resolved to devote himself to literature. By the Baron de Breteuil he was recommended to D'Alembert, who procured a publisher for his "Voyage," and also introduced him to Mlle. de l'Espinasse. But no one, in spite of his great beauty, was so ill calculated to shine or please in society as St. Pierre. His manners were timid and embarrassed, and, unless to those with whom he was very intimate, he scarcely appeared intelligent.

St. Pierre, in his "Préambule de l'Arcadie," has pathetically and eloquently described the deplorable state of his health and feelings, after frequent humiliating disputes and disappointments had driven him from society; or rather when, like Rousseau, he was "self-banished" from it.

"I was struck," he says, "with an extraordinary malady. Streams of fire, like lightning, flashed before my eyes; every object appeared to me double, or in motion; like Œdipus, I saw two suns. . . . . In the finest day of summer I could not cross the Seine in a boat without experiencing intolerable anxiety. If, in a public garden, I merely passed by a piece of water, I suffered from spasms and a feeling of horror. I could not cross a garden in which many people were collected; if they looked at me, I immediately imagined they were speaking ill of me." It was during this state of suffering that he devoted himself with ardor to collecting and making use of materials for that work which was to give glory to his name.

St. Pierre asked Rousseau, in one of their frequent rambles, if, in delineating St. Preux, he had not intended to represent himself. "No," replied Rousseau; "St. Preux is not what I have been, but what I wished to be." St. Pierre would most likely have given the same answer, had a similar question been put to him with regard to the Colonel in "Paul and Virginia." This, at least, appears the sort of old age he loved to contemplate and wished to realize.

For six years he worked at his "Études," and with some difficulty found a publisher for them. M. Didot, a celebrated typographer, whose daughter St. Pierre afterward married, consented to print a manuscript which had been declined by many others. He was well rewarded for the undertaking. The success of the "Études de la Nature" surpassed the most sanguine expectation, even of the author. Four years after its publication St. Pierre gave to the world "Paul and Virginia," which had for some time been lying in his portfolio. He had tried its effect, in manuscript,

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on persons of different characters and pursuits. They had given it no applause, but all had shed tears at its perusal; and perhaps few works of a decidedly romantic character have ever been so generally read or so much approved. Among the great names whose admiration of it is on record, may be mentioned Napoleon and Humboldt.

He continued writing and publishing successfully, and in 1792, about thirteen days before the celebrated 10th of August, Louis XVI. appointed St. Pierre superintendent of the "Jardin des Plantes." Soon afterward the king, on seeing him, complimented him on his writings, and told him he was happy to have found a worthy successor to Buffon.

Although deficient in exact knowledge of the sciences, and knowing little of the world, St. Pierre was, by his simplicity and the retirement in which he lived, well suited at that epoch to the situation. About this time, and when in his fifty-seventh year, he married Mlle. Didot.

In 1795 he became a member of the French Academy. On the suppression of his place, he retired to Essonne. It is delightful to follow him there, and to contemplate his quiet existence. His days flowed on peaceably, occupied in the publication of "Les Harmonies de la Nature," the republication of his earlier works, and the composition of some lesser pieces. He enjoyed in his old age a degree of opulence which, as much as glory, had perhaps been the object of his ambition. In any case, it is gratifying to reflect that, after a life so full of chance and change, he was, in his latter years, surrounded by much that should accompany old age. His day of storms and tempests was closed by an evening of repose and beauty.

Amid many other blessings, the elasticity of his mind was preserved to the last. He died at Eragny sur l'Oise, on the 21st of January, 1814.

St. Pierre's merit as an author has been too long and too universally acknowledged to make it needful that it should be dwelt on here. A careful review of the circumstances of his career induces the belief that his writings grew (so to speak) out of his life. In his most imaginative passages, to whatever height his fancy soared, the starting-point seems ever from a fact. The past appears to have been always spread out before him when he wrote, like a beautiful landscape, on which his eye rested with complacency, and from which his mind transferred and idealized some objects without a servile imitation of any. When at Berlin he had had it in his power to marry Virginia Tanbenheim; and in Russia Mlle. de la Tour, the niece of General Dubosquet, would have accepted his hand. He was too poor to marry either. A grateful recollection caused him to bestow the names of the two on his most beloved creation. Paul was the name of a friar with whom he had associated in his childhood, and whose life he wished to imitate. How little had the owners of these names anticipated that they were to become the baptismal appellations of half a generation in France, and to be re-echoed through the world to the end of time!

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE attempted a great object in this little work. I have undertaken to describe a soil and vegetation differing from those of Europe. Long enough have our poets placed their lovers on the banks of streams, in meadows, and under the foliage of the beech. I have desired to locate mine on the shore of the sea, at the foot of cliffs, in the shade of cocoanut trees, bananas, and citrons in bloom. Nothing is needed in the other quarter of the globe but a Theocritus or a Virgil, that we may have scenes at least as interesting as those of our own land. I know that travellers of taste have given us enchanting descriptions of many isles of the South Sea; but the customs of their inhabitants, and particularly those of the Europeans who settle there, often mar the landscape. It has been my aim to unite the beauty of nature in the tropics with the moral beauty of a small domestic circle. I have also designed to bear testimony to a number of great truths, among others the following: that our happiness consists in living according to nature and virtue. Nevertheless, it has not been necessary for me to compose a romance in order to describe happy families. I can state with truth that those of which I am about to speak had an actual existence, and that this narrative is in most respects true. It was related to me as such by many inhabitants of the Isle of France. I have added nothing to it except certain unimportant circumstances, which, however, being within my own experience, are in this respect also real. When, some years since, I drew up a very imperfect sketch of this pastoral, I requested a fair dame, who moved in high life, and grave men who were far removed from it, to listen to the reading of this tale, that I might gain some previous idea of the way in which it might affect readers of such different character. I had the satisfaction of beholding them all shed tears. This was the only criticism I could draw from them, and, indeed, it was all I desired. But as great imperfection accompanies small talents, this success inspired me with the vanity of giving to my work the title of "A Picture of Nature." Happily, I recollected how little known to me was nature in the clime even where I was born; how, in the countries whose productions I had seen only as a traveller, nature is rich, varied, lovely, magnificent, and mysterious; and how much I was lacking in the perception, taste, and expression needful in understanding and describing her. Thus I returned to my senses. I have consequently included this feeble essay under the title and in the sequel of my "Studies of Nature"; in order that this title, recalling my incapacity, should be a perpetual reminder of the weakness to which I had yielded.

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THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

THIS little work is only an episode of my "Studies of Nature," and is the application of her laws to the happiness of two unfortunate families. It was published in 1786, and its reception at its birth surpassed my expectations: it gave rise to romances, idyls, and numerous dramatic pieces. Many mothers gave to their children the names of Paul and Virginia; finally, the reputation of this pastoral spread throughout Europe, and it was successively translated into English, Italian, German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and Spanish. Doubtless for this unanimous success among nations so differing in opinion, I am indebted to the women, who, in every land, recall men by all means in their power to the laws of nature. They gave me a sufficient proof of this from the circumstance that the greater part of these translations were made by ladies, both married and single. I have been delighted, I confess, at seeing my adopted children rehabited in foreign garb by virgin or maternal hands, to which they are unquestionably beholden for a fame that seems destined to be transmitted to posterity.

Many individuals have questioned me regarding the subject of this work. They say to me, "Did the old man really relate this narrative to you? Have you seen the places which you describe? Did Virginia perish in such a melancholy manner? How can a maiden resolve to give up her life rather than disrobe herself?"

I have answered: "Man resembles a child. Give a rose to a child; at first he enjoys it, but soon he desires to analyze it. He examines the leaves, then he pulls them one from another; and when he at last comprehends the whole, he no longer has a rose. Telemachus, Clarissa, and so many other characters who lead us to virtue or cause us to weep, — are they real?"

At heart, I am convinced that these persons made the inquiries rather from sympathy than from curiosity. They were sorry that two such tender and happy lovers should meet with such a terrible end.

Would to God that I could have been at liberty to mark out for virtue an uninterrupted career of happiness on earth! But, I repeat it, I have described real places, customs (examples of which may, perhaps, still be found in some retired spots of the Isle of France or of the neighboring Isle of Bourbon), and an actual catastrophe for which I can produce unimpeachable witnesses, even in Paris.

One day, being at the Jardin du Roi, a lady of very prepossessing figure, accom-

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panied by her husband, having learned from M. Jean Thonin, keeper of the garden, that I was the author of "Paul and Virginia," accosted me, in order to say to me: "Ah, sir, what a terrible night you have caused me to pass! I ceased not sighing and shedding tears. The person whose mournful fate you have described with so much truth, in the wreck of the *Saint Géran*, was a relation of mine. I am a Creole of Bourbon." Afterwards I learned from M. Jean Thonin that this lady was the wife of M. de Bonneud, first *valet-de-chambre* to Monsieur. Since then this lady has been perfectly willing that I should here publish her testimony to the truth of this catastrophe, concerning which she has related to me circumstances adapted to add much to the interest inspired by the death of this sublime victim to modesty, as well as by that of her unfortunate lover.

Other persons having intimated to me a desire that I should give a somewhat detailed account of the life of M. de la Bourdonnais, my relations with his family have placed me in a position to gratify them.

His chief virtue was humanity. The institutions which he founded at the Isle of France are proofs of this. In fact, I have seen at that island, where I served as royal engineer, not only the batteries and redoubts which he placed in suitable locations, but storehouses and hospitals very well organized. To him especially is owing an aqueduct more than three quarters of a league in length, by which he conducted the water of a small stream to Port Louis, where, before his day, there was no drinkable water. Whatever I saw in that island that was most useful and was best executed was done by him.

His military talents were not inferior to his virtues and his administrative ability. Appointed governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon, with nine vessels he beat the squadron of Admiral Peyton, who was cruising on the Coromandel coast with a far superior force. After this victory he immediately laid siege to Madras, being able to land a total force of only eighteen hundred men, whites as well as blacks. After capturing this emporium of English commerce in India, he returned to France. A division had arisen between him and M. Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry. Directly after arriving in his native land, he was accused of employing the spoils of his conquest for his own profit, and was, in consequence, thrown into the Bastile, without further investigation. The chief witness to this offence was a mere soldier. This man testified, under oath, that after the capture of Madras, being on guard on one of the bastions of the place, he saw some boats, at night, transporting some boxes and bales to the ship of M. de la Bourdonnais. This calumny was maintained at Paris by the support of a multitude of envious men who had never been to the Indies, but who were such as, in any country, are ever ready to ruin the glory of others. The unfortunate captor of Madras maintained that it was impossible to see the alleged transportation from the bastion mentioned by the soldier, even if it had occurred. But it was necessary to prove this; and, according to the tyranny then exercised towards prisoners of state, he had been deprived of every means of defence. But he obtained these by very simple methods, which will give an idea of the resources of his genius. He quickly made a knife-blade with a sou-piece, sharpened on the pavement, and cut with it boxwood twigs, which probably had been

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distributed to the prisoners at Easter. With these he made a compass and a pen. White handkerchiefs, dipped in rice water and dried in the sun, served him for paper. He made ink out of water and burnt straw. He needed, above all, colors to trace the plan and the map of the environs of Madras; yellow he procured from coffee, and green from coppers covered with verdigris, and boiled. I obtained all these details from his affectionate daughter, who still preserves with reverence these memorials of the genius which restored her father to liberty. Thus, furnished with knife, compass, rule, pen, paper, ink, and colors of his own invention, he drew, from memory, the plan of the place he had captured, wrote his defence, and demonstrated that his accuser was a perjured witness, who, from the bastion where he was stationed, could not have seen either the flag-ship or even the fleet. M. de la Bourdonnais secretly conveyed these means for his defence to the lawyer who served as his counsel; who, in turn, carried them to the judges. It was like a ray of light to them. In consequence, they bade him emerge from the Bastile, after three years of imprisonment. He languished three years longer after his liberation, overwhelmed with sorrow at seeing all his fortune dissipated, and at having reaped nothing from such important services, except calumny and persecution. He was, without doubt, more affected by the ingratitude of the government than by the triumphant jealousies of his enemies. They could never crush his open-heartedness and courage, even in prison. Amid the large number of accusers who came thither to depose against him, a director of the India Company thought to put an unanswerable question, by asking him how he could have conducted his own affairs so well, and the affairs of the company so badly. "It is," replied La Bourdonnais to him, "because I have managed my own affairs according to my own judgment, and those of the company according to their instructions."

Bernard-François Mahé de la Bourdonnais was born at St. Malo in 1699, and died in 1754, at about fifty-five years of age. O you who are occupied with benefiting mankind, look not for your recompense during lifetime! Posterity alone can render you justice.

This is what finally happened to the conqueror of Madras, and the founder of the colony of the Isle of France. Joseph Dupleix, the rival of his glory and fortune in India, and the most cruel of his persecutors, died a short time after him, having, by a just reaction of Providence, experienced a similar fate during the last years of his life. The government awarded the widow of M. de la Bourdonnais a pension of twenty-four hundred livres, and honored the memory of this illustrious man with its regrets; and at length, his worthy daughter now informs me, the inhabitants of the Isle of France, of their own accord, have granted her a pension, in memory of the benefits which they received from her father.

I trust that none of my readers will think it ill that I have permitted this slight digression from my subject, in order to render my homage to the virtues of a great and unfortunate man, as well as to those of his worthy daughter and of a grateful colony.

I am old; my voyage is already far advanced. But if Providence, which has guided my feeble bark in the midst of so many storms, delays my arrival at port for

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some years longer, I shall employ them in the collection of other studies. The tardy blossoms of my spring yet promise some fruit for my autumn. If the rays of a tempestuous dawn gave bloom to the first, the fires of a peaceful sunset will ripen the last. I have delineated the transitory happiness of two children, reared in the bosom of nature by unfortunate mothers. I shall attempt to describe the lasting welfare of a people restored to her eternal laws by revolutions.

Let us derive hope from our past sorrows of bliss to come. It is only by revolutions that the Divine intelligence itself develops its plans, and carries them out from perfection to perfection.

Nature has not enclosed within the little acorn the sturdy oak covered by spreading foliage. She has only deposited there the fragile germ of its first elements. But she commands the waters of heaven and earth to nourish it, the rocks to receive its sunken roots in their sides, the tempests to strengthen these by their shocks, the sun to fertilize them, the seasons to clothe the gnarled branches one after the other with verdure, flowers, and fruit, and the years to strengthen the tree with new circles, to raise it above the forests, and to make it a lasting landmark for beasts and for man.

The same is the case with our globe; it did not spring from her hands such as we behold it now. Nature ordained the cycles to revolve it through the heavens, and to develop it during unknown periods. She then established it in a region of darkness and winter, buried in a vast ocean of glaciers, like a babe in the amnios of its mother's womb. Soon its centre and its poles were magnetized by diverse attractions, and by the sun which appeared in the east. Its waters, heated at that quarter of the equator, arose in the atmosphere in dense fogs, expanded by the heat; the winds conveyed them through the air, and the still frozen poles attracted and stationed them in new glacial oceans at the extremities of its axis, which they preserved in equilibrium by their variable counterbalance. The world having become lighter at length on its eastern side, the western side, still immovable with frost and more ponderous, was elevated towards the sun which attracted it. Then the globe, by balancing its poles, turned on itself within the circuit of the year around the luminary which had given it motion and life. Soon, on the surface of the fluid oceans, which had been half exhausted by the atmospheric and glacial seas which had flowed from them, appeared the granite peaks of the isles and continents, like the first bones of the world's frame.

Little by little the marine waters, impregnated with light and salt, reared around themselves their alluvia, and transformed them into vast beds of calcareous rock, as the atmospheric water is changed into wood in vegetation, and the sap of vegetation into the flesh and blood of animals. Thus the rocks were formed in the region of storms, — those bones and nerves of the earth to which vast groups of mountains would be joined like muscles, which would sustain the weight of the continents. Their cavernous foundations, still lacking firmness, on coming to the light were established by earthquakes, and by these appalling convulsions clouds of smoke rose to the surface of the sea and foretold the first volcanoes, whose fires were destined to purify it.

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Other upheavals prepared other organizations. The globe overweighted at the poles by two unequal glacial oceans, presented them alternately towards the sun, and alternately vast currents proceeded from them, each of which, for six months, ploughed through both hemispheres. The northern stream clove the outline of that immense strait where the waters of the Atlantic are enclosed like a river, and flow, twice each day, between the Old and the New World. The current of the south, on the other hand, descending from a single glacier, situated in the bosom of the vast ocean of that hemisphere, and preserving an equilibrium with the great part of the opposite continents, washed their shores once each day with its diverging waves at the same time and from the same region that the sun covered the pole with its rays. The half-frozen torrents which rushed down, then divided the coasts of the Old World into numerous archipelagoes, vast bays, and long promontories.

The globe is a celestial bark, spherical, without either prow or stern, fitted, in every sense, to glide throughout the expanse of the heavens. The sun is its magnet and its heart; the ocean is the blood whose circulation gives it motion. The day-star causes the systole and diastole, the flux and reflux, by its presence and its absence, by day and night, by summer and winter, by the flowing seas and the glaciers. The poles change with the cycles, according to the varying weight of the glacial oceans. Time was when what is now in our meridian was at our equator; when our torrid zone was projected into our temperate and frigid zones, and these again into our torrid zone; when winter reigned over other lands, and when the frozen seas escaped from its empire by other channels. Such is the condition of all the planets. Their spheres, inclined towards the sun in different directions, are, in the hands of Providence, like those musical cylinders whose axes it is sufficient to elevate or depress a few degrees, in order entirely to change the character of their harmony.

Doubtless it was not until Nature had caused the globe to pass, if I may so express myself, through the successive periods of infancy, adolescence, and puberty, that she created in turn vegetation, animals, and men, as she causes a tree, after a certain period of years, to produce leaves, blossoms, and fruit. But it was in the epoch when the globe scarcely reared fragments of its continents above the surface of the sea, that the torrents of the frozen poles and of the loftiest mountains hollowed out in their descent the many amphitheatres which the sun would illumine with various aspects in the same latitudes. They excavated those deep and extensive valleys where, in our day, rove innumerable flocks. They sloped the aerial summits of the rocks which are the charm of our landscapes, whose beauty was enhanced by the atmospheric storms which wafted through the air the first seeds of the forests that grow on the inaccessible heights.

It was the ocean which, from age to age, exhausting its waters by innumerable productions, raised the summits of the primeval islands by lowering its own level, and, by causing its shores to retire, placed them in the bosom of continents. It is their primeval pyramids which, at various heights, surmount the mountain chains. Some are clothed with verdure; others are naked as on the day of their birth; others, perpetually encircled with snow and ice, resemble the poles; while others still belch

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forth thick whirlwinds of sulphurous, bituminous flames, and appear to have their foundations on a level with the seas which feed them. The peaks of Teneriffe and Etna blend this double empire, and from the wombs of frost and fire scatter afar abundance and fertility. All these aerial pyramids, the greater part of which tower above the middle region of the air, have for their bases the marine bodies which encircled their first cradle. All, at the present day, attract the vapors and storms of the atmosphere. Sometimes they are concealed as with a veil and disappear from view, or they uncover their brows or the blanks of their obelisks. If at that time the sun smites them with his rays, he colors them with gold and purple, and scatters over their floating robes the hues of the rainbow. They seem, in the bosom of the thunder-gust, like beneficent deities. The ridges which support them likewise become breasts which diffuse fertilizing rains in every direction; the profound caverns of their sides are the urns whence rivers are poured to enrich the country down to the shores of old ocean, their sire, and invite navigators to land on the shores of which they were a terror in their aboriginal days.

Every century decreases the empire of the boisterous ocean and increases that of the peaceful land. Look at our hills alone which surround our valleys; they bear on their salient outlines the prints of the alluvions made by the rivers which erewhile filled all the interval between them. Even the soil of the valleys with its horizontal strata, as also the fluvial fossil shells everywhere scattered through it, bear testimony that it was deposited by water. But cast your eyes over the most elevated regions of our hemisphere; ancient Scandinavia, once divided from Norway and the Continent by roaring straits which connected the Arctic Ocean with the Baltic, has ceased to be an island; I have myself trod the bed of their granite basins. The Baltic Sea, which I have sailed, falls an inch every forty years; similar sinkings may be observed in the waters of the southern hemisphere. New Holland, whose sloping mountains rise above the clouds, extends its sandy shores above the waves in our day; already in the bosom of her briny marshes she shows us flourishing colonies of Europeans, once the scourge of their country; in every sea, multitudes of growing islands and half-submerged rocks are elevating their black brows, crowned with sea-weed, kelp, and varec, above the weltering waves. By their brown and purple tints, their confused and hoarse murmurs, and the sheets of foam boiling around them, one might say that old Tritons were having a furious contest with young Nereids. The day will come when these rocks, the dread of mariners, will furnish shelter to shepherds; after many storms, the strait which separates England and France will be changed into fields. After interminable wars, the English and the French will see their interests united in like manner with their territory.

So will it be with the human race. God has destined it to enjoy his bounties the world over. He has made of it a small creation wherein are included all the desires and necessities of sensible beings. He has formed it like the individual man, whom he causes to pass through infancy surrounded by the night of ignorance and prejudice, but attracts his head with the light of reason, and his heart with the instincts of virtue, whereby he may govern his passions and be guided towards the divine faculties, even as the globe which he inhabits is conducted around the sun.

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He ordained that as in the individual, so in nations, these celestial gifts should not be developed except by experience, either personal or derived from that of those similarly constituted. He even willed that the interests of the human race should be composed only in accordance with the interests of each individual. Thus, every people has had its imbecile infancy, its credulous childhood, and its uncurbed youth. Only read the histories of Europe; you will see it inhabited in turn by Gauls, Greeks, Romans, Cimbri, Goths, Visigoths, Vandals, Alans, Franks, Normans, &c., who one after the other exterminated each other and ravaged the land like waves of an invading sea. The history of every one of these people presents naught but an uninterrupted succession of wars, as if man only came into the world to destroy his fellow-creatures. These olden times, so vaunted on account of their innocence and heroic virtues, were nothing but periods of errors and crimes, of which, happily for us, the greater part no longer exist. Ridiculous idolatry, magic, lots, oracles, the worship of demons, human sacrifices, cannibalism, chronic warfare, conflagrations, famines, slavery, polygamy, incest, mutilation, the rights of robbing the shipwrecked, the rights of aubaine, &c., at that time desolated our unhappy lands, although in our day consigned to the inhospitable shores of Africa or the gloomy forests of America. So has it been also with many bodily diseases as common as those of the soul, such as innumerable pestilences, leprosy, witchcraft, or convulsions, &c. What shall be said of the religious fables which made crime illustrious, and hallowed absurd and criminal origins still revered in our day! What shall be said of heroes whom we are taught to admire at school, who were at heart nothing but rogues; the ferocious Achilles, the perfidious Ulysses, Agamemnon the parricide, the entire family of Atreus, and so many other violators of law, who claimed a pretended descent from gods and goddesses that were certainly transformed into brutes! It seems as if the moral as well as the physical world moved on other poles in former times. Nevertheless, benefactors of the human race arose during the lapse of ages. Hercules, Æsculapius, Orpheus, Linus, Confucius, Lockman, Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, &c., civilized the barbarian hordes by slow degrees. They committed to them the elements of concord, law, industry, and a more humane worship. They loom up in the past ages above their native races like inexhaustible sources of wisdom, light, and virtue, which from generation to generation have flowed even to our time, like streams descended from the aerial summits of distant mountains, which, during the centuries, have traversed rocks, marshes, and sands, to reach and fertilize our valleys and plains.

Already in the same lands where men were burned by the Druids they are now summoned by philosophers to be enlightened by the torch of reason. The muses of the North and the West, and especially the French muses, hover over Europe and harmonize their lyres, and blending with these their mellow voices enchain the souls of the inhabitants by their concert. It is they who in America have shattered the bonds of the dark children of Africa and cleared her forests by the hands of the free. From thence have been exported a multitude of luxuries, while cultivation and useful flocks, new plants, more humane inhabitants, and evangelical legislation have been imported from Europe. O virtuous Penn, divine Fénelon, eloquent Jean

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Jacques, your names, one day, shall be more revered than those of Lycurgus and Plato! Superstition no longer raises, with us, as in former time, temples to God on account of the dread of demons; philosophy has dispersed them. It displays the earth clothed with the bounties of the Deity, and the heavens clustered with his suns. What useful discoveries, what daring inventions, what humane institutions, unknown to antiquity, do we now possess! It is the virtues of great men which have caused the torch of truth to come down from heaven to earth; alas! often persecuted and fugitive, these virtues have not illuminated the earth until after long convulsions and numerous revolutions.

But the women have contributed more than the philosophers towards forming and reforming the nations. They have not grown pale, by night, composing long moral treatises, nor have they ascended the tribunes to thunder forth the laws. It was in their arms that they have taught men to relish the bliss of being, by turn in the round of life, happy infants, faithful lovers, constant husbands, and virtuous fathers. They laid the foundations of the first natural laws. The first founder of a human society was the mother of a family. In vain did a lawgiver, book in hand, declare, as from heaven, that nature is hateful even to her Author; they appeared with their charms, and the fanatic fell at their feet.

It was originally around them that roving man collected and settled. The geographers and historians have not divided them into castes and tribes. They have not made of them monarchical or democratic sections. Men are born Asiatics, Europeans, Frenchmen, Englishmen; they are agriculturists, traders, soldiers, but in every land women are born and live and die as women alone. They have duties, occupations, destinies, apart from the men, among whom they are distributed in order to remind them, above all, of their manhood, and to maintain, notwithstanding political laws, the fundamental laws of nature, like those winds that are adapted to the rays of the sun and to its absence, and vary the temperature of the countries which they enrich by heating or cooling it with their breath. They cannot be circumscribed within any chart, nor do they render allegiance to any sovereign. These winds belong only to the atmosphere. Thus woman belongs only to the human race. They constantly recall it to humanity by their natural feelings and even by their passions.

It is by this influence that they often preserve a people from its origin to its ultimate remnants. Behold those races which no longer maintain either altar, throne, or capital, such as the Guebres, Armenians, Jews, and Moors of Africa; they are tossed by ages and events from country to country; but their women still unite their individual members one to another by the manifold attractions of daughter, sister, spouse, and mother. They preserve their unity then by the same institutions which collected them. These wandering hordes resemble the ancient monuments of their empires, which lie overthrown, notwithstanding the iron clamps which bound them to their base. In vain do the waves of ocean beat the granite blocks; not a stone comes apart, so firm is the natural cement which caused its various atoms to cohere in the quarry.

But women not only unite men to each other by the ties of nature, but still more by social bonds. Filled with the most tender affections for them, they, by these,

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bring them into union with the Divinity, which is the source of these feelings. They are the first and the last apostles of every religious worship, with which they inspire men from earliest infancy. They adorn their whole career. Men are indebted to them for the invention of the first necessary arts, and for all that are æsthetic. Women invented bread, the pleasing drinks, clothing fabrics, spinning, cloths, &c. They first led to their feet the domestic animals, already timid because affrighted by masculine weapons, and tamed them by kindness. For the delight of man they composed blithesome songs and innocent dances; and by turn suggested poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture to those who desired to perpetuate woman by precious memorials. Then men learned to blend with their passions heroism and compassion. Thus far, in the midst of their cruel and endless warfare, men had only imagined dread-inspiring gods; a Jove hurling thunderbolts, a scowling Pluto, an ever-raging Neptune, a sanguinary Mars, a thieving Mercury, a Bacchus never sober; but at the sight of their women, chaste, mild, affectionate, and industrious, they conceived the idea of benevolent deities in heaven. Filled with gratitude towards the partners of their lives, men reared to them monuments more numerous and lasting than temples. Then, in all languages, they gave feminine names to whatever was most cherished and delightful on earth; to their respective countries, to the greater part of the rivers which irrigated them, to the most fragrant flowers, the most delicious fruits, and the most melodious birds.

But whatever in nature seemed to men to merit the most universal homage on account of superior beauty or utility received from them the appellations of goddesses; that is to say, of immortal women whose abode was in heaven, while their sway was on earth. Thus men represented the moon and stars, the night and morning, as female deities. The springs were thus awarded to Naiads, the azure waves of the sea to Nereids, the pastures to Pales, the forests to Dryads. Still larger provinces were given to goddesses of a higher rank: the atmosphere, with its majestic clouds, was presided over by Juno; the placid sea by Tethys; the earth and its mineral wealth, by Cybele; the deer by Diana; and the harvests by Ceres. The powers of the soul, the source of all pleasures, were personified in the same manner as those of nature. Men made of the virtues goddesses to strengthen them, graces to render them impressible, muses who inspired them, and wisdom, mother of all enterprise. Finally, men bestowed on the goddess who united in herself all the charms of womanhood the name of Venus, doubtless more expressive than that of any other deity. Her father was Saturn, or Time; her cradle was the ocean; the companions of her youth were frolics, laughter, and graces; her husband was the god of fire; her child was love, and her dominion was over all nature.

In fact every pleasing object has its beauty, that is to say, a portion of the ineffable beauty which begets love. Without question the most touching is sensibility, that spirit of the soul which animates all the faculties. By this it was that Venus subdued the invincible god of war.

O women, it is by your tenderness that you enchain the ambitions of men! Wherever you have enjoyed your natural rights you have abolished barbarous education, slavery, tortures, mutilations, the cross, the wheel, the scaffold, stoning, death

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by piecemeal, and all the cruel modes of execution of antiquity, which were much less the punishments decreed by justice than the vengeance of political vindictiveness. Everywhere you have been the first to honor the victims of tyranny with your tears, and to bring remorse on the tyrant. Your natural compassion has given you at the same time the instinct of perceiving innocence and comprehending genuine greatness. It is you who by your memories preserve and adorn the renown of magnanimous victors whose generous virtues have protected the feeble, especially those of your sex. Such were Cyrus, Alexander, and Charlemagne; without you they would be no more worthy our remembrance than Tamerlane, Bajazet, or Attila. But the blood of the nations subjugated by the former raises its dun clouds in vain around their colossal proportions; for by the memory of their good deeds you surround them with rays of gratitude which cause them to shine above our horizon with all the splendors of virtue.

You are the flowers of life. It is in your bosom that nature pours the generations, and the first affections which cause them to blow. You civilize the human race, and bring its peoples nearer to each other by marriage than is possible by diplomacy or treaties. You are the souls of their labor and commerce. It is in order to procure new pleasures for you that the maritime powers go to the Indies in search of the most choice and pleasing productions of the soil and the sun. Pliny states that already in his time this traffic was chiefly carried on for your sakes. You form a vast system all the world over whose sons communicate with each other in the past, the present, and the future, and mutually assist each other. With flowers you enchain this globe, for whose empire the cruel passions of men are at strife.

O women of France! it is for you that to-day the daughter of India imparts transparence to cotton stuffs and gloss to silken tissues. It is for you that the maidens of Athens devise those convenient and charming robes, so conducive to modesty and beauty that the wise Fénelon himself considered them preferable to all the gaudy and troublesome costumes of his age. Fashion has again clad you in the former, and they have added to your natural graces. Mothers and nurses of our infancy, what a power your charms add to your virtues! You are the arbiters of our opinions and of our moral system. You have improved our tastes, manners, and habits, by simplifying them. You are the native judges of whatever is modest, pleasing, good, just, and heroic. You spread the influence of your correct judgment throughout Europe, of which you have established the focus at Paris. Within its walls our soldiers are inspired with devotion in their country's defence, either in your presence or by holding you in memory, and within the same walls also, foreign warriors, who have borne unhappy arms against them, flock in crowds, during the too brief intervals of peace, to forget their resentments at your feet.

Our language owes its perspicuity, purity, elegance, and softness, and whatever it possesses that is pleasing and artless, to you. You have formed and inspired our greatest poets and most celebrated orators. In your circles you give patronage to the solitary writer who has had the happiness to please you and the misfortune of irritating jealous factions. Before your modest glances, at the soft tones of your voice, the impudent quibbler is disturbed, the fanatic realizes that he is human, and the

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atheist becomes conscious that there is a God. Your moving tears quench the torch of superstition, and your celestial smiles dissipate the cold arguments of materialism.

Thus, on the island shores, after the long winter, the queen of the Arctic seas, Mount Hecla, crowned with volcanic peaks, belches forth clouds of flames and smoke through the glacial pyramids which seem to threaten the skies; but when the globe, in the sign of the Gemini, begins to incline the north pole towards the sun, the airs of spring, which are born under the influence of the day-star, blend their tepid breath with his ardent rays. Then the sides of the mountain are heated; a subterranean warmth is diffused through the cupola of ice which caps it, and soon withdraws from it all support. Then these proud peaks are hurled into the seething craters, extinguish their fires, percolate through subterranean channels, and gush through the mountain's base in lofty columns of black boiling water. Its hollow foundations cave in on their supports, slide and plunge — enormous masses of rock — into the depths of ocean which they had threatened to invade. The appalling sound of their fall, the dull murmur of their torrents, the growling of the seals and white bears which inhabit them, are repeated from afar by the echoes of Horillax and Waigatz. The people dwelling on the Atlantic coasts look with dread on the fearful bergs which glide, overturned, along the shore. Driven by currents, in the grotesque shapes of temples and castles, these continue onward to cool the seas of the torrid zone, and to found rocks in the tepid waters which the next winter will never behold again.

Nevertheless, the mountain appears naked and hideous through the fogs of its melted snows and the smoke of its craters, the degraded slopes displaying its ancient bones. Then it is that the zephyrs, which spoiled it of its wintry mantle, also robe it anew in the garb of spring. They rush trooping from the temperate zones, bearing on their pinions the winged seeds of plants. They carpet its torn sides and deep gorges with mosses, grasses, and flowers. Land and aquatic fowls build their nests there. In a few years vast groves of cedars and birches spring from its extinguished craters. A renewed youth permeates it with all the genial influences of the sunlight during a day lasting for many months.

The mountain's beauty is even enhanced by the splendor of the long polar nights. When Winter, under cover of their shades, raises his throne there, spreads over it his ermine mantle and prepares new changes for the ocean, the moon wheels above and gives the mountain a portion of the rays of the sun which has forsaken it. The Aurora Borealis crowns it with flitting flames, and waves its luminous banners around it. At this celestial signal the reindeer seek milder climes; athwart the gleam of its wavering splendors they perceive Hecla surrounded by seas bristling with icebergs, and, bellowing, search out new pastures in its profound valleys. Thousands of swans circle around its summit in long spiral procession, and, rejoicing to descend upon this hospitable region, give vent in that upper air to cries unknown in our climes. The daughters of Ossian, listening, cease from their nightly hunt to repeat harmonious strains on their lyres, and soon new Pauls come to seek among them for new Virginias.

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PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ON the eastern coast of the mountain which rises above Port Louis in the Mauritius, upon a piece of land bearing the marks of former cultivation, are seen the ruins of two small cottages. Those ruins are situated near the centre of a valley, formed by immense rocks, and which opens only toward the north. On the left rises the mountain, called the Height of Discovery, whence the eye marks the distant sail when it first touches the verge of the horizon, and whence the signal is given when a vessel approaches the island. At the foot of this mountain stands the town of Port Louis. On the right is formed the road which stretches from Port Louis to the Shaddock Grove, where the church, bearing that name, lifts its head, surrounded by its avenues of bamboo, in the midst of a spacious plain; and the prospect terminates in a forest extending to the farthest bounds of the island. The front view presents the bay, denominated the Bay of the Tomb; a little on the right is seen the Cape of Misfortune; and beyond rolls the expanded ocean, on the surface of which appear a few uninhabited islands, and, among others, the Point of Endeavor, which resembles a bastion built upon the flood.

At the entrance of the valley which presents those various objects, the echoes of the mountain incessantly repeat the hollow murmurs of the winds that shake the neighboring forests, and the tumultuous dashing of the waves which break at a distance upon the cliffs; but near the ruined cottages all is calm and still, and the only objects which there meet the eye are rude, steep rocks that rise like a surrounding rampart. Large clumps of trees grow at their base, on their rifted sides, and even on their majestic tops, where the clouds seem to repose. The showers which their bold points attract often paint the vivid colors of the rainbow on their green and brown declivities, and swell the sources of the little river which flows at their feet, called the river of Fan-Palms.

Within this enclosure reigns the most profound silence. The waters, the air, all the elements are at peace. Scarcely does the echo repeat the whispers of the palm-trees spreading their broad leaves, the long points of which are gently agitated by the winds. A soft light illumines the bottom of this deep valley, on which the sun shines only at noon. But even at break of day the rays of light are thrown on the surrounding rocks; and their sharp peaks, rising above the shadows of the mountain, appear like tints of gold and purple gleaming upon the azure sky.

To this scene I loved to resort, where I could enjoy at once the richness of an unbounded landscape and the charm of uninterrupted solitude. One day, when I was seated at the foot of the cottages and contemplating their ruins, a man, advanced in years, passed near the spot. He was dressed in the ancient garb of the island, his feet were bare, and he leaned upon a staff of ebony: his hair was white, and the expression of his countenance was dignified and interesting. I bowed to him with respect; he returned the salutation, and, after looking at me with some earnestness, came and placed himself upon the hillock where I was seated. Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I thus addressed him:—

"Father, can you tell me to whom those

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cottages once belonged?" "My son," replied the old man, "those heaps of rubbish and that untilled land were, twenty years ago, the property of two families who then found happiness in this solitude. Their history is affecting; but what European, pursuing his way to the Indies, will pause one moment to interest himself in the fate of a few obscure individuals? What European can picture happiness to his imagination amidst poverty and neglect? The curiosity of mankind is only attracted by the history of the great, and yet from that knowledge little use can be derived." "Father," I rejoined, "from your manners and your observations I perceive that you have acquired much experience of human life. If you have leisure, relate to me, I beseech you, the history of the ancient inhabitants of this desert; and be assured that even the men who are most perverted by the prejudices of the world find a soothing pleasure in contemplating that happiness which belongs to simplicity and virtue." The old man, after a short silence, during which he leaned his face upon his hands, as if he were trying to recall the images of the past, thus began his narration: —

Monsieur de la Tour, a young man who was a native of Normandy, after having in vain solicited a commission in the French army, or some support from his own family, at length determined to seek his fortune in this island, where he arrived in 1726. He brought hither a young woman whom he loved tenderly, and by whom he was no less tenderly beloved. She belonged to a rich and ancient family of the same province; but he had married her without fortune, and in opposition to the will of her relations, who refused their consent because he was found guilty of being descended from parents who had no claims to nobility. Monsieur de la Tour, leaving his wife at Port Louis, embarked for Madagascar, in order to purchase a few slaves to assist him in forming a plantation in this island. He landed at Madagascar during that unhealthy season which commences about the middle of October, and soon after his arrival died of the pestilential fever, which prevails there six months of the year, and which will forever baffle the attempts of the European nations to form establishments on that fatal soil. His effects were seized upon by the rapacity of strangers, as so often happens to those who die away from their home, and his wife, who was pregnant, found herself a widow in a country where she had neither credit nor recommendation, and no earthly possession, or rather support, but one negro woman. Too delicate to solicit protection or relief from any man after the death of him whom alone she loved, misfortune armed her with courage, and she resolved to cultivate with her slave a little spot of ground, and procure for herself the means of subsistence.

In an island almost a desert, and where the ground was left to the choice of the settler, she avoided those spots which were most fertile and most favorable to commerce, and seeking some nook of the mountain, some secret asylum, where she might live solitary and unknown, she bent her way from the town toward these rocks, where she wished to shelter herself as in a nest. All sensitive and suffering creatures, from a sort of common instinct, fly for refuge amid their pains to haunts the most wild and desolate; as if rocks could form a rampart against misfortune, — as if the calm of Nature could hush the tumults of the soul. That Providence which lends its support when we ask but the supply of our necessary wants had a blessing in reserve for Madame de la Tour, which neither riches nor greatness can purchase; this blessing was a friend.

The spot to which Madame de la Tour fled had already been inhabited a year by a young woman of a lively, good-natured, and affectionate disposition. Margaret (for that was her name) was born in Brittany, of a family of peasants, by whom she was cherished and beloved, and with whom she might have passed life in simple rustic happiness, if, misled by the weakness of a tender heart, she had not listened to the passion of a gentleman in the neighborhood who promised her marriage. He soon abandoned her, and, adding inhumanity to seduction, refused to insure a provision for the child of which she was pregnant. Margaret then determined to leave forever her native village, and go, where her fault might be concealed, to some colony distant from that country where she had lost the only portion of a poor peasant girl, — her reputation. With

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some borrowed money she purchased an old negro slave, with whom she cultivated a little corner of this canton. Here Madame de la Tour, followed by her negro woman, found Margaret suckling her child. Soothed by the sight of a person in a situation somewhat similar to her own, Madame de la Tour related, in a few words, her past condition and her present wants. Margaret was deeply affected by the recital; and, more anxious to merit confidence than esteem, she confessed, without disguise, the errors of which she had been guilty. "As for me," said she, "I deserve my fate; but you, madame — you! at once virtuous and unhappy," — and, sobbing, she offered Madame de la Tour both her hut and her friendship. That lady, affected by this tender reception, pressed her in her arms, and exclaimed, "Ah, surely Heaven will put an end to my misfortunes, since it inspires you, to whom I am a stranger, with more goodness toward me than I have ever experienced from my own relations!"

I knew Margaret; and, although my habitation is a league and a half from hence, in the woods behind that sloping mountain, I considered myself as her neighbor. In the cities of Europe a street, even a simple wall, frequently prevents members of the same family from meeting for whole years; but in new colonies we consider those persons as neighbors from whom we are divided only by woods and mountains; and above all, at that period when this island had little intercourse with the Indies, neighborhood alone gave a claim to friendship, and hospitality toward strangers seemed less a duty than a pleasure. No sooner was I informed that Margaret had found a companion, than I hastened to her, in hope of being useful to my neighbor and her guest.

I found in Madame de la Tour a person interesting in appearance, showing at once dignity and dejection. She appeared to be in the last stage of her pregnancy. I told them that, for the future interests of their children, and to prevent the intrusion of any other settler, it would be well for them to divide the property of this wild sequestered valley, which is nearly twenty acres in extent. They confided that task to me, and I marked out two equal portions of land. One included the higher part of this enclosure, from the peak of that rock buried in clouds, whence springs the river of Fan-Palms, to that precipitous cleft which you see on the summit of the mountain, and which is called the Cannon's Mouth, from the resemblance in its form. It is difficult to find a path along this wild portion of enclosure, the soil of which is encumbered with fragments of rock, or worn into channels formed by torrents; yet it produces noble trees and innumerable springs and rivulets. The other portion of land comprised the plain extending along the banks of the river of Fan-Palms to the opening where we are now seated, whence the river takes its course between those two hills, until it falls into the sea. You may still trace the vestiges of some meadow-land; and this part of the common is less rugged, but not more valuable, than the other, since in the rainy season it becomes marshy, and in dry weather is so hard and unbending that it will yield only to the stroke of the hatchet. When I had thus divided the property, I persuaded my neighbors to draw lots for their respective possessions. The higher portion of land became the property of Madame de la Tour; the lower, of Margaret; and each seemed satisfied with her share. They entreated me to place their habitations together, that they might at all times enjoy the soothing intercourse of friendship and the consolation of mutual kind offices. Margaret's cottage was situated near the centre of the valley, and just on the boundary of her own plantation. Close to that spot I built another cottage for the dwelling of Madame de la Tour; and thus the two friends, while they possessed all the advantages of neighborhood, lived on their own property. I myself cut palisades from the mountain, and brought leaves of fan-palms from the seashore, in order to construct those two cottages, of which you can now discern neither the entrance nor the roof. Yet, alas! there still remain but too many traces for my remembrance! Time, which so rapidly destroys the proud monuments of empires, seems in this desert to spare those of friendship, as if to perpetuate my regrets to the last hour of my existence.

Scarcely was the second of these cottages finished, when Madame de la Tour was delivered of a girl. I had been the godfather of Margaret's child, who was christened by

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the name of Paul. Madame de la Tour desired me to perform the same office for her child also, together with her friend, who gave her the name of Virginia. "She will be virtuous," cried Margaret, "and she will be happy. I have only known misfortune by wandering from virtue."

At the time Madame de la Tour recovered, these two little territories had already begun to yield some produce, perhaps in a small degree owing to the care which I occasionally bestowed on their improvement, but far more to the indefatigable labors of the two slaves. Margaret's slave, who was called Domingo, was still healthy and robust, although advanced in years; he possessed some knowledge and a good natural understanding. He cultivated indiscriminately, on both settlements, such spots of ground as seemed to him most fertile, and sowed whatever grain he thought most congenial to each particular soil. Where the ground was poor he strewed maize; where it was most fruitful he planted wheat; and rice in such spots as were marshy. He threw the seeds of gourds and cucumbers at the foot of the rocks, which they loved to climb and decorate with their luxuriant foliage. In dry spots he cultivated the sweet potato; the cotton-tree flourished upon the heights, and the sugar-cane grew in the clayey soil. He reared some plants of coffee on the hills, where the grain, although small, is excellent. His plantain-trees, which spread their grateful shade on the banks of the river and encircled the cottage, yielded fruit throughout the year. And, lastly, Domingo cultivated a few plants of tobacco, to charm away his own cares. Sometimes he was employed in cutting wood for firing from the mountain, sometimes in hewing pieces of rock within the enclosure, in order to level the paths. He performed all these labors with intelligence and activity because he worked with zeal. He was much attached to Margaret, and not less to Madame de la Tour, whose negro woman, Mary, he had married at the time of Virginia's birth; and he was passionately fond of his wife. Mary was born at Madagascar, from whence she had brought a few arts of industry. She could weave baskets, and a sort of stuff, with long grass that grows in the woods. She was active, cleanly, and, above all, faithful. It was her care to prepare their meals, to rear the poultry, and go sometimes to Port Louis and sell the superfluous produce of these little plantations, which was not very considerable. If you add two goats, who were brought up with the children, and a great dog, who kept watch at night, you will have a complete idea of the household, as well as of the revenue, of these two little farms.

Madame de la Tour and her friend were employed from morning till evening in spinning cotton for the use of their families. Destitute of all those things which their own industry could not supply, at home they went barefoot; shoes were a convenience reserved for Sunday, when, at an early hour, they attended mass at the church of the Shaddock Grove, which you see yonder. The church was farther away than Port Louis; yet they seldom visited the town, lest they should be treated with contempt because they were dressed in the coarse blue linen of Bengal, which is usually worn by slaves. After all, is the world's esteem worth as much as domestic happiness? If they had something to suffer when away, they reentered their homes with all the more pleasure. No sooner did Mary and Domingo perceive them from this height, on the road of the Shaddock Grove, than they flew to the foot of the mountain, in order to help them to ascend. They discerned in the looks of their domestics the joy which their return excited. They found in their retreat neatness, independence, all the blessings which are the recompense of toil, and they received those services which spring from affection. United by the ties of similar wants and the sympathy of similar misfortunes, they gave each other the tender names of companion, friend, sister. They had but one will, one interest, one table. All their possessions were in common. And if sometimes a passion more ardent than friendship awakened in their hearts the pang of unavailing anguish, a pure religion, united with chaste manners, drew their affections toward another life: as the trembling flame rises toward heaven, when it no longer finds any aliment on earth.

The tender and sacred duties which Nature imposed became a source of additional happiness to those affectionate mothers, whose mutual friendship acquired new strength at

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the sight of their children, alike the offspring of unhappy love. They delighted in washing their infants together in the same bath, putting them to rest in the same cradle, and sometimes they nursed one another's babes. "My friend," cried Madame de la Tour, "we shall each of us have two children, and each of our children will have two mothers." As two buds which remain on two trees of the same kind, after the tempest has broken all their branches, produce more delicious fruit if each, separated from the maternal stem, be grafted on the neighboring tree, so those two children, deprived of all other relations, imbibed sentiments more tender than those of son and daughter, brother and sister, when thus exchanged at the breast of those who had given them birth.

While they were yet in their cradles, their mothers talked of their marriage; and this prospect of conjugal felicity with which they soothed their own cares often called forth the tears of bitter regret: one mother recalling how her troubles had arisen from having neglected marriage, the other how hers had sprung from having submitted to its laws; one had been made unhappy by attempting to raise herself above her condition, the other by descending from her rank. But they found consolation in reflecting that their more fortunate children, far from the cruel prejudices of Europe, would enjoy at once the pleasures of love and the blessings of equality.

Nothing could exceed the attachment which these infants already displayed for each other. If Paul complained, his mother pointed to Virginia, and at that sight he smiled and was appeased. If any accident befell Virginia, the cries of Paul gave notice of the disaster, and then the dear child would suppress her complaints when she found that Paul was unhappy. When I came hither, I usually found them quite naked, as is the custom of this country, tottering in their walk, and holding each other by the hands and under the arms, as we represent the constellation of the Twins. At night these infants often refused to be separated, and were found lying in the same cradle, their cheeks, their bosoms, pressed close together, their hands thrown round each other's neck, and sleeping locked in one another's arms.

When they began to speak, the first names they learned to give each other were those of brother and sister, and childhood knows no softer appellation. Their education served to increase their early friendship, by directing it to the supply of each other's wants. In a short time, all that regarded the household economy, the care of preparing the rural repasts, became the task of Virginia, whose labors were always crowned with the praises and kisses of her brother. As for Paul, always in motion, he dug the garden with Domingo, or followed him with a little hatchet into the woods; and if in his rambles he espied a beautiful flower, fine fruit, or a nest of birds, even at the top of a tree, he would climb up, and bring it home to his sister.

When you met one of these children, you might be sure the other was not far off. One day, as I was coming down that mountain, I saw Virginia at the end of the garden, running toward the house, with her petticoat thrown over her head in order to screen herself from a shower of rain. At a distance I thought she was alone; but as I hastened toward her, in order to help her on, I perceived that she held Paul by the arm, almost entirely enveloped in the same canopy, and both were laughing heartily at being sheltered together under an umbrella of their own invention. Those two charming faces placed within the swelling petticoat recalled to my mind the children of Leda enclosed within the same shell.

Their sole study was how to please and assist each other; for of all other things they were ignorant, and knew neither how to read nor write. They were never disturbed by inquiries about past times, nor did their curiosity extend beyond the bounds of their mountain. They believed the world ended at the shores of their own island, and all their ideas and affections were confined within its limits. Their mutual tenderness, and that of their mothers, employed all the activity of their souls. Their tears had never been called forth by tedious application to useless sciences. Their minds had never been wearied by lessons of morality, superfluous to bosoms unconscious of ill. They had never been taught not to steal, because everything with them was in common; or not to be intemperate, because their simple food was left to their own discretion; or not to lie, because they had no truth to conceal.

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Their young imaginations had never been terrified by the idea that God has punishments in store for ungrateful children, since with them filial affection arose naturally from maternal fondness. All they had been taught of religion was to love it; and if they did not offer up long prayers in the church, wherever they were, in the house, in the fields, in the woods, they raised toward heaven their innocent hands and their hearts purified by virtuous affections.

Thus passed their early childhood, like a beautiful dawn, the prelude of a bright day. Already they partook with their mothers the cares of the household. As soon as the crow of the cock announced the first beam of the morning, Virginia arose, and hastened to draw water from a neighboring spring; then returning to the house, she prepared the breakfast. When the rising sun lighted up the points of the rocks which overhang this enclosure, Margaret and her child went to the dwelling of Madame de la Tour, and offered up together their morning prayer. This sacrifice of thanksgiving always preceded their first repast, of which they often partook before the door of the cottage seated upon the grass, under a canopy of plantain; and while the branches of that delightful tree afforded a grateful shade, its solid fruit furnished food ready prepared by Nature; and its long glossy leaves, spread upon the table, supplied the want of linen.

Plentiful and wholesome nourishment gave early growth and vigor to the persons of these children, and their countenances expressed the purity and the peace of their souls. At twelve years of age the figure of Virginia was in some degree formed: a profusion of light hair shaded her face, to which her blue eyes and coral lips gave the most charming brilliancy. Her eyes sparkled with vivacity when she spoke; but when she was silent, her look had a cast upward, which gave it an expression of extreme sensibility, or rather of tender melancholy. Already the figure of Paul displayed the graces of manly beauty. He was taller than Virginia; his skin was of a darker tint; his nose more aquiline; and his black eyes would have been too piercing, if the long eyelashes, by which they were shaded, had not given them a look of softness. He was constantly in motion, except when his sister appeared, and then, placed at her side, he became quiet. Their meals often passed in silence, and, from the grace of their attitudes, the beautiful proportions of their figures, and their naked feet, you might have fancied you beheld an antique group of white marble, representing some of the children of Niobe, but for the glances of their eyes which were constantly seeking to meet, and their mutual soft and tender smiles which gave rather the idea of those happy celestial spirits, whose nature is love, and who are not obliged to have recourse to words for the expression of their feelings. In the mean time Madame de la Tour, perceiving every day some unfolding grace, some new beauty, in her daughter, felt her maternal anxiety increase with her tenderness. She often said to me, "If I should die, what will become of Virginia without fortune?"

Madame de la Tour had an aunt in France, who was a woman of quality, rich, old, and a devotee. She had behaved with so much cruelty toward her niece upon her marriage that Madame de la Tour had determined that no extremity of distress should ever compel her to have recourse to her hard-hearted relation. But when she became a mother, she stifled the pride of resentment. She wrote to her aunt, informing her of the sudden death of her husband, the birth of her daughter, and the difficulties in which she was involved, far from her own country, without support, and burdened with a child. She received no answer; but, notwithstanding that high spirit which was natural to her character, she no longer feared exposing herself to mortification and reproach; and although she knew her relation would never pardon her for having married a man of merit, but not of noble birth, she continued to write to her by every opportunity, in the hope of awakening her compassion for Virginia. Many years, however, passed, during which she received not the smallest testimony of her remembrance.

At length, in 1738, three years after the arrival of Monsieur de la Bourdonnais in this island, Madame de la Tour was informed that the governor had a letter to give her from her aunt. She flew to Port Louis, careless on this occasion of appearing in her homely garment; maternal joy made her regardless of such trifles. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais delivered to her the letter

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from her aunt, who informed her that she deserved her fate for having married an adventurer and a libertine; that the passions brought along with them their own punishment, and that the sudden death of her husband was a just visitation from Heaven; that she had done well in going to a distant island, rather than dishonor her family by remaining in France; and that, after all, in the colony where she had taken refuge every person grew rich except the idle. Having thus censured her, she finished by praising herself. To avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils of marriage, she had determined to remain in a single state. The truth was that, being of a very ambitious temper, she had resolved only to unite herself to a man of high rank; but although she was very rich, her fortune was not found a sufficient bribe, even at court, to counterbalance the malignant disposition of her mind and the disagreeable qualities of her person.

She added in a postscript, that, after mature deliberation, she had strongly recommended her niece to Monsieur de la Bourdonnais. This she had indeed done, but in a manner of late too common, and which renders a patron perhaps even more formidable than a declared enemy; for, in order to justify herself for her harshness, she had cruelly slandered her niece, while affecting to pity her misfortunes.

Madame de la Tour, whom no unprejudiced person could have seen without feeling sympathy and respect, was received with the utmost coolness by Monsieur de la Bourdonnais; and when she painted to him her own situation and that of her child, he replied, "We will see what can be done, — there are so many to relieve, — all in good time, — why did you affront so respectable a relation? You have been much to blame."

Madame de la Tour returned to her cottage, her heart torn with grief and filled with all the bitterness of disappointment. When she arrived, she threw herself on a chair, and flinging her aunt's letter on the table exclaimed to her friend, "There is the fruit of eleven years of patient expectation!" As Madame de la Tour was the only person in the little circle who could read, she again took up the letter, which she read aloud. Scarcely had she finished, when Margaret exclaimed, "What have we to do with your relations? Has God then forsaken us? He only is our father! Have we not hitherto been happy? Why then this regret? You have no courage." Seeing Madame de la Tour in tears, she threw herself upon her neck, and pressing her in her arms, "My dear friend!" cried she, "my dear friend!" But her emotion choked her utterance.

At this sight Virginia burst into tears, and pressed her mother's hand and Margaret's alternately to her lips and to her heart; while Paul, with his eyes inflamed with anger, cried, clasped his hands together, and stamped with his feet, not knowing whom to blame for this scene of misery. The noise brought Domingo and Mary to the spot, and the little habitation resounded with the cries of distress. "Ah, madame! — My good mistress! — My dear mother! — Do not weep!"

Those tender proofs of affection at length dispelled Madame de la Tour's sorrow. She took Paul and Virginia in her arms, and, embracing them, cried, "You are the cause of my affliction, and yet my only source of delight! Yes, my dear children, misfortune has reached me from a distance, but surely I am surrounded by happiness." Paul and Virginia did not understand this reflection; but when they saw that she was calm, they smiled, and continued to caress her. Thus their former happiness was restored, and what had passed was but a storm in the midst of fair weather.

The amiable disposition of those children unfolded itself daily. One Sunday, their mothers having gone at daybreak to mass, at the church of the Shaddock Grove, the children perceived a negro woman beneath the plantains which shaded their habitation. She appeared almost wasted to a skeleton, and had no other garment than a shred of coarse cloth thrown across her loins. She flung herself at Virginia's feet, who was preparing the family breakfast, and cried, "My good young lady, have pity on a poor runaway slave. For a whole month I have wandered among these mountains, half dead with hunger, and often pursued by the hunters and their dogs. I fled from my master, a rich planter of the Black River, who has used me as you see"; and she showed her body marked by deep scars from the lashes

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she had received. She added, "I was going to drown myself; but hearing you lived here, I said to myself, Since there are still some good white people in this country, I need not die yet."

Virginia answered with emotion, "Take courage, unfortunate creature! eat! eat!" and she gave her the breakfast she had prepared, which the poor slave in a few minutes devoured. When her hunger was appeased, Virginia said to her, "Poor woman! will you let me go and ask forgiveness for you of your master? Surely the sight of you will touch him with pity. Will you show me the way?" "Angel of heaven!" answered the poor negro woman, "I will follow you where you please." Virginia called her brother, and begged him to accompany her. The slave led the way, by winding and difficult paths, through the woods, over mountains which they climbed with difficulty, and across rivers through which they were obliged to wade. At length about the middle of the day they reached the foot of a precipice upon the borders of the Black River. There they perceived a well-built house, surrounded by extensive plantations, and a great number of slaves employed at their various labors. Their master was walking among them with a pipe in his mouth and a switch in his hand. He was a tall, thin man, of a brown complexion; his eyes were sunk in his head, and his dark eyebrows were joined together. Virginia, holding Paul by the hand, drew near, and with much emotion begged him, for the love of God, to pardon his poor slave, who stood trembling a few paces behind. The planter at first paid little attention to the children, who, he saw, were meanly dressed. But when he observed the elegance of Virginia's form, and the profusion of her beautiful light tresses, which had escaped from beneath her blue cap; when he heard the soft tone of her voice which trembled, as well as her own frame, while she implored his compassion, he took the pipe from his mouth, and lifting up his stick, swore, with a terrible oath, that he pardoned his slave, not for the love of Heaven, but of her who asked his forgiveness. Virginia made a sign to the slave to approach her master, and instantly sprang away, followed by Paul.

They climbed up the precipice they had descended, and having gained the summit, seated themselves at the foot of a tree, overcome with fatigue, hunger and thirst. They had left their cottage fasting, and had walked five leagues since break of day. Paul said to Virginia, "My dear sister, it is past noon, and I am sure you are thirsty and hungry; we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again, and ask the master of the poor slave for some food." "O no," answered Virginia, "he frightens me too much. Remember what mamma sometimes says, The bread of the wicked is like stones in the mouth." "What shall we do then?" said Paul; "these trees produce no fruit fit to eat, and I shall not be able to find even a tamarind or a lemon to refresh you." "God will take care of us," replied Virginia; "he listens to the cry even of the little birds when they ask him for food." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, when they heard the dashing of waters which fell from a neighboring rock. They ran thither, and having quenched their thirst at this crystal spring, they gathered and ate a few cresses which grew on the border of the stream.

While they were looking on this side and that in search of more solid nourishment, Virginia spied a young palm-tree. The kind of cabbage which is found at the top of the palm, enfolded within its leaves, is well adapted for food; but, although the stalk of the tree is not thicker than a man's leg, it grows to above sixty feet in height. The wood of this tree indeed is composed of very fine filaments, but the bark is so hard that it turns the edge of the hatchet, and Paul was not furnished even with a knife. At length he thought of setting fire to the palm-tree; but a new difficulty occurred, — he had no steel with which to strike fire, and although the whole island is covered with rocks, I do not believe it possible to find a single flint. Necessity, however, is fertile in expedients, and the most useful inventions have arisen from men placed in the most destitute situations. Paul determined to kindle a fire in the manner of the negroes. With the sharp end of a stone he made a small hole in the branch of a tree that was quite dry, which he held between his feet; he then with the edge of the same stone brought to a point another dry branch of a different sort of wood, and afterward placing the piece of

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pointed wood in the small hole of the branch which he held with his feet, and turning it rapidly between his hands, in a few minutes smoke and sparks of fire issued from the points of contact. Paul then heaped together dried grass and branches, and set fire to the palm-tree, which soon fell to the ground with a great crash. The fire was useful to him in stripping off the long, thick and pointed leaves within which the cabbage was inclosed.

Paul and Virginia ate part of the cabbage raw, and part dressed upon the ashes, which they found equally palatable. They made this frugal repast with delight, from the remembrance of the benevolent action they had performed in the morning; yet their joy was embittered by the thoughts of the uneasiness which their long absence would give their mothers. Virginia often recurred to this subject; but Paul, who felt his strength renewed by their meal, assured her that it would not be long before they eased their mothers' minds by reaching home.

After dinner they were much embarrassed by the recollection that they had no longer any guide, and that they were ignorant of the way. Paul, whose spirit was not subdued by difficulties, said to Virginia, "The sun shines full upon our huts at noon; we must pass, as we did this morning, over that mountain with its three points, which you see yonder. Come, let us go." This mountain was that of the Three Breasts, so called from the form of its three peaks. They descended the steep bank of the Black River, on the northern side, and arrived, after an hour's walk, on the banks of a large stream which stopped their further progress.

This large portion of the island, wholly covered with forests, is even now so little known that many of its rivers and mountains have not yet received a name. The river, on the banks of which they stood, rolls foaming over a bed of rocks. The noise of the water frightened Virginia, and she durst not wade through the current. Paul therefore took her up in his arms, and went thus loaded over the slippery rocks which formed the bed of the river, careless of the tumultuous noise of its waters. "Do not be afraid," cried he to Virginia; "I feel very strong with you. If that planter at the Black River had refused you the pardon of his slave, I would have fought with him." "What!" answered Virginia, "with that great wicked man? To what have I exposed you! Good God! how difficult it is to do good, and it is so easy to do wrong."

When Paul had crossed the river, he wished to continue his journey carrying his sister, and he flattered himself that he was able to climb in that way the mountain of the Three Breasts, which was still at the distance of half a league; but his strength soon failed, and he was obliged to set down his burden, and to rest himself by her side. Virginia then said to him, "My dear brother, the sun is going down; you have still some strength left, but mine has quite failed; do leave me here, and return home alone to ease the fears of our mothers." "O no," said Paul, "I will not leave you. If night surprises us in this wood, I will light a fire, and bring down another palm-tree; you shall eat the cabbage, and I will form a covering of the leaves to shelter you." In the mean time Virginia, being a little rested, pulled from the trunk of an old tree, which hung over the bank of the river, some long leaves of hart's-tongue, which grew near its root. Of these she made a sort of buskin, with which she covered her feet, that were bleeding from the sharpness of the stony paths; for, in her eager desire to do good, she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Feeling her feet cooled by the freshness of the leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and continued her walk, leaning with one hand on the staff, and with the other on Paul.

Thus they walked on slowly through the woods; but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain of the Three Breasts, by which they had directed their course, and of the sun also, which was now setting. At length they wandered, without perceiving it, from the beaten path in which they had hitherto walked, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees and rocks, which appeared to have no opening. Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran backward and forward, half frantic, in search of a path which might lead them out of this thick wood; but he fatigued himself to no purpose. He climbed to the top of a high tree, whence he hoped at least to discern the mountain of the Three Breasts; but all he could perceive around

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PAUL AND VIRGINIA CROSS BLACK RIVER.

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him were the tops of trees, some of which were gilded by the last beams of the setting sun. Already the shadows of the mountains were spreading over the forests in the valleys. The wind lulled, as it usually does at the evening hour. The most profound silence reigned in those awful solitudes, interrupted only by the cry of the stags, who came to their lairs in that unfrequented spot. Paul, in the hope that some hunter would hear his voice, called out as loud as he was able, "Come, come to the help of Virginia." But the echoes of the forests alone answered his call, and repeated again and again, "Virginia, Virginia." Paul at length descended from the tree, overcome with fatigue and vexation, and reflected how they might best contrive to pass the night in that desert. But he could find neither fountain nor palm-tree, nor even a branch of dry wood to kindle a fire. He then felt by experience the sense of his own weakness, and began to weep. Virginia said to him, "Do not weep, my dear brother, or I shall be overwhelmed with grief. I am the cause of all your sorrow and of all that our mothers are suffering at this moment. I find we ought to do nothing, not even good, without consulting our parents. O, I have been very imprudent!" and she began to shed tears. She then said to Paul, "Let us pray to God, my dear brother, and he will have pity on us."

Scarcely had they finished their prayer, when they heard the barking of a dog. "It is the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes here at night to lay in wait for the stags." Soon after the dog barked again with more violence. "Surely," said Virginia, "it is Fidéle, our own dog; yes, I know his voice. Are we then so near home? at the foot of our own mountain?" A moment after Fidéle was at their feet, barking, howling, moaning, and devouring them with his caresses. Before they had recovered their surprise they saw Domingo running toward them. At the sight of the good old negro, who wept for joy, they began to weep too, without being able to utter one word. When Domingo had recovered himself a little, "O my dear children," cried he, "how miserable have you made your mothers! How astonished were they when they returned from mass, where I went with them, on not finding you at home! Mary, who was at work at a little distance, could not tell us where you were gone. I ran backward and forward about the plantation, not knowing where to look for you. At last I took some of your old clothes, and showing them to Fidéle, the poor animal, as if he understood me, immediately began to scent your path; and conducted me, wagging his tail all the while, to the Black River. It was there a planter told me that you had brought back a maroon negro woman, his slave, and that he had granted you her pardon. But what pardon! he showed her to me with her feet chained to a block of wood, and an iron collar with three hooks fastened round her neck!

"From there Fidéle, still on the scent, led me up the precipice of the Black River, where he again stopped and barked with all his might. This was on the brink of a spring, near a fallen palm-tree, and close to a fire which was still smoking. At last he led me to this very spot. We are at the foot of the mountain of the Three Breasts, and still four good leagues from home. Come, eat, and gather strength." He then presented them with a cake, some fruits, and a very large gourd filled with a liquor composed of wine, water, lemon-juice, sugar, and nutmeg, which their mothers had prepared to invigorate and refresh them. Virginia sighed at the recollection of the poor slave, and at the uneasiness which they had given their mothers. She repeated several times, "O, how difficult it is to do good!"

While she and Paul were taking refreshment, Domingo kindled a fire, and having sought among the rocks for a particular kind of crooked wood, which burns when quite green, and throws out a great blaze, he made a torch, which he lighted, it being already night. But when they prepared to continue their journey, a new difficulty occurred; Paul and Virginia could no longer walk, their feet being violently swollen and inflamed. Domingo knew not whether it were better to leave them, and go in search of help, or remain and pass the night with them on that spot. "What is become of the time," said he, "when I used to carry you both together in my arms? But now you are grown big and I am grown old." While he was in this perplexity, a troop of maroon negroes appeared at the distance of twenty

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paces. The chief of the band, approaching Paul and Virginia, said to them, "Good little white people, do not be afraid. We saw you pass this morning, with a negro woman of the Black River. You went to ask pardon for her of her wicked master, and we, in return for this, will carry you home upon our shoulders." He then made a sign, and four of the strongest negroes immediately formed a sort of litter with the branches of trees and lianas, and, having seated Paul and Virginia on it, they carried them thus upon their shoulders. Domingo marched in front, with his lighted torch, and they proceeded amidst the rejoicings of the whole troop, and overwhelmed with their benedictions. Virginia, affected by this scene, said to Paul, with emotion, "O my dear brother! God never leaves a good action without reward."

It was midnight when they arrived at the foot of their mountain, on the ridges of which several fires were lighted. Scarcely had they begun to ascend, when they heard voices exclaiming, "Is it you, my children?" They answered, and the negroes with them, "Yes, it is we"; and soon after perceived their mothers and Mary coming toward them, with lighted sticks in their hands. "Unhappy children!" cried Madame de la Tour, "from whence do you come? What agonies you have made us suffer!" "We come," said Virginia, "from the Black River, where we went to ask pardon for a poor maroon slave, to whom I gave our breakfast this morning because she was dying of hunger; and these maroon negroes have brought us home." Madame de la Tour embraced her daughter without being able to speak; and Virginia, who felt her face wet with her mother's tears, exclaimed, "You repay me for all the hardships I have suffered." Margaret, in a transport of delight, pressed Paul in her arms, crying, "And you also, my dear child! you have done a good action." When they reached the cottage with their children, they gave plenty of food to the negroes, who returned to their woods, praying for all sorts of blessings to fall on those good white people.

Every day was to these families a day of tranquillity and of happiness. Neither ambition nor envy disturbed their repose. They did not seek an empty reputation away from home, to be had by intrigue and lost by calumny; they were content to be the sole witnesses and judges of their own actions. In this island, where, as in all the European colonies, every malignant anecdote is circulated with avidity, their virtues and even their names were unknown. Only when a traveller on the road of the Shaddock Grove inquired of any of the inhabitants of the plain, "Who live in those two cottages above?" he was always answered, even by those who did not know them, "They are good people." Thus the modest violet, concealed beneath the thorny bushes, sheds its fragrance while itself remains unseen.

Slander, which, under an appearance of justice, naturally inclines the heart to falsehood or to hatred, was entirely banished from their conversation; for it is impossible not to hate men, if we believe them to be wicked, and to live with the wicked without concealing that hatred under a false pretence of good feeling. Slander thus puts us ill at ease with others and with ourselves. Without passing judgment, then, upon particular persons, they only sought how they could do good to all in general, and, though they had but little power, they had an unceasing good-will, which made them always ready with a kind deed. Solitude, so far from making them savages, had made them more thoroughly civilized. If the scandal of society gave them nothing to talk about, Nature was at hand to fill them with delight. They adored the bounty of that Providence which had enabled them to spread abundance and beauty amidst those barren rocks, and to enjoy those pure and simple pleasures which are ever grateful and ever new.

Paul, at twelve years of age, was stronger and more intelligent than Europeans are at fifteen, and had embellished the plantations which Domingo had only cultivated. He had gone with him to the neighboring woods, and rooted up young plants of lemon-trees, oranges, and tamarinds, the round heads of which are of so fresh a green, together with date-palm trees, producing fruit filled with a sweet cream which has the fine perfume of the orange-flower. Those trees, which were already of a considerable size, he planted round this little enclosure. He had also sown the seeds of many trees which the second year bear flowers or fruit: such as the agathis, encircled with long clusters of white

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flowers, which hang upon it like the crystal pendants of a lustre; the Persian lilac, which lifts high in air its gray flax-colored branches; the papaw-tree, the branchless trunk of which forms a column set round with green melons, surmounted by a capital of large leaves like those of the fig-tree.

The seeds and kernels of the gum-tree, terminalia, mangoes, alligator pear, the guava, the breadfruit-tree, and the narrow-leaved rose-apple, were planted with profusion; and the greater number of those trees already afforded their young cultivator both shade and fruit. His industrious hands had diffused the riches of nature even on the most barren parts of the plantation. Several kinds of aloes, the Indian fig, adorned with yellow flowers spotted with red, and the thorny torch-thistle, grew upon the dark summits of the rocks, and seemed to aim at reaching the long lianas, which, loaded with blue or crimson flowers, hung scattered over the steepest part of the mountain. Those trees were disposed in such a manner that you could command the whole at one view. He had placed in the middle of this hollow the plants of the lowest growth: behind grew the shrubs; then trees of an ordinary height; above which rose the venerable lofty trees which bordered the circumference. Thus from its centre this extensive enclosure appeared like a verdant amphitheatre of fruits and flowers, enclosing plats of vegetables, strips of meadow-land, and fields of rice and corn. But, in blending these vegetable productions to his own taste, he did not wander from Nature's arrangement. Guided by her suggestions, he had thrown upon the rising grounds such seeds as the winds might scatter over the heights, and near the borders of the springs such grains as float upon the waters. Every plant grew in its proper soil, and every spot seemed decorated by Nature's own hands. The waters which rushed from the summits of the rocks formed in the valley here fountains, there large, clear mirrors which reflected in a setting of bright verdure the trees in blossom, the bending rocks, and the azure heavens.

Notwithstanding the great irregularity of the ground, these plantations were for the most part easy of access. We had, indeed, all given him our advice and assistance in order to accomplish this end. He had formed a path which wound round the valley, and various ramifications from it led from the circumference to the centre. He had drawn some advantage from the most rugged spots, and had blended in harmonious variety smooth walks with the inequalities of the soil, and wild with domestic trees. With that immense quantity of rolling stones which now block up those paths, and which are scattered over most of the ground of this island, he formed here and there pyramids; and at their base he laid earth, and planted the roots of rose-bushes, the Barbadoes flower-fence, and other shrubs which love to climb the rocks. In a short time those gloomy, shapeless pyramids were covered with verdure, or with the glowing tints of the most beautiful flowers. Hollow recesses on the borders of the streams, shaded by the overhanging boughs of aged trees, formed vaulted caves impenetrable to the sun, and where you might enjoy coolness during the heats of the day. One path led to a clump of forest-trees, in the centre of which, sheltered from the wind, grew a cultivated tree loaded with fruit. Here was a cornfield, there an orchard. From that avenue you had a view of the cottages; from this, of the inaccessible summit of the mountain. Beneath a tufted bower of gum-trees, interwoven with lianas, no object whatever could be discerned, even at noon; while the point of the neighboring rock, which projects from the mountain, commanded a view of the whole enclosure, and of the distant ocean, where sometimes we spied a vessel which was coming from Europe or returning thither. On this rock the two families assembled in the evening, and enjoyed in silence the freshness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the murmurs of the fountains, and the last blended harmonies of light and shade.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the names which were bestowed upon some of the charming retreats of this labyrinth. That rock of which I was speaking, and from which my approach could be seen from afar, was called the Discovery of Friendship. Paul and Virginia in their sports had planted a bamboo on that spot; and whenever they saw me coming they hoisted a little white handkerchief, by way of signal of my approach, as they had seen a flag hoisted on the neighboring mountain at the sight of a

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vessel at sea. The idea struck me of engraving an inscription upon the stalk of this reed. Whatever pleasure I have felt during my travels at the sight of a statue or monument of antiquity, I have felt still more in reading a well-written inscription. It seems to me as if a human voice issued from the stone, and, making itself heard after the lapse of ages, addressed man in the midst of a desert, and told him that he was not alone; that other men on that very spot have felt and thought and suffered like himself. If the inscription belongs to an ancient nation which no longer exists, it leads the soul through infinite space, and inspires the feeling of its immortality by showing that a thought has survived the ruins of an empire.

I inscribed then, on the little mast of Paul and Virginia's flag, these lines of Horace: —

"Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis alliis, præter Iapyga."

"May the brothers of Helen, bright stars, and the Father of the winds, guide you; and may you only feel the breath of the zephyr."

I engraved this line of Virgil upon the bark of a gum-tree, under the shade of which Paul sometimes seated himself, in order to contemplate the agitated sea: —

"Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes!"

"Happy art thou, my son, to know only the pastoral divinities."

And this other one above the door of Madame de la Tour's cottage, where the families used to assemble: —

"At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita."

"Here is a calm conscience, and a life ignorant of deceit."

But Virginia did not approve of my Latin; she said that what I had placed at the foot of her weather-flag was too long and too learned. "I should have liked better," added she, "to have seen inscribed, *Ever agitated, yet constant.*" My reflection made her blush.

The sensibility of those happy families extended itself to everything around them. They had given names the most tender to objects in appearance the most indifferent. A border of orange, plantain, and rose-apple trees, planted round a greensward where Virginia and Paul sometimes danced, was called Concord. An old tree, beneath the shade of which Madame de la Tour and Margaret used to relate their misfortunes, was called, The Tears wiped away. They gave the names of Brittany and Normandy to little portions of ground where they had sown corn, strawberries, and pease. Domingo and Mary, wishing, in imitation of their mistresses, to recall the places of their birth in Africa, gave the names of Angola and Foullepointe to the spots where grew the herb with which they wove baskets, and where they had planted a calabash-tree. Thus, with the productions of their respective climates, those exiled families cherished the dear illusions which bind us to our native country, and softened their regrets in a foreign land. Alas! I have seen, enlivened by a thousand delightful appellations, those trees, those fountains, those stones which are now overthrown, and, like the plains of Greece, present nothing but ruins and affecting remembrances.

But perhaps the most charming spot of this enclosure was that which was called Virginia's Resting-place. At the foot of the rock which bore the name of the Discovery of Friendship is a nook, from whence issues a fountain, forming, near its source, a little spot of marshy soil in the midst of a field of rich grass. At the time Margaret was delivered of Paul I made her a present of an Indian cocoa which had been given me, and which she planted on the border of this fenny ground, in order that the tree might one day serve to mark the epoch of her son's birth. Madame de la Tour planted another cocoa, with the same view, at the birth of Virginia. These nuts produced two cocoa-trees, which formed the only records of the two families: one was called Paul's tree; the other, Virginia's tree. They both grew in the same proportion as their two owners, a little unequally; but they rose, at the end of twelve years, above the cottages. Already their tender stalks were interwoven, and their young clusters of cocoas hung over the basin of the fountain. Except this little plantation, the nook of the rock had been left as it was decorated by Nature. On its brown and moist sides large plants of maiden-hair glistened with their green and dark stars; and tufts of wave-leaved hart's-tongue, sus-

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pended like long ribbons of purpled green, floated on the winds. Near this grew a chain of the Madagascar periwinkle, the flowers of which resemble the red gillyflower; and the long-podded capsicum, the seed-vessels of which are of the color of blood, and more glowing than coral. Hard by, the herb of balm, with its leaves within the heart, and the sweet basil, which has the odor of the gillyflower, exhaled the most delicious perfumes. From the steep side of the mountain hung the graceful lianas, like floating drapery, forming magnificent canopies of verdure upon the sides of the rocks. The sea-birds, allured by the stillness of those retreats, resorted thither to pass the night. At the hour of sunset we could see the curlew and the stint skimming along the sea-shore; the black frigate-bird poised high in air; and the white bird of the tropic, which abandons, with the star of day, the solitudes of the Indian Ocean. Virginia loved to rest upon the border of this fountain, decorated with wild and sublime magnificence. She often seated herself beneath the shade of the two cocoa-trees, and there she sometimes led her goats to graze. While she was making cheeses of their milk, she loved to see them browse on the maiden-hair which grew upon the steep sides of the rock, and hung suspended upon one of its cornices, as on a pedestal. Paul, observing that Virginia was fond of this spot, brought thither, from the neighboring forest, a great variety of birds'-nests. The old birds, following their young, established themselves in this new colony. Virginia at certain times distributed among them grains of rice, millet, and maize. As soon as she appeared the whistling blackbird, the amadavid bird, the note of which is so soft, the cardinal, with its plumage the color of flame, forsook their bushes; the paroquet, green as an emerald, descended from the neighboring fan-palms; the partridge ran along the grass; all came running helter-skelter toward her, like a brood of chickens, and she and Paul delighted to observe their sports, their repasts, and their loves.

Amiable children! thus passed your early days in innocence and in the exercise of benevolence. How many times, on this very spot, have your mothers, pressing you in their arms, blessed Heaven for the consolations that you were preparing for their declining years, and that they could see you begin life under such happy auspices! How many times beneath the shade of those rocks, have I partaken with them of your rural repasts, which cost no animal its life! Gourds filled with milk, fresh eggs, cakes of rice placed upon plantain leaves, baskets loaded with mangoes, oranges, dates, pomegranates, pineapples, furnished at once the most wholesome food, the most beautiful colors, and the most delicious juices.

The conversation was gentle and innocent as the repasts. Paul often talked of the labors of the day and those of the morrow. He was continually planning something useful for their little society. Here he discovered that the paths were rough; there that the seats were uncomfortable; sometimes the young arbors did not afford sufficient shade, and Virginia might be better pleased elsewhere.

In the rainy season the two families met together in the cottage, and employed themselves in weaving mats of grass and baskets of bamboo. Rakes, spades, and hatchets were ranged along the walls in the most perfect order; and near these instruments of agriculture were placed its products, — sacks of rice, sheaves of corn, and baskets of plantains. Some degree of luxury is usually united with plenty, and Virginia was taught by her mother and Margaret to prepare sherbet and cordials from the juice of the sugar-cane, the lemon, and the citron.

When night came, they all supped together by the light of a lamp; after which Madame de la Tour or Margaret told stories of travellers lost during the night in forests of Europe infested by banditti, or of some shipwrecked vessel thrown by the tempest upon the rocks of a desert island. To these recitals their children listened with eager sensibility, and earnestly begged that Heaven would grant they might one day have the joy of showing their hospitality toward such unfortunate persons. At length the two families would separate and retire to rest, impatient to meet again the next morning. Sometimes they were lulled to repose by the beating rains which fell in torrents upon the roofs of their cottages, and sometimes by the hollow winds, which brought to their ear the distant murmur of the waves breaking upon the shore. They blessed God for their own

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safety, of which their feeling became stronger from the idea of remote danger.

Madame de la Tour occasionally read aloud some affecting history of the Old or New Testament. Her auditors reasoned but little upon these sacred books, for their theology consisted in sentiment, like that of Nature; and their morality in action, like that of the gospel. Those families had no particular days devoted to pleasure and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple, where they forever adored an Infinite Intelligence, almighty, and the friend of human kind. A sentiment of confidence in his supreme power filled their minds with consolation for the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the future. Behold how these women, compelled by misfortune to return to a state of nature, had unfolded in their own bosoms, and in those of their children, the feelings which Nature gives us, our best support under evil.

But as clouds sometimes arise which cast a gloom over the best-regulated tempers, whenever any member of this little society appeared sad, the rest gathered around, endeavoring to banish painful thoughts rather by sentiment than by arguments. Each used in this their especial character. Margaret exerted her gayety, Madame de la Tour employed her mild theology, Virginia her tender caresses, Paul his cordial frankness. Even Mary and Domingo hastened to offer their succor, and to weep with those that wept. Thus weak plants are interwoven in order to resist the tempests.

During the fine season they went every Sunday to the church of the Shaddock Grove, the steeple of which you see yonder upon the plain. Rich planters used to come to church in their palanquins, who several times sought the acquaintance of families so bound up in each other, and would have invited them to parties of pleasure. But they always declined these overtures with respectful politeness, persuaded that the powerful seek the weak only to feed their own complacency, and that the weak cannot please them without flattering them, whether they are good or evil. On the other hand, they avoided with equal care too intimate an acquaintance with the small planters, who are as a class jealous, calumniating, and gross. They thus acquired with some the character of being timid, and with others of being proud; but their reserve was accompanied with so much obliging politeness, above all toward the unfortunate, that they insensibly acquired the respect of the rich and the confidence of the poor. After service the poor often came to require some kind office at their hands. Perhaps it was a person troubled in mind who sought their advice, or a child led them to its sick mother in the neighborhood. They always took with them remedies for the ordinary diseases of the country, which they administered in that soothing manner which stamps so much value upon the smallest favors. Above all, they succeeded in banishing the disorders of the mind, which are so intolerable in solitude, and under the infirmities of a weakened frame. Madame de la Tour spoke with such sublime confidence of the Divinity, that the sick, while listening to her, believed that he was present. Virginia often returned home with her eyes wet with tears and her heart overflowing with delight, at having had an opportunity of doing good. After these visits of charity they sometimes prolonged their walk by the valley of the Sloping Mountain, till they reached my dwelling, where I used to prepare dinner for them upon the banks of the little river which glides near my cottage. I procured for these occasions some bottles of old wine, in order to heighten the gayety of our Indian repast by the more genial productions of Europe. At other times we met upon the sea-shore, at the mouth of other little rivers, which are here scarcely larger than brooks. We brought from the plantation our vegetable provisions, to which we added such as the sea furnished in great variety. We caught on these shores the mullet, the roach, and the sea-urchin, lobsters, shrimps, crabs, oysters, and all other kinds of shell-fish. In this way we often enjoyed the most tranquil pleasures in situations the most frightful. Sometimes, seated upon a rock under the shade of the velvet sunflower-tree, we saw the enormous waves of the Indian Ocean break beneath our feet with a tremendous noise. Paul, who could swim like a fish, would advance on the reefs to meet the coming billows; then, at their near approach, would run back to the beach, closely pursued by the foaming breakers, which threw themselves with a roar-

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ing noise far on the sands. But Virginia at this sight uttered piercing cries, and said that such sports frightened her too much.

Our repasts were succeeded by the songs and dances of the two young people. Virginia sang the happiness of pastoral life, and the misery of those who were impelled, by avarice, to cross the furious ocean, rather than cultivate the earth and enjoy its peaceful bounties. Sometimes she performed a pantomime with Paul, in the manner of the negroes. The first language of man is pantomime; it is known to all nations, and is so natural and so expressive that the children of the European inhabitants catch it with facility from the negroes. Virginia recalling, from among the histories which her mother had read to her, those which had affected her most, represented the principal events in them with beautiful simplicity. Sometimes at the sound of Domingo's tamtam she appeared upon the greensward, bearing a pitcher upon her head, and advanced with a timid step toward the source of a neighboring fountain, to draw water. Domingo and Mary, who personated the Shepherds of Midian, forbade her to approach, and repulsed her sternly. Upon this Paul flew to her succor, beat away the Shepherds, filled Virginia's pitcher, and placing it upon her head, bound her brows at the same time with a wreath of the red flowers of the Madagascar periwinkle, which served to heighten the delicacy of her complexion. Then, joining their sports, I took upon me the part of Raguel, and bestowed upon Paul my daughter Zephora in marriage.

Another time she represented Ruth, accompanying Naomi, who returns poor and widowed to her own country, where she finds herself a stranger after her long absence. Domingo and Mary personated the reapers. Virginia followed their steps, pretending to glean here and there a few ears of corn. She was interrogated by Paul with the gravity of a patriarch, and answered with a faltering voice his questions. Soon, touched with compassion, he granted an asylum to innocence and hospitality to misfortune. He filled Virginia's lap with all kinds of food; and, leading her toward us as before the old men of the city, declared his purpose to take her in marriage. At this scene, Madame de la Tour, recalling the desolate situation in which she had been left by her relations, her widowhood, the kind reception she had met with from Margaret, succeeded now by the soothing hope of a happy union between their children, could not forbear weeping; and these mixed recollections of good and evil caused us all to join in her tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were performed with such an air of reality, that you might have fancied yourself transported to the plains of Syria or of Palestine. We were not unfurnished with either decorations, lights, or an orchestra, suitable to the representation. The scene was generally placed in an opening of the forest, where such parts of the wood as were penetrable formed around us numerous arcades of foliage, beneath which we were sheltered from the heat during the whole day; but when the sun descended toward the horizon, its rays, broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged among the shadows of the forest in strong lines of light, which produced the most sublime effect. Sometimes the whole of its broad disk appeared at the end of an avenue, spreading one dazzling mass of brightness. The foliage of the trees, illuminated from beneath by its saffron beams, glowed with the lustre of the topaz and the emerald. Their brown and mossy trunks appeared changed into columns of antique bronze; and the birds, which had retired in silence to their leafy shades to pass the night, surprised to see the radiance of a second morning, hailed the star of day with innumerable carols.

Night soon overtook us during those rural entertainments; but the purity of the air and the mildness of the climate admitted of our sleeping in the woods secure from the injuries of the weather, and no less secure from the molestation of robbers. At our return the following day to our respective habitations, we found them exactly in the same state in which they had been left. In this island, which then had no commerce, there was so much simplicity and good faith that the doors of several houses were without a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many of the natives.

There were, however, some days in the year celebrated by Paul and Virginia in a more peculiar manner; these were the birth-

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days of their mothers. Virginia never failed the day before to prepare some wheaten cakes, which she distributed among a few poor white families born on the island, who had never eaten European bread, and who, uncared for by the blacks, forced to live in the woods on tapioca roots, had not to sustain their poverty either the stupidity which attends slavery or the courage which springs from education. These cakes were all the gifts that Virginia could offer to ease their condition, but she gave them in so delicate a manner that they were worth vastly more. In the first place Paul was commissioned to take the cakes himself to these families, and get their promise to come and spend the next day at Madame de la Tour's and Margaret's. They might then be seen coming, — a mother of a family, perhaps, with two or three thin, yellow, miserable-looking daughters, so timid that they dared not lift their eyes from the ground. Virginia soon put them at their ease; she brought them refreshments, the excellence of which she endeavored to heighten by relating some particular circumstance which, in her own estimation, greatly improved them. This drink had been prepared by Margaret; this other by her mother; her brother had himself picked this fruit from the top of the tree. She would get Paul to dance with them, nor would she leave them till she saw that they were happy. She wished them to partake of the joy of her own family. "We are happy," she would say, "only when we are seeking the happiness of others." When they left, she would have them carry away some little thing that appeared to please them, enforcing their acceptance of it by some delicate pretext, that she might not appear to know that they were in want. If she remarked that their clothes were much tattered, she obtained her mother's permission to give them some of her own, and then sent Paul to leave them secretly at their cottage-doors. She followed thus the example of God, concealing the benefactor and revealing only the benefit.

You Europeans, whose minds are imbued from infancy with prejudices at variance with happiness, cannot imagine all the instruction and pleasure which Nature has to give. Your soul, confined to a little round of human knowledge, soon reaches the limit of its artificial enjoyment; but Nature and the heart are inexhaustible.

Paul and Virginia had neither clock nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of Nature. They knew the hours of the day by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit, and the years by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. "It is time to dine," Virginia would say to the family; "the shadows of the plantain-trees are at their roots"; or, "Night approaches; the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come to see us?" some of her companions in the neighborhood would inquire. "At the time of the sugar-canes," Virginia would answer. "Your visit will be then still more delightful," her young acquaintances would reply. When she was asked what was her own age and that of Paul, "My brother," said she, "is as old as the great cocoa-tree of the fountain, and I am as old as the little cocoa-tree. The mangoes have borne fruit twelve times, and the orange-trees have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I came into the world." Their lives seemed linked to the trees like those of fauns or dryads. They knew no other historic epochs than that of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good and resigning themselves to the will of God.

After all, what need had these young people of riches or learning after our sort? Even their necessities and their ignorance added to their happiness. No day passed in which they did not do one another some service or give some knowledge; and while there might be some errors in this last, yet man in a simple state has no dangerous ones to fear.

Thus grew those children of Nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety were each day unfolding the beauty of their souls, disclosing matchless grace in their features, their attitudes, and their motions. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming fresh-

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ness; and surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw, approached, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the figure of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

Sometimes, when alone with Virginia, he has a thousand times told me, he would say to her, at his return from labor, "When I am wearied, the sight of you refreshes me. If from the summit of the mountain I perceive you below in the valley, you appear to me in the midst of our orchard like a rose-bud. If you go toward our mother's house, the partridge, running to meet its young, has a shape less beautiful and a step less light. When I lose sight of you through the trees, I have no need to see you in order to find you again. Something of you, I know not how, remains for me in the air where you have passed, in the grass where you have been seated. When I come near you, you delight all my senses. The azure of heaven is less charming than the blue of your eyes, and the song of the amadavid bird less soft than the sound of your voice. If I only touch you with the tip of my finger, my whole frame trembles with pleasure. Do you remember the day when we crossed over the great stones of the river of the Three Breasts? I was very tired before we reached the bank; but as soon as I had taken you in my arms I seemed to have wings like a bird. Tell me by what charm you have so enchanted me? Is it by your wisdom? Our mothers have more than either of us. Is it by your caresses? They embrace me much oftener than you. I think it must be by your goodness. I shall never forget how you walked barefooted to the Black River, to ask pardon for the poor runaway slave. Here, my beloved, take this flowering branch of a lemon-tree which I have gathered in the forest; you will place it at night near your bed. Eat this honeycomb, which I have taken for you from the top of a rock. But first lean upon my bosom, and I shall be refreshed."

Virginia would answer him: "O my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning on the tops of the rocks give me less joy than the sight of you. I love my mother, I love yours; but when they call you their son, I love them a thousand times more. When they caress you, I feel it more sensibly than when I am caressed myself. You ask me why you love me. Why, all creatures that are brought up together love one another. Look at our birds; reared up in the same nests, they love like us; they are always together like us. Hark! how they call and answer from one tree to another! So when the echoes bring to my ears the air which you play upon your flute on the top of the mountain, I repeat the words at the bottom of the valley. You are dear to me more than ever since the day when you were ready to fight the master of the slave for me. Since that time how often I have said to myself, 'Ah, my brother has a good heart; but for him I should have died of terror.' I pray to God every day for my mother and for yours, for you and for our poor servants; but when I pronounce your name, my devotion seems to increase, I ask so earnestly of God that no harm may befall you! Why do you go so far and climb so high to seek fruits and flowers for me? How tired you are!" and with her little white handkerchief she would wipe the damps from his forehead and cheeks, and kiss him tenderly.

For some time past, however, Virginia had felt her heart agitated by new sensations. Her beautifully blue eyes lost their lustre, her cheek its freshness, and her frame was seized with universal languor. Serenity no longer sat upon her brow, nor smiles played upon her lips. She became suddenly gay without joy, and melancholy without vexation. She fled her innocent sports, her gentle labors, and the society of her beloved family; wandering here and there among the most unfrequented parts of the plantation, and seeking everywhere that rest which she could nowhere find. Sometimes, at the sight of Paul, she advanced sportively toward him; then, all at once, when just about to accost him, was seized with sudden confusion, her pale cheeks overspread with blushes, and her eyes no longer daring to meet those of her brother.

Paul said to her: "The rocks are covered with verdure, our birds begin to sing when you approach, everything around you is gay, and you only are unhappy." He endeavored to soothe her by his embraces; but she turned

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away her head, and fled trembling toward her mother. The caresses of her brother excited too much emotion in her agitated heart. Paul could not comprehend the caprices so novel and so strange. Misfortunes never come single.

One of those summers which sometimes desolate the countries situated between the tropics now spread its ravages over this island. It was near the end of December, when the sun in Capricorn darts its vertical fires over Mauritius during the space of three weeks. The southeast wind, which prevails throughout almost the whole year, no longer blew. Vast columns of dust arose from the highways and hung suspended in the air; the ground was everywhere broken into clefts; the grass was burnt; hot exhalations issued from the sides of the mountains, and their rivulets, for the most part, became dry; no refreshing cloud ever arose from the sea; fiery vapors during the day ascended from the plains, and appeared at sunset like a vast conflagration. Night brought no coolness to the heated atmosphere; the red moon, rising in a misty horizon, appeared of supernatural magnitude. The drooping cattle, on the sides of the hills, stretching out their necks toward heaven, and panting for air, made the valleys re-echo with their melancholy lowings; even the Caffre by whom they were led threw himself upon the earth in search of coolness; but the scorching sun had everywhere penetrated, and the stifling atmosphere resounded with the buzzing noise of insects, who sought to allay their thirst in the blood of men and of animals.

On one of those sultry nights Virginia, restless and unhappy, arose, then went again to rest, but could find in no attitude either slumber or repose. At length she bent her way, by the light of the moon, toward her fountain, and gazed at its spring, which, notwithstanding the drought, still flowed like silver threads down the brown sides of the rock. She flung herself into the basin; its coolness reanimated her spirits, and a thousand soothing remembrances presented themselves to her mind. She recollected that in her infancy her mother and Margaret amused themselves by bathing her with Paul in this ver spot; that Paul afterward, reserving this bath for her use only, had dug out its bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sown aromatic herbs around the borders. She saw, reflected through the water upon her naked arms and bosom, the two cocoa-trees which were planted at her birth and that of her brother, and which interwove about her head their green branches and young fruit. She thinks of Paul's friendship, sweeter than the odors, purer than the waters of the fountain, stronger than the intertwining palm-trees, and she sighs. She thinks on the hour of the night and the profound solitude, and a raging fire seizes her. Forthwith she flies affrighted from those dangerous shades, and those waters hotter than the torrid sunbeam; she runs to her mother to find a refuge from herself. More than once wishing to unfold her sufferings, she presses her mother's hand within her own; more than once she is ready to pronounce the name of Paul; but her oppressed heart leaves her lips no power of utterance, and, leaning her head on her mother's bosom, she can only bathe it with her tears.

Madame de la Tour, though she easily discerned the source of her daughter's uneasiness, did not think it well to speak to her on that subject. "My dear child," said she, "address yourself to God, who disposes, at his will, of health and of life. He tries you to-day to recompense you to-morrow. Remember that we are only placed upon earth for the exercise of virtue."

Meanwhile the excessive heat drew vapors from the ocean, which hung over the island like a vast parasol. The summits of the mountains gathered them about, while long flakes of fire issued from time to time from their misty peaks. Soon the most terrible thunder re-echoed through the woods, the plains, and the valleys; the rains fell from the skies in cataracts; foaming torrents rushed down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of that valley became a sea; the table-land on which the cottages were built, a little island; and the entrance of this valley a sluice, along which rushed headlong with the moaning waters, earth, trees, and rocks.

The trembling family were all in prayer to God in the cottage of Madame de la Tour, the roof of which cracked horribly from the struggling winds. So vivid and frequent were the lightnings, that, although the doors and window-shutters were well fastened, every object without was distinctly seen

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through the joints in the woodwork. Paul, followed by Domingo, went with intrepidity from one cottage to another, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest; here supporting a partition with a buttress, there driving in a stake, and only returning to the family to calm their fears by the hope that the storm was passing away. In fact, in the evening the rains ceased, the trade-winds of the southeast pursued their ordinary course, the tempestuous clouds were thrown toward the northeast, and the setting sun appeared in the horizon.

Virginia's first wish was to visit the spot called her Resting-place. Paul approached her with a timid air, and offered her the assistance of his arm, which she accepted, smiling, and they left the cottage together. The air was fresh and clear; white vapors arose from the ridges of the mountains, furrowed here and there by the foam of the torrents, which were now beginning to dry up on all sides. As for the garden, it was completely torn to pieces by deep water-courses, the roots of the fruit-trees were for most part laid bare, and vast heaps of sand covered the borders of meadows, and had choked up Virginia's Bath. The two cocoa-trees, however, were still erect, and still retained their freshness; but they were no longer surrounded by turf or arbors or birds, except a few amadavid birds, who, upon the points of the neighboring rocks, lamented in plaintive notes the loss of their young.

At the sight of this general desolation, Virginia exclaimed to Paul, "You brought birds hither, and the hurricane has killed them. You planted this garden, and it is now destroyed. Everything then upon earth perishes, and it is only heaven that is not subject to change." "Why," answered Paul, "cannot I give you something that comes from heaven! but I have nothing even upon earth." Virginia with a blush replied, "You have the picture of Saint Paul." Scarcely had she spoken when he flew to his mother's cottage in search of it. This picture was a small miniature representing Paul the Hermit. Margaret had a great reverence for it. She had for a long time worn it hung at her neck when she was a girl, and since she became a mother she had placed it round the neck of her child. It had even happened that being, while pregnant, abandoned by the whole world, and continually employed in contemplating the image of this benevolent recluse, her offspring had contracted some resemblance to this revered object. It was this that had led her to bestow upon him the name of Paul, giving him for his patron a saint who had passed his life far from mankind, by whom he had been first deceived and then forsaken. Virginia, upon receiving this little picture from the hands of Paul, said to him, with emotion, "My dear brother, I will never part with this while I live; nor will I ever forget that you have given me the only thing which you possess in the world." At this tone of friendship, this unhoped-for return of familiarity and tenderness, Paul attempted to embrace her; but, light as a bird, she fled, and left him astonished, and unable to account for a conduct so extraordinary.

Meanwhile Margaret said to Madame de la Tour, "Why do we not unite our children by marriage? They have a strong attachment to each other, which my son does not yet wholly understand. When Nature shall speak to him, in vain we shall shut our eyes; there is everything then to fear." Madame de la Tour replied, "They are too young and too poor. What grief would it occasion us to see Virginia bring into the world unfortunate children, whom she would not perhaps have sufficient strength to rear. Your negro, Domingo, is almost too old to labor; Mary is infirm. As for myself, my dear friend, at the end of fifteen years I find my strength much lessened; one grows old rapidly in hot climates, and, above all, under the pressure of misfortune. Paul is our only hope; let us wait till years have formed his constitution and he can support us by his labor; at present you well know that we have only sufficient to supply the wants of the day; but were we to send Paul for a short time to the Indies, commerce would furnish him with the means of purchasing some slaves; and at his return we could unite him to Virginia; for I am persuaded no one on earth can render her so happy as your son. We will speak to our neighbor about it."

They accordingly asked my advice, and I was of their opinion. "The Indian seas," said I, "are calm, and in choosing a favorable season, the voyage out is seldom longer than six weeks, and the same for the return. We

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will furnish Paul with a little venture from my neighborhood, where he is much beloved. If we were only to supply him with some raw cotton, of which we make no use for want of mills to work it; some ebony, which is here so common that it serves us for firing; and some rosin, which is found in our woods; —all those articles will sell advantageously in the Indies, while to us they are useless."

I engaged to obtain permission from Monsieur de la Bourdonnais to undertake this voyage; and I wished beforehand to mention the affair to Paul. But what was my surprise when this young man said to me, with a degree of good sense above his age, "And why do you wish me to leave my family for this precarious pursuit of fortune? Is there any commerce in the world more advantageous than the culture of the ground, which yields sometimes fifty or a hundred fold? If we wish to engage in commerce, can we not do so by carrying our superfluities to the town, without my wandering to the Indies? Our mothers tell me that Domingo is old and feeble, but I am young, and gather strength every day. If any accident should happen during my absence, above all, to Virginia, who already suffers — O no, no! — I cannot resolve to leave them."

This answer threw me into great perplexity, for Madame de la Tour had not concealed from me the situation of Virginia, and the desire which she had of gaining the delay of a few years by separating the young people from one another. These were motives which I thought unwise to suggest to Paul.

About this time a ship from France brought Madame de la Tour a letter from her aunt. The fear of death, without which hard hearts would never feel, had alarmed her. She was recovering from a dangerous disorder, which had left her in a state of weakness rendered incurable by age. She desired her niece to return to France; or, if her health forbade her to undertake so long a voyage, she enjoined on her to send Virginia, on whom she would bestow a good education, procure for her a splendid marriage, and leave her the inheritance of her whole fortune.

The perusal of this letter spread general consternation through the family. Domingo and Mary began to weep. Paul, motionless with surprise, appeared ready to burst with indignation; while Virginia, fixing her eyes upon her mother, had not power to utter a word.

"And can you now leave us?" cried Margaret to Madame de la Tour. "No, my dear friend, no, my beloved children," replied Madame de la Tour, "I will not leave you. I have lived with you, and with you I will die. I have known no happiness but in your affection. If my health be deranged, my past misfortunes are the cause. My heart has been deeply wounded by the cruelty of my relations and the loss of my husband. But I have since found more consolation and happiness with you in these humble huts, than all the wealth of my family could now lead me to expect in my own country."

At this language every eye overflowed with tears of delight. Paul, pressing Madame de la Tour in his arms, exclaimed, "Neither will I leave you! I will not go to the Indies. We will all labor for you, my dear mamma; and you shall never feel any want with us." But of the whole society, the person who displayed the least transport, and who probably felt the most, was Virginia; and during the remainder of the day that gentle gayety which flowed from her heart, and proved that her peace was restored, completed the general satisfaction.

The next day, at sunrise, just as they had concluded offering up, as usual, their morning prayer, which preceded their breakfast, Domingo informed them that a gentleman on horseback, followed by two slaves, was coming toward the plantation. This person was Monsieur de la Bourdonnais. He entered the cottage, where he found the family at breakfast. Virginia had prepared, according to the custom of the country, coffee and rice boiled in water; to these she had added hot yams and fresh bananas. The leaves of the plantain-tree supplied the want of table-linen, and calabash shells, split in two, served for cups. The Governor discovered at first some surprise at the homeliness of the dwelling; then, addressing himself to Madame de la Tour, he observed that, although public affairs drew his attention too much from the concerns of individuals, she had many claims to his good offices. "You have an aunt at Paris, madame," he added, "a woman of quality, and immensely rich, who expects that you will hasten to see her,

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and who means to bestow upon you her whole fortune." Madame de la Tour replied that the state of her health would not permit her to undertake so long a voyage. "At least," resumed Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, "you cannot, without injustice, deprive this amiable young lady, your daughter, of so noble an inheritance. I will not conceal from you that your aunt has made use of her influence to secure your daughter being sent to her; and that I have received official letters, in which I am ordered to exert my authority, if necessary, to that effect. But, as I only wish to employ my power for the purpose of rendering the inhabitants of this colony happy, I expect from your good sense the voluntary sacrifice of a few years, upon which depend your daughter's establishment in the world and the welfare of your whole life. Wherefore do we come to these islands? Is it not to acquire a fortune? And will it not be more agreeable to return and find it in your own country?"

So saying, he placed upon the table a great bag of piastres, which had been brought hither by one of his slaves. "This sum," he continued, "is allotted by your aunt for the preparations necessary for your daughter's voyage." Gently reproaching Madame de la Tour for not having had recourse to him in her difficulties, he extolled at the same time her noble fortitude. Upon this, Paul said to the Governor, "My mother did address herself to you, sir, and you received her ill." "Have you another child, madame?" said Monsieur de la Bourdonnais to Madame de la Tour. "No, sir," she replied; "this is the son of my friend; but he and Virginia are equally dear to us." "Young man," said the Governor to Paul, "when you have acquired a little more experience of the world, you will know that it is the misfortune of people in place to be deceived, and thence to bestow upon intriguing vice that which belongs to modest merit."

Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, at the request of Madame de la Tour, placed himself next her at table, and breakfasted, in the manner of the Creoles, upon coffee, mixed with rice, boiled in water. He was delighted with the order and neatness which prevailed in the little cottage, the harmony of the two interesting families, and the zeal of their old servants. "Here," exclaimed he, "I discern only wooden furniture; but I find serene countenances and hearts of gold." Paul, enchanted with the affability of the Governor, said to him, "I wish to be your friend; you are a good man." Monsieur de la Bourdonnais received with pleasure this insular compliment, and, taking Paul by the hand, assured him that he might rely upon his friendship.

After breakfast he took Madame de la Tour aside and informed her that an opportunity presented itself of sending her daughter to France, in a ship which was going to sail in a short time; that he would recommend her to a lady, a relation of his own, who would be a passenger; and that she must not think of renouncing an immense fortune on account of being separated from her daughter a few years. "Your aunt," he added, as he was leaving, "cannot live more than two years; of this I am assured by her friends. Think of it seriously. Fortune does not visit us every day. Consult your friends. Every person of good sense will be of my opinion." She answered "that, desiring no other happiness henceforth in the world than that of her daughter, she would leave her departure for France entirely to her own inclination."

Madame de la Tour was not sorry to find an opportunity of separating Paul and Virginia for a short time, and provide, by this means, for their mutual happiness at a future period. She took her daughter aside and said to her, "My dear child, our servants are now old. Paul is still very young; Margaret is advanced in years, and I am already infirm. If I should die, what would become of you, without fortune, in the midst of these deserts? You would then be left alone, without any person who could afford you much help, and forced to labor without ceasing, as a hired servant, in order to support your wretched existence. This idea fills my soul with sorrow." Virginia answered, "God has appointed us to labor. You have taught me to labor, and to bless him every day. Thus far he has not forsaken us; he never will forsake us. His providence peculiarly watches the unfortunate. You have told me this often, my dear mother. I cannot resolve to leave you." Madame de la Tour replied with much emotion, "I have no other aim than to render you happy, and to marry you one

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day to Paul, who is not your brother. Reflect at present that his fortune depends upon you."

A young girl who loves believes that all the world is ignorant of it; she throws over her eyes the veil which she has over her heart; but when it is lifted by some cherishing hand, then the hidden pains of her passion escape as through a newly opened barrier, and the sweet outpourings of confidence succeed that reserve and mystery in which she had enfolded herself. Virginia, deeply affected by this new proof of her mother's tenderness, related to her how cruel had been those struggles which God alone had witnessed; declared that she saw the succor of Providence in that of an affectionate mother, who approved of her attachment, and would guide her by her counsels; that being now strengthened by such support, every consideration led her to remain with her mother, without anxiety for the present and without apprehension for the future.

Madame de la Tour, perceiving that this confidential conversation had produced an effect altogether different from that which she expected, said, "My dear child, I will not any more constrain your inclination; think over it at leisure, but conceal your feelings from Paul. When a young girl's heart is taken captive, her lover has nothing left to ask of her."

Toward evening, when she was alone with Virginia, there entered a tall man dressed in a blue cassock; he was a missionary priest of the island, and the confessor of Madame de la Tour and Virginia. He had been sent by the Governor. "My children," he exclaimed as he entered, "God be praised! you are now rich. You can now listen to the kind suggestion of your excellent hearts, and do good to the poor. I know what Monsieur de la Bourdonnais has said to you, and what you have answered. Your health, dear madame, obliges you to remain here; but you, young lady, are without excuse. We must obey the will of Providence; and we must also obey our aged relations, even when they are unjust. A sacrifice is required of you, but it is the order of God. He devoted himself for you; and you, in imitation of his example, must devote yourself for the welfare of your family. Your voyage to France will have a happy termination. You will surely consent to go, my dear young lady?"

Virginia, with downcast eyes, answered, trembling, "If it be the command of God, I have nothing to say against it. Let the will of God be done," said she, weeping.

The priest went away and informed the Governor of the success of his mission. In the mean time Madame de la Tour sent Domingo to desire I would come hither, that she might consult me upon Virginia's departure. I was of opinion that she ought not to go. I consider it as a fixed principle of happiness, that we ought to prefer the advantages of nature to those of fortune, and never go in search of that at a distance which we may find at home. But what could be expected from my moderate counsels, opposed to the illusions of a splendid fortune; or from my simple reasoning, contradicted by the prejudices of the world and an authority which Madame de la Tour held sacred? This lady had only consulted me from a sentiment of respect, and had in reality ceased to deliberate since she had heard the decision of her confessor. Margaret herself, who, notwithstanding the advantages she hoped for her son from the possession of Virginia's fortune, had hitherto opposed her departure, made no further objections. As for Paul, ignorant of what was decided, and alarmed at the secret conversation which Madame de la Tour held with her daughter, he abandoned himself to deep melancholy. "They are plotting something against my peace," cried he, "for they conceal everything from me."

A report having in the mean time been spread over the island that fortune had visited those rocks, we beheld merchants of all kinds climbing their steep ascent, and displaying in those humble huts the richest stuffs of India, — the fine dimity of Gondelore, the handkerchiefs of Pellicate and Musulapatan, the plain, striped, and embroidered muslins of Decca, clear as the day. Those merchants unrolled the gorgeous silks of China, white satin damasks, others of grass-green and bright red; rose-colored taffetas, a profusion of satins, pelongs, and gauze of Tonquin, some plain and some beautifully decorated with flowers; the soft pekins, downy like cloth; white and yellow nankeens, and the calicoes of Madagascar.

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Madame de la Tour wished her daughter to purchase everything she liked; and Virginia made choice of whatever she believed would be agreeable to her mother, Margaret, and her son. "This," said she, "will serve for furniture, and that will be useful to Mary and Domingo." In short, the bag of piastres was emptied before she had considered her own wants; and she was obliged to receive a share of the presents which she had distributed to the family circle.

Paul, penetrated with sorrow at the sight of those gifts of fortune which he felt were the presage of Virginia's departure, came a few days after to my dwelling. With an air of despondency he said to me, "My sister is going; she is already making preparations for her voyage. Come to our house, I pray you; use your influence over her mother and mine, in order to detain her here." I could not refuse Paul's solicitations, although well convinced that my representations would be unavailing.

If Virginia had appeared to me charming when clad in the blue cloth of Bengal, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, how much was her beauty improved when I saw her attired like the ladies of this country! She was dressed in white muslin, lined with rose-colored taffeta. Her small and elegant shape was displayed to advantage by her corset; and her fair hair, woven in tresses, accorded admirably with her maidenly head. Her fine blue eyes were filled with an expression of melancholy; and the struggles of passion, with which her heart was agitated, flushed her cheek and gave her voice a tone of emotion. The contrast between her pensive look and her gay habiliments rendered her more interesting than ever, nor was it possible to see or hear her unmoved. Paul became more and more melancholy; at length Margaret, distressed by the situation of her son, took him aside and said to him, "Why, my dear son, will you cherish vain hopes which will only render your disappointment more bitter? It is time that I should make known to you the secret of your life and of mine. Mademoiselle de la Tour belongs, by her mother, to a rich and noble family; while you are but the son of a poor peasant girl, and, what is worse, you are a natural child."

Paul, who had never before heard this last expression, inquired with eagerness its meaning. His mother replied: "You had no legitimate father. When I was a girl, seduced by love, I was guilty of a weakness of which you are the offspring. My fault deprived you of the protection of a father's family, and my flight from home of that of a mother's family. Unfortunate child! you have no relation in the world but me!" And she shed a flood of tears. Paul, pressing her in his arms, exclaimed, "O my dear mother! since I have no relation in the world but you, I will love you still more! But what a secret have you disclosed to me! I now see the reason why Mademoiselle de la Tour has estranged herself from me for two months past, and why she has determined to go. Ah, I perceive too well that she despises me!"

The hour of supper being arrived, we placed ourselves at table; but the different sensations with which we were all agitated left us little inclination to eat, and the meal passed in silence. Virginia first went out, and seated herself on the very spot where we now are. Paul hastened after her, and seated himself by her side. For some time both of them kept a profound silence. It was one of those delicious nights which are so common between the tropics, and the beauty of which no pencil can trace. The moon appeared in the midst of the firmament, curtained in clouds, which her beams gradually dispelled. Her light insensibly spread itself over the mountains of the island and over their peaks, which glistened with a silvered green. The winds were perfectly still. We heard along the woods, at the bottom of the valleys and on the summits of the rocks, the weak cry and the soft murmurs of the birds, wantoning in their nests and exulting in the brightness of the night and the serenity of the atmosphere. The hum of insects was heard in the grass. The stars sparkled in the heavens, and were reflected in the bosom of the sea that repeated their trembling images. Virginia's eyes wandered over its vast and gloomy horizon, distinguishable from the bay of the island by the red fires in the fishing-boats. She perceived at the entrance of the harbor a light and a shadow; these were the watchlight and the body of the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe, and which, ready to set sail, lay at

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anchor, waiting for the wind. Affected at this sight, she turned away her head, in order to hide her tears from Paul.

Madame de la Tour, Margaret, and myself were seated at a little distance beneath the plantain-trees; and in the stillness of the night we distinctly heard their conversation, which I have not forgotten.

Paul said to her: "You are going, they tell me, in three days. You do not fear, then, to encounter the danger of the sea, at which you are so much terrified?" "I must fulfil my duty," answered Virginia, "by obeying my parent." "You leave us," resumed Paul, "for a distant relation whom you have never seen. "Alas!" cried Virginia, "I would have remained my whole life here, but my mother would not have it so. My confessor told me that it was the will of God I should go; that life was a trial — O, how sore a trial it is!"

"What," exclaimed Paul, "you have found so many reasons then for going, and not one for remaining here! Ah, there is one reason more for your departure, which you do not tell me. Riches have great attractions. You will soon find in a new world another to whom you will give the name of brother, which you bestow on me no more. You will choose that brother from among persons who are worthy of you by their birth, and by a fortune which I have not to offer. But where will you go in order to be happier? On what shore will you land which will be dearer to you than the spot which gave you birth? Where will you find a society more interesting to you than this by which you are so beloved? How will you bear to live without your mother's caresses, to which you are so accustomed? What will become of her, already advanced in years, when she no longer sees you at her side at table, in the house, in the walks where she used to lean upon you? What will become of my mother, who loves you with the same affection? What shall I say to comfort them when I see them weeping for your absence? Cruel! I speak not to you of myself; but what will become of me, when in the morning I shall no more see you; when the evening will come, and will not reunite us; when I shall gaze on the two palm-trees planted at our birth, and so long the witnesses of our mutual friendship? Ah! since a new destiny attracts you, since you seek in a country distant from your own other possessions than those which were the fruits of my labor, let me accompany you in the vessel in which you are going to embark. I will animate your courage in the midst of those tempests at which you are so terrified even on shore. I will lay your head on my bosom. I will warm your heart upon my own; and in France, where you go in search of fortune and of grandeur, I will attend you as your slave. Happy only in your happiness, you will find me, in those palaces where I shall see you cherished and adored, at least sufficiently noble to make for you the greatest of all sacrifices by dying at your feet."

The violence of his emotion stifled his voice, and we then heard that of Virginia, which, broken by sobs, uttered these words: "It is for you I go; for you, whom I see every day bent beneath the labor of sustaining two infirm families. If I have accepted this opportunity of becoming rich, it is only to return you a thousand-fold the good which you have done us. Is there any fortune worthy of your friendship? Why do you talk to me of your birth? Ah! if it was again possible to give me a brother, should I make choice of any other than you? O Paul! Paul! you are far dearer to me than a brother! How much has it cost me to avoid you! Help me to tear myself from my very self, till Heaven can bless our union. Now I stay, I go, I live, I die; do with me as you will. Unhappy that I am! I could have withstood your caresses, but I cannot support your affliction."

At these words Paul seized her in his arms, and, holding her pressed fast to his bosom, cried, in a piercing tone, "I will go with her; nothing shall divide us!" We ran toward him; and Madame de la Tour said to him, "My son, if you go, what will become of us?"

He, trembling, repeated the words, "My son! — My son! — You, my mother," cried he; "you, who would separate the brother from the sister! We have both been nourished at your bosom; we have both been reared upon your knees; we have learnt of you to love each other; we have said so a thousand times; and now you would separate her from me! You send her to Europe,

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that barbarous country which refused you an asylum, and to relations by whom you were abandoned. You will tell me that I have no right over her, and that she is not my sister. She is everything to me, — riches, birth, family, my sole good! I know no other. We have had but one roof, one cradle, and we will have but one grave. If she goes, I will follow her. The Governor will prevent me! Will he prevent me from flinging myself into the sea? I will follow her by swimming! The sea cannot be more fatal to me than the land. Since I cannot live with her, at least I will die before her eyes, far from you. Inhuman mother! woman without compassion! May the ocean, to which you trust her, restore her to you no more! May the waves, rolling back our corpses amidst the stones of the beach, give you, in the loss of your two children, an eternal subject of remorse!"

At these words I seized him in my arms, for despair had deprived him of reason. His eyes flashed fire, big drops of sweat hung upon his face, his knees trembled, and I felt his heart beat violently against his burning bosom.

Virginia, affrighted, said to him, "O my friend, I call to witness the pleasures of our early age, your sorrow and my own, and everything that can forever bind two unfortunate beings to each other, that if I remain, I will live but for you; that if I go, I will one day return to be yours. I call you all to witness, — you who have reared my infancy who dispose of my life, who see my tears. I swear by that Heaven which hears me, by the sea which I am going to pass, by the air I breathe, which I never sullied by a falsehood."

As the sun softens and precipitates an icy rock from the summit of the Apennines, so the impetuous passions of the young man were subdued by the voice of her he loved. He bent his head, and a flood of tears fell from his eyes. His mother, mingling her tears with his, held him in her arms, but was unable to speak. Madame de la Tour, half distracted, said to me, "I can bear this no longer. My heart is broken. This unfortunate voyage shall not take place. Do take my son home with you. It is eight days since any one here has slept."

I said to Paul, "My dear friend, your sister will remain. To-morrow we will speak to the Governor; leave your family to take some rest, and come and pass the night with me. It is late; it is midnight; the Southern Cross is just above the horizon."

He suffered himself to be led away in silence, and, after a night of great agitation, he arose at break of day and returned home.

But why should I continue any longer to you the recital of this history? There is never but one aspect of human life which we can contemplate with pleasure. Like the globe upon which we revolve, our fleeting course is but a day; and if one part of that day be visited by light, the other is thrown into darkness.

"Father," I answered, "finish, I conjure you, the history which you have begun in a manner so interesting. If the images of happiness are most pleasing, those of misfortune are more instructive. What became, I pray you, of unhappy Paul?"

The first object which Paul saw on his way home was the negro woman Mary, who, mounted upon a rock, was earnestly looking toward the sea. As soon as he perceived her, he called to her from a distance, "Where is Virginia?" Mary turned her head toward her young master, and began to weep. Paul, beside himself, turned upon his steps and ran to the harbor. He was there informed that Virginia had embarked at break of day, that the vessel had immediately after set sail, and could no longer be discerned. He instantly returned to the plantation, which he crossed without uttering a word.

Although the pile of rocks behind us appears almost perpendicular, those green platforms which separate their summits are so many stages by means of which you may reach, through some difficult paths, that cone of hanging and inaccessible rocks called the Thumb. At the foot of that cone is a stretching slope of ground, covered with lofty trees, and so high and steep that it appears like a forest in air, surrounded by tremendous precipices. The clouds, which are attracted round the summit of the Thumb, supply innumerable rivulets, which fall to so great a depth in the valley situated behind that mountain, that from this elevated point we do not hear the sound of their fall. From that spot you can discern a considerable part of the island, with its precipices crowned

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with their majestic peaks; and, among others, Peter-Booth, and the Three Breasts, with their valley filled with woods. You also command an extensive view of the ocean, and even perceive the Isle of Bourbon forty leagues toward the west. It was from this height that Paul gazed upon the vessel which had borne away Virginia. He saw it, more than ten leagues out at sea, appearing like a black spot in the midst of the ocean. He remained a great part of the day with his eyes fixed upon this object: when it had disappeared, he still fancied he beheld it; and when it was lost in the mists of the horizon, he seated himself on that wild point, forever beaten by the winds, which never cease to agitate the tops of the cabbage and gum trees upon it. Their hoarse, moaning murmurs are like the distant sound of organs, and inspire a deep melancholy. There I found Paul, with his head reclined on the rock, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. I had followed him since break of day, and after much importunity, I prevailed with him to descend and return to his family. I went home with him, where the first impulse of his mind, upon seeing Madame de la Tour, was to reproach her bitterly for having deceived him. Madame de la Tour told us that a favorable wind having sprung up at three o'clock in the morning, and the vessel being ready to set sail, the Governor, attended by some of his staff and the missionary, had come with a palanquin in search of Virginia, and that, notwithstanding her own objections, her tears, and those of Margaret, all the while exclaiming that it was for the good of them all, they had carried away her daughter almost dying. "At least," cried Paul, "if I had bid her farewell, I should now be more calm. I would have said to her, Virginia, if, during the time we have lived together, one word may have escaped me which has offended you, before you leave me forever, tell me that you forgive me, I would have said to her, Since I am destined to see you no more, farewell, my dear Virginia, farewell! Live, far from me, contented and happy!"

When he saw that his mother and Madame de la Tour were weeping, "You must now," said he, "seek some other than me to wipe away your tears"; and then, rushing out of the house and groaning aloud, he wandered up and down the plantation. He hovered especially about those spots which had been most dear to Virginia. He said to the goats and their little kids which followed him, bleating, "What do you ask of me? You will see no more with me her who used to feed you with her own hand." He went to the bower called Virginia's Resting-place, and, as the birds flew around him, exclaimed, "Poor birds! you will fly no more to meet her who cherished you!" and observing Fidéle running backward and forward in search of her, he heaved a deep sigh, and cried, "Ah, you will never find her again!" At length he went and seated himself upon the rock where he had conversed with her the preceding evening, and at the view of the ocean upon which he had seen the vessel disappear which bore her away, he wept bitterly.

We continually watched his steps, apprehending some fatal consequence from the violent agitation of his mind. His mother and Madame de la Tour conjured him, in the most tender manner, not to increase their affliction by his despair. At length Madame de la Tour soothed his mind by lavishing upon him such epithets as were best calculated to revive his hopes. She called him her son, her dear son, her son-in-law whom she destined for her daughter. She prevailed with him to return to the house and receive a little nourishment. He seated himself with us at table next to the place which used to be occupied by the companion of his childhood, and, as if she had still been present, he spoke to her, and offered whatever he knew was most agreeable to her taste; and then, perceiving his wandering, he began to weep. For some days he employed himself in gathering together everything which had belonged to Virginia, — the last nosegays she had worn, the cocoa-shell in which she used to drink, and, as if those relics of his friend had been the most precious treasures which the world contained, he kissed them and hid them in his bosom. Amber does not shed so sweet a perfume as the objects which have belonged to those we love. At length, perceiving that his anguish increased that of his mother and Madame de la Tour, and that the wants of the family required continual labor, he began, with the assistance of Domingo, to repair the garden.

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Soon after, this young man, till now indifferent as a Creole with respect to what was passing in the world, desired I would teach him to read and write, that he might carry on a correspondence with Virginia. He then wished to be instructed in geography, in order that he might form a just idea of the country where she had disembarked; and in history, that he might know the manners of the society in which she was placed. Just so he had become versed in agriculture, and in the art of laying out the most irregular grounds with advantage and beauty, by this same sentiment of love. Without doubt it is to the fond dreams of this restless and ardent passion that mankind are indebted for a great number of arts and sciences, while its disappointments have given birth to philosophy, which teaches us to bear the evils of life with resignation. Thus Nature, having made love the general link which binds all beings, has rendered it the first spring of society, the first incitement to knowledge as well as pleasure.

Paul found little satisfaction in the study of geography, which, instead of describing the natural history of each country, gives us only a view of its political boundaries. History, and especially modern history, interested him little more. He there saw only general and periodical evils of which he did not discern the cause; wars, for which there was no reason and no object; nations without principle, and princes without humanity. He preferred the reading of romances, which, being filled with the particular feelings and interests of men, represented situations similar to his own. No book gave him so much pleasure as "Telemachus," from the pictures which it draws of pastoral life, and of those passions which are natural to the human heart. He read aloud to his mother and Madame de la Tour those parts which affected him most sensibly, when, sometimes, touched by the most tender remembrances, his voice became choked, and his eyes were filled with tears. He fancied he had found in Virginia the wisdom of Antiope, with the misfortunes and the tenderness of Eucharis. With very different sensations he perused our fashionable novels, filled with licentious maxims and manners. And when he was informed that those romances drew a just picture of European society, he trembled, not without reason, lest Virginia should become corrupted, and should forget him.

More than a year and a half had indeed passed away before Madame de la Tour received any tidings of her daughter. During that period she had only accidentally heard that Virginia had arrived safely in France. At length a vessel, which stopped on its way to the Indies, brought to Madame de la Tour a packet, and a letter written with her own hand. Notwithstanding the care taken by her loving and gentle daughter, Madame de la Tour was certain that she was not at all happy. Her letter paints so naturally her situation and her character, that I have retained it almost word for word:—

"My dearest and beloved Mother: I have already sent you several letters written with my own hand, but having received no answer, I fear they have not reached you. I have better hopes for this, from the means I have now taken of sending you tidings of myself, and of hearing from you.

"I have shed many tears since our separation; I, who never used to weep but for the misfortunes of others! My aunt was much astonished when, having upon my arrival inquired what accomplishments I possessed, I told her that I could neither read nor write. She asked me what then I had learned since I came into the world, and when I answered that I had been taught to take care of the household affairs and obey your will, she told me that I had received the education of a servant. The next day she placed me as a boarder in a great abbey near Paris, where I have masters of all kinds, who teach me, among other things, history, geography, grammar, mathematics, and riding. But I have so little capacity for all these sciences that I make but small progress with my masters. I feel that I am but a poor creature, with very little ability to learn what they can teach. My aunt's kindness, however, does not lessen. She gives me new dresses for each season, and she has placed two waiting-women with me, who are both dressed like fine ladies. She has made me take the title of countess, but has obliged me to renounce the name of La Tour, which is as dear to me as it is to you, from all you have told me of the sufferings my father endured in order to marry you. She has re-

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placed your name by that of your family, which is also dear to me, because it was your name when a girl. Seeing myself in so splendid a situation I implored her to let me send you some assistance. But how shall I repeat her answer? Yet you have desired me always to tell you the truth. She told me, then, that a little would be of no use to you, and that a great deal would only encumber you in the simple life you led.

"I endeavored, upon my arrival, to send you tidings of myself by another hand, since I could not myself write; but, finding no person here in whom I could place confidence, I applied night and day to reading and writing, and God gave me grace to attain my end in a short time. I intrusted my first letters to some of the ladies here, who, I have reason to think, carried them to my aunt. This time I have had recourse to a boarder, who is my friend. I send you her direction, by means of which I shall receive your answer. My aunt has forbid my holding any correspondence whatever, which might, she says, become an obstacle to the great views she has for my advantage. No person is allowed to see me at the grate but herself and an old nobleman, one of her friends, who, she says, is much pleased with me. I am sure I am not at all so with him, nor should I, even if it were possible for me to be pleased with any one at present.

"I live in the midst of affluence, and have not a sou at my disposal. They say I might make an improper use of money. Even my clothes belong to my waiting-women, who quarrel about them before I have left them off. In the bosom of riches, I am poorer than when I lived with you; for I have nothing to give. When I found that the great accomplishments they taught me would not procure me the power of doing the smallest good, I had recourse to my needle, of which, happily, you had taught me the use. I send several pair of stockings of my own making for you and Mamma Margaret, a cap for Domingo, and one of my red handkerchiefs for Mary. I also send with this packet some kernels and seeds of various kinds of fruits, which I gathered during my hours of recreation in the abbey park. I have added also some seeds of violets, daisies, buttercups, poppies, blue-bottle, and scabiouses, which I picked up in the fields. There are many more beautiful flowers in the meadows of this country than in ours, but nobody cares for them. I am sure that you and Mamma Margaret will be better pleased with this bag of seeds than you were with the bag of piastres, which was the cause of our separation and of my tears. It will give me great delight if you should one day see apple-trees growing at the side of the plantain, and elms blending their foliage with our cocoa-trees. You will fancy yourself in Normandy, which you love so much.

"You desired me to relate to you my joys and my griefs. I have no joys far from you. As for my griefs, I endeavor to soothe them by reflecting that I am in the situation in which you placed me by the will of God. But my greatest affliction is, that no one here speaks to me of you, and that I must speak of you to no one. My waiting-women — or rather those of my aunt, for they belong more to her than to me — say to me when I attempt to turn the conversation upon the objects most dear to me, 'Remember, mademoiselle, that you are a French woman, and must forget that country of savages.' Ah, sooner will I forget myself than forget the spot on which I was born, and where you dwell! It is this country which is to me a land of savages; for I live alone, having no one to whom I can impart those feelings of tenderness for you which I shall bear with me to the grave. I am,

"My dearest and beloved mother,

"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

"VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR.

"I recommend to your goodness Mary and Domingo, who took so much care of my infancy. Caress Fidéle for me, who found me in the wood."

Paul was astonished that Virginia had not said one word of him, she who had not forgotten even the house-dog. But he was not aware that, however long may be a woman's letter, she keeps her tenderest sentiment for the close.

In a postscript Virginia recommended particularly to Paul's care two kinds of seed, those of the violet and the scabious. She gave him some instructions upon the nature of those plants and the spots most proper for their cultivation. "The violet," said she, "produces a little flower of a deep purple

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color, which loves to hide itself beneath the bushes, but is soon discovered by its delightful odors." She desired those seeds might be sown along the borders of the fountain, at the foot of her cocoa-tree. "The scabious," she added, "produces a beautiful flower of a pale blue, and a black ground, spotted with white. You might fancy it was in mourning, and for this reason it is called the widow's flower. It delights in bleak spots beaten by the winds." She begged him to sow this upon the rock where she had spoken to him at night for the last time, and for her sake to give it henceforth the name of the Farewell Rock.

She had put those seeds into a little purse, the tissue of which was extremely simple; but which appeared above all price to Paul when he perceived a P and a V entwined together, and formed of hair which he knew from its beauty to be the hair of Virginia.

The whole family listened with tears to the letter of that sensitive and pure girl. Her mother answered it in the name of the little society, and desired her to remain or return at her will; assuring her that they had lost their chief happiness since her departure, and that, for herself, she was inconsolable.

Paul also sent her a long letter, in which he assured her that he would make the garden worthy of her, and blend the plants of Europe with those of Africa as she had blended their initials together in her work. He sent her some fruit from the cocoa-trees of the fountain, which were now arrived at maturity; telling her that he would not add seeds of any other trees of the island, that the desire of seeing their fruit again might hasten her return. He conjured her to comply without delay with the ardent wishes of her family, and, above all, with his own, since he could never hereafter taste any happiness while far from her.

With a careful hand Paul sowed the European seeds, particularly the violet and the scabious, the flowers of which seemed to bear some analogy to the character and situation of Virginia, who had so especially recommended them; but whether they were injured by the voyage, or whether the soil of this part of Africa was unfavorable to their growth, a very small number of them blew, and none came to perfection.

Meanwhile that envy which pursues human happiness, especially in the French colonies, spread some reports over the island which gave great uneasiness to Paul. The passengers in the vessel that had brought Virginia's letter asserted that she was upon the point of being married, and named the nobleman of the court to whom she was betrothed. Some even declared that the affair had already taken place and that they had been witnesses of it. Paul at first despised this report, brought by one of those trading ships which often spread false reports in their passage; but when some inhabitants of the island by an insulting commiseration affected to pity him for the issue, he began to give some credit to the story. He had seen in the novels which he had lately read, that perfidy was treated as a subject of pleasantry; and knowing that those books were faithful representations of European manners, he feared that the heart of Virginia was corrupted, and had forgotten its former engagements. Thus his acquirements only served to render him miserable; and what increased his apprehension was, that several ships arrived from Europe, during the space of six months, and not one brought any tidings of Virginia.

This unfortunate young man, with a heart torn by a most cruel agitation, came often to visit me, that I might confirm or banish his inquietude by my experience of the world.

I live, as I have already told you, a league and a half from hence, upon the banks of a little river which glides along the Sloping Mountain; there I lead a solitary life, without wife, children, or slaves.

After having enjoyed, and lost, the rare felicity of living with a congenial mind, the state of life which appears the least wretched is that of living alone. Every man who has much cause to complain of his fellows seeks solitude. It is very remarkable that all those nations which have been rendered unhappy by their opinions, their manners, or their forms of government, have produced numerous classes of citizens altogether devoted to solitude and celibacy. Such were the Egyptians in their decline, the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and such in our days are the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and most part of the eastern and southern nations of Europe.

Solitude restores to men, in a degree,

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natural enjoyments, in removing them from social unhappiness. In the midst of society, divided by so many prejudices, the spirit is in a constant state of agitation; it is continually revolving in itself a thousand turbulent and contradictory opinions, by which the members of an ambitious and miserable circle seek to raise themselves above each other. But in solitude the soul lays aside the morbid illusions which troubled her, and resumes the pure consciousness of herself, of Nature, and of its Author. Thus, the muddy water of a torrent which has ravaged the plains, turning aside from its course into some little basin, deposits its slime, resumes its primitive clearness, and, once more pure, reflects within its own banks the verdure of the earth and the light of heaven. Solitude also re-establishes the harmony of the powers of the body and the soul. Among the class who live a solitary life are those who push the career of man to its farthest limit, as the Brahmin of India. In short, I believe solitude to be so necessary to happiness, even in the world, that it seems to me impossible to derive lasting pleasure from any sentiment whatsoever, or to regulate our conduct on any sound principle, if we do not create for ourselves an interior solitude, from whence our opinion rarely goes forth, and into which the opinions of others never enter. I would not say, however, that man should live absolutely alone; he is linked with mankind by his necessities; his labors are due to men; he owes himself also to Nature. But as God has given to each one of us organs perfectly adapted to the elements of the globe on which we live, — feet for the ground, lungs for the air, eyes for the light, — without the power of changing the use of any of these faculties, he has reserved for himself alone, who is the Author of life, the heart, which is its principal organ.

Thus I pass my days far from mankind, whom I wished to serve and by whom I have been persecuted. After having travelled over many countries of Europe, and some parts of America and Africa, I at length pitched my tent in this thinly peopled island, allured by its mild temperature and its solitude. A cottage which I built in the woods at the foot of a tree, a little field which I cultivated with my own hands, a river which glides before my door, suffice for my want and for my pleasures. I blend with these enjoyments that of some chosen books, which teach me to become better. They make that world which I have abandoned still contribute to my satisfaction. They place before me pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants so miserable; and the comparison which I make between their destiny and my own leads me to feel a sort of negative happiness. Like a man saved from shipwreck and thrown upon a rock, I contemplate, from my solitude, the storms which roll over the rest of the world, and my repose seems more profound from the distant sounds of the tempest.

Since men are no longer in my path nor I in theirs, I no longer hate them: I pity them. If I meet some unfortunate one, I endeavor to aid him by my counsels, as a passer-by on the border of a torrent stretches his hand to a drowning man. But I have rarely found any but the innocent attentive to my voice. Nature calls the rest of men in vain; each one forms an image of her for himself, which he clothes with his own passions. He pursues all his life this vain phantom which leads him astray, and afterward complains to Heaven of the error which is his own. Among the great number of unfortunate ones that I have endeavored to bring back to Nature, I have not found one who was not intoxicated with his own misery. They have listened to me at first with attention, in the hope that I would aid them to acquire glory or fortune; but when they saw that I only wished to teach them to do without these, they considered me miserable because I did not run after their wretched happiness; they blamed my solitary life; they pretended that they alone were useful to men, and endeavored to draw me into their vortex. But if I communicate with all the world, I give my confidence to none. It is often sufficient for me to serve as a lesson to myself. In my present calm I review the past agitations of my own life, to which I have given so much value, — patronage, fortune, reputation, pleasure, and the opinions which are ever at strife throughout the world. I liken so many men whom I have seen disputing over these chimeras, and who are no more, to the waves of my river which break in foam against the rocks in their bed, and disappear never to return.

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For me, I suffer myself to be led calmly down the stream of time to the ocean of the future, which has no shores; and by the contemplation of the present harmony of Nature I raise my soul toward its Author, and hope for a more happy destiny in another world.

Although one does not see from my hermitage, situated in the midst of a forest, that variety of objects which is presented to us from the elevated spot where we now are, there is much there that is interesting, especially for a man who, like me, prefers self-communion to looking abroad upon external objects. The river which flows before my door passes in a straight line through the wood, appearing like a long canal shaded by all varieties of foliage. There are the black date and the ebony; that which they call here the apple, the olive, and cinnamon; thickets of palms raise their naked stems a hundred feet high, their summits crowned with tufts of palm-leaves, and appearing above the rest of the trees like a forest planted upon a forest. There intertwine lianas of various foliage, which reach from one tree to another, forming here arcades of flowers and there canopies of verdure. Most of these trees emit aromatic odors, which can be perceived even after several hours in the garments of those who have passed through the forest. At the time of their blossoming one might think they were covered with snow. At the end of summer many sorts of foreign birds come, guided by an incomprehensible instinct across vast oceans, to feed upon the seeds of the plants which grow upon the island, and to contrast the brilliancy of their plumage with the foliage browned by the sun. Among these are various species of paroquets and the blue pigeons called here Dutch pigeons. Monkeys, the domesticated inhabitants of our forests, sport in the dark branches, from which they can be distinguished by their grayish green skins and black faces, — some swinging in the air, suspended by their tails; others leaping from branch to branch, with their little ones in their arms. The murderous gun has never frightened these peaceable children of Nature. Nothing is heard but cries of joy, the warbling and chirping of southern birds, which are repeated by the echoes of the forest. The river, which runs rippling over a bed of rocks, through the trees, reflects here and there in its limpid waters their venerable masses of verdure and shadow, as well as the sports of their inhabitants; a short distance beyond it is precipitated over ledges of rocks, forming in its fall a sheet of water smooth as glass, and breaking at the bottom into a foaming mass. Innumerable confused sounds issue from these tumultuous waters, which, dispersed by the winds of the forest, sometimes seem near and sometimes far off, and sometimes deafening as the clang of cathedral bells. The air, being constantly renewed by the motion of the water, causes on the borders of this river a verdure and freshness, notwithstanding the heats of summer, that are rarely found in this island, even on the mountains.

At some distance there is a rock, far enough from the cascade that one may not be deafened by the noise of the torrent, and yet near enough for one to enjoy the sight of it, the coolness of the air, and the murmur of the water. Sometimes, when it was very warm, we would go to dine in the shadow of this rock, — Madame de la Tour, Margaret, Virginia, Paul, and I. Virginia, who in all her actions thought of the good of others, in eating fruit, always put the seed or kernel into the ground. "From them there will come," said she, "trees which will give their fruit to some traveller, or at least to a bird." One day she had eaten a papaw at the foot of this rock, and planted the seed. Soon after several sprung up, and one of them was of the kind which bears fruit. This tree was not as high as Virginia's knees when she left, but, as it grew rapidly, two years after it was twenty feet high, and the upper part of its trunk was encircled by several rows of ripe fruit. Paul, coming to the place by chance, was filled with joy on seeing this tall tree which had sprung from the little seed that he had seen planted by his friend; and at the same time was seized with profound sadness at this evidence of the length of her absence. Things which we see constantly do not remind us of the flight of time; they grow old with us insensibly; but it is those which we see again after several years that remind us how rapidly runs the river of our days. Paul was as surprised and excited at the sight of this tall papaw in fruit as a traveller is, after a long absence from his country, not to find, on his return, his contemporaries, and to see their

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children, whom he had left at the breast, themselves fathers of families. At one moment he wished to hew it down, because it made him feel how long the time was since the departure of Virginia; then, regarding it as a monument of her benevolence, he kissed its trunk, and addressed it in words full of love and regret.

O tree, whose posterity still exists in our woods, I myself have looked upon ye with more interest and veneration than upon triumphal arches of the Romans. May Nature, which destroys every day the monuments of the ambition of kings, multiply in our forests those of the benevolence of a young and poor girl!

It was then at the foot of this papaw-tree that I was sure of meeting Paul when he came into my neighborhood. One day I found him there depressed and melancholy, and had a conversation with him that I will repeat to you, if I do not weary you too much with my long digressions, pardonable at my age. I will tell it in the form of dialogue, that you may judge of the natural good sense of the young man. He said to me:—

"I am very unhappy. Mademoiselle de la Tour left us two years and two months since, and for eight months and a half she has sent us no news of herself. She is rich, I am poor; she has forgotten me. I will sail for France, I will serve the king, I will make a fortune, and the aunt of Mademoiselle de la Tour will give me her niece in marriage when I shall have become a great lord."

The old man. "O my friend, have you not told me that you are not of good birth?"

Paul. "My mother has told me so; but, for myself, I do not know what good birth is. I have never perceived that I had less than others or that others had more than I."

The old man. "Want of birth will in France bar the way to all high position. More than that, you cannot be admitted into any distinguished corps."

Paul. "You have told me more than once that one of the causes of the grandeur of France was that the least subject could attain anything; and you have cited many celebrated men who, having sprung from a low condition, have done honor to their country. Do you wish, then, to damp my courage?"

The old man. "My son, never would I do that. I have told you the truth of time past, but things are much changed now; everything has become venal in France; everything is in the possession of a small number of families or of certain bodies of men. The king is a sun that the nobles and these corporate bodies surround like clouds; it is nearly impossible that one of his rays should fall upon you. Formerly, in an administration less complicated, such phenomena have been seen. Then talents and merits showed themselves everywhere, as new lands after they are cleared yield with abundance. But great kings who know men and how to choose them are rare. The ordinary race of monarchs are swayed by the nobles and courtiers that surround them."

Paul. "But perhaps I shall find one of these nobles who will protect me."

The old man. "In order to be protected by the great, you must serve their ambition or their pleasures. You will never succeed there, for you are without birth and you are honest."

Paul. "But I will perform such courageous actions, I will be so faithful to my words, so exact in the performance of my duties, so zealous and so constant in my friendships, that I will deserve to be adopted by one of them, as I have seen instances in the ancient histories which you have made me read."

The old man. "O my friend! among the Greeks and Romans, even in their decline, the nobles respected virtue; we have had multitudes of men in France who have distinguished themselves in every possible manner, and who have sprung from the mass of the people, but I do not know of a single one who had been adopted by a great family. Virtue, without our kings, would be condemned in France to be eternally plebeian. As I have told you, sometimes they honor it when they perceive it; but in the present day the distinctions which should be reserved for virtue can only be obtained by money."

Paul. "If I cannot find a nobleman to adopt me, I will seek to please some public body. I will espouse its interests and opinions; I will make myself beloved by it."

The old man. "Will you act then like other men: will you sacrifice your conscience to be successful?"

Paul. "O no, I will never seek anything but the truth."

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The old man. "Instead of making yourself beloved, you would make yourself hated. Besides, public bodies interest themselves very little in the discovery of truth. All opinions are indifferent to the ambitious, provided they govern."

Paul. "How unfortunate I am! everything repulses me. I am condemned to pass my life in obscure labor far from Virginia!" And he sighed profoundly.

The old man. "Let God be your only patron, and the human race the body you would serve. Be constantly attached to them both. Families, corporations, people, and kings have their prejudices and passions; it is often necessary to serve them by vices; God and the human race only demand virtues. But why do you wish to be distinguished from the rest of mankind? It is a sentiment which is not natural, since if every one possessed it, every man would be at war with his neighbor. Be contented with fulfilling your duty in the station where Providence has placed you; be grateful for your lot, which permits you to have a conscience of your own, and which does not oblige you, like the great, to let your happiness rest on the opinion of the little; or, like the little, to cringe to the great in order to obtain the means to live. You are in a country and a condition in which, in order to live, it is not necessary for you to deceive nor flatter nor debase yourself, as most of those who seek fortune in Europe are obliged to do; in which the exercise of no virtue is forbidden you; in which you may be with impunity good, true, sincere, well-informed, patient, temperate, chaste, pious, without any shaft of ridicule coming to blast your wisdom, which is yet only in flower. Heaven has given you liberty, health, a good conscience, and friends; the kings whose favor you desire are not so happy."

Paul. "Ah! I only want Virginia. Without her, I have nothing; with her, I should have all. She alone is my birth, my glory, and my fortune. But since her aunt will give her for her husband a man with a great name, and with study and books one can become learned and celebrated, I am going to study. I will become a man of science; I will serve usefully my country with my knowledge without injuring any one, without depending upon any one; I will become celebrated, and my glory shall be achieved by myself alone."

The old man. "My son, talents are yet more rare than birth or riches; and without doubt they are a greater good than either, since nothing can take them from us, and everywhere they obtain for us public esteem. But they cost dearly; one only acquires them by privations of all sorts, — by exquisite sensibility, which exposes us to unhappiness from within and from without, by the persecutions of our contemporaries. The lawyer in France envies not the glory of the soldier, nor the soldier that of the naval officer; but every one will cross your path, because every one prides himself upon having talents and wit. You will serve mankind, you say; but he who makes the earth produce one grain more of wheat renders them a greater service than he who gives them a book."

Paul. "Ah! she who planted this papaw has made a more useful and more grateful present to the inhabitants of this island than if she had given them a whole library." And at the same time he threw his arms around the tree, and kissed it with transport.

The old man. "The best of books, which only preaches equality, brotherly love, charity, and peace, — the gospel, — has served as a pretext for centuries in Europe for the action of the evil passions. How many tyrannies, both public and private, are still practised in its name! After that, who will flatter himself that he can be useful to men by a book? Recall the fate of most of the philosophers who have preached to them wisdom. Homer, who clothed it in such noble verse, asked alms all his life; Socrates, who gave to the Athenians such admirable lessons by his discourses and his manners, was judicially sentenced by them to be poisoned. His sublime disciple, Plato, was delivered into slavery by the order of the very prince who protected him; and before them, Pythagoras, whose humanity extended even to animals, was burned alive by the Crotoniates. What do I say? many even of these illustrious names have descended to us disfigured by some traits of satire with which they were characterized, — human ingratitude taking pleasure in thus recognizing them; and if in the crowd the glory of some names has come down to us pure and without blemish, it is because those who bore them

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lived apart from the society of their contemporaries; like those statues which are found buried in the fields of Greece and Italy, which, by being hidden in the bosom of the earth, have escaped uninjured the fury of the barbarians.

"You see, then, that to acquire the stormy glory of literature, you must have virtue, and be ready to sacrifice your own life. Besides, do you think that in France this glory interests the rich? Do you suppose they care for men of letters, whose knowledge brings them neither honors nor power, nor even admission at court? There is, it is true, little persecution in this age, which is indifferent to everything but wealth and luxury; but knowledge and virtue lead no longer to distinction, because everything in the state is to be purchased with money. Formerly, men of letters found sure rewards in places in the Church, the magistracy, or the administration; now they are only considered useful to make books; but this fruit, little prized by people of the world, is worthy its divine origin. To these books is reserved the privilege of shedding lustre on obscure virtue, of consoling the unhappy, of enlightening nations, and of telling the truth even to kings. This is unquestionably the most august function with which Heaven can honor a mortal on earth. Where is the man who would not be consoled for the injustice or contempt of those who are the dispensers of the ordinary gifts of fortune, when he reflects that his work may pass from age to age, from nation to nation, serving as a barrier to error and tyranny; and that from amid the obscurity in which he has lived, there will shine forth a glory which will efface that of most kings, the monuments of whose deeds perish in oblivion, notwithstanding the flatterers who erect and extol them?"

Paul. "Ah! I only desire that glory that it may be reflected upon Virginia, and make her dear to the whole world. But you, who know so much, tell me if we shall ever be married. I should like to be learned, that I may know the future."

The old man. "Who would live, my son, if he knew the future? A single misfortune foreseen gives us so much useless inquietude! The foreknowledge of one certain calamity poisons all the days that precede it. We must not even pry too curiously into the things that surround us; and Heaven, which has given us the power of reflection to foresee our necessities, has given us those necessities to set limits to its exercise."

Paul. "You tell me that in Europe, with money, one acquires dignities and honors. I will go to Bengal to enrich myself, that I may afterward go to Paris and marry Virginia. I will embark at once."

The old man. "What! would you leave her mother and yours?"

Paul. "You yourself have advised me to go to the Indies."

The old man. "Virginia was then here; but you are now the only support of her mother and your own."

Paul. "Virginia will assist them through her rich relation."

The old man. "The rich only give to those who do them honor in the world. There are many relations of the rich more to be pitied than Madame de la Tour, who, for want of aid, sacrifice their liberty for bread, and pass their lives immured in a convent."

Paul. "What a country is Europe! O, Virginia must come back! What need has she of a rich relation? She was so happy in these cabins, so beautiful, and so adorned, with a red handkerchief twisted about her head or flowers in her hair! Return, Virginia! leave your fine house and your grandeur. Come back to these rocks, to the shade of these woods and our cocoa-trees. Alas, you are perhaps now unhappy!" And he began to weep. "My father," continued he, "hide nothing from me; if you cannot tell me whether I shall marry Virginia, at least tell me if she loves me still, surrounded as she is by those *grand seigneurs* who speak to the king, and who go to see her."

The old man. "Ah, my dear friend! I am sure, for many reasons, that she loves you; but, above all, because she is virtuous." At these words he threw himself upon my neck in a transport of joy.

Paul. "But do you think the women of Europe are false, as they are represented in the comedies and books which you have lent me?"

The old man. "Women are false in countries where men are tyrants. Everywhere violence produces deceit."

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Paul. "How can one be a tyrant to a woman?"

The old man. "By giving them in marriage without consulting them, — a young girl to an old man, a woman of sensibility to an indifferent husband."

Paul. "Why not marry those who suit each other, — the young to the young, lovers to those who love them?"

The old man. "Because few young men in France have property enough to marry, and only acquire it as they become old. When young, they seduce the wives of others; when old, they cannot secure the affection of their own. They have deceived when they were young; they are deceived in their turn when they are old. This is one of the reactions of that universal justice which governs the world; one excess is always balanced by another. Thus the greater part of Europeans pass their life in this double disorder, and this disorder increases everywhere in the same proportion that wealth is accumulated in the hands of the few. The state is like a garden where the small trees cannot grow if too many large ones overshadow them; but there is this difference, that the beauty of a garden may result from a small number of large trees, and that the prosperity of a state always depends upon the multitude and equality of its citizens, and not on a small number of rich men."

Paul. "But why is it necessary to be rich in order to marry?"

The old man. "In order to pass one's days in abundance, without working."

Paul. "But why not work? I am sure I work hard enough."

The old man. "Because in Europe labor with the hands is considered a degradation; they call it mechanical labor. That of cultivating the earth is the most despised of all. An artisan is there held in higher esteem than a peasant."

Paul. "What! the art which nourishes man is despised in Europe! I do not understand you."

The old man. "It is not possible for one educated according to Nature to comprehend the depraved state of society. One can form a precise idea of order, but not of disorder. Beauty, virtue, happiness, have their proportions; deformity, vice, and misery have none."

Paul. "The rich then are very happy! They encounter no obstacles; they can lavish happiness on those they love."

The old man. "They are for the most part satiated with pleasure, for the reason that it costs them no pains. Have you not yourself experienced that the pleasure of repose is bought by fatigue, that of eating by hunger, that of drinking by thirst? Well! that of loving and being loved is only acquired by innumerable privations and sacrifices. Wealth, by anticipating all their necessities, deprives its possessors of all these pleasures. Add to the *ennui* consequent upon satiety the pride which springs from their opulence; and that the least privation wounds, while the greatest enjoyments have no longer the power to gratify them. The perfume of a thousand roses pleases but for a moment; but the pain a single thorn causes endures long after the wound. A single evil in the midst of their pleasures is, for the rich, a thorn among flowers. For the poor, on the contrary, one pleasure in the midst of their troubles is a flower among thorns; they taste keenly the pleasure. All effects are heightened by contrast. Nature has balanced all things. Which condition, upon the whole, do you think preferable, — to have almost nothing to hope and everything to fear, or almost nothing to fear and all to hope? The first state is that of the rich, and the second that of the poor. But either of these extremes is equally difficult for man to bear, whose happiness consists in possessing a competence and virtue."

Paul. "What do you understand by virtue?"

The old man. "My son, to you who sustain your family by your labor, it is not necessary to define it. Virtue is the effort that we make for the good of others, with the desire to please God for our motive."

Paul. "O, how virtuous is Virginia! It is through virtue that she wished to be rich, in order to be benevolent. It is through virtue that she left this island; virtue will bring her back."

The idea of her speedy return firing the imagination of the young man, all his inquietude vanished. Virginia had not written because she would soon arrive. It took so little time to come from Europe with a good wind! He enumerated the vessels which had made the passage of four thousand five

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hundred leagues in less than three months. Perhaps the vessel in which she had embarked would not be more than two, shipbuilders were so ingenious now, and sailors so expert! He talked of the arrangements he would make for her reception, of the new dwelling he would build, of the pleasures and surprises he would contrive for her each day when she should be his wife. His wife! The idea was ecstasy. "At least, my father," he said to me, "you shall do nothing but for your pleasure. Virginia being rich, we shall have many negroes who will labor for us. You will be always with us, having no other care than to amuse yourself and be happy." And, almost beside himself, he went to impart to his family the joy with which he was intoxicated.

Soon, however, great fears succeeded great hopes. Violent passions always throw the soul into opposite extremes. The next day Paul came to see me, overwhelmed with sadness. He said to me: "Virginia has not written me. If she had left Europe, she would have warned me of her departure. Ah, the reports which I have heard of her are but too well founded! Her aunt has married her to some great lord. She, like so many others, has been undone by the love of riches. In those books which portray women so well, virtue is but a subject for romance. Had Virginia possessed virtue, she would not have forsaken her mother and me. While I pass my life in thinking of her, she forgets me. I am wretched and she is diverting herself. Ah, that thought distracts me! All work is hateful to me; all society wearies me. Would to God that war were declared in India! I would go there and die."

"My son," I answered, "that courage which would seek death is only the courage of a moment. It is often excited by the vain applause of men. There is another sort of courage, which is more rare and more necessary, which enables us to support every day, without witness and without applause, the vexations of life; that is patience. It rests not upon the opinions of others or the impulse of the passions, but upon the will of God. Patience is the courage of virtue."

"Ah," cried he, "then I am without virtue! Everything overwhelms me and drives me to despair."

"Virtue," I replied, "that is always equal, constant, and invariable, does not belong to man. In the midst of the many passions which agitate us, our reason is disordered and obscured; but there are beacon lights at which we can always relight the flame; these are literature.

"Literature, my son, is the gift of Heaven. It is a ray of that wisdom which governs the universe that man, inspired by a celestial art, has learned to keep on the earth. Like the rays of the sun, it enlightens, it rejoices, it warms; it is a divine fire. Like fire, it appropriates all nature for our use. By it we bring around us all things, all men, places, and times. It is this that reminds us of the rules of human life. It calms the passions, it represses the vices, it excites to virtue by the august examples of good and great men which it records, and of whom it presents to us the ever-honored images. It is a daughter of Heaven which has descended to earth to charm away the evils of the human race. The greatest writers have always appeared in the worst times, the hardest to be borne by society, — times of barbarism and depravity. My son, literature has consoled an infinite number of men more unhappy than you. Xenophon, exiled from his country after having saved to her ten thousand of her sons; Scipio Africanus, wearied to death by the calumnies of the Romans; Lucullus, by their intrigues; Catinat, by the ingratitude of his court. The Greeks, so ingenious, gave to each one of the Muses who preside over literature a particular part of our understanding to govern; we ought then to give to literature our passions to govern, that it may impose upon them a yoke and a curb. They ought to fulfil with regard to the powers of our souls the same functions as the Hours who harnessed and drove the horses in the chariot of the Sun.

"Read then, my son. The wise men, who have written before our time, are travellers who have preceded us in the paths of misfortune, and who reach out to us their hands to invite us to join their society, when all else have abandoned us. A good book is a good friend."

"Ah," cried Paul, "I did not need to read when Virginia was here! She had not studied more than I, and when she looked

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at me and called me her friend, I could not be unhappy."

"Without doubt," I said to him, "there is no friend so agreable as a mistress by whom one is beloved. There is, besides, in woman a lively gayety which dissipates the sadness of man. Her graces cause the dark phantoms of reflection to vanish. In her countenance is tender consolation and confidence. What joy is not heightened by her joy? What frowns are not dispelled by her smiles? What anger can resist her tears? Virginia will return with more philosophy than you have. She will be much surprised not to find the garden finished, — she who thought of its embellishment, notwithstanding the persecutions of her aunt, far from her mother and from you."

The idea of Virginia's near return renewed the courage of Paul, and he resumed his rural occupations; happy, in the midst of his pain, to give to his labor an object which pleased his passion.

At daybreak on the morning of December 24, 1744, Paul, when he arose, perceived a white flag hoisted on the Mountain of Discovery. This flag was the signal of a vessel which had been seen at sea. He ran to the town to learn if it bore any news from Virginia. He waited there till the return of the pilot, who had gone according to custom to see what vessel it was. He did not return till evening, when he brought the Governor word that the vessel signalled was the *Saint Géran*, of seven hundred tons' burden, commanded by a captain named Aubin; that it was now four leagues out at sea, and would anchor at Port Louis the next afternoon if the wind became favorable. The pilot brought the Governor the letters which the *Saint Géran* had brought from France, among which was one for Madame de la Tour, in the handwriting of Virginia. Paul seized it, kissed it with transport, placed it in his bosom, and ran to the plantation. From afar, as he perceived the family waiting for his return on the Rock of Adieus, he raised the letter in the air without being able to speak, and instantly the whole family crowded around Madame de la Tour to hear it read. Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced much ill-usage from her aunt, who had endeavored to marry her contrary to her inclinations, then had disinherited her, and at last sent her back at a time when she must arrive at the Isle of France during the season of hurricanes. In vain, she added, had she endeavored to soften her by representing what she owed to her mother and to the habits of her early age. She was treated as a senseless girl whose head had been turned by reading romances. She could now only think of the joy of again seeing and embracing her beloved family, and she would have gratified this ardent desire at once if the captain would have allowed her to go ashore in the pilot-boat; but he had objected on account of the distance and a heavy swell which, notwithstanding the calm, reigned in the open sea.

Scarcely was the letter finished, when all the family, transported with joy, cried, "Virginia has arrived," and mistresses and servants embraced each other. Madame de la Tour said to Paul, "My son, go and inform our neighbor of the arrival of Virginia." Domingo immediately lighted a torch of wood, and he and Paul bent their way to my dwelling.

It was about ten o'clock at night. I had just extinguished my lamp and retired to rest, when I perceived through the palisades of my cabin a light in the wood. Soon after I heard the voice of Paul calling to me. I arose, and had hardly dressed myself when Paul, almost beside himself and panting for breath, sprang on my neck crying, — "Come, come, Virginia has arrived! Let us go to the port; the vessel will anchor at daybreak." We started immediately. As we were passing through the woods of the Sloping Mountain, and were already on the road which leads from the Shaddock Grove to the port, I heard some one walking behind us. It was a negro advancing with hasty steps. When he had reached us I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going in such great haste. He replied, "I come from that part of the island called *Poudre d'Or;* I am sent to the port to inform the Governor that a vessel from France has anchored under the Isle of Amber. It is firing guns to demand help, for the sea is very rough." Having thus spoken, the man hastened on without further delay.

I then said to Paul, "Let us go to the quarter of *Poudre d'Or* and meet Virginia there; it is only three leagues from here."

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And we turned to go toward the north of the island. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and was surrounded by three large black circles. A frightful darkness covered the sky. Frequent flashes of lightning discovered to us long rows of heavy, gloomy clouds, hanging low, and heaped together over the island, driven in with great rapidity from the sea, although not a breath of air was perceptible on the land. As we walked along we thought we heard the rolling of thunder, but on listening attentively we perceived that it was the firing of guns repeated by the echoes. These ominous sounds, joined to the aspect of the tempestuous sky, made me tremble. I could not doubt that they were signals of distress from a vessel in great danger. After a half an hour we heard no more firing, and this silence seemed to me more frightful than the dismal sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened on without saying a word or daring to communicate to each other our mutual apprehensions. Near midnight we arrived at the sea-shore at *Poudre d'Or*. The breakers dashed against the shore with a frightful noise; they covered the rocks and the beach with foam of a dazzling whiteness, apparently filled with sparks of fire. Notwithstanding the darkness, by this phosphorescent light we saw the canoes of the fishermen, which they had drawn high up on the beach.

At the entrance of a wood, at a little distance from there, we saw a fire, around which several of the inhabitants were assembled. We went there to wait for the morning. While we were seated near this fire one of the men related that in the afternoon he had seen a vessel in the open sea driven toward the island by the currents; that the night had hidden it from his view; that two hours after sunset he had heard signal-guns of distress, but the surf was so high it was impossible to launch a boat to go to her; that soon after he thought he saw her signal-lights, and in that case he feared that the vessel, being so near the shore, had passed between the land and the little island of Amber, mistaking that for the *Coin-de-Mire*, near which vessels pass in going into Port Louis; that if this was so (of which he could not be certain), the vessel was in very great peril. Another islander then said that he had often crossed the channel which separates the island of Amber from the coast; that he had sounded it; that the anchorage was very good, and that the vessel was there in as perfect safety as in the best harbor. "I would trust all my fortune in it," added he, "and if I were in it I should sleep as tranquilly as if I were on land." A third declared that it was impossible for this vessel to enter the channel, which was scarcely navigable for a boat. He was sure that he had seen it anchor outside of the Isle of Amber, so that if the wind rose in the morning it could put to sea, or come into port. Other inhabitants gave other opinions. While they continued to discuss them in the usual desultory manner of the indolent Creoles, Paul and I kept profound silence. We remained there till daybreak; but a heavy fog made it impossible for us to distinguish any object at sea. We could only see a dark cloud, that they told us was the Isle of Amber, a quarter of a league from the coast. On this gloomy day nothing could be seen but the point of land on which we were, and the peaks of some inland mountains, which occasionally were visible in the midst of the clouds which hung around them.

At about seven o'clock in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods; it announced the approach of the Governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, who soon after arrived on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a crowd of islanders and negroes. He drew up his soldiers on the beach and ordered a simultaneous discharge. Immediately we saw a flash of light on the water, instantly followed by the report of a cannon. We judged that the ship was at no great distance from us, and all ran toward the place where we had seen the signal. Then we could see the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near that, notwithstanding the noise of the waves, we heard the whistle of the officer in command and the shouts of the sailors, who cried three times, "*Vive le roi!*" for that is the cry of the French in extreme danger as well as in great joy; as if in danger they would call their prince to their aid, or testify that they were ready to perish for him.

From the moment that the *Saint Géran* perceived that we were near enough to render

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aid, they had not ceased to fire guns at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances along the shore, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood for provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. Very soon a crowd of the inhabitants arrived, accompanied by their negroes, laden with provisions and ropes, who came from the habitations of *Poudre d'Or*, from the district of *La Flaque*, and from the river of *Rempart*. One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the Governor, said to him, "Monsieur, all night hollow sounds have been heard in the mountains; in the woods the leaves of the trees are shaken, though there is no wind; the sea-birds take refuge on land; certainly all these signs predict a hurricane." "Well, my friends," replied the Governor, "we are prepared for it, and surely the vessel is also."

Indeed, everything presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The clouds in the zenith were of a frightful blackness and their edges copper-colored. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic-birds, frigate-birds, cut-waters, and a multitude of other marine birds, which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, came from all points of the horizon, seeking shelter on the island.

About nine in the morning we heard, in the direction of the ocean, the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains. Every one exclaimed, "There is the hurricane!" and in an instant a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The *Saint Géran* was presented to our view, — the deck crowded with people, the yards and topmast lowered to the deck, her flag at half-mast, moored by four cables at the bow and one at the stern; it was anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland, within that belt of reefs which encircles the Isle of France, and which it had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her front to the waves, which rolled in from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait, her prow was so lifted that the keel could be seen, the stern plunging into the sea, disappearing from view as if it were swallowed by the surges. In this position, driven by the wind and waves toward the land, it was equally impossible for her to return through the passage by which she had entered, or by cutting her cables to strand herself upon the beach from which she was separated by sand-banks and reefs of rock. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up the shingle to the distance of fifty feet on the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, rolling down the stones with a harsh and frightful sound. The sea, swollen by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was one vast sheet of white foam full of yawning black depths. Heaps of this foam more than six feet high were piled up at the lower part of the bay, and the wind which swept the surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank on to the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the sea. The horizon showed all the signs of a long tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick, horrible clouds swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a spot of blue sky could be seen in the whole firmament; a wan olive light alone made visible the earth, the sea, and the skies.

In the violent rolling of the vessel, what we all dreaded happened. The cables which held her bow broke; and then, being held by a single hawser, she was dashed upon the rocks at half a cable's length from the shore. One cry of horror burst from us all. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son," said I, "would you perish?" "Let me go to save her," cried he, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul precipitated himself toward the vessel, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching it; for the sea, by the reflux of its waves, left it at times almost dry, so that one could walk around it; but immediately returning with

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renewed fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, raising it again upon its keel, and throwing the unfortunate Paul far upon the shore, his legs bleeding, his breast torn and wounded, and himself half dead. When the young man had scarcely recovered the use of his senses, he would arise and return with new ardor toward the vessel, whose joints the sea was now opening by the terrible blows of its waves.

The crew, despairing then of safety, precipitated themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we saw an object worthy of eternal pity, a young girl in the gallery of the stern of the *Saint Géran* stretching out her arms toward him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had recognized her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this lovely girl exposed to such horrible danger filled us with grief and despair. As for Virginia, with a noble and dignified bearing she waved her hand to us as if bidding us an eternal adieu. All the sailors had thrown themselves into the sea except one who remained upon the deck, who was naked, and strong as Hercules. He approached Virginia with respect; we saw him kneeling at her feet, and attempt to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with dignity, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her! save her! do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain of water of frightful size was ingulfed between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced roaring toward the vessel, which it menaced with its black flanks and foaming summit. At this terrible sight, the sailor flung himself alone into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, with one hand held her robe about her, pressing the other upon her heart, and raising upward her serene eyes, seemed an angel ready to take her flight to the skies.

O day of horror! alas! all was ingulfed. The wave threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance toward Virginia, far up on the beach, as well as the sailor who had wished to save her in swimming. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeled on the sand, saying, "O my God, thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it gladly for that noble young lady." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul from the waves senseless, the blood flowing from his mouth and ears. The Governor put him in the hands of the surgeons, while we searched along the shore, hoping that the sea might have thrown up the body of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it often does in hurricanes, we had the grief of feeling that we could not even bestow upon the unfortunate girl the last rites of sepulture. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with consternation, our minds wholly occupied by a single loss, although in the shipwreck so many had perished. Many went away doubting, after witnessing such a terrible fate for this virtuous girl, whether there was a Providence; for there are evils so terrible and unmerited that even the faith of the wise is shaken.

In the mean time, Paul, who had begun to return to consciousness, had been carried into a neighboring house, till he was in a fit state to be taken to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo to prepare Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event. When we were at the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended to it, and one of the first objects I saw upon the beach was the body of Virginia; it was half covered with sand, and in the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, but her brow still retained its expression of serenity, and on her cheeks the livid hue of death blended with the blush of virgin modesty. One hand still held her robe, and the other, which was pressed upon her heart, was firmly closed and stiffened. With difficulty I disengaged from its grasp a small case; how great was my emotion when I saw that it was the picture of Saint Paul, that she had promised him never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last evidence of the constancy and love of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his cries of grief. We carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women to wash away the sand.

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While they were performing this sad office we ascended the hill with trembling steps to the plantation. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret in prayer, awaiting news from the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me, she cried, "Where is my daughter, my dear daughter, my child?" My silence and my tears leaving her no doubt as to her misfortune, she was instantly seized with a convulsive stopping of the breath and agonizing pain, and her voice was no longer heard but in sighs and sobs. Margaret cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and fainted. We ran to her assistance, and I assured her that Paul was living, and cared for by the Governor. As soon as she recovered consciousness, she devoted herself to the care of her friend, who was roused from one fainting-fit only to fall into another. Madame de la Tour passed the whole night in the most cruel sufferings, which caused me to feel that there is no grief like a mother's grief. When she returned to consciousness she turned a sad, fixed look toward heaven. In vain her friend and I pressed her hand in ours; in vain we called her by the tenderest names. She appeared wholly insensible to these testimonials of our affection, and no sound issued from her oppressed breast but deep, hollow moans.

In the morning Paul was brought home in a palanquin; he had recovered the use of his reason, but was unable to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had dreaded, produced a better effect than all my cares. A ray of consolation appeared on the countenances of these two unfortunate mothers. They pressed close to him, clasped him in their arms and kissed him, and their tears, which had been held back by their excessive grief, began to flow. Paul mingled his tears with theirs, and nature having thus found relief in these three unfortunate creatures, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive expression of their grief, and afforded them a lethargic repose, resembling, in truth, that of death.

Monsieur de la Bourdonnais sent privately to inform me that the corpse of Virginia had been carried to the town by his order, from whence it would be transferred to the church of Shaddock Grove. I immediately went down to Port Louis, where I found a multitude assembled from all parts of the island, in order to be present at the funeral, as if the island had lost in her that which was most dear. The vessels in the harbor had their yards crossed, their flags at half-mast, and they fired guns at short intervals. A body of grenadiers led the funeral procession, with their muskets reversed, and the drums covered with crape, giving only muffled, mournful sounds. Dejection was depicted on the countenances of these warriors, who had so often faced death in battle without a change of countenance. Eight young ladies of the principal families of the island, dressed in white, carrying palm branches in their hands, bore the body of their young companion covered with flowers. They were followed by a choir of children chanting hymns. After them came the Governor, his staff, and all the principal inhabitants of the island, and an immense crowd of people.

This was what had been ordered by the administration to do honor to the virtues of Virginia. But when the corpse arrived at the foot of this mountain, in sight of those cottages of which she had been so long the joy, and that her death filled now with despair, all the funeral pomp was interrupted; the hymns and chants ceased, and nothing was heard throughout the plain but sighs and sobs. Then many young girls from the neighboring habitations were seen running to touch the coffin of Virginia with handkerchiefs, chaplets, and crowns of flowers, invoking her as a saint. Mothers asked of Heaven a daughter like Virginia; lovers, a heart as faithful; the poor, a friend as tender; slaves, a mistress as good.

When they arrived at the place of interment, some negresses of Madagascar and Caffres of Mozambique placed baskets of fruit around the corpse, and hung pieces of stuff upon the adjoining trees, according to the custom of their several countries; the Indian women from Bengal and from the Malabar coast brought cages full of birds which they set at liberty upon her coffin. So much the loss of a beloved object touches all people, and so great is the power of unfortunate virtue that it unites all religions around its tomb.

It became necessary to place guards around her grave, and to remove from it some of the daughters of the poor families in the neighborhood, who endeavored to throw themselves

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into it, saying that they had no longer any consolation to hope for in the world, and that nothing remained for them but to die with their only benefactress.

They buried her near the church of Shaddock Grove, at the foot of a small group of bamboos, where, in returning from mass with her mother and Margaret, she loved to rest, seated by the side of him whom she then called her brother.

On the return of the funeral procession, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais came up here, followed by a part of his numerous retinue. He offered to Madame de la Tour and her friend all the assistance in his power. He expressed in a few words his indignation at the unnatural conduct of her aunt; then approaching Paul, he said to him that which he thought would console him: "Heaven is my witness, I desired your happiness and that of your family. My friend, you must go to France; I will obtain service for you, and in your absence I will care for your mother as for my own." At the same time he offered him his hand; but Paul drew back and turned away, so that he might not see him.

I remained at the house of my unfortunate friends, to give to them as well as to Paul all the succor that was in my power. At the end of three weeks Paul was able to walk; but his grief seemed to augment as his body regained strength. He was insensible to everything; his look was vacant; and he made no reply to the questions that were put to him. Madame de la Tour, who was dying, said often to him, "My son, while I see you I think I see my dear Virginia." At the name of Virginia he shuddered, and hastened away from her, notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother, who begged him to remain near her friend. He would go alone into the garden, and seat himself at the foot of Virginia's cocoa-tree, with his eyes fixed upon her fountain. The Governor's surgeon, who had taken the greatest care of Paul and of Madame de la Tour and Margaret, told us that in order to draw him from his deep melancholy we must let him do what he pleased without contradiction; that this was the only means of overcoming the silence in which he persevered.

I resolved to follow this advice. The first use which Paul made of his returning strength was to leave the plantation. As I would not lose sight of him, I followed him, and told Domingo to take provisions and accompany us. In proportion as he descended the mountain the young man's strength and spirits seemed to revive. He took first the road to the Shaddock Grove, and when he was near the church in the avenue of bamboos exactly in the spot where the earth had been freshly stirred, he knelt, and raising his eyes to heaven, offered a long prayer.

This appeared to me a favorable symptom of the return of his reason, since this mark of confidence in the Supreme Being showed that his mind was beginning to resume its natural functions. Domingo and I, following his example, fell upon our knees and joined our prayers with his. When he arose he took the road toward the northern part of the island, paying little attention to us. As I knew that he was not only ignorant of the spot where the body of Virginia had been buried, and even of the fact that it had been recovered from the waves, I asked him why he had offered his prayer at the foot of these bamboos. He replied, "We have been there so often!"

He continued his route until we reached the borders of the forest, when night came on. By setting him the example, I induced him to take some nourishment; and we slept upon the grass at the foot of a tree. The next day I thought he seemed disposed to retrace his steps. He looked for some time across the plain toward the Shaddock Grove, with its avenues of bamboos, and made a movement as if to return there; but suddenly plunging into the forest, he directed his course toward the north. I saw what his intention was, and tried in vain to divert him from it. At noon we arrived at the quarter of *Poudre d'Or*. He rushed down to the sea-shore directly opposite to the place where the *Saint Géran* had been wrecked. At the sight of the Isle of Amber and the channel, now smooth as a mirror, he cried, "Virginia! O my dear Virginia!" and sank senseless to the ground. Domingo and I carried him into the forest, where we had some difficulty in recovering him. As soon as he regained his senses he wished to return to the sea-shore; but on my beseeching him not to renew his grief and ours by such cruel reminders, he took another direction. For a whole week he visited the various places

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where he had been in the habit of going with the companion of his childhood. He traced the path by which she had gone to intercede for the slave of the Black River; he revisited the banks of the Three Breasts, where she had rested when unable to walk farther, and that part of the wood where she had lost her way. All the haunts which recalled to his memory the anxieties, the sports, the repasts, the benevolence, of her he loved, — the river of the Sloping Mountain, my house, the neighboring cascade, the papaw-tree she had planted, the grassy fields where she loved to run, the paths of the forest where she used to sing, — all in turn again caused his tears to flow; and those very echoes which had so often resounded with their joyful shouts now repeated only those accents of despair, "Virginia! O my dear Virginia!"

In this wild and wandering life his eyes became hollow, his skin sallow, and his health rapidly failed. Convinced that our present sufferings are redoubled by the remembrance of the past pleasures, and that the passions gather strength in solitude, I resolved to remove my unfortunate friend from the places which recalled the remembrance of his loss, and to lead him to a more busy part of the island. For this purpose I conducted him to the inhabited parts of the elevated quarter of Williams, where he had never been. Agriculture and commerce occasioned in this part of the island much bustle and variety. A great many carpenters were squaring trees, while others sawed them into planks; carriages were continually passing and repassing on the road; herds of cattle and horses were feeding in vast pastures, and the whole country was dotted with habitations. In several places there, the elevation of the land permitted the cultivation of many of the plants of Europe. Here and there on the plain could be seen the harvesting of wheat; in the opening of the woods, a carpeting of strawberries, and the roads bordered with hedges of roses. The freshness of the air in this region giving tension to the nerves was favorable to the health of the white population. From these heights, situated near the middle of the island and surrounded by extensive forests, neither the sea, nor Port Louis, nor the church of Shaddock Grove, nor any other object which was associated with Virginia, could be seen. Even the mountains, which present an irregular form from the side of Port Louis, look from the plains of Williams like a long straight promontory, from which rise lofty pyramids of rock, about whose summits the clouds gather. It was to these plains that I led Paul. I kept him continually in action, walking with him in sunshine and rain, by night and by day, wandering into the depths of the forest, over cultivated land and grassy fields, hoping to divert his mind by the fatigue of his body, and to change the course of his reflections by his ignorance of the place where we were. But the soul of a lover finds everywhere traces of the beloved object. Night and day, the calm of solitude, the noise of crowds, time even, which effaces so many other memories, have no power to remove these, — like the needle once touched by the loadstone, which, however it may be disturbed, turns, as soon as it is still, to the pole that attracts it. When I inquired of Paul, as we wandered in the plains of Williams, "Where shall we go now?" he turned toward the north and said, "Yonder are our mountains; let us return there!"

I saw that all the means which I had tried to divert him were useless, and that no other resource was left me but to attack his passion itself with all the strength of my feeble reason. I therefore replied to him, "Yes, there are the mountains where your dear Virginia lived, and here is the portrait which you gave her, and which, when dying, she held to her heart, — that heart whose last beatings were for you." I then gave Paul the little portrait which he had given Virginia at the cocoa-tree fountain. At the sight of it a gloomy joy overspread his countenance. He eagerly seized the picture with his feeble hands, and pressed it to his lips. His oppressed bosom seemed bursting, and from his bloodshot eyes no tears would flow.

I said to him: "My son, listen to me; I am your friend, and have been the friend of Virginia, and have often, when your hopes were highest, tried to fortify you against the unforeseen accidents of life. What is it that you deplore so bitterly, — your misfortune, or Virginia's?

"Your loss without doubt is great. Virginia was the most lovely of girls, and would

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have been the most admirable of women. She had sacrificed her interests to yours, and preferred you to fortune, as the only recompense worthy of her virtue. But how do you know that the object from which you expected the purest happiness might not have been to you the source of infinite pain? She was without fortune, and disinherited; you would have had nothing henceforth to share with her but your labor. Rendered more delicate by her education, more courageous by her unhappiness, you would have seen her each day sinking from the vain effort to share your fatigue. Had she borne you children, her anxieties and yours would have been augmented by the difficulty of sustaining your parents and your children.

"You may say to me,' The Governor would have aided us.' How do you know that in a colony whose governors are so often changed you would have had others like Monsieur de la Bourdonnais; that one might not have been sent destitute of good manners and morals; that your wife, in order to obtain some miserable pittance, might not have been obliged to court his favor? Either she would have been weak and you to be pitied, or she would have been virtuous and you remained poor; happy if on account of her beauty and her virtue you were not persecuted by those from whom you had hoped for protection.

"There would have remained to you, you say, the happiness, independent of fortune, of protecting a beloved being who, in proportion to her own weakness, had attached herself to you; of sharing with her your inquietude and your sadness, and causing your love to grow by your mutual sufferings. Undoubtedly, love does delight in these bitter pleasures. Virginia is no more; but there remain to you those who, after you, were dearest to her, — her mother and yours, — and your inconsolable grief is bringing them both to the grave. Let your happiness be, as hers was, in aiding and comforting them. My son, benevolence is the happiness of virtue; there is none greater or more sure in this world. Schemes of pleasure, repose, luxury, wealth, and glory are not suited to man, weak, wandering, and transitory as he is. See how one step toward the acquisition of fortune has precipitated us from one abyss to another! You were opposed to it, it is true; but who would have thought that Virginia's voyage would not terminate in her happiness and yours? An invitation from a rich and aged relation, the counsel of a wise governor, the approval of the whole colony, the exhortations and authority of the priest, have decided the misfortune of Virginia. Thus do we run to our ruin, deceived even by the prudence of those who advise us. It would be better, no doubt, not to believe them, nor to trust the advice and the hopes of a deceitful world. Of the many men that we see occupied in these plains, those that go to seek their fortune in the Indies, and those who in Europe enjoy repose and profit by the labor of others, there are none that are not destined some day to lose that which is most dear to them, — greatness, wealth, wife, children, friends. Most of these will have to add to their loss the remembrance of their own imprudence. But you have nothing with which to reproach yourself; you have been true to your faith. You have had in the flower of youth the wisdom of a sage in not putting aside the sentiments of nature. Your views alone were just, because they were pure, simple, disinterested, and you had sacred claims on Virginia which no fortune could outweigh. You have lost her; it is neither your imprudence nor your avarice nor your false wisdom which has caused your loss, but God, who has employed the passions of others to deprive you of the object of your love, — God, from whom you receive all, who knows what is most fitting for you, and whose wisdom has not left you any cause for the repentance and despair which follow those calamities we have brought upon ourselves.

"You can then say in your misfortune, 'I have not merited it.' Is it then that you deplore for Virginia her end, her present state? She has met the fate allotted to all, — to high birth, to beauty, and even to empires. The life of man, with all his projects, is like building a tower whose crown is death. In being born she was condemned to die. Happy to have died before her mother, before yours, before you, — that is to say, in not dying several times before the last!

"Death, my son, is a benefit to all men; it is the night of the restless day that we call life. It is in the sleep of death that the diseases, grief, vexations, and fears repose, that molest without cessation the unfortunate living. In-

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quire into the lives of the men who seem most happy; you will learn that they have bought their apparent happiness very dearly: public consideration by domestic evils; fortune by the loss of health; the rare happiness of being beloved by continual sacrifices; and often, at the expiration of a life devoted to the interests of others, they only see about them false friends and ungrateful relations. But Virginia was happy to her very last moment. When with us, she was happy in the gifts of nature; far from us, in the practice of virtue; and even in the terrible moment when we saw her perish, she was still happy; for whether she cast her eyes on the assembled colony, made wretched by her danger, or on you, who strove with so much intrepidity to save her, she must have seen how dear she was to all. She was fortified against fears for the future by the remembrance of the innocence of her life; and she received then the reward that Heaven reserves for virtue, — a courage superior to danger. She met death with a serene countenance.

"My son, God gives to virtue all the trials of life, that it may be shown that virtue alone can use them and find in them happiness and glory. When he designs for it an illustrious reputation, he exhibits it on a grand theatre and contending with death; then does the courage of virtue serve as an example, and the remembrance of its misfortunes receives forever from posterity the tribute of tears. What an immortal monument is reserved for virtue in a world where everything else passes away, and where even the memory of most kings is soon shrouded in eternal forgetfulness!

"But Virginia still exists. My son, everything changes on this earth, but nothing is lost. No art of man can annihilate the smallest particle of matter; and can that which was reasonable, sensitive, loving, virtuous, religious, perish when the elements with which it was clothed are indestructible? Ah, if Virginia was happy with us, she is much more so now! There is a God, my son; all nature proclaims him; it is not necessary for me to prove it. It is only the wickedness of men that leads them to deny a justice that they fear. The consciousness of him is in your heart, as his works are before your eyes. Do you believe, then, that he will leave Virginia without reward? Do you believe that the same Power that clothed that soul so noble in a form so beautiful, in which you felt a divine power, was not able to draw her from the waves? That he who has arranged the actual happiness of men by laws unknown to you cannot prepare other happiness for Virginia by laws of which you are equally ignorant? Before we were born into this world, if we had been capable of thinking, could we have formed an idea of our present existence? And now that we are in this gloomy and fleeting life, can we foresee what is beyond that death by which we must leave it? Does God, like man, need this little globe, our earth, as a theatre for the display of his intelligence and goodness? And can he only dispose of life in the fields of death? There is not in the ocean a single drop of water which is not peopled with living beings for our use, and does there exist nothing for us in the stars which roll over our heads? What! is there no supreme intelligence and divine goodness except precisely where we are? In these innumerable shining globes, in the infinite fields of light which surround them, which neither storm nor darkness can ever obscure, is there nothing but useless space and an eternal void? If we dared assign limits to the power of Him from whom we have received all, we might believe that we are here on the boundaries of his empire, where life combats with death, and innocence with tyranny.

"Without doubt there is some place where virtue receives its recompense. Virginia is now happy. Ah! if from the abode of angels she could communicate with you, she would say, as in her last adieu, 'O Paul! life is only a trial. I have been found faithful to the laws of nature, of love, and of virtue. I crossed the ocean in obedience to my relations; I renounced riches in order to keep my faith; and I preferred to lose my life rather than violate my modesty. Heaven found my probation sufficient. I have escaped forever from poverty and calumny, and from the sight of others' griefs. Henceforth none of the evils which terrify men can touch me; — and you pity me! I am pure and unchangeable as a particle of light, and you would recall me into the light of life! O Paul! O my friend! do you remember those days of happiness, when from early morning we tasted the delights of nature,

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rising with the sun on the peaks of those rocks, and spreading with his rays over the bosom of the forest, we experienced a delight the cause of which we could not comprehend? In the innocence of our desires we wished to be all sight, to enjoy the rich colors of the early dawn; all smell, to receive the perfume of our plants; all hearing, to listen to the concerts of our birds; all heart, to acknowledge these blessings. Now, at the source of all beauty, whence flows all that is delightful upon earth, my soul sees, hears, tastes, touches, what before she could only feel through imperfect organs. Ah, what tongue can describe the shores of the eternal Orient, which I inhabit forever! All that infinite power and celestial goodness could create to console one who has suffered; all that the friendship of numberless beings, enjoying the same felicity, can give of harmony in mutual transports, we enjoy without alloy. Support then the trial which is given you, that you may heighten the happiness of your Virginia by a love which shall have no end, by a Hymen whose torch can never be extinguished. Then I will calm your regrets, then I will wipe away your tears. O my friend, my husband, raise your thoughts toward the infinite, that you may support the pains of a moment.'"

My own emotion put an end to my discourse. Paul, looking at me steadfastly, cried, "She is no more! she is no more!" and a long fainting-fit followed these woful words. When restored to consciousness he said, "Since death is a benefit, and Virginia is happy, I too will die and rejoin her." Thus my grounds of consolation only served to nourish his despair. I was like a man trying to save a friend sinking in the waves, who will not swim. He was drowning in grief. Alas! the sorrows of early years prepare man to endure those of later life; and Paul had experienced none.

I led him back to his home. I there found his mother and Madame de la Tour in a state of increased languor. Margaret was the most dejected. Lively characters upon whom petty troubles have little effect are those who the least resist great sorrows.

She said to me: "O my good friend, I thought I saw Virginia last night, clothed in white, in the midst of groves and delicious gardens. She said to me, 'I enjoy a happiness worthy of envy'; and then approaching Paul with a smiling air, she bore him away with her. While I was struggling to retain my son, I felt that I was myself quitting the earth, and that I followed him with inexpressible pleasure." I then wished to bid adieu to my friend; as I turned I saw that she was following us, with Domingo and Mary. But that which is most strange is, that Madame de la Tour the same night had a dream exactly like mine."

I replied to her, "My friend, I believe that nothing happens in this world without the permission of God. Dreams sometimes announce the truth."

Madame de la Tour related to me her dream, in all respects like that of Margaret. I had never noticed in either of these ladies any tendency to superstition; I was struck with the singular coincidence of their dream, and did not doubt that it would be realized. The belief that future events are sometimes revealed to us in sleep prevails among all the nations of the earth. The greatest men of antiquity have had faith in it; among others Alexander, Cæsar, the Scipios, the two Catos, and Brutus, none of whom were weak-minded persons. Both the Old and New Testament furnish us with numerous examples of dreams which have come to pass. As for myself, I need on this subject only appeal to my own experience, as I have more than once had reason to believe that dreams are warnings given us by some superior intelligences who interest themselves in us. If one attempts to combat or defend by reasoning that which is beyond the light of human reason, it will be found impossible. However, if man's reason is only the image of God's, since man has the power by hidden and secret means to make known his will to the ends of the earth, why may not the Intelligence which governs the universe employ like means for the same end? One friend consoles another by a letter, which passes through many kingdoms, and through the hands of those at enmity with each other, to bring joy and hope to one man; why may not the sovereign Protector of innocence come by some secret way to the help of a virtuous soul who puts its trust only in him. Does he need to employ some visible sign to execute his will, — he whose ways are hidden in all his works?

Why should we not have faith in dreams?

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What is life, so full of vain and fleeting projects, but a dream?

However it may be, the dreams of my unfortunate friends were soon realized. Paul died two months after the death of his Virginia, with her name on his lips. A week after the death of her son, Margaret saw her last hour approach with a joy which only virtue can experience. She bade Madame de la Tour a most tender farewell, in the hope, as she said, of a delightful and eternal reunion. "Death is the greatest of blessings," added she, "and we ought to desire it. If life is a punishment, we ought to wish for its end; if it is a trial, we should ask that it may be short."

The Governor took care of Domingo and Mary, who were no longer able to labor, and who survived their mistresses but a short time. As for poor Fidéle, he pined to death soon after he lost his master.

I took Madame de la Tour to my own home. She bore her great losses with incredible fortitude. She had consoled Paul and Margaret even to their last moments, as if she had only their sorrows to bear. When they were no more, she talked to me of them every day, as of beloved friends who were living near her. She survived them, however, only a month. Far from reproaching her aunt for the afflictions she had caused, she prayed God to pardon her, and to appease that remorse which we heard began to torment her immediately after she had sent Virginia away with so much inhumanity.

This unnatural relative received the punishment of her harshness. I heard on the successive arrival of several vessels that her torment was so great that life and death were equally insupportable to her. Sometimes she reproached herself with the untimely fate of her lovely niece, and the death of her mother which so soon followed it. At other times she congratulated herself for having repulsed two wretched creatures, who she said had dishonored their family by their low inclinations. Sometimes she would fly into a rage at the sight of the many miserable beggars with which Paris abounds, and exclaim, "Why do they not send these idle creatures to perish in our colonies?" As for the notions of humanity, virtue, and religion adopted by all nations, she said they were only the inventions of their rulers to serve political purposes. Then flying all at once to the other extreme, she abandoned herself to superstitious terrors, which filled her with mortal fears. She would then give abundant alms to the wealthy ecclesiastics who guided her, praying them to appease the Divinity by the sacrifice of her fortune; as if the wealth she had withheld from the unfortunate could please the Father of men! In her imagination she often beheld fields of fire and burning mountains, where hideous spectres wandered, loudly calling her. She would throw herself at the feet of her confessor, devising for herself tortures and punishments; for Heaven — just Heaven — always sends to cruel souls frightful ideas of religion. Thus she lived for several years, by turns an atheist and a fanatic, dreading equally life and death. But what at last brought her deplorable existence to an end was the very object to which she had sacrificed the sentiments of nature. She had the chagrin of seeing that her fortune would fall, at her death, to relatives whom she hated; she therefore tried to alienate the larger part of it. They, however, taking advantage of the attacks of low spirits to which she was subject, caused her to be confined as a lunatic, and her property to be placed under guardianship. Thus her wealth completed her ruin; and as it had hardened the heart of her who possessed it, it corrupted the hearts of those who desired it. She soon died; and to crown her misery had sufficient use of her reason to know that she was despoiled and despised by those whose opinions had guided her all her life.

They laid Paul by the side of Virginia, at the foot of the same trees, and near them their tender mothers and their faithful servants. No marble marks the spot of their humble graves, — no inscription records their virtues; but their memory is indelibly engraved on the hearts of those they have befriended. Their spirits do not need the display that they shunned during their lives; but if they still take an interest in what passes on earth, they no doubt love to wander beneath the roofs of those dwellings inhabited by industrious virtue; to console unhappy poverty, to cherish in the hearts of lovers unchanging fidelity, a taste for the blessings of nature, the love of labor, and the fear of riches.

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The voice of the people, which is often silent as to the monuments raised to kings, has given to several parts of this island names which will immortalize the loss of Virginia. Near the Isle of Amber, in the midst of the rocks, is a place called "The Pass of the Saint Géran," from the name of the vessel which brought her from Europe and was wrecked there. The extremity of that long point of land which you see three leagues from here, half covered by the waves, which the *Saint Géran* could not double the night before the hurricane to enter the port, is called "The Cape of Misfortune"; and before us, at the end of the valley, is the "Bay of the Tomb," where Virginia was found shrouded in sand, as if the sea had wished to restore her corpse to her family, and render the last duties to her modesty on the shores that she had honored by her innocence.

Young lovers so tenderly united! Unfortunate mothers! Beloved family! These woods which lent you their shade, these fountains which flowed for you, these hillsides where you rested together, still deplore your loss. Since then no one has dared to cultivate this desolate spot or occupy these humble cottages. Your goats have become wild, your orchards are destroyed, your birds have fled, and nothing is heard but the cry of the hawks as they whirl above this rocky basin. As for me, since I no longer see you, I am as a friend without friends, a father who has lost his children, a traveller who wanders over the earth where he remains alone.

With these words the good old man burst into tears and left me; my own had flowed more than once during this sad recital.

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ELIZABETH;

OR,

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

A TALE,

FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. SOPHIE RISTAUD COTTIN.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE story of "Elizabeth, or The Exiles of Siberia," is one whose novel descriptions of unfamiliar scenes, perfect simplicity of plot and naturalness of incident, singular pathos and tenderness of sentiment, have united to make it one of the choicest and most interesting tales in any language. The purity and noble elevation of its characters have commended it as the best kind of fictional literature to place in the hands of the young, while maturer minds find a true pleasure in reading and re-reading it. Its translation from the original French into several other tongues is one of the best evidences of its admirable characteristics.

Madame Sophie Ristaud Cottin, the writer of this touching story, was born at Touneins, France, in the year 1773. At the early age of seventeen she married M. Cottin, a wealthy Bordeaux banker, who left her a widow within three years. Literature was rather a recreation than a pursuit with Madame Cottin; her first work, indeed, (a novel called *Claire d'Albe,*) was published in 1798 in order to help a friend. Her benevolent purposes, however, were generally carried out by means of the wealth left her by her husband; and she never would allow her name to be used on her publications, until the secret was found out by those interested to discover the author of tales which were attracting so much attention. This generous-hearted and highly gifted lady died in Paris, August 25, 1807.

Élisabeth was the work on which Madame Cottin bestowed the most care. It was founded upon a fact (as her Preface relates); but the delicacy and interest of the tale, the passion without extravagance and love without sentimentality, the filial piety and parental tenderness, the adventurous journey of the one friendless, moneyless girl across deserts of ice and snow, through forests, strange cities, wild people, and all manner of perils, — these elements are wrought up with that highest perfection of art which reproduces nature. And as long as children and parents and lovers have hearts, so long will the story of "Elizabeth" hold a firm place in the affections of those who read.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE incident which gave rise to this history is founded in truth. No imagination, however fertile, could produce actions so heroic or sentiments so noble and elevated. The heart alone could inspire them.

The daughter who conceived the glorious design of delivering her parents from exile, and who carried this design into execution in spite of the various and almost insurmountable obstacles which opposed her, is not the child of fiction, but of nature. She really existed, nay, does still exist, and should my tale possess any of the powers of attraction it will from this source be principally derived.

Authors have been frequently accused of representing the beauties of virtue with too bold a pencil and in colors too vivid. Far am I, however, from presuming to insinuate that this criticism is applicable to myself, who possess not the abilities requisite to attain this brilliant though creative talent; nor do I conceive that it is in the power of the most eloquent author, by all the studied embellishments and decorations of language, to add a single charm to the innate beauties of virtue; on the contrary, she is in herself so far superior to the adscititious aids of ornament that it would rather appear impossible to describe her in all her native dignity and loveliness. This is the chief difficulty I have experienced in writing Elizabeth.

The real heroine is far superior to mine, and has gone through more perils. By bestowing a guide upon Elizabeth, and in terminating her journey at Moscow, I have considerably diminished her fatigue and danger, and consequently her merit. But there are many who are not sufficiently sensible how paramount is the duty to parents, and therefore know not to what extent this duty will instigate a child, at once affectionate and enterprising, when achieving the service and preservation of a beloved parent; to such, had I related the whole truth, my tale might have borne the appearance of exaggeration or improbability, and to them a recital of long fatigues, though unable to exhaust the courage and perseverance of a heroine of eighteen, might yet appear tedious and uninteresting.

The scene of the principal anecdote of this story is removed as far as Siberia; yet I must add that it was unnecessary for me to extend my researches to so distant a region, since every country affords traits of filial piety, and of mothers animated with the glow of parental tenderness.

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ELIZABETH.

I.

ON the banks of the Irtish, which rises in Calmuck Tartary, and falls into the Oby, is situated Tobolsk,* the capital of Siberia ;† bounded on the north by forests eleven hundred versts‡ in length, extending to the borders of the Frozen Ocean, and interspersed with rocky mountains covered with perpetual snows. Around it are sterile plains, whose frozen sands have seldom received an impression from the human foot, and numerous frigid lakes, or rather stagnant marshes, whose icy streams never watered a meadow nor opened to the sunbeam the beauties of a flower. On approaching nearer to the pole, these stately productions of nature, whose sheltering foliage is so grateful to the weary traveller, totally disappear. Brambles, dwarf birches, and shrubs alone ornament this desolate spot ; and, farther on, even these vanish, leaving nothing but swamps covered with a useless moss, and presenting, as it were, the last efforts of expiring nature. But still, amidst the horror and gloom of an eternal winter, nature displays some of her grandest spectacles : the Aurora Borealis,* enclosing the horizon like a resplendent arch, emits columns of quivering

* Tobolsk, or Tobolski, is the residence of a governor and of the Greek Archbishop of Siberia. It is situated at the confluence of the Irtish and the Tobol, and is built partly upon a little hill on the east of the Irtish, so that it is divided into upper and lower. The governor's palace is in the citadel, some part of which was still in ruins when Kotzebue arrived there, as an exile, in 1800.

Tobolsk contains several churches ; its inhabitants are computed at 15,000 souls. The bazar, or marketplace, swarms with Kalmuck merchants, who bring goods from India ; but the principal trade of Tobolsk consists in furs. In this city provisions are very cheap.

† Siberia is the most northern country of the Russian empire in Asia. It is bounded on the east by the sea of Japan, on the south by Chinese Tartary, on the west by European Russia, and on the North by the Frozen Ocean. As this immense country, more than 2,000 English miles in length, scarcely contains more than 3,500,000 inhabitants, the emperors of Russia send thither all the criminals of the empire, condemned to exile by the sentence of a court of justice, and all persons suspected of crimes against the state, often without their having been summoned to a single interrogatory or knowing the cause of their banishment. The people who inhabited Siberia when it was conquered in 1777 by Yermak, a Cossack chief, were the Tartars, the Vogouls, and the Ostiacks.

‡ The verst is a measure which serves to mark distance in Russia, like the mile in England and the league in France. Three versts are nearly equal to two English miles.

* The Aurora Borealis is a brilliant phenomenon of nature, which exists almost exclusively to the northern regions of the terrestrial globe, though some travellers have asserted that the South Pole has likewise its Aurora Australis. It is a sort of circular cloud, extended over the horizon, from which issue spouts, sheafs, and columns of fire of different hues, yellow, blood-color, red, blue, violet, &c.

The matter of which the Aurora Borealis is composed appears to have its seat in the atmosphere, at a considerable height, the same Aurora having been seen at Petersburg, Naples, Rome, Lisbon, and even at Cadiz. M. de Mairan, in his treatise on the Aurora Borealis, maintains that these phenomena are generally at an elevation of from three to nine miles.

The progress of electricity, in the century which has just passed, promises a sure way to the physical causes of the Aurora Borealis, whose rockets, spouts, and sheets of light seem to be so many electrical currents, which float in the highly rarified air of the elevated regions of the atmosphere.

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light, and frequently offers to view sights which are unknown in a more southern hemisphere. South of Tobolsk is the province called Ischim: * plains strewed with the repositories of the dead, and divided by lakes of stagnant and unwholesome water, separate it from the Kirquis, † an idolatrous and wandering people. It is bounded on the left by the river Irtish, and on the right by the Tobol, ‡ the naked and barren shores of which present to the eye fragments of rocks promiscuously heaped together, with here and there a solitary fir-tree rearing its head. Beneath them, in a space formed by an angle of the river, is the small village of Saimka, about six hundred versts from Tobolsk: situated in the farthest extremity of the circle, in the midst of a desert, its environs are as gloomy as the sombre light which illuminates the hemisphere, and as dreary as the climate.

The province of Ischim is nevertheless denominated the Italy of Siberia, since it enjoys nearly four months of summer, though the winter is rigorous to an excess. The north-winds which blow during that period are so incessant, and render the cold so piercing, that even in September the Tobol is paved with ice. A heavy snow falls upon the earth, and disappears not before the end of May; but from the time that it begins to dissolve, the celerity with which the trees shoot forth their leaves and the fields display their verdure is almost incredible; three days is the short period that Nature requires to bring her plants to maturity. The blossoms of the birch-tree exhale an odoriferous scent, and the wild-flowers of the field decorate the ground; flocks of various kinds of fowl play upon the surface of the lakes; the white crane plunges among the rushes of the solitary marsh to build her nest, which she plaits with reeds; whilst the flying-squirrels, in the woods cutting the air with their bushy tails, hop from tree to tree, and nibble the buds of the pines and the tender leaves of the birch. Thus the natives of these dreary regions experience a scene of pleasure; but the unhappy exiles who inhabit it, alas! experience none.

Of these miserable beings the greatest part reside in the villages situated on the borders of the river, between Tobolsk and the extremest boundary of Ischim; others are dispersed in cottages about the country. The government provides for some; but many are abandoned to the scanty subsistence they can procure from the chase during the winter season, and all are objects of general commiseration. Indeed, the name they give to the exiles seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sympathy, as well as by a strong conviction of their innocence; they call them "Unfortunates."

A few versts from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the border of a deep circular lake, surrounded with black poplars, resided one of these banished families, consisting of three persons, — a man about five-and-forty, his wife, and a beautiful daughter in the bloom of youth.

Secluded in the desert, this little family were strangers to the intercourse with society: the father went alone to the chase; but neither had he, his wife, or his daughter ever been at Saimka; and, except one poor Tartarian peasant * who waited on them, no human being had entered their dwelling. The Governor of Tobolsk only was informed of their birth, their country, and the cause of their banishment; and this secret he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his jurisdiction, who was established at Saimka.

* The province or Ischim, so called from the river of the same name, is an immense plain of Siberia to the south of Tobolsk between the Irtish and the Ischin.

† The Kirquis or Kirghese are a Tartar colony to the north of Independent Tartary, divided into three hordes, the greater, the middle, and the lesser. The desert of Ischim separates them from Siberia.

‡ The Tobol derives its source from the country of the Kirquis, among the mountains which separate it from the government of Ufa. It falls into the Irtish near Tobolsk, after having supplied a course of about five hundred versts. Its banks are so little elevated that it generally overflows them in the spring, and inundates a vast extent of country.

* The Tartars are a numerous people who inhabit the greater part of the north of Asia and the north of Europe. Siberia was originally inhabited by Tartars: it also borders upon Chinese and Independent Tartary. The Tartars are almost all Mahometans. They subsist on their cattle, and on plunder which they obtain from their neighbors. They are particularly fond of horse-flesh. For the most part they are a wandering race, encamping here and there without any fixed habitation. They are divided into many tribes, as the Kalmucks, Kirquis, Usbecs, Nogayans, Moguls, &c.

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In committing these exiles to his care, the governor had merely given orders that they should be provided with a comfortable lodging, a garden, food, and raiment; and he had given to the lieutenant a positive charge to restrict them from all communication with any one, and particularly to intercept any letter they might attempt to convey to the court of Russia.

So much consideration, so much mystery, and such strict precaution excited a suspicion that under the simple name of Peter Springer the father of this family concealed a name more illustrious, and misfortunes of no common nature. Perhaps he had been guilty of some great crime; or possibly he was a victim to the hatred and injustice of the Russian Ministers.

But every endeavor to discover the truth of these conjectures having proved ineffectual, curiosity was soon extinguished, and all interest in the fate of the new exiles died with it. Indeed, they were so seldom seen that they were soon forgotten; and if, in pursuit of the chase, some straggling sportsman rambled towards the lake of the forest, and inquired the name of the inhabitants of the hut upon its borders, the only answer to be obtained was, that "they were Unfortunate Exiles"; and, on quitting the spot, a secret prayer that the Almighty would restore them to their country was the tribute of compassion generally bestowed.

Peter Springer had built their little cottage himself; it was of the wood of fir-trees, thatched with straw; detached masses of rocks defended it from the sweeping blasts of the north-wind and from the inundations of the lake. These rocks, formed of a soft peeling granite, in their exfoliation reflected the rays of the sun; mushrooms sprung from their crevices, some of a pale pink, others of a saffron-color or of a grayish-blue, like those which grow near the lake Baikal,*

* The lake Baikal is in the government of Irkutsk, and extends from the fifty-first to the fifty-fifth degree of north latitude. The Russians call it the Baikal Sea and the Holy Sea; and, next to the Caspian Sea, it is the largest expanse of water in Russia. It is from five to six hundred versts in length, and from fifty to seventy in breadth. This lake is nearly surrounded by high mountains. It is generally covered with ice before the end of December, which does not melt till the month of May. There are several islands in it.

announced the earliest days of spring; and in those cavities where hurricanes had scattered loose earth, pines and service-trees buried their roots and raised their tender foliage.

On the southern side of the lake the forest consisted only of underwood, thinly scattered, and leaving open to view the uncultivated plains beyond, covered with burying-places and monuments of the dead. Many of the tombs had been pillaged, and upon the earth had been strewed the bones, the only remains of a nation that would have been consigned to eternal oblivion, had not the gold and jewels buried with its people revealed to avarice its existence.

To the east of this extensive plain a little wooden chapel had been erected by the primitive Christians. On that side the tombs have been respected; and, under the cross which adorned it, no one had dared to profane the ashes of the dead. In these plains or steppes* (the name they bear in Siberia) Peter Springer, during the long and severe winter of the northern climate, spent his days in hunting. Sometimes he killed elks which feed on the leaves of the willow and poplar; sometimes he caught sables, but more frequently ermines, which are there very numerous. With the price that he obtained for their fur, he procured from Tobolsk different articles which contributed to the comfort of his wife and the education of his daughter. The long winter evenings were devoted to the instruction of the young Elizabeth. Seated between her parents, she would read aloud some passage of history, while Springer directed her attention to those parts which could elevate and expand her mind, and Phedora, her mother, to all that could make it tender and compassionate. One of them pointed out to her the beauties of heroism and glory, the other all the charms of piety and benevolence. Her father reminded her of the dignity and sublimity of virtue, her mother of the support and consolation it affords; the first taught how highly to revere, the latter how carefully to

* The steppes are high, uncultivated plains, and, for the most part, destitute of inhabitants. In those which are covered with brushwood and watered by rivulets the wandering hordes travel with their flocks. There are even some villages found in them. They are generally of immense extent.

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cherish it. From these united instructions Elizabeth acquired a disposition at once heroic and gentle; uniting the courage and energy of the father to the angelic mildness of the mother. At once ardent and enterprising, as the exalted ideas of honor could render her, docile and submissive as the blindest votary of love.

But as soon as the snow began to yield to the power of the sun, and a slight shade of verdure appeared upon the earth, the whole family was busily engaged in the culture of their garden. Springer turned up the earth, while Elizabeth sowed the seeds prepared by the industrious hand of Phedora. Their little enclosure was surrounded by plantations of alder, of white cornel,* and a species of birch much esteemed in Siberia, its blossom being the only one that affords a fragrant smell. On the southern side of his plantation Springer had built a sort of hot-house, in which he cultivated, with the greatest assiduity and care, various flowers unknown in that climate; when they were in full bloom he would gather them, and pressing them to his lips, ornament the brow of his daughter, saying, "Elizabeth, adorn yourself with the flowers of your native country; their fate resembles yours; like you they flourish in a foreign land. O, may your end be more fortunate than theirs!"

Except during these moments of emotion, he was calm and silent on the subject of his misfortunes. For successive hours he would remain absorbed in the deepest thought, his eyes fixed upon the same object, and seated in the same spot. The caresses of his wife, and more especially those of his daughter, at these times seemed rather to increase than to alleviate his misery. He would sometimes take her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, would exclaim, presenting her to her mother, "Take her, Phedora! take our child! her fate and yours rend my heart! Ah! why did you follow me? Had you abandoned me to my own sufferings, had you not insisted upon partaking of them, perhaps even in this desert I could have been content, knowing that you and my child were living happy and respected in our native land!" The gentle Phedora seldom answered him but with tears; her looks, her words, her actions, all bore testimony to the tender and sincere affection by which she was attached to her husband. Separated from him she could have known no happiness; nor did she so forcibly regret their exile from their country, or their fall from grandeur, when she reflected that high dignities, places of trust and danger, might have detained him at a distance from her. In exile he never quitted her; and therefore she could have almost rejoiced in Siberia, but for the grief she endured at seeing the affliction with which his soul was rent.

Although Phedora had passed the first season of youth, she was still beautiful. Devoted to her Creator, her husband, and her child, time had not hitherto effaced the charms that innocence and virtue had imprinted on her countenance. She seemed to have been created for love in its greatest purity; and if such were her destiny, it had been fulfilled. Attentive to all the wishes of her husband, she watched his looks to discover what could contribute to his comfort or pleasure, that she might anticipate his wish before he had expressed it. She prepared their repasts herself. Order, neatness, and comfort was the characteristic of their little abode. The largest apartment served as a sleeping-room for herself and Springer. It was warmed by a stove; the walls were decorated with the drawings and work of Phedora and her daughter, and the windows were glazed,—a luxury seldom enjoyed in this country, and for which they were indebted to the profit which Springer derived from the chase. Two small rooms completed their habitation: one was occupied by Elizabeth; in the other, where the garden and kitchen utensils were kept, slept the Tartarian peasant, their only attendant.

Their days were spent in superintending their domestic concerns; in making different articles of clothing out of the skins of the reindeer, which they dyed with a preparation from the bark of the birch, or lined with thick furs. But when Sunday arrived, Phedora secretly lamented that she was deprived from attending Divine service, and spent a great part of the day in prayer. Prostrate before the God of all consolation, she invoked him in behalf of the objects of her tenderness; and if her piety daily increased, one of the principal causes was, that her ideas and her

* The Cornel-Tree, Cornelberry, *Cornus Alba* of Linnæus, has broad oval leaves and white berries.

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expressions became more eloquent, and better adapted to bestow that consolation which her husband so much required, in proportion as her soul became elevated by devotion.

II.

The young Elizabeth, who knew no other country than the desolate one which she had inhabited from the age of four years, discovered beauties which nature bestows even upon these inhospitable climes; and, innocence finding pleasure everywhere, she amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of the eggs of hawks and white vultures, that build their nests there during summer. Sometimes she caught wood pigeons to fill a little aviary, and at others angled for carassins,* which move in shoals, whose purple shells, lying against one another, appear through the water like a sheet of fire covered with liquid silver. It never occurred to the happy days of her childhood that there could be a lot more fortunate than her own. Her health was established by the keen air she breathed; and exercise, in her light figure, united agility and strength; while her countenance, beaming with innocence and peace, each day seemed to disclose some new charm. Thus, far removed from the busy world and mankind, did this lovely girl improve in beauty, for the eyes only of her parents, to charm no heart but theirs; like the flower of the desert, which blooms before the sun, and arrays itself in not less brilliant colors, because it is destined to shine only in the presence of that luminary to which it is indebted for its existence.

The most fervent affections are those which are least divided. Thus Elizabeth, who knew no one except her parents (consequently could love none but them), loved them with a fervor that scarcely admitted of comparison. They were the protectors of her childhood, the partakers of her amusements, her only society. She knew nothing but what they had taught her: to them was she indebted for her talents, her knowledge, her studies, her recreations, and everything; and feeling that without them she could do nothing, enjoy nothing, she delighted in a dependence that was felt only through the medium of the benefits which resulted from it. When reason and reflection, however, succeeded to the carelessness of childhood, Elizabeth observed the tears of her mother, and perceived that her father was unhappy. She often entreated of them to tell her the cause, but could obtain no other answer than that they regretted being such a distance from their country. But with the name of that country, or the rank they held in it, they did not intrust her, fearing to excite a vain regret by informing her of the elevated rank from which they had been precipitated. From the time that Elizabeth discovered the affliction of her parents, her thoughts no longer flowed in the same channel as before, and the whole tenor of her life became changed. The innocent amusements she had so much enjoyed lost all their attractions. Her birds were neglected, and her flowers were forgotten: when she went down to the lake, it was no longer to cast the bait, or to navigate her little canoe, but to meditate profoundly upon a scheme which had become the sole occupation of her mind. Sometimes, seated upon a projecting rock, her eyes fixed upon the waters of the lake, she reflected upon the griefs of her parents and on the means of alleviating them. They wept for their country. Elizabeth knew not where this country was situated; but that they were unhappy out of it was sufficient. All her thoughts were directed to devise some plan for restoring them to it. She would then raise her eyes to heaven to implore that assistance which she could expect from thence only; and would remain buried in a revery so profound that the snow, falling in large flakes, and driven with violence against her by the wind, could not disturb it. But if her parents called, in an instant she would descend from the tops of the rocks, to receive the lessons of her father or to assist her mother in her domestic avocations. But with them, or alone, whether engaged in reading or occupied with her needle, one sole idea pursued her; one project held constant

* Carassin is the specific name of a fish of the Carp kind. *Cyprinus Carvassius*, Linn. Its body is large, thick, and covered with scales of a middling size. It is brown on the back, greenish on the side, and yellowish with some spots of red under the belly. It delights in lakes of which the bottom is marly.

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possession of her mind ; this project she kept profoundly secret, resolved not to mention it till the moment of her departure should arrive.

Yes ; she resolved to tear herself from the embraces of her parents, — to proceed alone, on foot, to Petersburg, and to implore of the Emperor pardon for her father. Such was the bold design which had presented itself to her imagination ; such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not daunt the heroic courage of a young and timid female. She beheld, in their strongest light, many of the impediments she must surmount, but her confidence in the Creator and the ardor of her wishes encouraged her ; and she felt convinced that she could overcome them all. As her scheme, however, began to unfold itself, and she reflected upon the means of carrying it into execution, her ignorance could not fail to alarm her. She had never passed the boundaries of the forest she inhabited ; how then was she to find her way to Petersburg ? how could she travel through countries inhabited by people who spoke a language unknown to her ? She must subsist upon charity : to submit to this she recalled to her aid those precepts of humility which her mother had so carefully inculcated ; but her father had so often spoken of the inflexibility of mankind that she dreaded being reduced to implore their compassion. Elizabeth was too well acquainted with the tenderness of her parents to indulge the hope that they would facilitate her journey. It was not to them that she could, in this instance, have recourse. To whom then could she apply, in the desert where she lived ? to whom address herself in a dwelling, the entrance to which was forbidden to every human being ? Still she did not despair ; the remembrance of an accident to which her father had nearly fallen a victim had engraven upon her mind the conviction that there is no place so desolate, in which Providence cannot hear the prayers of the unfortunate and afford to them assistance.

Some years before Springer had been delivered, by the intrepidity of a young stranger, from imminent peril, upon one of the high rocks which form a boundary to the Tobol. This brave youth was the son of M. de Smoloff, the governor of Tobolsk. He came every winter to the plains of Ischim to kill elks and sables, and sometimes to hunt the bears of the Uralian Mountains,* which are occasionally seen in the environs of Saimka. In this dangerous chase he had met Springer, and was the means of saving his life. From that period the name of Smoloff had never been mentioned in the abode of the exiles but with reverence and gratitude. Elizabeth and her mother felt the most lively regret at not knowing their benefactor, that they might offer to him their acknowledgments and benedictions ; but to Heaven they daily offered them for him, and indulged the hope, at each return of the hunting season, that chance might lead him to their hut. They, however, expected in vain. Its entrance had been forbidden to him, as well as to every one else ; and he lamented not the restriction, as he was yet ignorant of the treasure which this humble habitation enclosed.

Nevertheless, since Elizabeth had been thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of leaving the desert without some human aid, her thonghts had frequently rested upon young Smoloff. Such a protector would have dissipated all her terrors, and might have vanquished all the obstacles that opposed her design. Who could be better calculated than he to give all the information she required respecting her journey from Saimka to Petersburg ; to instruct her in what method to get her petition delivered to the Emperor ? and, should her flight irritate the governor, who could be better calculated than a son to soften his resentment, move his compassion, and save her parents from being made responsible for her transgression ?

Thus did she reflect on all the advantages which were likely to result from such a support ; and as winter drew near she resolved not to let the hunting season pass away without taking some steps to inform herself

* The Uralian Mountains serve as a boundary between Europe and the North of Asia. From north to south they extend in a straight line more than 1,500 English miles. They may be divided into three principal branches, one of which reaches to the Frozen Ocean. The highest point of the Uralian Mountains is the Bashkirey, in the government of Orenburg. They abound in useful minerals, are covered with thick forests, and give rise to ten or twelve considerable rivers.

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whether young Smoloff was in the country; and, if so, of seeking an opportunity to speak to him.

Springer had been so much affected by the terror of his wife and daughter, at the mere recital of the danger he had incurred, that he promised never again to engage in the bear hunt, nor to extend his walks beyond the plain, except in pursuit of squirrels or ermines. Notwithstanding this promise, Phedora could not see him depart to a distance without terror: and she always continued till his return in a state of agitation and anxiety, as if his absence was the presage of some calamity.

A heavy fall of snow congealed into a solid mass by an intense frost, had completely covered the surface of the earth, when, on a fine morning in the month of December, Springer took his gun and prepared for the chase. Before his departure he embraced his wife and daughter, and promised to return before the close of day; but the hour had passed, night approached, and Springer arrived not. Since the adventure which threatened his life, this was the first time he had failed in the strictest punctuality, and the terror of Phedora was indescribable. Elizabeth, while she partook of it, sought every means to tranquillize her: she would have flown to seek and succor her father; but she had not resolution to leave her mother in the agony in which she beheld her.

At length, however, the delicate and timid Phedora, who hitherto had never ventured beyond the banks of the lake, roused to exertion by the violence of her agitation, resolved to accompany her daughter, intending, if she could find her husband, to incur any danger in offering him assistance. They proceeded together, through the underwood of the forest, towards the plain. The cold was intense, the firs appeared like trees of ice, their branches being hid under a thick covering of hoar-frost. A mist obscured the horizon. Night's near approach gave to each object a still gloomier shade, and the ground, smooth as a glass, refused to support the steps of the trembling Phedora. Elizabeth, reared in this climate, and accustomed to brave the extremest severity of the weather, assisted her mother, and led her on. Thus a tree, transplanted from its native soil, languishes in a foreign land, while the young suckling, that springs from its root, habituated to the new climate, acquires strength, flourishes, and, in a few years, sustains the branches of the trunk that nourished it; protecting, by its friendly shade, the tree to which it is indebted for existence. Before Phedora had reached the plain her strength had totally failed. "Rest here, my dear mother," said Elizabeth, "and let me go alone to the edge of the forest. If we stay longer, the darkness of the night will prevent me from distinguishing my father in the plain." Phedora supported herself against a tree, while her daughter hastened forward, and in a few seconds she reached the plain. Some of the monuments with which it is interspersed are very high. Elizabeth climbed upon the most elevated of them: her heart was full of grief, and her eyes dim with tears. She gazed around in vain for her father; all was still and lonely; the obscurity of night began to render the search useless. Terror almost suspended her faculties, when the report of a gun revived her hopes. She had never heard this sound but from the hand of her father, and to her it appeared a certain indication that he was near. She rushed towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, and behind a pile of rocks discovered a man in a bending posture, apparently seeking for something upon the ground. "My father, my father, is it you?" she exclaimed. He turned hastily; it was not Springer. His countenance was youthful and his air noble: at the sight of Elizabeth he stood amazed. "O, it is not my father," resumed she, with anguish; "but perhaps you may have seen him on the plain? O, can you tell me where to find him?"—"I know nothing of your father," replied the stranger; "but surely you ought not to be here alone at this unseasonable hour; you are exposed to great danger, and should not venture."—"O," interrupted she, "I fear nothing but losing my father!" As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven: their expression revealed at once firmness in affliction and dignity united with softness. They expressed the feelings of her soul, and seemed to foretell her future destiny. The stranger had never seen a person, nor had his imagination ever painted a vision, like Elizabeth: he almost

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believed himself in a dream. When the first emotion of surprise had subsided, he inquired the name of her father. "Peter Springer," she replied. "How!" he exclaimed, "you are the daughter of the exile residing in a cottage by the lake! Be comforted; I have seen your father. It is not an hour since he left me; he intended to make a circuit, and must be at home ere this."

Elizabeth listened no longer, but flew towards the spot where she had left her mother; and on her she called with a voice of joy, that the sound might reanimate her before she could explain the cause; but Phedora was gone. The terrified Elizabeth made the forest resound with the names of her parents. A well-known voice answered her from the side of the lake; she redoubled her speed, arrived at the hut, and found her father and mother at the door, their arms held forth to receive her. Mutual embraces were followed by mutual explanations. Each of them had returned home by a different road, but all were now united and happy. It was not till that moment that Elizabeth perceived the stranger had followed her. Springer immediately recognized him, and said, with profound regret, "M. de Smoloff, it is very late; but, alas! you know I am not permitted to offer you an asylum, even for a single night." — "M. de Smoloff!" exclaimed Elizabeth and her mother, "our deliverer! Is it indeed he whom we behold?" They fell at his feet; and while Phedora, unable to express her acknowledgments, bathed them with her tears, Elizabeth thus addressed him: "M. de Smoloff, three years have now elapsed since you saved my father's life; during that period not a day has passed on which our fervent prayers have not been offered up to the Almighty to beseech him to reward and bless you." — "Your prayers, then, have been heard," answered Smoloff, with the most lively emotion, "since he has deigned to guide my footsteps to this blessed abode; the little good I did deserved not such a reward."

It was now night; profound darkness covered the forest. A return to Saimka, at this hour, would be attended with danger, and Springer knew not how to refuse the rites of hospitality to his deliverer; but he had pledged his honor to the governor of Tobolsk not to receive any one under his roof, and to fail in his word, solemnly given, was a dreadful alternative. He proposed, therefore, to accompany the youth to Saimka. "I will take a torch," said he; "I am well acquainted with every turn of the forest, and with all those places which we must avoid, and fear not to conduct you safely." The terrified Phedora rushed forward to prevent him; and Smoloff, addressing him respectfully, "Permit me, sir," said he, "to solicit a shelter in your cottage till break of day. I know what are my father's injunctions, and the motives which compel him to show you so much severity; but I am certain that he would authorize me, on this occasion, to release you from your promise, and I will engage to return shortly and thank you, in his name, for the asylum you will have granted me." Springer overcame his scruples; he took the young man by the hand, conducted him into his cottage, and, placing him near the stove, seated himself by his side, while Phedora and her daughter prepared their repast.

Elizabeth was dressed according to the costume of the peasants of Tartary, in trousers made of the skin of the reindeer, and a short petticoat of crimson stuff, looped up; while her hair, in graceful ringlets, almost reached the ground. A close vest, buttoned at the side, displayed to advantage the elegance of her form, and her sleeves, turned back above the elbow, discovered her beautifully shaped arm. The simplicity of her dress seemed to enhance the mild dignity of her manners, and all her gestures were accompanied with a grace which did not escape the observation of Smoloff, who, as he watched her, experienced an emotion to which he had before been a stranger. Elizabeth beheld him with equal delight, but it was a delight pure as her mind; founded on the gratitude she owed him, and on the hope of his assistance, which she had so long indulged. That Power who dives into the inmost recesses of the heart beheld not in the heart of Elizabeth a single thought which had not for its object the happiness of her parents; for to them, exclusively of every other earthly attachment, was it devoted.

During supper young Smoloff stated that he had been three days at Saimka, where he

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had learned that a great number of wolves infested the neighborhood; and that it was in contemplation, in the course of a few days, to commence a general chase for the purpose of destroying them. At this intelligence Phedora changed color. "I hope," said she, addressing herself to her husband, "that you will not join in this dangerous diversion; O, do not expose your life, the greatest of my blessings!" — "Alas, Phedora! what is it you say?" exclaimed Springer, with a sensation of grief which he could not repress; "of what value is my life? Were I gone, would it be any longer your destiny to remain in this desolate place? Do you not know what would restore liberty to yourself and to our child? Do you not know —" Phedora interrupted him with an exclamation expressive of the anguish of her soul; Elizabeth rose from her seat, and drawing near her father, seized his hand. "My dear father," said she, "you know that, reared in this forest, I am ignorant of every other country. With you, my mother and myself are happy; in losing you, our happiness would be lost. I answer for her as for myself; without you we could not be happy in any situation of the globe; not even in that country which you so much regret." — "Possibly, M. de Smoloff," resumed Springer, after a short pause, "you may think these words should bring me comfort; on the contrary, they plunge the poniard of grief still deeper in my bosom. That virtue which should be my delight creates new pangs, when I reflect that it will forever be concealed in this desert, a sacrifice to me. My Elizabeth will never be known, will never meet with the admiration and the love which are so justly her due." Elizabeth hastily interrupted him: "O my father! placed between my mother and you, can you tell me I am not loved?" Springer, unable to moderate his affliction, continued thus: "Never will you enjoy that happiness which I receive from you; never will you hear the voice of a beloved child addressing you in angelic words of consolation. Your life will be spent without a companion, without any of the tender, the endearing ties of life, like a solitary bird wandering in a desert. Innocent victim! you know not the blessings from which you are debarred; but I, who no longer possess the power of bestowing them upon you, I know and feel — I deeply feel their value!"

During this scene young Smoloff had in vain endeavored to repress his tears; they had fallen more than once. He had attempted to speak, but his voice refused utterance; at last, after a pause of some minutes, "Sir," said he, "from the melancholy office which my father holds, you must be well aware that I am not a stranger to the sight of distress. Often have I travelled through the different districts under his extensive jurisdiction. What lamentations have I heard! what solitary wretchedness have I witnessed! In the deserts of Beresow,* upon the borders of the Frozen Sea, I have seen men who possessed not in the wide world a single friend; who never received a caress nor heard the soothing language of consolation. Insulated and separated from all mankind, they were not merely banished; their misery admitted of no alleviation." — "And when Heaven has spared you and my child," interrupted Phedora, and addressing her husband in an accent of tender reproach, "should you complain so bitterly? Had she been taken from you, what would you have done?" Springer shuddered at the idea. He seized the hands of his daughter and his wife, and, pressing them to his heart, he exclaimed tenderly, "O, Heaven be my witness how strongly do I feel that I am not deprived of every blessing!"

III.

As soon as the morning dawned, young Smoloff took his leave of the exiles. Elizabeth with regret saw him depart, for she was impatient to reveal her project to him, and to implore his assistance. Not a moment's opportunity had presented itself for her to speak to him in private. Her parents had never quitted the apartment, and she could not address him unobserved in their presence. She hoped, however, as she should see him often, to be more fortunate another time;

* Beresow, or Beresov, is a city of Siberia, situated in a province of the same name, to the northeast of Tobolsk, and 372 miles distant from it, in 64° N. latitude, and 64° 14′ E. longitude. Prince Menzikof died there in exile in 1729. The district Beresov has some valuable gold mines.

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and therefore, as he took leave, she said, in the most anxious manner : —

"Will you not come again, M. de Smoloff? Ah! promise me that this is not to be the last time I am to see the deliverer of my father."

Springer was surprised at the earnestness of her address, and felt somewhat uneasy. He reflected on the orders of the governor, and resolved not to disobey them a second time. Smoloff replied to Elizabeth's request, that he was certain of obtaining from his father an exception in his favor, and that he would go that very day to solicit it. "But, sir," he said to Springer, "when I am asking this favor for myself, can I not deliver any message from you? Is there any favor that you may also require at his hands?" — "No, sir," answered Springer with unusual gravity, "I have no request to trouble you with." His guest looked down dejected; then addressing himself to Phedora, he repeated his question in nearly the same terms. "Sir," she replied, "I should be glad if the governor would allow myself and my daughter to go to Saimka, on Sundays, to hear mass." Smoloff undertook to obtain this permission, and departed with the benedictions of the whole family, and with the secret wishes of Elizabeth for his speedy return.

During his walk back to Saimka, Smoloff could think only of her. His imagination had been forcibly struck at her first appearance in the desert, and his heart had been deeply interested in the scene which he had afterwards witnessed between her and her parents. He recalled to his memory every word she had uttered, her looks, her manner; and his mind dwelt particularly upon the last words he had heard her utter. Without this last address, a sort of respect, approaching to veneration, would perhaps have deterred him from presuming to love her; but the eagerness with which Elizabeth had expressed a desire to see him again, and the tender sentiment with which her request had been accompanied, could not fail to excite in his mind a suspicion that she had been actuated by feelings similar to his own. His ardent and youthful imagination dwelt upon the thought, and persuaded him that fate, not chance, had brought about the adventure of the preceding evening, and that a mutual sympathy now existed between them. He was impatient to read, in the innocent heart of Elizabeth, the confirmation of his hopes. Ah! how far was he from imagining the sentiments that he was destined, on a future day, to discover there.

After Smoloff's visit to the hut, Springer's melancholy seemed to have increased. He reflected upon the generosity, the intrepidity, the gentleness of character, which this young man appeared to possess; and it was ever present to his mind that such was the companion he would have chosen for his daughter. Her situation, however, prevented him from dwelling on the idea; and, far from being desirous of seeing Smoloff again, he dreaded his return; for it would have been an affliction infinitely more insupportable than any he had yet experienced, to see his child the victim of hopeless love.

One evening, while plunged in deep dejection, his head supported by his hand, his elbow resting on his knee, he heaved a deep sigh. Phedora dropped her needle, and, fixing her eyes upon her husband, with an expression of the most heartfelt commiseration, she implored Heaven to enable her to banish his vain regret, and to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded soul.

Elizabeth from a distant corner of the room observed them both, and felt a secret joy as she reflected that a day might possibly come when she should be able to restore them to their former happiness, not doubting that Smoloff would encourage and facilitate her enterprise. A secret instinct assured her that he would be moved by it, and would assist her; but she feared the refusal of her parents, and particularly that of her mother. Nevertheless, to depart without their knowledge would be repugnant to her feelings, nay, would be impossible, as she knew not the name of their country nor the nature of the offence for which she was to supplicate forgiveness of the Emperor. It was necessary, therefore, to discover to them her intention, and the present seemed to be a fit moment for the disclosure. Therefore, bending one knee to the ground, she fervently implored aid from the Almighty, and that he would incline her parents to grant her suit. Then, approaching her father, she stood behind him, leaning upon the back of the chair on which he was seated. For some moments

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she remained silent in the hope that he would perceive and speak to her; but he continued in the same dejected attitude, and she broke the silence thus: "Will you permit me, my father, to ask you a question?" He raised his head, and made a sign that she might proceed. "When M. de Smoloff inquired the other day if you wished for anything, you answered no. Is it true that there is nothing you wish for?" — "Nothing that he could procure me." — "And who then could grant your wish?" — "The hand of justice." — "Where, my father, is justice to be found?" — "In heaven, my child; but if you mean upon earth, nowhere." As he ceased speaking, a deeper gloom overcast his brow, and he resumed his melancholy attitude.

After a short pause Elizabeth again ventured to speak. "My dearest parents," said she, in a tone of excessive animation, "hear me; I have this day completed my seventeenth year. This was the day on which I received from you a being that will be valuable indeed in my estimation, if to you I am allowed to devote it, — to you whom my soul reveres and cherishes as the living images of my Creator. From the time of my birth not a day has passed unmarked by your benefits, unendeared by tokens of your love. Hitherto the only return in my power to make has been gratitude and tenderness. But what avails gratitude if it be not shown? What avails tenderness if I cannot prove it? — O my beloved parents! forgive the presumption of your child; once in her life she would do for you what, from the hour of her birth, you have so unceasingly done for her. Condescend, then, to intrust her with the secret of your misfortunes." — "My child, what wouldst thou ask?" interrupted her father. — "That you would inform me of as much as it is needful for me to know to be able to prove the extent of my regard for you: Heaven bear testimony to the motive which induces me to make this request." As she uttered these words she fell on her knees before her father, and raised her eyes towards him with a look of the most moving supplication. An expression so noble shone through the tears that overflowed her countenance, and the heroism of her soul reflected an air so angelic over the humility of her attitude, that a suspicion of her project instantaneously darted across the mind of Springer. Unable to shed a tear or to breathe a sigh, he remained silent, motionless, struck with a sort of awe like that which the presence of an angel might have inspired. No circumstance attending his misfortunes had ever had the power to move his soul to such a degree as the words that Elizabeth had uttered; and his firm spirit, which even regal dignity had not been able to intimidate, was subdued by the voice of his child, and he attempted in vain to strive against the emotions that overpowered it.

While Springer remained silent, Elizabeth continued kneeling before him. Her mother approached to raise her. Phedora had not observed the motion or the look which had revealed to Springer the secret of his daughter's heart; and she was still far from imagining the trial with which her tenderness was threatened. "Why," said she, "why do you hesitate to confide in your child the history of our misfortunes? Is it her youth that prevents you? Can you fear that the soul of Elizabeth will suffer itself to be weakly depressed by the knowledge of our reverse of fortune?"

"No," replied Springer, looking steadfastly on his daughter, — "no, it is not weakness that I apprehend from her." From these words, and from the expressive look which accompanied them, Elizabeth saw that her father had understood her. She pressed his hand in silence, that he alone might comprehend her meaning, for she knew the heart of her mother, and was glad to retard the moment in which it must be afflicted. "O Heaven!" exclaimed Springer, "forgive me that I have dared to repine. I regretted the blessings of which I was deprived, but I knew not those thou hadst in store for me. Elizabeth, in this one happy day you have made me ample amends for twelve years of suffering." — "My father," she replied, "say not again there is no real happiness on earth, when the child of such a parent can be blessed with hearing words like these. But speak! tell me, I conjure you, your name, that of your country, and the cause of your unhappiness." — "Unhappiness! I am unhappy no longer; my country is wherever I can live with my daughter. The name in which I place my greatest glory is that of the father of Elizabeth." — "O my child!" interrupted Phedora, "I did not think the tenderness I bore you could admit

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of increase; but you have afforded consolation to your father."

At these words Springer's firmness was entirely subdued. He burst into tears, and, pressing his wife and daughter to his heart, repeated in a voice broken with sobs, "Pardon, O Most High! pardon an ungrateful being who presumed to murmur at thy decrees; and, O God! withhold the chastisements which his temerity has deserved."

When these violent emotions had subsided, Springer said to his daughter, "My child, I give you my word that I will inform you of every particular which you wish to know; but you must wait some days. I cannot speak of my sufferings at the moment; you have taught me to forget them."

The obedient Elizabeth ventured not to press him further, determining to wait with deference till he should feel inclined to give the information he had promised. But she waited for that moment in vain; Springer appeared to dread it and to avoid her. He had guessed her intention; and, though no language could express the gratitude and admiration of this fond parent, his tenderness would not permit him to grant the consent which he knew she would entreat; nor did he consider himself absolutely authorized to refuse it. This was, indeed, the only resource from which he might hope to be re-established in his rights, and to replace Elizabeth in the rank to which she was born; but when he reflected on the fatigues she must undergo and on the dangers she must incur, the idea was insupportable. Willingly would he have sacrificed his own life to reinstate his family in their rank and possessions, but to risk that of his daughter in such an attempt was a trial to which he felt his courage was unequal.

The silence of her father taught Elizabeth the line of conduct she ought to pursue. She was certain that he had penetrated into her design, for he was more deeply affected than she had ever seen him; but, if he had approved of it, would he, with so much precaution, have avoided speaking to her upon the subject? Indeed, when she deliberately considered her scheme, it seemed, even to herself, so impracticable that she feared her parents would only regard it as the effusion of filial enthusiasm. In order, therefore, to place her project in a point of view more favorable to its execution, she must represent it divested of some of the greater obstacles by which it was opposed, and with this view it was requisite to solicit the advice and assistance of Smoloff. Determining, therefore, to maintain silence upon the subject, and not to disclose the secret entirely to her parents, till she had conversed with him, she waited impatiently for his return.

Elizabeth foresaw that one of the strongest reasons that would withhold the consent of her parents would be the difficulty of her undertaking to travel eight hundred leagues on foot, in the severest climate of the earth. To lessen this difficulty as much as possible, and to prepare herself for hardship and fatigue, she exercised her strength daily in the plains of Ischim. Whether the snow, drifted by the wind, beat against her with a violence that opposed her passage, or a thick mist concealed almost the path before her, she relinquished not her resolution, sometimes, in contradiction even to the wishes of her parents; thus, by degrees, accustoming herself to endure the clemency of weather and their disapprobation.

IV.

SIBERIA, in winter, is subject to sudden storms. Often, during this season, when the sky appears serene, dreadful hurricanes arise instantaneously and obscure the atmosphere. They are impelled from the opposite sides of the horizon, and when they meet the strongest trees in vain oppose their violence. In vain the pliant birch bends to the ground; its flexible branches with their trembling leaves are broken and dispersed. The snow rolls from the tops of the mountains, carrying with it enormous masses of ice which break against the points of the rocks: these break in their turn, and the wind, carrying away the fragments, together with those of the falling huts, in which the terrified animals have in vain sought shelter, whirls them aloft in the air, and, dashing them back to the earth, strews the ground with the ruins of every production of nature.

One morning in the month of January Elizabeth was overtaken by one of these terrible storms. She was in the plain near the little chapel; and as soon as the sudden darkness of the sky announced the approaching

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tempest, she sought shelter under its venerable roof. The furious wind soon attacked this feeble edifice, and, shaking it to its foundation, threatened every instant to level it with the ground. Elizabeth, prostrate before the altar, was insensible to fear. The storm she had heard destroying all around her excited in her breast no sensation but that of a reverential awe caused by a natural reflection on the Omnipotent Being from whose hand it came. As her life might be serviceable to her parents, she felt assured that Heaven would, for their sake, watch over and guard it, till she had delivered them from suffering. This sentiment, approaching almost to superstition, created by the fervor of her filial piety, inspired Elizabeth with a tranquillity so perfect, that, in the midst of warring elements, with the thunderbolts of heaven falling around her, she yielded calmly to the heaviness which oppressed her, and, lying down at the foot of the altar, before which she had been offering up her prayers, she fell into a slumber secure and peaceful as that of innocence reposing on the bosom of a father.

On this very day Smoloff had returned from Tobolsk. After his arrival at Saimka he hastily proceeded to the cottage of the exiles. He brought the permission which Phedora had solicited. Her daughter and herself were allowed to attend Divine service at Saimka every Sunday; but, so far from any indulgence being extended to Springer, the orders of the court respecting him were more strict than ever. And, in allowing young Smoloff to see him once more, the Governor of Tobolsk had consulted his feelings rather than his duty; but this visit was to be the last: of this his father had exacted a solemn promise. Smoloff was grieved to the soul at so much severity; but as he drew near the dwelling of Elizabeth his melancholy dispersed. He thought less of the pain of taking leave, under the cruel restriction imposed upon him by his father, than of the delight he should experience from seeing her again.

In the first ardent pursuit of the youthful mind, the enjoyment of the present felicity is so animated, so complete, that it obliterates all idea of the future, and engrosses the soul so entirely that no room is left for the anticipation of future distress. Happiness is a sensation too ardently felt by youth to suffer them to waste a thought upon the instability of its duration. But when, on entering the cottage, Smoloff looked round for Elizabeth in vain, and reflected that he might not be able to prolong his visit until her return, his disappointment was too apparent to escape the most superficial observation. In vain did Phedora address him in the most affecting terms of gratitude, blessing the hand which had reopened for her the house of God, and had preserved the life of her beloved husband. In vain did Springer call him the protector, the comforter of the afflicted. He appeared almost insensible to their discourse, and, in the little that he spoke, the name of Elizabeth every instant escaped his lips. His evident embarrassment betrayed the emotions of his heart; and the disclosure rendered him the dearer to that of Phedora. His love for her daughter flattered her pride; and surely no mother had more reason to be proud of a child.

Springer was not less sensible of the merit of his daughter; but, fearing she would discover the visible partiality of the young man, which might disturb her peace, he reminded Smoloff of the obedience that was due to his father; thereby hoping to terminate a visit, which, by divers pretences, the youth had thought to prolong. It was at this period that the storm arose; and the parents trembled for the safety of their child. "Elizabeth! what will become of my Elizabeth?" exclaimed the agonized mother. Springer took his stick in silence, and went to seek his daughter; Smoloff rushed after him.

The tempest raged with terrific violence on every side; the trees were torn up by the roots, and any attempt to cross the forest would be attended with imminent danger. Springer remonstrated with Smoloff, and endeavored, but in vain, to deter him from following. Smoloff saw all the danger, but he saw it with a secret satisfaction; he was happy to brave it for Elizabeth, as it might afford him opportunity of giving proof to her of an affection which he would scarcely have dared to declare to her by any other means.

They proceeded till they reached the middle of the forest. "On which side shall we turn?" asked Smoloff. "Let us proceed towards the plain," Springer replied; "she

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walks there every day, and has probably taken shelter in the chapel." They said no more, but proceeded intrepidly on. Stooping to shelter themselves from the blows of the broken boughs and from the fragments of rock which the wind whirled over their heads, they walked forward as fast as the snow, which beat in their faces, would permit.

On reaching the plain, the danger with which they had been menaced from the breaking of the trees ceased; but in this exposed situation they were sometimes driven backward, and at others thrown down by the violence of the tempest. At length they reached the chapel, in which they hoped Elizabeth had sought a refuge. But when they beheld this precarious shelter, the walls of which consisted only of slightly joined planks, that creaked in the wind and seemed every instant ready to fall, they began to shudder lest she might be within them. Animated with indescribable ardor, Smoloff rushed into the chapel, and, to his astonishment, beheld Elizabeth, not terrified, pale, and trembling, but in a peaceful sleep before the altar. Struck with unutterable surprise, he stops, points out to Springer the cause of his amazement; and, impelled by similar sentiments of veneration, they fall on their knees by the side of the angel sleeping under the protection of Heaven. The father bent over his child, while Smoloff, casting down his eyes, retired some steps, not presuming to approach too near to such supreme innocence.

Elizabeth awoke, beheld her father, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Ah! I knew you watched over me." Springer pressed her to his heart. "My child," said he, "into what agonies have you thrown your mother and me!"—"O, my father! pardon me for causing those tears," answered Elizabeth; "let us hasten to relieve the terrors of my mother." In rising, she perceived Smoloff. "Ah!" said she, in gentle accents of pleasure and surprise, "all my protectors have then been watching over me,—Heaven, my father, and you." It was not without extreme difficulty that the young man could repress the emotions of his heart.

Springer resumed. "My dear child," said he, "you speak of rejoining your mother, but do you know whether it will be possible to do so? whether you will be able to resist the violence of a tempest which M. de Smoloff and myself have escaped only by a miracle."—"I will try," answered she; "my strength is greater than you imagine; and I rejoice in an opportunity which enables me to show you how much it is capable of performing, when the consolation of my mother calls forth its exertion."

As she spake, unwonted courage beamed in her eyes; and Springer believed that he could depend upon her exertions. She rested on her father and Smoloff, who jointly supported her, and sheltered her head with their wide mantles. How much did Smoloff rejoice in that boisterous wind which obliged Elizabeth to trust to him for support! He thought not of his own life, which he would gladly have exposed a thousand times to prolong those moments. He feared not even for the life of Elizabeth, which, in the ecstasy that possessed him, he would have defied the elements combined to hinder him from preserving.

The sky now began to assume its serenity, the clouds dispersed, and the wind by degrees ceased. Springer recovered his spirits, but those of Smoloff were depressed. Elizabeth withdrew her arm, and chose to walk on unassisted, for she was desirous of braving, before her father, the remainder of the storm. She was proud of her strength, and was eager to display before him a proof of it; with the hope of convincing him that it would not fail when she should undertake to obtain his pardon from the Emperor, were it necessary to go to the remotest extremity of the earth to seek it.

Phedora received them all with transports of joy, and fervently thanked Heaven for having restored them to her. She was delighted in again receiving her daughter; dried her dripping garments, and, taking off her fur bonnet, smoothed her long hair. For maternal cares, like these, which Elizabeth received daily from the hands of her mother, her affectionate heart became every day more grateful. Young Smoloff was affected at witnessing them, and felt that the happiness he should experience in becoming the husband of Elizabeth would be much increased by being also the son of the amiable Phedora.

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ELIZABETH IN THE RUINED CHAPEL.

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The storm had now entirely subsided, and night had begun to spread its dark shade over the cloudless sky. Springer pressed the hand of his guest, and, with a mixed sensation of sorrow and of tenderness, reminded him that it was time to depart. Elizabeth then learned, for the first time, that he was come to take a farewell. The color forsook her cheeks at the intelligence, and her embarrassment became visible. "What!" said she to him, "shall I never see you again?"—"O yes!" replied he, eagerly, "as long as you inhabit these deserts and I am free I will not quit Saimka. I shall see you at church whenever you come, and I shall see you on the plain upon the banks of the lake whenever this happiness is allowed me." He suddenly stopped, astonished at his own feelings and at what he had uttered; but Elizabeth did not understand him. In all he had said she only remarked the certainty of their meeting again, and that she should be able to consult him respecting her enterprise. Comforted by these hopes, she took leave of him with less regret.

V.

When Sunday arrived, Elizabeth and her mother, after an early breakfast, set out for Saimka. Springer bade them adieu with a feeling of regret, as this was the first time since his exile that he had remained alone in the cottage. But he concealed his sensations and blessed them with composure, recommending them to the protection of the Supreme Being whom they were going to invoke. The weather was fine; the Tartarian peasant served them as a guide through the forest of Saimka; its distance appeared short. On entering the church, every eye was turned towards them; but theirs were reverently cast down, while their hearts were fixed upon God alone. They advanced to the altar, and, bending before it, offered their sincere supplications for the same object; and if those of Elizabeth were more comprehensive than the supplication of Phedora, the beneficent Being who knew their hearts heard them with equal indulgence.

During the time the ceremony lasted, Elizabeth did not remove the veil which concealed her face. Her thoughts were so entirely engrossed by her Creator and her parents, that they did not extend even to him from whom she hoped for protection. The pious concert of voices which chanted the sacred hymns made an impression on her senses which approached to ecstasy. Her imagination painted the heavens opening, and the Almighty himself presenting an angel to conduct her on her journey. This imaginary vision lasted as long as the music vibrated upon her delighted ear. When that ceased, she raised her head, and the first object that presented itself to her view was young Smoloff, leaning against one of the pillars at a little distance, with his eyes fixed intently upon her. He appeared to her to be the angel that God had presented, the guardian angel who was to assist her in the deliverance of her father. Her eyes beamed with confidence and with gratitude. Smoloff was moved by their expression; it seemed to be in unison with what passed in his mind; for he also felt grateful for the happiness he enjoyed in again beholding her, and in believing himself beloved.

On leaving the church he proposed to conduct Phedora and Elizabeth in his sledge to the entrance of the forest. Phedora consented with pleasure, as she would thereby be the sooner able to rejoin her beloved husband. But Elizabeth was disappointed by this arrangement. She had flattered herself that, in the course of a walk, some opportunity might have occurred of speaking to Smoloff in private. In a carriage this would be impossible. She could not speak on the subject before her mother, who, as yet, was wholly ignorant of her design, and would, on its first disclosure, reject it with terror, and forbid him to afford her any assistance. Yet it appeared to Elizabeth that she ought not to lose such an opportunity of mentioning her scheme to him, as, possibly, none equally favorable might ever occur again. Thus was her mind agitated and perplexed, when the sledge had already passed the border of the forest to which Smoloff had proposed to drive them. But wanting resolution to leave Elizabeth, he went on till they reached the banks of the lake. There he was obliged to stop. Phedora descended first, and, taking his hand, said, "Will you not sometimes walk

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this way?" Elizabeth, who followed her mother, whispered, in a faltering tone, "No, not this way, but to the little chapel on the plain, to-morrow." Thus did she innocently appoint a meeting, without thinking of the interpretation that Smoloff might give to her words. She fancied that she had spoken only of her father; and on seeing in Smoloff's countenance that her request had been heard and would be granted, hers brightened with joy.

While Phedora and her daughter walked towards their dwelling, Smoloff, entranced with delight, returned alone across the forest. He could no longer doubt that Elizabeth loved him. And, with the knowledge he had of her, the certainty of this excited in his breast the most lively emotions of joy. He had never beheld beauty equal to hers; he had lately seen her, in the presence of her Maker, the image of piety and of innocence: he had also seen repeated proofs of the tenderness of her heart in her conduct towards her parents; and how could a heart so tender fail of being induced to love the man to whom a father's life was owing. Ingenuous and candid, from her education in the midst of a desert, how should she have acquired the art of concealing her sentiments! Yet he felt astonished at her wishing to see him unknown to her parents; but he easily found excuses for an indiscretion which he dared to attribute to excess of love.

It was not with the embarrassment which is generally attendant on stolen meetings of this nature, but with all the security of unsuspecting innocence, that Elizabeth repaired, on the following morning, to the chapel. Her steps were lighter and her pace was swifter than usual; for she considered that what she was doing was the first movement she had made towards the liberation of her father. The sun shone with splendor on the snowy plains; and thousands of icicles, hanging suspended from the branches of the trees, reflected its bright image in various forms of beauty and grandeur; but this lustre, so brilliant and clear, was less pure and less noble than the soul of Elizabeth. She entered the chapel. Smoloff was not there; his delay disturbed her; a slight gloom overspread her countenance. It was not caused by disappointed vanity, nor even by neglected love. No passion, no foible, could at this moment have found a place in her heart; but she dreaded lest some accident or unforeseen circumstance might have prevented the arrival of him whom she so anxiously expected. With fervency she implored of the Almighty not to prolong the perplexity she endured. During her supplication Smoloff entered: he was astonished to find her there before him, who had hastened upon the wings of love.

The passions of the human heart are swift in search of their gratification; but Elizabeth this day afforded a proof that virtue, in the performance of its duty, was still swifter.

On seeing Smoloff, she raised her hands to Heaven in token of gratitude; then turning towards him with a graceful and expressive motion, "Ah, M. de Smoloff," said she, "how impatiently have I waited for you!" These words, the expression of her countenance, the exactness with which she had kept the appointment, all tended to confirm the delighted youth in the supposition that he was beloved. He was on the point of declaring to her the fervor by which he was animated; but she did not give him time. "Listen to me, M. de Smoloff," said she; "I have sought this opportunity of seeing you, that I might implore your assistance in an attempt to restore liberty to my father. Will you promise me your aid and counsel?" These few words completely overturned all the ideas that Smoloff had entertained. Distressed, embarrassed, he perceived his error; but it did not diminish his love for Elizabeth. He knelt: she imagined that it was before God; but it was to her that this mark of veneration was paid, and he solemnly declared that he would perform everything she required.

She resumed her discourse: "Since the dawn of reason enlightened my soul, my parents have been the sole objects of my thoughts; their love has been my greatest blessing, and to contribute to their happiness is my only wish. They are miserable. Heaven calls me to their relief, and has led you to this spot to aid me in fulfilling my destiny. My design is to proceed to Petersburg to solicit my father's pardon." Smoloff, overwhelmed with astonishment, indicated by his gestures that the project appeared to him utterly impracticable; but

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she hastily continued, "I cannot tell how long this design has held possession of my mind. It seems to me that I received it with my existence; it is the first that I remember, and it has never quitted me. In my sleeping as in my waking moments it pursues me. It is this idea that has always occupied me when with you; and it was this which induced me to request to see you here, as it has inspired me with courage sufficient to dread neither fatigue nor poverty nor opposition nor death. Indeed, so bent I am upon leaving Siberia that I should feel inclined to disobey my parents were they to refuse their consent. You see, M. de Smoloff, that it would be in vain to remonstrate with me: my resolution is not to be shaken."

During this address all the flattering hopes that Smoloff had entertained completely vanished; but his admiration soared far beyond the powers of description. Such heroism in a female, and in one so young, exceeded anything that he had ever imagined; and his tears, which flowed unrestrained, were caused by a sensation scarcely less delightful than the transports of requited love. "Happy," said he, "happy far beyond desert do I esteem myself in thus being selected as your guide and counsellor; but you are not aware of the various obstacles —" "Two only have discouraged me," interrupted she; "and perhaps no one could remove them so effectually as you." — "Speak," said he, impatient to obey: "what is there you can ask which I will not willingly perform?" — "The obstacles," answered Elizabeth, "are these: I am a stranger to the road, and my flight may injure my father. On you I rely for instruction in everything that regards my journey, — the towns I am to pass through; the houses founded for the accommodation of indigent travellers, on the hospitality of which I may depend for relief; and the mode in which I may get my petition presented to the Emperor. But first you must pledge yourself that your father will not punish mine for the offence of his child." — "Elizabeth," said he, "do you know to what extent the Emperor is prepossessed against your father? Do you know that he regards him as his most inveterate enemy?" — "I am ignorant," she replied, "of what crime my father is accused, I know not even his real name, nor that of his country; but I am convinced of his innocence." — "How!" said Smoloff, "you know not the rank your father held, nor the name by which you must speak of him?" — "Neither," answered she. — "Astonishing," he exclaimed, "that neither pride nor ambition should have had any share in suggesting an enterprise to which your whole soul is devoted! You know not the honors you would regain; you think only of your parents. But what is grandeur of birth to a soul like yours? What to the sentiments which inspire it is the lofty name of —" "Hold," interrupted she, "the secret you are about to reveal belongs to my father, and from him only I must learn it." — "True," replied Smoloff, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, "there is no principle of honor, no point of delicacy, which is not an inmate in your soul." Elizabeth resumed the subject of her expedition to ask when Smoloff would give her the information that was requisite for it. "I must take time to consider it," answered he; "but, Elizabeth, do you think that it is possible for you to travel the 3,500 versts which divide Ischim from the province of Ingria;* and to do this alone, on foot, and unprovided with money?" — "Ah!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "He who sends me to succor my parents will not abandon me."

The eyes of Smoloff were filled with tears. After a moment's pause he replied, "It is impossible even to think of commencing such an undertaking till the long days of summer. At this season it would indeed be impracticable. Even the sledges could not proceed, and the marshy forests of Siberia are all inundated. I will see you again in a few days, and will then state to you my real opinion concerning your project. At present I feel incapable of forming a correct judgment upon it. I will return to Tobolsk and consult my father; he is the best of men. The situation of the exiles would be much more miserable than it now is, were he not governor of this district; and no one is more capable of appreciating a noble action than he. He can-

* Ingria, or Ingermanland, is that province of European Russia situated at the extremity of the Gulf of Finland, which Peter the Great conquered from the Swedes in the year 1702, at the same time with Livonia, Esthonia, and a part of Finland, which now forms the government of Riga, Revel, and Wibourg. St. Petersburg is its capital, and Ingria forms the government of St. Petersburg.

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not, however, assist you; his duty forbids it; but I pledge to you my honor that, so far from punishing your father for having given existence to a daughter so virtuous, it would be his greatest glory to call you his. Elizabeth, pardon me! My heart declares itself in defiance of opposition. I know that yours can now hold no other sentiment than the glorious one that has so long engrossed it; and I expect not a return. But should there come a day in which your parents, happy and secure in their native land, shall no longer require your exertions, remember that in this desert Smoloff saw you, loved you, and would have preferred a life of obscurity and poverty with Elizabeth in exile to all the glory that the world could offer." He would have said more, but tears interrupted his utterance. He was amazed at the extraordinary emotion which agitated him. Till that moment he had never felt such weakness; but till that moment he had never loved.

Elizabeth had remained motionless during this unexpected declaration. The idea of any other than filial love was to her so new that she scarcely comprehended it. It might have appeared to her less strange had her heart been free to receive it. Had her parents been happy, Smoloff might have been loved; he may still be loved, should that event ever take place; but while they are in affliction, she will remain constant to her first passion, and to contain two, the human heart, comprehensive as it is, is not formed.

Elizabeth had never lived in society. A stranger to its customs and rules, she had, nevertheless, a sort of decorum, the attendant of virtue, which taught her that, after a declaration of love, she ought not to remain alone with the man who had presumed to make it. She was therefore preparing to leave the chapel, when Smoloff, who saw her design, said, "Elizabeth, have I offended you? I call to witness Him who sees the inmost recesses of the heart, that in mine there is not less of respect than of love. He knows that, were you to command it, I would be silent and die; how, then, Elizabeth, can I have offended you?" — "You have not offended me," she mildly replied; "I came here merely to inform you what I have it in contemplation to do for the relief of my parents. I have nothing further to say, and am now proceeding to rejoin them." — "Noble-minded girl, return to your duty. In associating me with it you have rendered me worthy of you, and, far from ever wishing in the most secret thought to turn you from its paths, I will devote my time solely to your service in aiding you to fulfil it."

He then promised to give her, on the following Sunday, at Saimka, all the instructions and observations which might be requisite for her enterprise; and they parted, each looking forward, with eager expectation, to their next meeting.

When the Sunday arrived, Elizabeth accompanied her mother joyfully to Saimka. She was anxious to see Smoloff again, and to receive from him the information which might accelerate her departure. But the service ended and Smoloff did not appear. She became uneasy. While her mother still continued in prayer, Elizabeth inquired of an aged woman if M. de Smoloff had been seen in the church. The answer she received dismayed her. "No," replied the woman, "he departed two days since for Tobolak." The object of her most ardent wishes seemed thus always to fly before her at the very moment that she thought herself on the point of obtaining it. A thousand different terrors now presented themselves to her imagination. Smoloff had left Saimka without remembering his promise: what reason had she to suppose that he would remember it at Tobolsk? And, if he did, how could he perform it? These thoughts haunted her all the remainder of the day; and at night, oppressed by the chagrin of disappointment (which weighed the more heavily upon her as there was no one to whom she could communicate it), she retired early to her little apartment, to indulge, unrestrained, in the grief which overwhelmed her.

As soon as she had quitted the room, Phedora, addressing herself to her husband, said, "I must disclose to you a source of solicitude which destroys my repose. Have you not marked the change which has recently taken place in Elizabeth? When with us, she seems at all times buried in thought: the name of Smoloff suffuses her countenance with blushes; his absence renders her unhappy. This morning, in the church, her eyes wandered on all sides; I heard her

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anxiously inquire if Smoloff was there; and she became pallid as death when informed that he had departed for Tobolsk. O, Stanislaus! I remember, in those days which preceded my union with you, that it was thus I changed color when your name was pronounced: it was thus that my eyes sought you in every place, and were filled with tears when the search was vain. Alas! these are symptoms of no transient attachment. How can I observe them in my child without dread? she is not destined, like her mother, to be happy." — "Happy!" exclaimed Springer, with a sensation of poignant regret, — "happy in a desert, and in exile!" — "Yes, in a desert, in exile, in every place, blessed with the society of him I love."

She pressed his hand to her lips. But, soon returning to the subject which distressed her, she said, "I fear Elizabeth loves young Smoloff; and, charming as she is, he will only behold in her the daughter of a poor exile. He will scorn her affection; and my child, my only child, will die with grief at seeing her love disdained." Tears suppressed her utterance, and the presence of Springer, which had consoled her under all her afflictions, could not allay the fears she entertained for her daughter's future happiness.

Springer reflected for a moment, and then replied: "Phedora, my beloved, be comforted; the conduct of Elizabeth has not been unnoticed by me; and perhaps I have seen farther than you into what passes in her soul. Another idea, and not that of Smoloff, engrosses it; I am certain of this. I am certain also, that, if we were to offer her to Smoloff, he would not contemn the gift, even in this desert; and this sentiment will render him deserving of her, if ever — Yes, it will be so; Elizabeth will not always live secluded in this desert: her virtue will not always remain buried in obscurity. She was not born to be unhappy; so much goodness Heaven sooner or later will recompense."

This was the first time since his banishment that Springer had appeared not to despair. Phedora argued from the circumstance the most pleasing presages; and, reassured by his words, she lay down composedly to rest.

VI.

For two months Elizabeth went every Sunday to Saimka with the hope of seeing Smoloff, but in vain; and at last she was informed that he had left Tobolsk. All her hopes now vanished: she now no longer doubted his having entirely forgotten her; and she frequently shed tears of the bitterest sorrow at the thought, but for which the purest innocence could not have reproached her.

The end of April approached. The snow began to melt, and a verdant shade began to diffuse itself over the sandy shores of the lake. The white blossoms of the thorn thickly covered its boughs, resembling flakes of newly fallen snow; while the blue-budded campanula, the downy mugwort,* and the iris enamelled the ground around its roots. The blackbirds descended in flocks on the naked trees, and were the first to interrupt the mournful silence of winter. Already upon the banks of the river, and sometimes on its surface, sported the beautiful mallard of Persia,† the bright flame-color, with a tufted head and ebony beak; and woodcocks of various species, some black with yellow beaks, others speckled with feathery ruffs around their necks, ran swiftly along the marshy grounds, or hid themselves among the rushes. In short, every symptom announced an early spring; and Elizabeth, foreseeing how much she should lose if a year so favorable for her expedition were suffered to pass by, formed the desperate resolution of undertaking it unaided, trusting for success to Heaven and her own firmness.

One morning Springer was employed in his garden; whilst seated at a little distance, Elizabeth regarded him in silence. He had not yet confided to her the secret of his misfortunes, and it was a confidence which she no longer sought. A kind of delicate pride had arisen in her soul, which had made her desirous of remaining in ignorance of the rank her parents held till the moment of her departure; and to defer her request of knowing what they had lost, until she could answer, "I go to solicit that pardon which will restore happiness to all." Until

* Mugwort, Southernwood. *Artemisia.*

† The Persian Duck. Probably the *Anas rufina*, or beautiful tufted duck of Buffon, *Anas sponsa.*

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this time she had depended upon the promises of Smoloff, and on them had founded what she considered reasonable hopes of success. But when these had failed, her sanguine imagination suggested others of which she resolved to speak. Before she ventured to begin, she, however, reflected upon the numerous objections that would be advanced, and the various obstacles that would be opposed to her scheme. That they were important she was certain: Smoloff had told her so; and she was well convinced that the tenderness of her parents would even exaggerate them. What answer could be made to their remonstrances, their entreaties, their commands; when they should tell her that the blessing of revisiting their country would not be worth the terror they should suffer during the temporary loss of their child? She forgot that her father was near; and, bursting into tears, fell upon her knees to implore from Heaven that eloquence which could prevail against their arguments.

Springer, who heard her sob, turned hastily round, and running to her, raised her from the ground. "Elizabeth," said he, "what is the matter? What has happened to you? If you are afflicted, weep at least on the bosom of your father." — "O my father!" she replied, "detain me no longer here; you know my wish; O, grant it! I feel that Heaven itself calls me."

She was interrupted by the young peasant, their attendant, who, running towards them, cried, "M. de Smoloff — M. de Smoloff is here."

Elizabeth uttered a scream of delight. She took her father's hand, and, pressing it to her heart, exclaimed, "It is so; the Omnipotent himself calls me; he has sent him who will open for me the road and will remove every obstacle. O my father! your daughter will yet be able to break the chain which holds you a prisoner."

Without waiting for an answer, she flew to see Smoloff, and in the way met her mother, whom she seized by the arm, and embracing her, cried, "Come with me; he is returned: M. de Smoloff is returned."

On entering the cottage they perceived a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, in a military dress, accompanied by several officers. The mother and daughter started back in amazement. "This is M. de Smoloff," said the young Tartar. At these words all the hopes of Elizabeth were a second time destroyed. Her color fled; her eyes were filled with tears. Phedora, alarmed at the excess of her emotion, placed herself before her to conceal it from general observation. Happy would the afflicted mother have esteemed herself if, by the sacrifice of her own life, her daughter could have been released from the fatal passion which she no longer doubted held possession of her soul.

The governor of Tobolsk dismissed his attendants, and, turning to Springer, said, "Sir, since the time that the court of Russia deemed it prudent to condemn you to banishment, this is the first opportunity I have had of visiting this remote spot; and it is a duty now pleasing to me, since it affords me the opportunity of testifying to an exile so illustrious how sincerely I feel for his misfortunes and how deeply I regret that duty forbids me to offer the assistance and protection which otherwise I would gladly bestow." — "I expect nothing from men, sir," interrupted Springer, coldly; "I look not for their commiseration, as I hope nothing from their justice; and since my misfortunes have placed me at a distance from them, I shall pass my days contented in this desert."

"O sir!" replied the governor, with emotion, "for a man like you to live an exile from his country is a destiny indeed to be lamented!" — "There is one, sir, still more lamentable," replied Springer, "to *die* an exile." He said no more; for, had he added another word he might have shed a tear, and the illustrious sufferer wished to appear above his misfortunes. Elizabeth, concealed behind her mother, anxiously watched the governor, to ascertain whether his manner and countenance announced a character which would encourage her to disclose her project to him. Thus the fearful dove, before she leaves her nest, peeps from among the branches, and long and attentively surveys the heavens, to mark whether the appearance of the sky promises a serene day.

The governor remarked and knew her. His son had often spoken of her; and the portrait which his descriptions had drawn could resemble none but Elizabeth. "Mad-

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am," said he, addressing himself to her, "my son has mentioned you to me; you have made an impression upon his mind which time will never efface." "Did he tell you, sir," hastily interrupted Phedora, "that she is indebted to him for the life of a father?"

"No, madam," answered the governor; "but he told me how anxious she is to devote hers to that father and to you."

"She is," said Springer, "and her affectionate regard is the only blessing we have now left, the only blessing of which mankind has not been able to deprive us." The governor turned aside to conceal his emotion. After a short pause he addressed himself to Elizabeth. "Madam," said he, "it is two months since my son, then at Saimka, received an order from the Emperor to set off immediately to join the army, assembling in Livonia. Without a moment's loss of time he was obliged to obey; but, before his departure, he conjured me to convey to you a letter. I could not, without the most imminent danger, send it by a messenger: I could only deliver it myself, and now his commission shall be executed." Elizabeth, blushing, took the letter which he presented to her. The governor, observing the surprise of Springer and Phedora, exclaimed, "Happy are the parents from whom a daughter conceals only secrets like this!" He then recalled his attendants, and in their presence said to Springer, "Sir, the commands of my sovereign still prevent me from allowing you to receive any one here; nevertheless, if any poor missionaries, who, I am informed, must cross these deserts in their return from the frontiers of China, should come to your dwelling to beg a night's lodging, you are permitted to receive them."

After the governor had taken leave, Elizabeth still kept her eyes fixed upon the letter she held in her hand, not daring to open it. "My child," said Springer, "if you are waiting for permission from your mother and myself to read your letter, you have it." With a trembling hand Elizabeth then broke the seal; and as she perused the contents she made frequent exclamations of gratitude and joy. When she had finished, she threw herself into the arms of her parents, and exclaimed, "The moment is arrived, every circumstance contributes to favor my enterprise; Heaven approves and blesses my intention. O my parents! will *you* not likewise bless it?" Springer shuddered at the words she uttered; he knew the intention to which she alluded; but Phedora, who had not an idea of it, exclaimed, "Elizabeth, what means this mystery? what does that paper contain?" She made a motion as if to take it; but Elizabeth, gently withdrawing her hand, "O my mother, pardon me," said she; "I tremble to speak before you: you have not yet guessed at what I would say, and the idea of your terror disheartens me. This is now my only remaining impediment. I know not how to obviate it. O, permit me to explain myself before my father only; you are not yet prepared as he is—" "No, my child," interrupted Springer, "do not separate us: do not that which exile and misfortune has never yet effected. Come to my heart, my Phedora, and if your courage fail you at the words you are about to hear, may mine sustain your drooping spirits." Phedora, terrified, dismayed, seeing herself menaced by some dreadful calamity, but knowing not whence the stroke was to come, replied, in a tone of alarm, "Stanislaus, what can you mean? Have I not endured with fortitude every reverse of fortune? Nor will that fortitude forsake me now," added she, pressing to her heart her husband and her child; "between you it will sustain me against the worst that fate can do—" Elizabeth attempted to reply, but her mother would not hear her. "My child," exclaimed she with anguish, "ask my life, but do not ask of me to consent to our separation." These words proved that she had penetrated into the secret, and the pain of telling it to her was spared; but to induce her to consent seemed an undertaking so arduous that even the sanguine hopes of Elizabeth were daunted. Bathed in tears, trembling at the sight of her mother's agitation, Elizabeth, in broken accents, uttered only these words: "O my mother! if, for the happiness of my father, I asked of you some days only?"—"O no, not one!" exclaimed the mother in an agony; "what happiness could be worth such a price! No, not one day! O gracious Heaven! do not permit her to ask me." These words entirely subdued the courage of Elizabeth. Unable to utter what could to such an excess afflict her mother, she presented to her father the

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letter she had received from the governor of Tobolsk and made a sign that he should read it. He took it, and in a faltering voice read aloud the following lines, written by young Smoloff, at Tobolsk, about two months before :—

"The greatest concern I experience, on leaving Saimka, Elizabeth, proceeds from the impossibility of informing you that an indispensable obligation forces me to an absence from you. I can neither see you, write to you, nor send you the information you have asked of me, without acting in opposition to the commands of my father, and without endangering his safety. Perhaps my wish to oblige you might have induced me to have failed in my duty towards him, had it not been for the example you have shown me. But after I had so lately learned what is due to a parent, I could not expose the life of mine. To you, however, I will confess that my duty was not, like yours, performed with delight. I returned to Tobolsk with a broken heart. My father informed me that a mandate from the Emperor must transport me a thousand miles from you, and that this mandate must be obeyed immediately. I depart, Elizabeth, and you know not what I suffer. Ah! I do not ask of Heaven that you should ever know my feelings.

"I have opened my heart to my father. I have made you known to him, and his tears have flowed at the recital of your project. I believe he will visit the district of Ischim this year, and that it will be expressly to see you. In the mean time he will, if possible, convey to you this letter. I depart with greater tranquillity, Elizabeth, since I leave you under the protection of my father. But do not, I conjure you, do not think of setting out on your expedition until my return; I expect it will be in less than a year. I will be your conductor and your guard to Petersburg, and will present you to the Emperor. Do not fear that I will address you again on the subject of my love. No, I will but be as a friend, a brother; and if I serve you with all the fervor of passion, I swear never to address you but in a language pure as that of innocence, as that of angels or yourself."

The following postscript was written by the governor himself :—

"No, madam, it is not my son that must conduct you. I doubt not his honor, but yours must be placed beyond the reach of suspicion. When, at the court of Russia, you exhibit instances of virtue too heroic not to be crowned with success, the breath of envy must not whisper that you were conducted thither by a lover, and thus tarnish the noblest instance of filial piety the world can boast of. In your present situation there are no protectors worthy to guide your innocence but Heaven and your father. Your father cannot accompany you, but Heaven will not forsake you. Religion will lend you her aid; shield yourself therefore under her guidance. You know to whom I have given permission to enter your dwelling. In intrusting you with these directions, I render you the depositary of my fate. Were this letter to be made public, were it to be known that I had favored your departure, my ruin would be the inevitable result; but I have no fear; I know in whom I confide, and what may be expected from the heroism and honor of a daughter willing to sacrifice her life for a father."

As he finished the letter, the voice of Springer became firmer and more animated. He gloried in the virtues of his daughter and in the admiration which they excited. But the tender mother thought only of the danger of losing her. Pale, motionless, unable to weep, she regarded her child in silence, and raised her eyes to heaven. Elizabeth threw herself on her knees before them both. "O my parents!" said she, "permit me to speak: in this humble attitude should the greatest of all blessings be solicited. I presume to aspire to that of restoring you to liberty, to happiness, and to your country; for more than a year has this been the object of my fondest hopes. The season for it approaches, and you would forbid me to attempt it. If there be a blessing greater than that which I entreat, refuse me this, I will consent; but if there be not—" Agitated and trembling, the accents she would have uttered died unfinished on her lips; and by looks and motions of the most earnest supplication only could she finish her prayer. Springer laid his hand upon the head of his daughter, and said not a word; her mother exclaimed, "Alone, on foot, without help! O no, I

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cannot! I cannot!" — "My mother," answered Elizabeth, eagerly, "do not, I beseech you, — do not oppose my wish. You would not, if you knew how long I have indulged it, and how much consolation I have derived from it. As soon as my reason enabled me to comprehend the cause of your unhappiness, I resolved to dedicate my life to the removal of it. Happy was the day on which I first contemplated the design of liberating my father! Blessed the hope which supported me when I saw you weep! Long ago would the affliction of witnessing your silent sorrow have overwhelmed me, had I not reflected, 'It is I who may restore that of which you may lament the loss.' If you deprive me of this hope in which all my thoughts are centred, I shall no longer attach a value to life, and my days will linger away in despair. O, pardon me for grieving you! No, if you forbid my departure, I shall not die, since my death would be an additional source of affliction to you. But I entreat of you not to oppose my happiness. Tell me not that my enterprise is impracticable. My heart replies that I can accomplish it. Heaven will supply me with strength when I go to claim justice, and with eloquence to obtain my demand. Nothing will daunt me; neither sufferings nor contempt, neither the dazzling splendor of a court nor the awful brow of majesty; nothing but your refusal." — "Cease, Elizabeth, O, cease!" interrupted Springer; "my ideas are confused; my soul till now never sunk before a noble action: till this moment it never heard of virtue too heroic for its strength to bear. I did not think myself weak. O my child! you now teach me that I am; no, I cannot consent." Encouraged by his refusal, Phedora, taking her daughter's hands, said, "Hear me, Elizabeth. If your father betrays weakness, you may well excuse it in your mother. Pardon her that she has not resolution to give you permission to display your virtue. Strange that a mother must ask her child to be less excellent! but your mother only asks it; she does not command; possessed of such greatness of soul, you ought to receive no command but from the dictates of your own heart." — "My dear mother," replied Elizabeth, "yours shall ever be held sacred. If you desire me to remain here, I hope I shall have resolution enough to obey without repining; but suffer me to hope that my scheme will yet receive your assent. It is not the result of a moment's enthusiasm, but of the reflection of many years; and it is established upon reason as well as upon affection. Does there exist any other means of rescuing my father from exile? During the twelve years that he has languished here, what friend has undertaken his justification? And were there one who dared to do it, would he dare to say as much as I should? Would he be instigated by motives similar to mine? O no; let me indulge the thought that Heaven has reserved for your child the blessing of restoring you to happiness, and do not oppose the glorious undertaking with which Heaven has designed to charge her. Tell me what it is you consider so alarming in the enterprise. Is it my temporary absence? Have I not often heard you lament that exile which forbids you the hope of bestowing me in marriage? And would not a husband have separated me from you entirely? Is it danger? There exists none; the winters of this climate have inured me to the utmost severity of the weather, and the daily exercise I have taken on these plains has enabled me to bear the fatigue of long travelling. Are you alarmed on account of my youth? It will be my support; the weak meet with general assistance. Or do you fear my inexperience? I shall not be alone; do you remember the words of the governor's letter? He permits the poor missionary to take shelter under our roof for the purpose of affording me a guide and a protector. You see that every danger, every obstacle, is removed. Nothing is wanting but your consent and your benediction." — "And you must beg your bread," exclaimed Springer, in a tone of poignant distress. "The ancestors of your mother, who formerly reigned in these territories, and mine, who were seated on the throne of Poland, will look down and see the heiress of their name begging her daily bread in that Russia which has made of their kingdoms provinces to her empire." — "If such is the royal blood that flows in my veins," replied Elizabeth, in accents of modest surprise, "if I am a descendant of monarchs, if two diadems have graced the brows of my forefathers, — I hope to prove myself worthy both of them and of you, and never to dishonor the illustrious name they have trans-

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mitted to me; but poverty will not dishonor it. Why should not the daughter of the Seids and of Sobieski have recourse to the charity of her fellow-creatures? How many, precipitated from the height of human grandeur, have implored it for themselves! Happier than they, I shall implore it only in the service of my father."

The noble firmness of Elizabeth, and the pious pride which sparkled in her eyes at the thought of humbling herself for the sake of her father, gave to her discourse such animation, and such strength and authority, that Springer was unable to resist. He felt that he had no right to prevent his daughter from displaying her heroic virtue; that he should be culpable in detaining her in the obscurity of a desert. "O my Phedora!" he cried, tenderly pressing the hand of his wife, "shall we condemn our heroic child to end her days here unknown? Shall we deprive her of the prospect of being the happy mother of children resembling herself? Take courage, my Phedora! This will be the only possible means of restoring her to a world of which she will be the ornament; let us grant the permission she solicits." At this moment the feelings of the mother triumphed over those of the wife; and for the first time did Phedora presume to resist the most sacred of human authorities. "Never, never will I give my permission; even you, Stanislaus, will entreat it in vain. I shall have courage to resist. What! shall I expose the life of my child? Shall I consent to see my Elizabeth depart, to hear on some future day that she has perished with cold and by famine, in a frightful desert, and live to deplore her loss? Can such a request be made to a mother? O Stanislaus! is it possible there can be a sacrifice I would not make to you, and a grief in which all your endeavors to console me would be vain?" She ceased to speak; her tears no longer flowed; the anguish of her mind was unutterable. Springer, unable to endure the sight of her distress, exclaimed, "My child, if your mother cannot consent, you must not go." — "No, my mother, if you desire it, I will stay," said Elizabeth, embracing her with an ecstasy of tenderness; "never will I disobey you. But perhaps the Almighty will obtain from you that which you have refused even to my father. Join with me in entreaties, my mother; let us ask of Heaven the conduct we must pursue; it is its wisdom that must enlighten, its support that must sustain us; from it proceeds all truth, and from it only can we learn submission to its decrees."

While Phedora prayed, tears again came to her relief. That piety which calms and softens human affliction, and which possesses itself of the heart to chase thence the agonies of sorrow; that divine piety which never prescribes a duty without pointing out its recompense, and which never fails to pour the balm of consolation into the souls of those who humbly invoke it, — touched the soul of Phedora. The approbation of men can obtain from the ambitious character, which places all its happiness in glory, a sacrifice of the tenderest affections, but religion alone can obtain such a sacrifice from hearts like that of Phedora, whose happiness centred solely in those she loved.

VII.

On the following day, Springer, being alone with his daughter, gave her a narration of his misfortunes. He informed her of the dreadful wars which had afflicted the kingdom of Poland, and in what manner that unfortunate nation had at last been subverted. "My only crime, my child," said he, "was too strong an attachment to my country to endure the sight of its slavery. The blood of some of its greatest monarchs flowed in my veins. Its throne might have fallen to my lot, and my services and my life were due to the country from which all my glory was derived. I defended it as I ought. At the head of a handful of noble Poles I fought, to the last extremity, against the three great powers which were combined to destroy it; and at length, overpowered by the numbers of our enemies, we were compelled to yield, under the walls of Warsaw, in sight of that great city delivered up to flames and pillage. But, though forced to submit to tyranny, at the bottom of my heart I resisted still. Ashamed to remain in my native country, which was no longer in the possession of my countrymen, I sought allies to aid me in restoring to Poland its

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existence and its name. Vain effort, ineffectual attempt! each day riveted faster those chains which my feeble endeavors were unable to break. The lands of my ancestors lay in that part of the country which had fallen under the dominion of Russia. I lived upon them with Phedora, and should have lived with felicity unequalled, had not the yoke of the stranger weighed heavily upon my mind. My open murmurs, and still more the number of persons who had been injured by the Russians, and who resorted to my house, roused the alarm of an arbitrary and suspicious monarch. One morning I was torn from the arms of my wife, from yours, my child, and from my home. You were then but four years of age; and your tears flowed not for your own misfortunes, but because you saw your mother weep. I was dragged to the prisons of Petersburg. Phedora followed me thither, where the only favor she could obtain was permission to share in my confinement. We lived nearly a year in those dreadful dungeons, deprived of air, and nearly of the light of heaven, but not of hope. I could not persuade myself but that a just monarch would forgive a private citizen for having endeavored to maintain the rights of his country, and that he would trust to the promise I gave of future submission. I had judged of mankind too favorably; I was condemned unheard, and was banished for life to the deserts of Siberia. My faithful companion would not abandon me; and, in accompanying me, she seemed to follow the dictates of her heart rather than those of her duty. Yes, had I been condemned to linger out my existence in the frightful darkness of the terrific Beresow, or amidst the undisturbed solitudes of the lake Baikal, or of Kamtschatka,* she would have not forsaken me.

* Kamtschatka is a large peninsula at the northeast extremity of Asia. It was discovered by the Russians in 1696, and made tributary in 1711. It has two volcanoes, one of which emitted considerable flames in 1762, and again in 1767, and iron mines which have been worked with success from the year 1760. Its two principal ports are Kamtschatka and Awatchka, called also Port St. Peter and St. Paul. The city of Bolchetskoiostrog, which, as the residence of the governor, is deemed the capital of Kamtschatka, contains nearly five hundred tolerably well built houses.

In short, had my destiny been rendered even more miserable than it now is, my Phedora would still have proved my consoling angel. To her goodness, to her piety, to her generous sacrifice, I shall ever believe I am indebted for my milder doom. O my child! it is to her that I owe all the solace of my life, while in return I have associated her in my misfortunes." — "Misfortunes, my father," said Elizabeth, "when you have loved her, so tenderly, so constantly!" In these words Springer recognized the heart of Phedora, and perceived that Elizabeth, like her mother, could live contented with the man she loved. "My child," resumed he, returning young Smoloff's letter, which he had kept since the preceding evening, "if I shall one day owe to your zeal and courage the restoration of that rank and wealth which I no longer desire but for the purpose of placing you in the bosom of prosperity, this letter will remind you of our benefactor. Your heart, Elizabeth, is grateful, and the alliance of virtue can never disgrace the blood of royalty." Elizabeth colored as she received from her father the letter; and, placing it in her bosom, she answered, "The remembrance of him who pitied, who loved, and who served you shall ever be cherished by me."

For some days the departure of Elizabeth was not mentioned. Her mother had not yet consented; but, from the air of melancholy which pervaded all her actions, and from the deep dejection of her countenance, it was visible that the solicited consent was in her heart, and that all hope of resistance had forsaken her.

One Sunday evening the family was assembled at prayer, when a gentle tapping at the door disturbed them. Springer opened it, and a venerable stranger presented himself. Phedora started up, exclaiming in agony, "O Heaven! this is he who has been announced to us; it is he who comes to deprive me of my child." She hid her face with her hands; even her piety could not induce her to welcome the servant of God. The missionary entered. A long white beard descended from his breast. He was bent more by long labors than by age. The hardships of his life had worn his body and strengthened his soul. There was an

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expression of sorrow in his countenance : it was that of a man who had suffered much, but had experienced something consolatory ; of a man who felt that he had not suffered in vain : the whole of his appearance inspired the beholder with veneration.

"Sir," said he, addressing himself to Springer, "I enter your dwelling with a joyful heart ; the blessing of God is upon this cottage, for it contains a treasure more precious than gold and pearls ; I come to solicit a night's lodging." Elizabeth hastened to fetch him a seat. "Young maiden," said he to her, "you have early trod the paths of virtue, and in the springtime of human life have left us far behind." He was preparing to seat himself, when the sighs of Phedora arrested his attention ; addressing himself to her, "Christian mother," said he, "why do you weep ? is not your child favored by the Most High ? Heaven conducts her steps, and you should consider yourself blessed far beyond the common lot of parents. If you thus grieve because the call of virtue for a short time separates you from your child, what must become of those mothers who see their offspring torn from them by the ways of vice, and lost to them for eternity ?" — "Holy father ! if I am to see her no more !" exclaimed the afflicted Phedora. — "You *would* see her again," he answered with animation, "in that celestial paradise which will be her inheritance ; but you *will* see her again on earth ; the difficulties of her undertaking are great and various, but God will protect her : he tempers the wind to the clothing of the lamb."

Phedora bowed her head in token of resignation. Springer had not yet spoken. His heart was oppressed : he could not utter a word. Elizabeth herself, who never before had felt her courage relax, began to experience sensations of weakness. The animated hope of rendering service to her parents had hitherto absorbed every idea of the grief of leaving them ; but now, when the moment was arrived that she could say to herself "To-morrow I shall not hear the voice of my father, to-morrow I shall not receive the fond caresses of my mother ; perhaps a year may pass away ere such happiness be mine again," she now felt as if the success of her enterprise could scarcely make her amends for so distressing a separation. Her eyes became dim, her whole frame was agitated, and she sunk weeping upon the bosom of her father. Ah, timid orphan ! if already you extend your arms to your protector, and, on the first approach of your undertaking, bend to the ground as a vine without support, where will you find that courage which may enable you to traverse nearly half the globe separated from them.

Before they retired to rest the missionary supped with the exiles. Freedom and hospitality presided at the board, but gayety was banished ; and it was only by the utmost effort that the exiles suppressed their tears. The missionary regarded them with tender concern. In the course of his long travels he had witnessed much affliction, and the art of bestowing consolation had been the principal study of his life. For different kinds of sorrow he pursued different methods : for every situation, for every character, he had words of comfort ; nor did he often fail to afford relief. He well knew that if it is possible to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of its own sorrows, by presenting the image of some calamity greater than the one lamented, the tears that flow through pity will soften the agony of woe. Thus, by relating the long history of his own sufferings, and of the various distressing scenes he had witnessed, he by degrees attracted the attention of the exiles, moved them with compassion for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and led them to reflect that their lot had been mild compared with that of many. What had not this venerable old man seen ? What could he not relate ? He, who, for sixty years, at the distance of two thousand miles from his country, in a foreign climate, and in the midst of persecutions, had labored incessantly in the conversion of savages whom he entitled brethren, and who were not unfrequently the most inveterate of his persecutors ? He had visited the court of Pekin, and had excited the astonishment of the Mandarins by the extent of his learning, and still more by his rigid virtue and his austere self-denial. He had assembled together tribes of wandering savages, and had taught them the principles of agriculture. Thus were barren wastes changed into fertile lands : thus did savages become mild and humane ; and families to whom the fond titles of father, of husband, and of son

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were no longer unknown, raised their hearts to Heaven in tributes of thanksgiving. All these blessings were the result of the pious labors of one man. These people did not condemn the missions of piety. They presumed not to say that the religion which dictates them is severe and arbitrary; and still further were they from affirming that men who practise that religion with such success of charity and love towards their fellow-creatures are useless and ambitious. But why not pronounce them ambitious? In devoting their lives to the service of their fellow-creatures do they not aspire to the highest of rewards? Do they not seek to please their Maker, and to gain the reward of Heaven? None of the most celebrated conquerors of the earth ever raised their aspiring thoughts so high: they were satisfied with the esteem of men and with the dominion of the world.

The good father then informed the exiles that, recalled by his superior, he was now returning on foot to Spain, his native country. On his road thither he was to pass through Russia, Germany, and France; but he seemed to think little of the journey. The man who had traversed vast deserts that yielded no other shelter from the inclemency of weather than a den, no pillow on which to rest the weary head but what a stone afforded, and whose only food had been a little rice-flour moistened with water, might well consider himself at the period of his labors on approaching to civilized nations; and Father Paul almost fancied himself in his own country, when he found himself once more among a Christian people. He related accounts of the dreadful sufferings he had endured, and of the difficulties which he had overcome, when, after passing the wall of China, he had entered the extensive territories of the Tartars.* He stated that at the entrance of the vast deserts of Songria, which appertain to China, and which serve it as a boundary on the side of Siberia, he had discovered a country abounding in rich and valuable furs. By means of this commodity it was able to maintain an extensive commerce with European nations; but no traces of their industry had as yet reached that distant spot; no merchant had hitherto dared to carry his gold, or attempt a lucrative traffic, where the missionary had ventured to plant the cross, and had distributed blessings: so true is it that charity will stimulate to enterprises from which even avarice recedes.

A bed was prepared for Father Paul in the little chamber before occupied by the Tartar peasant, who now slept, wrapped up in a bearskin, near the stove. As soon as day began to dawn, Elizabeth rose. She approached softly to Father Paul's door, and hearing that he had already risen, she requested permission to enter and converse with him in private; as she felt that she dared not speak concerning her project before her parents, much less to express her wish that they might set out, the following morning, on their journey. She related to him the history of her life: it was a simple but affecting story, which consisted chiefly of anecdotes of mutual tenderness between her parents and herself. In the long recital of her doubts and hopes she had occasion, more than once, to pronounce the name of Smoloff; but it seemed as if this name occurred only to heighten the picture of her innocence, and to show that it was not wholly through the absence of temptation she had preserved so entire the purity of her heart. Father Paul was deeply affected with the narration. He had made the tour of the globe, and had seen almost all that it contained; but a heart like that of Elizabeth was new to him.

Springer and Phedora knew not that it was their daughter's intention to leave them on the morrow; but when they embraced her in the morning, they felt that sensation of involuntary terror which all animated beings experience on the eve of a storm that threatens them. Wherever Elizabeth moved, Phedora followed her with her eyes; and she often seized her suddenly by the arm, without daring to ask her the question that hovered on her lips. But she spoke continually of employments that she had for her on the following day, and gave orders for different works to be done several days hence. Thus did she endeavor to reassure herself by her own words; but her heart was not at ease, and the silence of her daughter spoke most feelingly to it of her departure. During din-

* Tartary, in general, signifies indefinitely all the countries of the North of Persia, from Hindoostan and China to the Frozen Ocean, and from the Black Sea and the boundaries of European Russia to the eastern oceans.

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ner, she said, "Elizabeth, if the weather be fine to-morrow, you shall go in your canoe with your father to fish in the lake." Her daughter looked at her in silence, while the tears involuntarily fell from her eyes. Springer, agitated by the same anxiety as Phedora, addressed himself to her hastily. "My child," said he, "did you hear your mother's desire? you are to accompany me to-morrow." Elizabeth reclined her head upon her father's shoulder, saying, in a whisper, "To-morrow you must console my mother." — Springer changed color. It was enough for Phedora. She asked no more; she was certain that the departure of her child had been mentioned; but it was a subject she wished not to hear, for the moment that it was spoken of before her must be that of giving her consent, and she indulged the hope that, till this consent was granted, Elizabeth would not dare to leave her home. Springer collected all his firmness, for he saw that, on the morrow, he must sustain the loss of his child and the anguish of his wife. He knew not whether he could survive the sacrifice he was about to make; a sacrifice to which he never could have submitted, but from the excess of love he bore his daughter. Therefore, concealing his emotion, he received the intelligence with apparent composure, and feigned to be content, in order to bestow upon her the only recompense worthy of her virtue.

How many secret emotions, how many afflicting, unobserved sensations, agitated the minds both of the parents and the child on this day of trial! Sometimes they exchanged the most tender caresses, at others they appeared a prey to the most heartfelt grief. The missionary sought to rouse their spirits, by reciting all the histories in the sacred writings in which Providence had rewarded, in an especial manner, the sacrifices of filial piety and paternal resignation. He likewise gave them hints that the difficulties of the journey would not be great, as a man of high consequence, whom he would not name, but whom they easily guessed, had furnished him with the means of rendering it easier and more pleasant than it otherwise could have been. Thus passed the day, and when night arrived, Elizabeth, on her knees, in broken accents, entreated her parents' blessing. Her father approached her. The tears streamed down his manly cheeks. His daughter held out to him her arms: he beheld, in her motion, the sign of a farewell. His heart became too much oppressed to suffer him to weep; and, laying his hands upon her head, he in silence recommended her to the protection of the Almighty, for he had not the courage to utter a word. Elizabeth, then turning round to her mother, said, "And you, my mother, will you not likewise bestow your blessing upon your child?" — "To-morrow," replied Phedora, in a voice almost stifled with the agony of grief, "to-morrow!" — "And why not to-day, my mother?" — "O yes," answered Phedora, running to her, "to-day, to-morrow, every day." Elizabeth bowed her head, while her parents, their hands joined, their eyes raised, with trembling voices pronounced a solemn benediction.

The missionary, with a cross in his hand, stood at a little distance, praying for them: it was the picture of virtue praying for innocence; and if such invocations ascend not to the throne of Heaven, what can those be which have a right to attain it?

It was now the middle of May, that season of the year when, between the deepening shades of twilight and the glimmering dawn of the day there are scarcely two hours of night. Elizabeth employed this time in making preparations for her departure. She had provided herself with a travelling-dress, and this, with a change of shoes and stockings, she packed in a bag of reindeer skin. It had been her constant practice, for nearly a year, to work at night after she had retired to her chamber, that she might get these things in readiness unknown to Phedora. During the same period of time she had reserved from each of her collations some dried fruits and a little flour, in order to defer as long as possible that moment when she must have recourse to the charity of strangers. But she was determined not to take anything from the dwelling of her parents, where little was to be found but what necessity required. The whole amount of her treasure was eight or ten copecks.* This was all the

* Copeck, or copec, a small piece of Russian money, worth somewhat more than an English farthing. A hundred copecks are a ruble, and a ruble is equivalent to two shillings and twopence, English money.

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money she possessed, all the riches with which she undertook to traverse a space of more than eight hundred leagues.

"Father," said she to the missionary, knocking softly at his door, "let us now depart while my parents are asleep. Do not let us awake them; they will grieve soon enough. They sleep tranquilly, thinking that we cannot escape without passing through their chamber. But the window of this room is not high. I can easily jump out, and will then assist you in getting down." The missionary agreed to this stratagem of filial tenderness, which was to spare the parents and child the agonies of such a parting. They left the house, and as soon as they were in the forest, Elizabeth, having thrown her little wallet on her shoulder, walked a few steps hastily forward. But turning her head once again towards the dwelling she had abandoned, her sobs almost stifled her. Bathed in tears she rushed back to the door of the apartment in which her parents slept; "O Heaven!" cried she, "watch over them, guard them, preserve them, and grant that I may never pass this threshold again if I am destined to behold them no more." She then rose, and turning, beheld her father standing behind her. "O my father! are you here? why did you come?" — "To see you, to embrace you, to bless you once more; to say to you, my Elizabeth, if, during the days of your childhood, I have let one day escape without showing proofs of my tenderness, if once I have made your tears to flow, if a look, an expression of harshness has afflicted your heart, before you go pardon me for it; pardon your father, that, if he is doomed not to have the happiness of seeing you again, he may die in peace." — "O, do not talk thus!" interrupted Elizabeth. — "And your poor mother," continued he, "when she awakes, what shall I say to her? What shall I answer when she asks me for her child? She will seek you in the forest, on the borders of the lake, everywhere; and I shall follow weeping with her, and calling despondingly for our child, who will no longer hear us." At these words Elizabeth, overpowered and almost fainting, supported herself against the walls of the hut. Her father, seeing that he had affected her beyond her strength, bitterly reproached himself for his own want of fortitude. "My child," said he, in a more composed voice, "take courage; I will promise, if not to comfort your mother, at least to encourage her to support your absence with fortitude, and will restore her to you when you return hither. Yes, my child, whether the enterprise of your filial piety be crowned with success or not, your parents will not die till they have embraced you again." He then addressed the missionary, who, with his eyes cast down, stood at a little distance, deeply affected by this scene of affliction. "Father," said Springer, "I intrust to your care a jewel which is invaluable. It is more precious than my heart's blood; far, far more precious than my life. Nevertheless, with full confidence I intrust it to you. Depart, then, together; and may the angels of heaven watch over both. To guard her celestial powers will arm themselves, and that dust which formed the mortal part of her ancestors will be reanimated; the all-powerful Being, the Father and Protector of my Elizabeth, will not suffer her to perish."

Without venturing to look at her father again, Elizabeth placed one hand across her eyes, and, giving the other to the missionary, departed with him. The morning's dawn now began to illuminate the summits of the mountains and gild the tops of the dark firs; but all nature was still wrapped in profound silence. No breath of wind ruffled the smooth surface of the lake, nor agitated, with its breezes, the leaves of the trees. The birds had not begun to sing, nor did a sound escape even from the smallest insect. It seemed as if nature preserved a respectful silence, that the voice of a father, calling down benedictions on his child, might penetrate through the forest which now divided them.

I have attempted to convey an idea of the grief of the father, but my powers are inadequate to describe that of the mother. How could I delineate her sensations, when, awakened by the lamentations of her husband, she runs to him, and reading in his despondent attitude that she had lost her child, falls to the ground in a state of unutterable anguish, that seems to threaten her existence! In vain does Springer, by recalling to her mind all the miseries attendant upon a life of banishment, endeavor to calm her grief. She attends not to his voice: love itself has lost its influence, and can no longer reach

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her heart. The sorrows of a mother are beyond all human consolation, and can receive it from no earthly source. Heaven reserves to itself alone the power of soothing them; and if these agonizing sorrows are given to the weaker sex, that sex is formed gentle and submissive, to bow beneath the hand that chastises it, and to have recourse to the only comfort that remains.

VIII.

It was on the eighteenth of May that Elizabeth and her guide set out upon their journey. They were full a month in crossing the marshy forests of Siberia, which, at this season of the year, are subject to terrible inundations. Sometimes the peasants, whom they overtook, permitted them, for a trifling compensation, to mount their sledges; at night they took shelter in cabins so miserable that, had not Elizabeth been long inured to hardships and privation, she would scarcely have been able to take any repose.

Often was she obliged to lie down, in her clothes, upon a wretched mattress, in a room scented with the fumes of tobacco and spirits, and into which the wind penetrated through the broken windows, ill repaired with paper; and, to complete her discomfort, the whole family, and sometimes even a part of their cattle, reposed in the same miserable apartment.

Forty versts from Tinoen,* a town on the frontiers of Siberia, is a wood, in which a row of posts marks the boundary of the division of Tobolsk. Elizabeth observed them, and to her it appeared like a second parting, to leave the territory which her parents inhabited. "Alas!" said she, "what a distance separates us now!" When she entered Europe, the same melancholy reflection recurred to her. To be in a different quarter of the world presented to her imagination the idea of a distance more immense than the vast extent of country she had crossed. In Asia she had left the only human beings upon whom she had a claim, and upon whose affection she could rely; and what could she expect to find in that Europe, so celebrated for its enlightened inhabitants? what in that imperial court where riches and talents flowed in such abundance? Would she find in it any heart moved by her sufferings, softened by her afflictions, or from whose commiseration she might hope for protection? At this thought, one name presented itself to her mind. Ah! might she have dared to indulge the hope of meeting him at Petersburg, — but there was no chance. The mandate of the Emperor had sent him to join the army in Livonia.* There was not, then, the remotest probability of finding him in Europe, a quarter of the globe which seemed to her to be inhabited by him only, because he was the only person in it whom she knew. All her dependence, then, was upon Father Paul; and in Elizabeth's ideas the man who had passed sixty years in rendering services to his fellow-creatures must have great influence at the court of monarchs.

Perma† is nearly nine hundred versts from Tobolsk. The roads are good, the lands fertile and well cultivated. Young woods of birch-trees are frequently intermixed with fine and extensive fields; and opulent villages, belonging to the Russians and Tartars, are scattered about. Their inhabitants appeared to be so contented and happy that it could hardly be imagined they breathed the air of Siberia. This tract of country contains even elegant inns, abounding in luxuries hitherto unknown to Elizabeth, and which excited her astonishment.

The city of Perma, although the handsomest she had hitherto seen, shocked her from the narrowness and dirtiness of the streets, the height of its buildings, the confused intermixture of fine houses and miser-

* Tinoen, Tiumen, or Tioumen, is the first town in Siberia on entering the government of Tobolsk from European Russia. It is situated in the province of Tobolsk, and on the banks of the river Tura. In the vicinity of this town foxes are taken whose skins are held in such estimation that they are all sent to the court of Russia.

* Livonia is one of the four great provinces of European Russia, situated on the shores of the Baltic, which Peter the Great wrested from Sweden in 1702. Its capital is Riga.

† Perma, or Permski, is a considerable but ill-built town of Asiatic Russia, on the river Kama, between the Dwina and the Oby, six hundred versts from Kasan. It is the residence of a governor, and the capital of a government which bears the same name.

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able huts, and the closeness of the air. The town is surrounded by fens, and the country as far as Casan* (interspersed with barren heaths and forests of firs) exhibits a most gloomy aspect. In stormy seasons the lightning frequently falls upon these aged trees, which burn with rapidity, and appear like columns of the brightest red, surmounted by crowns of flames. Elizabeth and her guide, often witnesses of these flaming spectacles, were not unfrequently obliged to cross woods that were burning on each side of them. Sometimes they saw trees consumed at the roots, while their tops, which the fire had not reached, were supported only by the bark, or, half thrown down, formed an arch across the road. Others, falling with a tremendous crash one upon another, make a pyramid of flames like the piles of the ancients, on which pagan piety consumed the ashes of its heroes.

Amidst these dangers, and amidst the still more imminent ones which they encountered in the passage of rivers that had overflowed their banks, Elizabeth was never disheartened. She even thought that the difficulties of her undertaking had been exaggerated. The weather, it is true, was uncommonly fine, and she often travelled in the cars or kibitkis,† which were returning from Siberia, whither they had conveyed new exiles. For a few copecks the travellers easily obtained permission of the drivers to ride as far as they went. Elizabeth, whenever she had need of it, accepted, without hesitation, the assistance of her holy guide; for what she received from him was considered by her as the gift of Heaven.

Elizabeth and her guide, about the beginning of September, arrived at the banks of the Thama,‡ two hundred versts from Casan, having nearly accomplished half their journey. Had it been the will of Heaven that she should complete her enterprise as easily as she had succeeded in this part of her journey, she would have considered the happiness of her parents cheaply purchased. But it was her destiny to experience a sad reverse, and with the winter season that period approached which was to put her steadfastness to the severest trial, and call forth all the exertions of her filial piety, to gain for its reward a crown of immortal glory.

The health of the missionary had for several days visibly declined. It was with difficulty that he could walk, even with the assistance of Elizabeth, and supported by his staff. He was frequently obliged to rest; and when a conveyance could be obtained for him in a kibitki, the violent shocks he received from the roughness of the road exhausted the little remains of his strength, though the firm composure of his soul continued unmoved. On his arrival at Sarapol (a large village on the northern banks of the Thama), he found himself so extremely weak that it was impossible for him to think of proceeding on his journey. At this place he obtained a lodging in a miserable inn adjoining to the house of the superintendent of the district. But the only room he could be accommodated with was a sort of loft or garret, the floor of which shook under every step. The windows were unglazed, and the furniture of this wretched apartment consisted of a wooden table and a bedstead. Over the latter were strewed a few trusses of straw, upon which the missionary reposed his feeble limbs. The wind, which entered freely through the broken casements, must have banished sleep from his relief, had the pain he unremittingly endured allowed him to enjoy any repose. The most desponding reflections now presented themselves to the terrified imagination of Elizabeth. She inquired for a physician, but none was to be had; and as she perceived that the people of the house took no interest whatever in the state of the sufferer, she was obliged to depend solely upon her own efforts for procuring him relief. After fastening some pieces of the old tapestry which lined the

* Kasan, or Casan, a considerable town of Asiatic Russia, the capital of the province or government of the same name, is situated on the river Casanska, at no great distance from the Wolga, in latitude 55° 44′ north. It was formerly the capital of a Tartar kingdom of the same name, which the Russians took in 1554. Its suburbs extend three versts from the city. A very valuable kind of morocco leather is manufactured here, and it also carries on an extensive trade in skins.

† The Kibitki is a light travelling-carriage much used in Russia, and long enough for travellers to lie down in it at full length.

‡ The Thama, or Kama, is a considerable river of Asiatic Russia, which, after a long course, falls into the Wolga, in the government of Kasan. It is very broad, and flows with great rapidity.

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sides of the apartment across the windows, she went out into the fields in search of certain wild herbs the virtues of which she had been taught by her mother, and of which she made a salutary beverage for the suffering missionary.

As night approached, the symptoms of his malady grew, every instant, more alarming, and the unfortunate Elizabeth could no longer restrain her tears. She withdrew to a distance, that her sobs might not disturb his dying moments; but the good father heard them, and was grieved for an affliction which he knew not how to remove; for he felt well assured that he should rise no more, and that the period of his mortal career was fast approaching. To the pious philanthropist, who had dedicated a long life to the service of his God and of his fellow-creatures, death could present no terrors, though he could not help regretting the prospect of being called away while there remained so much for him to do. "O Most High!" he inwardly exclaimed, "I presume not to murmur at thy decrees; but, had it been thy will to spare me till I had conducted this unprotected orphan to the end of her journey, my death would have been more easy."

When it grew dark, Elizabeth lighted a rosin taper, and remained seated all night at the foot of the bed to attend her patient. A little before daybreak she approached to give him some drink. The missionary, feeling that the moment of his dissolution was near at hand, lifted himself up a little in the bed, and receiving from her the cup she presented to him, raised it towards heaven, saying, "O my God! I recommend her to thy care, who hast promised that a cup of cold water bestowed in thy name shall not go unrewarded." These words carried with them the conviction of that misfortune which Elizabeth, till this moment, had affected to disbelieve. She discovered that the missionary felt his end approaching, and that she should soon be left destitute and unprotected. Her courage failed. She fell upon her knees by the side of the bed, while her eyes became dim, her respiration difficult, and a cold dew stood upon her forehead. "My God, look down with pity on her! look down with pity on her, O my God!" repeated the missionary, while he regarded her with the tenderest commiseration; but as he perceived that the violence of her anguish seemed to increase, he said, "My dear child, in the name of God and of your parents, compose yourself, and listen to me." The trembling Elizabeth stifled her sobs, and, wiping away the tears that impeded her sight, raised her eyes to her venerable guide in token of attention. He supported himself against the back of the bed, and, exerting all his remaining strength, addressed her thus: — "My child, in travelling at your age, alone, unprotected, and during the severe season that approaches, you will have to endure great hardships. But there are dangers still more alarming which must fall to your lot. An ordinary courage, that might stand firm amidst fatigues and suffering, would be unable to resist the enticements of seduction. But yours, Elizabeth, is not an ordinary courage; and, under the protection of Heaven, the allurements of a court will not have the power to change your heart. You will meet with many who, presuming upon your unprotected situation and on your distress, will seek to turn you from the paths of virtue; but you will neither put faith in their promises, nor be dazzled by the splendor which may surround them. The fear of God and the love of your parents will place you beyond all their attempts. To whatever extremity you may be reduced, never lose sight of these sacred claims, never forget that a single false step will precipitate to the grave those to whom you owe your existence." — "O father!" interrupted she, "fear not." — "I do not fear," said he; "your piety, your noble resolution, have merited implicit confidence, and I am well convinced that you will not sink under the trials to which Heaven ordains you. You will find, my child, in my cloak, the purse which the generous governor of Tobolsk gave to me when he recommended you to my care. Preserve, with the strictest caution, the secret of his agency in appointing me to conduct you. His life depends upon your circumspection. The money this purse contains will defray your expenses to Petersburg. When you arrive there, go to the Patriarch; mention Father Paul to him. Perhaps the name may not have escaped his memory; he will procure an asylum for you in some convent, and will, I doubt not, present your petition to the Emperor, and it is impossible that the Emperor can reject it.

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In my expiring moments I repeat it to you, my child, that a proof of filial piety like that which you will display has no precedent. The admiring world will bestow the applause it merits, and your virtue will be rewarded upon earth, before it receives the glorious recompense which awaits it in heaven —"

He ceased; his breath began to fail, and the chilly damps of death already stood upon his brow. Elizabeth, reclining her head against the bed, wept unconstrained. After a long interval of silence, the missionary, untying a little ebony crucifix, which hung suspended from his neck, presented it to her, saying, in feeble accents, "Take this, my child; it is the only treasure I have to bestow, the only one I possess on earth; and, possessed of that, I wanted not." She pressed it to her lips with the most lively transports of grief; for the renunciation of such a treasure proved that the missionary was certain the moment of his dissolution was at hand. "Fear nothing," added he, with the tenderest compassion: "the good Pastor, who abandons not one of his flock, will watch over and protect you; and, if he deprive you of your present support, he will not fail to bestow more than he takes from you. Confide securely in his goodness. He who feeds the sparrows, and knows the number of the sands upon the sea-shore, will not forget Elizabeth."— "Father, O father!" she exclaimed, seizing the hand he held out to her; "I cannot resign myself to lose thee." — "Child," replied he, "Heaven ordains it. Submit with patience to its decrees; in a few moments I shall be on high, when I will pray for you and for your parents —" He could not finish; his lips moved, but the sounds he sought to utter died away. He fell back upon his bed, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, exerted his last efforts to recommend to its protection the destitute orphan, for whom he still seemed to supplicate when life had fled. So deeply was the force of benevolence implanted in his soul, so habitually, during the course of his long life, had he neglected his own interests to devote himself to those of others, that, at the very moment when he was to enter into the awful abyss of eternity, and to appear before the throne of his sovereign Judge, to receive the irrevocable doom, he thought not of himself.

The cries of Elizabeth induced several persons to hasten into the apartment. They demanded the cause, and she pointed to her protector extended lifeless on the straw. The rumor of the event immediately gathered a crowd around the corpse. Some who were attracted by idle curiosity regarded the youthful mourner with astonishment, as she stood weeping near the deceased. Others compassionated her distress; but the people of the house, anxious to receive payment for the miserable accommodation they had afforded, discovered with delight the contents of the missionary's cloak, which, in her grief, Elizabeth had not thought of securing. They took possession of the purse, and told her that they would restore to her what remained when they had reimbursed themselves and paid the expenses of the funeral.

Soon afterwards the Popes * arrived, followed by attendants with torches. They threw a pall over the deceased; and the unfortunate Elizabeth, obliged to let go the cold hand of her lifeless protector, which, hitherto, she had not relinquished, gave a scream of anguish as she took a last view of his venerable countenance. She threw herself on her knees in the most obscure part of the chamber, and there, bathed in tears, and covering her face with a handkerchief, as if to shut out from her sight that desolate world in which she was now to wander alone, exclaimed in a voice of stifled agony, "O thou blessed spirit, who now art reaping the reward of thy virtue in realms of happiness, abandon not the destitute being who still looks to thee for succor! O my father! O my mother! where are you at this moment, that your child is bereft of all human aid?"

The attendants now began to chant the funeral hymns, and placed the body on the bier. When the instant for its removal arrived, Elizabeth, though weak, agitated, and trembling, determined to attend, to their last asylum, the remains of him who had guided and protected her, and who, when expiring, had prayed for her welfare.

* Pope is a Greek name which signifies father. It is an appellation given to all the ministers of the Greek church. These pious personages are dressed after the manner of the East, and, though generally possessing little information, are much to be commended for their spirit of toleration to every other profession of faith.

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IX.

On the right bank of the Thama, and at the foot of an eminence on which stand the ruins of a fortress constructed during the remote period of the commotions of the Baschkirs,* is a place set apart as a burial-ground for the inhabitants of Saraspol. This spot is at a little distance from the town; it is enclosed by a low hedge, and in the centre is a small wooden building which serves for an oratory, and around which heaps of earth, surmounted by a cross, mark the different receptacles of the dead. Here and there a few straggling firs extend their gloomy shade; and from beneath the sepulchral stones grow large clusters of thistles with wide-spreading leaves and blue flowers; and another weed, of which the flowers of livid yellow seem formed to blossom only over the ashes of the dead.

The train that followed the coffin of the missionary was very numerous. It consisted of people of various nations, Persians, Turkomans,† and Arabians, who had made their escape from the Kirguis, and had been received into colleges founded by Catherine the Second. With lighted tapers in their hands, they accompanied the funeral procession, blending their voices with those of the mourners, while Elizabeth, following slowly and in silence, her face covered with a veil, appeared as chief mourner, feeling no connection, in the midst of this tumultuous crowd, but with him who was no more.

When the coffin was let down into the grave, the Pope, who officiated according to the rites of the Greek church, put a small piece of money into the hand of the deceased to pay his passage to the celestial regions. He then threw over the body a few shovelsful of earth, and departed. Thus was consigned to oblivion the man who had never suffered a day to elapse without rendering services to his fellow-creatures, like the beneficent wind, which scatters wide the grains of the earth, and thus produces plenty all around. He had travelled over more than half the world, sowing the seeds of wisdom and of truth, and by that world he died forgotten. So little is fame attached to modest merit; and so little of it do men bestow, except on those who dazzle them, or on those conquerors who glory in destroying the human race to gratify their ambition. Vain worldly glory! fruitless honors! Heaven would not permit you to be thus the reward of human grandeur only, had it not reserved its own celestial glory for the recompense of virtue.

Elizabeth remained in the burying-ground until the close of day. She wept in solitude, and offered up her supplications to the Almighty, which greatly relieved her bursting heart. In afflictions like hers, a meditation between Heaven and the grave is salutary. A reflection on death will rouse our drooping spirits; a contemplation on the joys of Heaven will excite hope and consolation. Where a misfortune is beheld in its extent, the horror we have conceived of it decreases; and where such a compensation is presented, the evil annexed to it loses its weight.

Elizabeth wept, but she did not repine. She thanked God for the blessings with which the hardships of half her journey had been lessened, and did not feel that she was now entitled to complain because it was the will of Heaven to withdraw them. Bereft of her guide, of every human succor, her courage still sustained her, and the undaunted heroism of her soul was proof against despair. "My dear father, my tender mother," she exclaimed, "fear not; your child will not sink under the trials that await her." Thus did she address her parents in the language of encouragement, as if they had been witnesses of her destitute situation; and when secret terror, in spite of herself, stole in upon her soul, she would again invoke their names, and in repeating them her fears were dispelled. "O holy and now happy spirit," said she, bending her head to the newly removed earth, "art thou then lost to us before my beloved parents could express

* The Baschkirs, or Bashkirs, are a colony of Asiatic Russia, who derive their origin partly from the Nogayan Tartars and partly from the Bulgarians. They dwell principally in Siberia, on the banks of the Wolga and the Ural. In 1770 it was calculated that 27,000 families of them were settled in the governments of Ufa and Perma. In summer they live in tents near their flocks, and in winter in miserable huts. Their religion is Mohammedan: but they are very superstitious, and believe in witchcraft and incantations.

† The Turkomans are a Tartar people who inhabit the borders of the Caspian Sea.

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their gratitude, and could invoke blessings on the kind protector of their child!"

When night had begun to obscure the horizon, and Elizabeth was obliged to quit this melancholy spot, desirous to leave some memorial behind her, she took a sharp flint and inscribed these words upon the cross which was erected over the grave: "*The just perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.*"* Then bidding a final adieu to the remains of her protector, she left the burying-ground, and returned sorrowfully to her lonely apartment in the inn at Sarapol, in which she had so dismally spent the preceding night.

On the ensuing morning, when she was about to proceed on her journey, the host gave her three rubles,† assuring her that it was all which remained in the missionary's purse. Elizabeth received them with emotions of gratitude and veneration, as if these riches, which she owed to her protector, had been sent from that heaven of which he was now an inhabitant. "Yes," exclaimed she, "my guide and my protector, your charity survives you; and though you are taken from me, it is that which supports me still."

During her solitary route her tears frequently flowed. Every object excited a bitter recollection of the friend she had lost. If a peasant or an inquisitive traveller regarded her with impertinent curiosity, or interrogated her in accents of rudeness, she missed the venerable protector who had insured respect. If, oppressed by weariness, she was obliged to seat herself near the road to rest, she dared not stop the empty sledge that passed, fearing a refusal, accompanied perhaps by insult. Besides, as she possessed but three rubles, she carefully preserved that pittance to delay the period when she must have recourse to accidental charity. Thus was she debarred from various little indulgences which the good missionary had often procured for her. She always selected the meanest habitation as that in which she asked shelter, contenting herself with the most wretched accommodations and the coarsest food.

She travelled so slowly that she was unable to reach Casan till the beginning of October. A strong wind from the north-west had prevailed for several days, and had collected so great a quantity of ice upon the Wolga* as to render the passage of that river almost impracticable. It could only be crossed by going partly in a boat and partly on foot, leaping from one piece of ice to another. Even the boatmen who were accustomed to this dangerous navigation would not undertake it but in consideration of a high reward; and no passenger ever ventured to expose his life with them in the attempt. Elizabeth, without thinking of the danger, was about to enter one of their boats; they roughly pushed her away, declaring that she could not be permitted to cross till the river was quite frozen over. She inquired how long she would probably have to wait. "A fortnight, at least," they replied. This determined her immediately to proceed. "I beseech you, in the name of Heaven I beseech you," she exclaimed, "aid me in crossing the river. I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to Petersburg to petition the Emperor in behalf of my father, who is now an exile in Siberia; and I have so little money that, if I am obliged to remain a fortnight at Casan, I shall have nothing left for the rest of my journey."

This affecting appeal softened the heart of one of the boatmen, who, taking her by the hand, "Come," said he, "you are a good girl; I will endeavor to ferry you over; the fear of God and the love of your parents guide your steps, and Heaven will protect you." He then took her into his boat, which he rowed half-way over; not being able to work it farther, he lifted Elizabeth on his shoulder; and, alternately walking and leaping over the masses of ice, he reached, by the assistance of an oar, the opposite

* Isaiah, chap. 57, verse 1.

† The ruble is a Russian coin, equivalent to two shillings and twopence sterling, English.

* The Volga, or Wolga, is one of the most celebrated rivers of Europe, called by the Tartars Idel, Adel, or Edel. It rises in the mountains of the government of Tuer, which it waters, as well as the governments of Yaroslaf, Kostroma, Nishney, Novogorod, Kasan, Simurisk, Saratof, and Caucasus, and falls into the Caspian Sea, near Astracan, after being divided into seventy branches which form several islands. Its course is nearly four thousand versts in length. Seleucus Nicanor, after him Selim II., and lastly Peter the Great, had the idea of digging a canal of communication between the Don and the Wolga in order to be able to pass from the Baltic and the Caspian to the Euxine Sea. This river abounds in fish.

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bank of the Wolga, where he set her down in safety. Elizabeth expressed her acknowledgments of the kindness in the most animated terms that her grateful heart could dictate, and, taking out her purse, which contained now but two rubles and a few smaller coins, offered a trifling reward for his services. "Poor child!" said the boatman, looking at the contents of her purse, "is that all the money you have to defray the expenses of your journey hence to Petersburg? Believe me that Nicholas Kisoloff will not deprive you of a single obol! No, rather let me add to your little store; it will bring down a blessing upon me and my children." He then threw her a small piece of money, and returned to his boat, exclaiming, "May God watch over and protect you, my child!"

Elizabeth took up the money, and regarding it with her eyes filled with tears, said, "I will preserve thee for my father; thou wilt prove to him that his prayers have been heard, and that a paternal protection has everywhere been extended to me."

The atmosphere was clear and the sky serene, but the keen breezes of a northerly wind chilled the air. After having walked for four hours without stopping, Elizabeth's strength began to fail. No human habitation presented itself to her view, and she sought shelter at the foot of a hill, the rocky summit of which, jutting over, defended her from the wind. Near this hill was an extensive forest of oaks, trees which are not to be seen on the Asiatic side of the Wolga. Elizabeth knew not what they were. They had lost some of their foliage, yet their beauty was not so much diminished but it might still have excited admiration, had she been able to view these European productions with pleasure. They, however, recalled too forcibly to her mind the immense distance which separated her from her parents: she preferred the fir, which solaced that spot where she had been reared, which had so frequently yielded shade to the days of her childhood, and under which, perhaps, her beloved parents at that instant reposed.

These and similar reflections always brought tears into her eyes. "O when shall I be again blessed with beholding them!" she exclaimed; "when shall I again hear the sound of their voices; when again return to their fond embraces?" As she spoke, she stretched her arms towards Casan, the buildings of which were still perceptible in the distant prospect; and, above the town, the ancient fortress of the Chams of Tartary* presented, from the summit of the rocks, a view grand and picturesque.

In the course of her journey Elizabeth often met with objects which affected her compassionate heart in a degree scarcely inferior to that of her own distress. Sometimes she encountered wretches chained together, who were condemned to work for life in the mines of Nertchinsk,† or to inhabit the dreary coasts of Angara.‡ At others she saw troops of emigrants, who were destined to people the new city, which was building, by the Emperor's order, on the confines of China; some on foot, and others on the cars which conveyed the animals, poultry, and baggage. Notwithstanding these were criminals who had been sentenced to a milder doom, for offences which might justly have been punished with death, they did not fail to excite compassion in Elizabeth. But when she met exiles escorted by an officer of state, persons whose noble mien called to her recollection the condition of her father, she could not forbear shedding tears at their fate. Sometimes she ventured respectfully to approach, for the purpose of offering consolation. Pity, however, was the only gift that she had to bestow. With that she soothed the sorrows of many whom she met, and by a return of pity must she now herself depend for subsistence; for, on her arrival at Volodimir,§ she had but one ruble left. She had occu-

* The Chams of Tartary were sovereign princes: but the title of Cham is given generally to all the superior officers, governors of towns or provinces among the Tartars and other people of the East.

† Nertchinsk is a small town of Siberia to the southeast of Tobolsk, famous for its silver mines, which are worked for the crown by malefactors and other exiles condemned to these labors. It is situated on the little river Nertchu, which flows into the Amoor in the midst of that chain of mountains called the Nertchinskoi Mountains, which contain all sorts of mineral productions in abundance.

‡ The Angara is a small river of Siberia which rises in the mountains of Baikal and waters the government of Irkutsk.

§ Volodimir, or Vladimir, a town and dutchy of great Russia, the capital of the government of the same name.

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pied nearly three months in her journey from Sarapol to Volodimir; but, through the kind hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never take any payment for milk and bread, her little treasure had not been yet exhausted. Now, however, all began to fail; her feet were almost bare, and her ragged dress ill defended her from a frigidity of atmosphere which had already sunk the thermometer thirty degrees below the freezing point, and which increased daily. The ground was covered with snow more than two feet deep. Sometimes it congealed while falling, and appeared like a shower of ice, so thick that the earth and sky were equally concealed from view. At other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost impassable, or gusts of wind so violent arose, that Elizabeth, to defend herself from its rude assaults, was obliged to dig holes in the snow, covering her head with large pieces of the bark of pine-trees, which she dexterously stripped off, as she had seen done by the inhabitants of Siberia.

One of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow in thick clouds, and had created an obscurity so impenetrable that Elizabeth, no longer able to discern the road, and stumbling at every step, was obliged to stop. She took refuge under a lofty rock, to which she clung as firmly as she could, that she might be enabled to withstand the fury of a storm which overthrew all around her. Whilst she was in this perilous situation, with her head bent down, a confused noise, that appeared to issue from behind the spot where she stood, raised a hope that a better shelter might be procured. With difficulty she tottered round the rock, and discovered a kibitki, which had been overturned and broken, and a hut at no great distance. She hastened to demand entrance. An old woman opened the door; and struck with the wretchedness of her appearance, "My poor child," said she, "whence dost thou come, and why art thou wandering thus alone in this dreadful weather?" To this interrogation Elizabeth made her usual reply: "I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to Petersburg to solicit my father's pardon." At these words, a man who was sitting dejectedly in a corner of the room suddenly raised his head from between his hands, and regarding Elizabeth with an air of astonishment, exclaimed, "Is it possible that you come from so remote a country, alone, in this state of distress, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit pardon for your father! Alas! my poor child would perhaps have done as much, had not the barbarians torn me from her arms, leaving her in ignorance of my fate. She knows not what is become of me. She cannot plead for mercy. No, never shall I again behold her, — this afflicting thought will kill me, — separated forever from my child, I cannot live. Now, indeed, that I know my doom," continued the unhappy father, "I might inform her of it; I have written a letter to her, but the carrier belonging to this kibitki, who is returning to Riga,* the place of her abode, will not undertake the charge of it without some small compensation, and I am unable to offer him any. Not a single copeck do I possess; the barbarians have stripped me of everything."

Elizabeth drew from her pocket the last ruble she possessed, and, blushing deeply at the insignificance of the trifle, asked, in timid accents, as she presented it to the unfortunate exile, "if that would be enough?" He pressed to his lips the generous hand that was held forth to succor him; and then ran to offer the money to the carrier. As with the widow's mite, Heaven bestowed its blessing on the offering. The carrier was satisfied, and took charge of the letter. Thus did her noble sacrifice produce a fruit worthy of the heart of Elizabeth; it relieved the agonized feelings of a parent, and carried consolation to the wounded bosom of a child.

X.

When the storm had abated, Elizabeth, before she pursued her journey, embraced the old woman, who had bestowed upon her all the care and tenderness of a mother; and

* Riga is the capital of Livonia and of a government of the same name. It was a Hanse Town, of which the Russians seized possession in 1710, and it has belonged to them from that period. Its situation on the Baltic, at the mouth of the Dwina, renders it very commercial. North latitude 57°, east longitude 24°.

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said in a low voice, that she might not be heard by the exile, "I have nothing left to give; the blessing of my parents is the only recompense I have to offer for your kindness; it is the only treasure I possess." — "How!" interrupted the old woman aloud. "My poor child, have you then given away all you possessed?" Elizabeth blushed, and hung down her head. The exile started from his seat, and raising his hands to heaven, threw himself upon his knees before her. "Angel that thou art," he exclaimed, "can I make no return to you, who have thus bestowed your all upon me?" A knife lay upon the table; Elizabeth took it up, cut off a lock of her hair, and said, "Sir, you are going into Siberia, and will see the Governor of Tobolsk; give him this, I beseech you, and tell him that Elizabeth sends it to her parents. He will perhaps consent to forward it to them as a token by which they may know that their daughter is still in existence." — "Your wish shall be acomplished," answered the exile, "and if, in those deserts of which I am to be an inhabitant, I am not absolutely a slave, I will seek out the dwelling of your parents, and will tell them what you have this day done for me."

To the heart of Elizabeth the gift of a throne would have afforded less delight than the prospect of thus being able to convey consolation to her parents. She was now bereft of all except the little piece of money given to her by the boatman of the Wolga. Yet she might deem herself rich, for she had just tasted the only pleasure which opulence could bestow; she had conferred happiness on a fellow-creature, had revived the desponding heart of a father, and had converted tears of sadness, shed by the orphan, into those of consolation. Such were the blessings which even a single ruble had effected.

From Volodimir to the village of Pokroff the road lies through a marshy flat, covered with extensive forests of oaks, elms, aspens, and wild apple-trees. In summer these different trees form so many groves which delight the eye; and they afford an asylum to numerous banditti. In winter, as the boughs, despoiled of their foliage, do not afford so easy a concealment, these bands of robbers are less formidable. Elizabeth, however, during her journey, heard numerous accounts of robberies that had been committed. Had she carried with her valuable property, such accounts might have been to her a source of terror; but, obliged to beg her daily bread, poverty was her passport; and the protection of Heaven enabled her to traverse the forests in safety.

A few versts from Pokroff the high road had been torn up by a hurricane, and travellers proceeding to Moscow* were obliged to make a considerable circuit through swamps occasioned by the inundations of the Wolga. These, however, were now hardened by the frost to a solidity equal to that of dry land. Elizabeth attempted to follow the route which had been pointed out to her; but, after walking for more than an hour over this icy desert, through which were no traces of a road, she found herself in a swampy marsh, from which every endeavor to extricate herself was, for a long time, exerted in vain. At length, with great difficulty, she attained a little hillock. Covered with mud and exhausted by fatigue, she seated herself upon a stone to rest, and took off her sandals to dry them in the sun, which at that moment shone in full lustre. The environs of this spot appeared to be perfectly desolate; no signs of a human dwelling were visible; solitude and silence prevailed around. Elizabeth now discovered that she must have strayed far from the road, and, notwithstanding all the courage with which she was endued, her heart failed. Her situation was

* Moscow, or Moskva, formerly the capital of Russia, before Peter the Great had built St. Petersburg, and now the capital of the government of the same name, is one of the most considerable cities of Europe. The Earl of Carlisle, ambassador from the Court of London to Moscow, in the reign of Charles II., gives it a circumference of twelve English miles. Voltaire and Coxe enlarge this circumference to twenty miles, and state that the number of its inhabitants in 1792 amounted to 328,000 souls. But the magnificence of the buildings by no means corresponds to the size of this vast enclosure. The handsomest edifices are the cathedral, the imperial palace, and the foundling hospital instituted by Catharine II. By the side of the most superb palaces stand wretched wooden houses and miserable hovels, which made the Prince de Ligne say that Moscow appeared as if the castles of four or five hundred noblemen, with their respective villages, had been drawn there upon wheels and entered into an agreement to live together.

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alarming in the extreme; behind was the bog she had just crossed, and before her an immense forest through which no track was to be distinguished.

At length day began to close; and, notwithstanding her extreme weariness, she was obliged to proceed in search of a shelter for the night, or of some person who might have the humanity to procure her one. In vain did she wander about, sometimes following one track, and sometimes another. No object presented itself to revive her hopes, no sound reanimated her drooping spirits; that of a human voice would have filled her heart with transport. Suddenly she heard the voices of several persons, and immediately afterwards saw some men issue from the forest. Elate with hope, she hastened towards them; but, as they drew near, terror again succeeded to joy. Their savage air and stern countenances dismayed her more than the horrors of the solitude in which she had so lately been plunged. All the stories she had heard of banditti immediately rushed upon her imagination; she feared lest a judgment awaited her for the temerity with which she had indulged the idea that a special Providence watched over her preservation; and she fell upon her knees to humble herself in the presence of Divine mercy. The troop advanced, stopped before Elizabeth, and, regarding her with surprise and curiosity, demanded whence she came, and what circumstance had brought her there. With downcast eyes and a trembling voice, she replied, that she had come from beyond Tobolsk, and that she was going to Petersburg, to solicit from the Emperor a pardon for her father. She added that, having lost her road, she had nearly perished in the marshes; and that she was waiting until she had regained a little strength, to go in search of an asylum. The men were astonished; they questioned her again, and asked her what money she had to enable her to undertake so long a journey. She drew from her bosom the little coin given to her by the boatman of the Wolga. "Is that all?" they inquired. "It is all," she replied. At this answer, delivered with a candor that enforced belief, the robbers looked at each other with amazement. They were not moved; they were not softened. Rendered callous by long habits of vice, an action of such noble heroism as that of Elizabeth had no such influence over their souls; but it excited wonder. They could not comprehend what they felt necessitated to believe; and, restrained by a kind of veneration, they dared not harm the object of Heaven's evident protection; so, passing on, they said to each other, "Let us leave her; some supernatural Power protects her."

Elizabeth rose and hastened from them. She had not penetrated far into the forest before four roads, crossing each other, presented themselves to her view. In one of the angles which they formed was a little chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, and over it a direction-post inscribed with the names of the towns to which the different roads led. Elizabeth prostrated herself to offer her grateful acknowledgments to the Omnipotent Being who had preserved her: the robbers were not mistaken; she was protected by a supernatural Power.

Hope had restored to Elizabeth all her strength, and she entered again on the road to Pokroff with her usual activity. She soon regained the Wolga, which forms an angle before this village, and flows past the walls of a convent of nuns. Elizabeth solicited shelter under its venerable roof. She related the hardships she had undergone, and disclosed to the community how much she stood in need of assistance. The nuns received her with so much cordiality, and lavished upon her such affectionate attentions, that their kind solicitude reminded her of those endearments which she had been accustomed to receive from her mother. The simple and modest recital that she gave of her adventures proved a source of edification to the whole community. Her pious auditors could not find words to express the admiration they felt at that heroic perseverance which had endured so many hardships, and had sustained so many severe trials without a murmur. They lamented their inability to assist her with money for the expenses of her future journey; but their convent was poor, had no revenue, and was supported by charity only. They could not, however, suffer their guest to depart in tattered garments, and nearly barefoot. To provide her with better habiliments they stripped themselves, and each gave to her a portion of her own clothing. Elizabeth

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endeavored to decline the gifts, for it was of articles necessary to their own comfort that her generous benefactresses deprived themselves; but, pointing to the walls of their convent, they said, "We have a shelter, while you have none; part of the little we possess belongs to you, for you are poorer still than we."

At length Elizabeth set forward on the last stage to Moscow. She was astonished at the extraordinary bustle she now witnessed; at the immense concourse of carriages, carts, horses, and people of all ranks and ages, which was resorting to this great metropolis. As she passed onward the crowd seemed to augment. In a village where she stopped to rest she found every house thronged with travellers, who paid so high a price even for the smallest lodging, that it was with the utmost difficulty the destitute Elizabeth could obtain even the meanest shelter. Alas! how many tears did she not shed at receiving from the hand of scornful charity a little coarse food, and at being permitted to rest her weary limbs in a miserable shed, which scarcely defended her from the wind and snow; yet she was not humiliated; for she never forgot that God was the witness of her sufferings, and that the happiness of her parents was the end she had in view. Neither was she exalted; for she was too guileless to imagine that she did more than duty prescribed in devoting herself for their sake, and was too affectionate not to feel a secret satisfaction in suffering for them.

While immersed in thoughts like these, the bells of the village struck out; and from every side was resounded the name of Alexander, accompanied by loud acclamations of joy. The report of the cannon from Moscow quite alarmed her, for never before had she heard a sound so tremendous. In a timid voice she inquired the cause of these unusual sounds. "The Emperor is no doubt making his entrance into Moscow," said they. "How!" exclaimed the astonished Elizabeth, "is not the Emperor then at Petersburg?" They shrugged their shoulders with an air of pity for her ignorance, and replied, "Poor girl! do you not know that the ceremony of Alexander's coronation must take place at Moscow?" Elizabeth clasped her hands in ecstasy. Heaven had again, in an especial manner, evinced itself in her favor; it had sent the monarch, upon whom the fate of her parents depended, to meet her on the way; and had ordained that she should arrive at that period of general joy, when the hearts of monarchs recede even from the dictates of justice, in favor of those of clemency. "O my dear parents!" she exclaimed, looking back towards the home from which so great a distance separated her; "must such delightful hopes rejoice my heart alone? and while your child is happy, must you grieve in ignorance of her fate?"

In the month of March, 1801, Elizabeth made her entrance into the immense capital of Muscovy,* imagining herself at the end of her labors, and not considering that there could be still a calamity to apprehend. On her progress through the city, superb edifices, decorated with all the magnificence of royalty, presented themselves to her admiring sight, but intermixed with wretched cabins, whose untiled roofs and broken casements afforded no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The streets and alleys of Moscow were so thronged that Elizabeth could scarcely proceed through the crowds that obstructed the passage. After some time she found herself in meadows, richly planted, and began to imagine that she was again in the country. She stopped to rest in a grand avenue formed by rows of birch-trees. An immense assemblage of well-dressed people thronged this avenue. All were conversing on the subject of the coronation. Trains of carriages passed rapidly backwards and forwards. The bells of the cathedral rang incessantly, and were answered by those of the smaller churches from all parts of the town. The sound of cannon, which were fired at regular intervals, could scarcely be distinguished amidst the overpowering tumult of this prodigious city. As Elizabeth entered the square of the Kremlin,† the crowd appeared to in-

* Moscow was formerly the capital of the Russian Empire and the residence of the Czars. Peter the Great constructed a canal which communicates from St. Petersburg to Moscow. This latter city, though of less consequence than formerly, is still very commercial. It is situated on the Moskwa, north latitude 55° 36', east longitude 39°.

† The Kremlin is a vast quarter, almost in the centre of Moscow, containing the ancient imperial palace, the pleasure-house, the Emperor's stables, the palace which formerly belonged to the Patriarch,

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crease at every step she took. She timidly approached one of the great fires which were lighted on this spot, and seated herself near it. Cold, weariness, and want of food had exhausted her spirits; and the joyful hopes of the morning were converted into sadness. She had wandered through the numerous streets of Moscow, but among the splendid habitations had beheld none that offered to her an asylum. She had met people of various nations and ranks, but had looked in vain for a friend or protector. Some had inquired their way, and expressed uneasiness at having missed it; how much did she envy them! "Happy," said she, "to have a home to seek; I, who possess none, cannot lose my way; for in every place is shelter equally denied to me."

XI.

NIGHT now rapidly approached, and the cold became intense. The dejected Elizabeth had not eaten a morsel the whole day, and was nearly famished with hunger. She watched all who passed, to see whether she could discern in their countenances that expression of compassionate benevolence which might embolden her to make an appeal to their feelings. But among the whole crowd, every individual of which she observed so earnestly, no one stood in need of her assistance; therefore they had no interest in contemplating her woe-worn countenance. At last she ventured to solicit an entrance at the doors of some of the poorest dwellings, but met with rude repulse. The hope of gain, during this period of festivity, had steeled every heart against the importunities of distress. Never perhaps are mankind less inclined to liberality than at the moment of acquiring an increase of wealth.

Elizabeth returned to the fire in the square of the Kremlin. She wept in silence. Her heart was so much oppressed that she had not even the strength to eat a morsel of bread which an old woman had given to her. She was now, for the first time, reduced to so great a degree of misery that she resolved to hold forth her hand to implore alms that might be bestowed with apathy or refused with scorn. At the moment that she was about to try this last resource, an emotion of dignified pride restrained the hand she had presented. But the cold was excessive; and, in spending the night exposed to the open air, her life would be endangered, and that life she did not consider in her own disposal. This reflection overcame her pride; and, placing one hand across her eyes, she stretched out the other to the first person who passed: "In the name of the father whom you revere, of the mother whom you cherish, give to me," said she, "a trifle to procure a lodging for the night." The man whom she addressed surveyed her attentively by the light of the flame. "Young woman," he replied, "you have chosen a wretched trade; are you not able to work? At your age a livelihood may easily be obtained. God help you! I never encourage beggars." And he passed on.

The unfortunate Elizabeth raised her eyes to Heaven, as if to implore succor from thence; and, emboldened by a voice of consolation which then whispered in her heart, she ventured to repeat her appeal to the compassion of several other persons. Some passed without listening to her; others gave to her, but it was, in the whole, so little, that she could not collect enough to relieve her necessities. At last, when night was far advanced, the crowd was dispersed, and the fire nearly extinguished, some of the imperial guards, in making their rounds, discovered her. They roughly demanded why she remained abroad at so late an hour. The stern looks and fierce manners of these soldiers overpowered her with terror. Incapacitated from uttering a syllable, she burst into an agony of tears. The soldiers, little affected at seeing her weep, assembled round her, repeating, with rude familiarity, their question. The trembling girl, at last recovering sufficient courage to answer, in a voice broken with sobs, said that she came from beyond Tobolsk, to petition of the Emperor pardon for her father; "I have performed the whole journey on foot," continued she, "and, having no money, I cannot obtain a shelter for the night." At

the cathedral, five convents, four churches, and the arsenal. All the churches of the Kremlin have superb bells, and are built in the Gothic style. The cathedral is ornamented with nine towers covered with copper.

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LOST IN MOSCOW.

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these words the soldiers burst into a loud laugh, and taxed her with falsehood. Elizabeth, more terrified than ever, sought to escape, but they would not suffer it, and insolently seized her. "O my God, O my father!" she cried in accents of horror and despair, "will not you come to my succor? have you forsaken the wretched Elizabeth?" During this debate some persons of the lower class, attracted by the noise, had assembled in groups; and by loud murmurs expressed their disapprobation at the cruelty of the soldiers. Elizabeth stretched towards them her hands, in act of supplication. "Before Heaven," said she, "I solemnly protest that I have uttered nothing but the truth. I come from beyond Tobolsk to implore pardon for my father; save me, save me; and let me not die, till, at least, I have obtained it." These words touched every heart. Several persons advanced to her assistance, and one of them, addressing the soldiers, said, "I keep the Inn of St. Basil in this square; let the girl come with me; her story appears to be true; I will give her a lodging." The soldiers, who had begun to be somewhat softened by her distress, consented to his request, and withdrew.

The grateful Elizabeth embraced the knees of her preserver. He raised her kindly from the ground, and, desiring her to follow him, led the way to his dwelling, which was at a little distance. "I have not a room to give you," said he, "there is not one in my house unoccupied; but my wife will receive you into hers for one night. She is kind and compassionate, and will readily endure so small an inconvenience to serve you." Elizabeth, trembling and agitated, followed in silence. Her guide conducted her to a small room, in which a young woman, with an infant in her arms, was seated near a stove: she rose up on seeing them. Her husband informed her from what danger he had rescued the unfortunate girl; adding that he had promised to shelter her, at least for the night. The young woman expressed her satisfaction, and, taking Elizabeth by the hand, said, with a smile of encouragement, "Be comforted, we will take good care of you; but never stay out so late again. In large towns such as this it is very dangerous for females of your age to be found at a late hour in the streets." Elizabeth answered that she had no asylum to resort to. Every door had been closed against her. She owned her poverty without a blush, and related all the hardships she had so heroically sustained. Her hosts wept at the recital; neither of them thought of doubting her veracity. The emotions which her story excited afforded a proof that it was true. The classes of society to which they belonged are not so easily misled by brilliant fictions; these soar beyond their capacities, while over their souls, truth, in all its purity, preserves its claims entire.

At the conclusion of Elizabeth's narrative, Jaques Rossi, the innkeeper, said to her, "My influence in this town is but small, but, as far as it can be exerted for my own interest, it shall be for yours." His wife pressed his hand in token of approbation; and asked Elizabeth if she knew no one who could present her to the Emperor. "No," she replied, not wishing to mention young Smoloff, lest she should involve him in some difficulty; besides, no assistance could be expected from him, since he was in Livonia. "No matter," said the wife of Rossi, "the most powerful recommendation to our great sovereign is virtue in distress, and that will plead for you." — "Yes," interrupted her husband, "the Emperor Alexander is to be crowned to-morrow in the church of the Assumption. You must place yourself in his way, and, at his feet, must solicit the remission of your father's sentence. I will accompany and encourage you." — "O my generous benefactors!" exclaimed Elizabeth, clasping her hands with an expression of the liveliest gratitude, "Heaven beholds your kindness, and my parents will invoke blessings on you for it: you will conduct me to the feet of the Emperor, and will support me in his presence; perhaps you will be witnesses of my happiness, — of the greatest happiness a human being is capable of enjoying. If it be granted me to obtain my father's pardon, to be the joyful bearer of the happy tidings to him and to my mother, to behold their delight —"

She was unable to proceed; the idea of such felicity almost forbade the hope that it might be realized. She could not believe that her deserts entitled her to expect it. The panegyrics, however, which her host bestowed upon the clemency of Alexander;

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the various anecdotes they recorded in evidence of the truth upon which these commendations were founded; and the grace with which the value of those acts of mercy had been enhanced, — reanimated her spirits. Elizabeth listened to them with eagerness. She would gladly have spent the whole night in hearing them repeated; but, as it grew late, her kind hosts wished her to enjoy some repose, that she might be the better enabled to support the exertions of the morrow. Rossi retired to a small apartment at the top of the house, and his wife shared her bed with Elizabeth.

It was long before the perturbation of her mind would permit her to sleep. She was thankful to Heaven even for her sufferings, since the excess of them had heightened the value of the generous hospitality she had experienced. "Had I been less miserable," thought she, "this good man would not perhaps have taken pity on me." When overcome by sleep, visions of happiness, in various forms, fleeted before her. Sometimes fancy presented her parents, their countenances irradiated with joy; sometimes she imagined the voice of the Emperor addressing her, in terms of approbation and compliance with her entreaties; and sometimes another form presented itself to her imagination, but under characters more vague and indistinct; a mist seemed to obscure it from her sight, and the impression that it left upon her heart was the only trace that remained.

On the morrow, as soon as the thunder of the artillery, the beating of the drums, and the loud acclamations of the people, announced the dawn of the joyful day, Elizabeth, habited in a dress lent to her by her kind hostess, and leaning upon the arm of Rossi, joined the crowd which followed the procession to the large church of the Assumption, where the coronation was to be performed.

More than a thousand tapers illuminated the holy temple, which was decorated in all the splendor of Eastern magnificence. Upon a dazzling throne, beneath a canopy of rich velvet, were seated the Emperor and his youthful consort, habited in sumptuous dresses, which, displaying to advantage the beauty of their forms, gave to their appearance an air almost celestial. Kneeling before her august spouse, the Empress received from his hand the imperial diadem, and encircled her brow with this pledge of their eternal union. Opposite to the royal pair, and in the sacred chair of truth, was the venerable Plato, the Patriarch of Moscow, who, in a discourse at once pathetic and sublime, recalled to the youthful mind of Alexander the great duties annexed to royalty, and the awful responsibility imposed upon his elevated station, in return for the pomp that environed it, and the power with which it was invested. Amidst the assemblage of nations which thronged the cathedral he pointed out to him the hunters of Kamtschatka,* bringing tributes of skins from the Aleutsky Isles,† which border on America; the merchants of Archangel,‡ loaded with rich commodities which their vessels had brought from every quarter of the globe; the Samoyeds,§ a rude and unpolished people who come from the mouth of the Genissy,‖ a country condemned to the rigors

* The Kamtschadales, or inhabitants of Kamtschatka, possess a lively imagination, an excellent memory, and a peculiar readiness in imitating what they see others do. Hunting and fishing are their principal occupations. The dog is their favorite domestic animal. They travel in little carts drawn by dogs, and are in general extremely superstitious.

† The Aleutian or Aleutsky Islands. This is the name given to that chain of islands which extends from the north of Kamtschatka to the continent of America, and which, in reality, is only a branch of the mountains of Kamtschatka. They were discovered a short time after the island of Behring. The word "Aleut" signifies a bald or naked rock. Those islands which are nearest to America are known by the name of Andreanofskoi and the Fox Islands.

‡ Archangel is a considerable town of Russia, the capital of the government of the same name, situated on the White Sea, at the mouth of one of the branches of the Dwina, which forms its port, in lat. 64° 34′ N. and long. 38° 55′ E. The port of Archangel was the only one by which Russia could communicate by sea with the rest of Europe, before Peter the Great had founded St. Petersburg. Its commerce is still very important.

§ The Samoyeds are a Tartar people who inhabit the north of Russia between Asiatic Tartary and the government of Archangel along the sea-coast as far as Siberia. They subsist by hunting and fishing, like the Kamtschadales.

‖ The Yenissey, called Kem by the Tartars and Moguls, and Gub, or Khases, which signifies the Great River, by the Ostiacks, is formed by two rivers, the Kamsara and the Veikem, which take their course in Chinese Soongory. After a long

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of an eternal winter, where the beauteous flower of the spring and the rich produce of harvest are alike unknown; and the natives of Astracan,* whose fertile fields yield melons, figs, and grapes of exquisite flavor: he showed him, lastly, the inhabitants of the shores of the Black † and Caspian Seas, and of the great Tartary which, bounded by Persia, China, and the empire of the Moguls,‡ extending from the extremity of the western hemisphere to that of the east, occupies nearly half the globe. "Sovereign of the most extensive empire of the earth," said he, "you who are this day about to take the awful oath of presiding over the destinies of a state which includes a fifth part of the known world, bear it ever in remembrance that you have to answer at the tribunal of Divine justice for the fate of millions of your fellow-creatures; and that an injustice, through your neglect, done to the meanest among them, must be accounted for at the final day of retribution." At these words the heart of the young Emperor appeared to be sensibly affected; but there was one among the auditors whose heart was not less affected than his; that of the supplicant who was come to solicit the remission of a father's sentence.

course towards the north it falls into the Frozen Ocean. Its banks are lined with high rocky mountains; it forms several islands, has cataracts between the towns of Yeniseisk and Krennoyarsk, and abounds in fish of every species.

* Astracan is a considerable town of Asiatic Russia, the capital of the government of Caucasus, which anciently formed an independent kingdom called the kingdom of Astracan. It stands on an island, which the Volga forms near its mouth in the Caspian Sea, in lat. 46° 20′ N. and long. 48° 2′ E. It is said to contain more than 70,000 inhabitants, twenty-five Russian churches, two convents, many chapels belonging to the Armenians, Lutherans, and Roman Catholics, and even an Indian temple. Its circumference is three miles.

† The Black Sea, anciently the Pontus Euxinus, bathes the Russian governments of the Taurida, the Caucasus, and Ekatarinoslof. Its principal ports are Kaffa or Theodosia, Sebastopol, Koslof, and Balaklava.

‡ The empire of the Moguls is that vast empire in the East Indies founded by Tamerlane, but which, after the invasion of Kouli Khan, in 1739, became the prey of its Soubahs, Nabobs, and other Mohammedan governors. Its internal divisions have fixed the establishments of the English in Hindoostan on bases which appear immovable.

At the moment when Alexander began to pronounce the solemn oath which was to bind him to devote his future life to the happiness of his people, the enraptured Elizabeth imagined she heard the voice of mercy requiring him to break the chains of every unfortunate being within his dominions. Unable any longer to command her feelings, and, aided by a supernatural strength, she pierced the crowd, and, forcing a passage through the lines of the soldiers, rushed towards the throne, exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy!" The vehemence of her supplication interrupted the ceremony, and occasioned so much confusion that the guards advanced, and, notwithstanding her entreaties and the efforts of Jaques, dragged her out of the church. The Emperor, however, would not, on so glorious a day, be invocated in vain. He ordered one of the officers of his suite to inquire what it was that the petitioner wanted. The officer obeyed; he quitted the church in haste, and heard the imploring accent of the agonized supplicant, still endeavoring to prevail with the soldiers to allow her to return. He started, quickened his pace, saw who it was, recognized the daughter of the exile, and exclaimed, "It is she, it is Elizabeth!" Elizabeth turned: she could scarcely give credit to so much happiness; could scarcely believe that Smoloff was there to save her father. Yet it was his voice, his features; she could not be mistaken. Joy deprived her of utterance, and she stretched her arms towards him, as to a messenger sent from heaven to her relief. He rushed forward, seized her hand, and in his turn began to doubt the testimony of his senses. "Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, "is it indeed you, or do I behold a vision from heaven? Speak, whence do you come?" — "From Tobolsk." — "From Tobolsk! and have you travelled hither alone, and on foot?" — "Yes," she exclaimed, "I came to entreat pardon for my father, and they force me from the presence of the Emperor." — "I will reconduct you to his presence," interrupted the transported Smoloff; "I will present you to him: he will not resist your supplications; your prayer will be granted." Smoloff then dispersed the soldiers, and led Elizabeth back towards the church. The imperial procession was, at that instant, issuing from the great gate

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of the cathedral. As soon as the monarch appeared, Smoloff, holding Elizabeth by the hand, forced a passage through the guards, and threw himself with her at the Emperor's feet. "Sire," he cried, "vouchsafe to listen to the voice of suffering virtue; behold the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislaus Potowsky;* she has come from the deserts of Ischim, where her parents have for twelve years languished in exile. She has had no guide nor protector; has performed the journey on foot, begging her bread, and braving scorn and misery, snow and tempests, every danger and every fatigue, to implore of your Majesty forgiveness for her father." Elizabeth raised her clasped hands towards heaven, repeating the last words, "Forgiveness for my father!" A clamor of admiration arose from among the crowd! The Emperor himself joined in it; and deeply rooted as his prejudices had been against Stanislaus Potowsky, in an instant they were totally effaced. He could not hesitate to believe that the father of a daughter so virtuous must be innocent of the crimes alleged against him; but, had it been otherwise, Alexander would not have withheld forgiveness. "The pardon is granted," said he; "your father is free." Elizabeth heard no more; at the word "pardon" joy overpowered her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Smoloff. In this state she was carried through an immense crowd, who opened a passage, shouting with joyful acclamations of approbation at the transcendent virtue of the heroine and the clemency of the monarch, and was conveyed back to the house of the benevolent Rossi.

After recovering her senses, the first object that met her eyes was Smoloff, kneeling beside her: the first sound she heard was that of a repetition from his lips of the words used by the Emperor: "Elizabeth, the pardon is granted, your father is free." For some moments it was by looks only that she could express her joy and gratitude; but they expressed more than language could have imparted. At length, turning to Smoloff, she pronounced, in a faltering voice, the names of her father and mother. "We shall again behold them, then," said she; "we shall enjoy the sight of their happiness." These words sunk deeply into the heart of him to whom they were addressed. Elizabeth had not said that she loved him; but she had associated him with the first sentiment of her soul, with that object of felicity in which all her ideas and all her hopes so long had centred. From that happy moment Smoloff ventured to indulge a hope that she would, on a future day, consent to realize his happiness.

XII.

Several days elapsed before the deed of pardon could be drawn up and signed. Previously to its final accomplishment it was requisite to inquire into the causes of Potowsky's condemnation; and the investigation proved so favorable to the noble Polander, that equity alone would have authorized the Emperor to break the chains of the illustrious patriot. But he had listened to the dictates of clemency before he knew what those of justice required; an act of generosity which those whom he thus nobly pardoned never forgot.

One morning Smoloff called on Elizabeth at an earlier hour than he had before presumed to visit her, and presented to her a parchment with the imperial seal. "Behold," said he, "the mandate in which the Emperor commands my father to restore liberty to yours." Elizabeth seized the parchment, and, pressing it to her lips, bathed it

* There is some inconvenience in romances which are founded in history, in employing well-known names and remarkable eras. The Powtowska, or, according to the true orthography, Potocka family, was indeed one of the most illustrious in Poland, and a member of that family really fell a victim, in Russia, to his patriotic courage: but it was Count Ignacio Potocky, and not Stanislaus. He was not sent into Siberia, but confined in the dungeons of a very rigorous state prison with the brave Kosciusco, and it was the Empress Catharine II. who placed him there. He was liberated, as well as his companion in misfortune, by the son of that Empress, the Emperor Paul, who, from the first day of his reign, went to visit the noble martyrs of Polish liberty, and broke their chains.

The young girl who really accomplished two thousand four hundred English miles alone, on foot, to solicit the pardon of her father at St. Petersburg, belonged to no distinguished family. Her name was Praskowja Lupolowa. She died at Novogorod in 1810, six years after her generous devotion. Her father was exiled into Siberia in 1798.

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with tears. "This is not all," continued Smoloff; "our magnanimous sovereign performs a noble action in a manner worthy of himself. He restores to your father his dignities, his rank, his property: all those honors which elevate man in the estimation of his fellows, but which can never elevate Elizabeth. The courier who is to convey the order to Tobolsk departs to-morrow, and I have obtained permission from the Emperor to accompany him." — "And may not I also accompany him?" eagerly interrupted Elizabeth. "Unquestionably," resumed Smoloff; "and from your lips only your father must learn that he is free. Presuming upon my knowledge of your sentiments, I told the Emperor that it was your wish to be yourself the bearer of the joyful intelligence. He approved the design, and charged me with the commission of informing you that you have leave to depart to-morrow in one of his carriages, attended by two female domestics; and he has sent a purse of two thousand rubles to defray the expenses of your journey." Elizabeth, fixing her eyes thoughtfully on Smoloff, replied, "From the day on which I first saw you to the present hour, I do not recollect that I have obtained a single benefit of which you have not been the author. Without your assistance I could not have obtained my father's pardon; without your generous interference never would he have beheld his country again: to you then it belongs to tell him he is free: this glorious recompense alone is adequate to your benefits." — "No, Elizabeth," replied Smoloff, "that happiness must be yours; the recompense to which I aspire is still greater." — "O Heaven!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "what higher reward can there be?" Smoloff was on the point of answering in terms expressive of the rapture he felt; but, repressing his emotion, he colored, and cast his eyes upon the ground. An interval of silence ensued; at length, in a faltering voice, Smoloff answered, "Elizabeth, I must not tell you but in the presence of your father."

From the time that Smoloff had so unexpectedly found Elizabeth, he had not suffered a single day to pass without seeing her, without remaining in her company for many successive hours, without discovering some new reason for loving her more ardently than before. But never had he deviated for a moment from the respect he owed her. She was at a distance from her parents; she looked to him alone for protection; and the valuable deposit, thus intrusted to his charge, he considered so sacred, that he could not have prevailed with himself to utter any sentiment that had the least tendency to excite emotion either in her countenance or her heart.

During the long journey they had to perform, he preserved the same respectful silence. Constantly seated by her, beholding her, hearing her, his passion continued to increase, but never overcame his resolution. He bestowed upon her always the appellation of sister; and, though his attentions were more assiduous than those of the fondest brother, they were not the less innocent; they were calculated to inspire confidence in the most scrupulous delicacy, and must have satisfied expectations the most unbounded. His sentiments were only perceptible in the attempts that he made to conceal them; friendship seemed to prompt all he uttered; in his silence alone could his love be discovered.

Before she quitted Moscow, Elizabeth liberally rewarded her generous hosts; nor on recrossing the Wolga, at Casan, was she unmindful of Kisoloff the waterman. She inquired for him, and was informed that in consequence of a serious accident he had been reduced to the lowest state of poverty, and was languishing on a sick-bed, surrounded by six children, who were in want of food. Elizabeth requested to be immediately conducted to his habitation. When he before saw her, it was in poverty, in dejection, and clothed in rags; now that he beheld her in splendor, with joy and animation sparkling in her eyes, and diffusing a brilliancy over her whole appearance, he was unable to recognize her. Elizabeth took from her purse the little coin which he had given her, and, showing it to him, brought to his memory the act of kindness he had performed; then, laying a hundred rubles upon his bed, she added, "Charity fails not to reap its reward; behold, that which you gave me Heaven now returns a hundred-fold."

Elizabeth was so eager to rejoin her parents, that she travelled night and day. On her arrival at Sarapol, notwithstanding

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her haste, she stopped to visit the tomb of the missionary. As this was a tribute of grateful veneration, almost equivalent to an act of filial duty, Elizabeth could not let it pass unfulfilled. She beheld once more the cross, with the inscription which she had engraved upon it. Again she wept over that grave where she had formerly shed so many bitter tears; but these she now shed were the tears of soothing consolation. She imagined that, in that celestial paradise of which he was now a blessed inhabitant, the missionary partook of her felicity; and that, in his soul, so full of benevolence, her happiness added to the happiness which he enjoyed in the bosom of his God.

But I hasten to bring my story to a conclusion, and, with Elizabeth, to reach the dwelling where the days of her absence were numbered with excessive anxiety. I will not attempt a description of the scene of joy exhibited at Tobolsk, when young Smoloff presented Elizabeth to his father; and she, in all the effusions of her grateful heart, acknowledged the blessings she owed to his assistance. Elizabeth would not consent to let her parents be informed of her approach. She learned at Tobolsk that they were well, and this information was further confirmed at Saimka. Wishing agreeably to surprise them, she proceeded with a palpitating heart to their cottage, attended only by Smoloff. What varying emotions agitated her as she crossed the forest, drew near the banks of the lake, and recognized every tree and every rock adjacent to the habitation of her parents! At last she caught sight of the paternal roof; she rushed forward; but the violence of her feelings obliged her to stop. Alas! behold the state of human nature! we seek for happiness in excess of joy; which excess, more violent in its effects than that of misery, we are not able to bear. Elizabeth, leaning upon the arm of Smoloff, faintly uttered, "If I should find my mother ill." The fear of such a calamity moderated the happiness which had overwhelmed her, and recovered all her strength. Again she ran; she reached the threshold; she heard the sound of well-known voices, and called to her parents in an ecstasy which almost deprived her of sense. The door was opened, and her father appeared. At the cry he uttered her mother rushed out, and Elizabeth, unable to support herself, fell into their extended arms. "It is Elizabeth," exclaimed Smoloff; "she is bearer of your pardon: she has triumphed over every obstacle, and has attained, from the generosity of the Emperor, even more than she had expected." These words added not to the joy of the delighted parents; every sensation was absorbed in that all-powerful one of happiness in again beholding their child. She was restored; and this was, to them, the greatest blessing on earth. Long did they remain in a delirium of joy which could admit of no increase. A few unconnected sentences escaped from their lips, but they knew not what they uttered. In vain did they seek for words to express the feelings that overpowered them; by tears and by looks only could they make themselves understood; and their strength, as well as their reason, began to fail under excess of joy.

Smoloff prostrated himself at the feet of Stanislaus and Phedora. "O," he exclaimed, "condescend in this moment of your bliss to regard me also as your child. Hitherto Elizabeth has condescended to distinguish me by the affectionate name of brother; but now, perhaps, she will permit me to aspire to a title still more endearing."

Elizabeth seized a hand of each of her parents; and regarding them with looks of the tenderest affection, she thus spoke: "Without the aid of M. de Smoloff I should not perhaps have been here. It was he who conducted me into the presence of the Emperor, who advocated my cause, who solicited your forgiveness, and who obtained it. It is he who has been so zealously instrumental in restoring you to your rights, and who has reconducted me to the bosom of my beloved parents. O my mother, instruct me how to convince him of my gratitude! teach me, my father, how to requite it!" Phedora, embracing her daughter, answered, "You must convince him of your gratitude by bestowing upon him your love; a love like that which you have seen me bear to your father." Stanislaus, interrupting her, exclaimed in an accent of enthusiasm, "O my Phedora, who can appreciate the gift of a heart like thine! It is above all value. But on such an occasion as this the generosity of Elizabeth cannot be too great." Elizabeth,

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uniting the hand of Smoloff with the hands of her parents, said to him, with a look of fascinating innocence, and with the most modest timidity, "Will you promise me — never to forsake them?" — "O happiness!" he exclaimed, "infinitely beyond my desert. Her parents give her to me, and she consents to be mine." His rapture was such as to deprive him of further utterance; and such was the enthusiasm of his love that, at this moment, he could scarcely imagine there was in the disposal of Heaven a happiness more unmingled, a happiness which could equal that which he now enjoyed. The transports of the mother in again beholding her child; the exultation of the father, who owed to the unprecedented efforts and magnanimity of his daughter the recovery of his liberty, even the inexpressible satisfaction of Elizabeth herself, who had already fulfilled the most sacred of human duties, and who had evinced a virtue unparalleled, did not, in the estimation of Smoloff, appear in any degree comparable to the happiness for which he was indebted to love alone.

Were I to attempt a description of the days that followed, I would represent the fond parents informing their child of all the apprehensions, alarms, and anguish they had experienced during her long absence; I would represent them listening, with the alternate emotions of hope and fear, to the recital she gave of the diversified adventures of her long and perilous journey; I would recount the blessings which her father invoked on all who had been the friends and protectors of his child, and show the tender Phedora exhibiting the lock of hair, sent by Elizabeth, which she wore next her heart, and which enabled her to divert the painful solicitude of many a tedious hour; I would attempt to convey to my readers some idea of their feelings on that day when the exile who brought it presented himself at the door of the cottage, to inform them how greatly he was indebted to the generosity of their daughter; I would endeavor to paint the grief excited by the narrative of her sufferings, and the joy which they felt upon the recital of her virtues; and, finally, I would describe their departure from their rustic habitation and from the land of exile, where they had encountered so many evils, but where they had likewise experienced the greatest happiness, enhanced by the sorrows which had preceded it, and by the tears which its acquisition had cost them; like the sun whose rays are never more vivid and refreshing than when they penetrate the vapors which envelop him, and reflect their bright beams upon the fields and foliage bespangled with dew.

Pure and almost spotless as the angels, Elizabeth was destined to participate on earth a happiness resembling theirs, and like them to live in innocence and love.

Here I shall conclude; for when representations of human happiness are prolonged, they become fatiguing, because they become improbable; and the moment we lose sight of probability the narrative ceases to interest us; for we all know from experience that a perpetuity of bliss is not the lot of humanity; and even language, which is so copious and varied in its expression of sorrow, is poor and inadequate in the delineation of joy, — one day of happiness is sufficient to exhaust them all.

I have described Elizabeth as restored to her parents. By them she is conducted into Poland, the place of her nativity, and reinstated in the exalted rank occupied by her ancestors; by them she is united to the man whom she loves, to the man whom they esteem worthy of her love.

Here, then, let us close the narrative, and leave her completely happy. Were I to add one page more to my story, I should be apprehensive, from my own knowledge of the vicissitudes of human life, of the crosses, the fallacious hopes, and the fugacious as well as chimerical happiness which mark its tenor, that I might have some misfortune to recount; for temporal happiness is never of long duration.

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PICCIOLA.

BY

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE
(CALLED "SAINTINE").

A NEW EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE, the author of this exquisite little romance, was born in Paris, July 10, 1797. From early years devoted to literature, he distinguished himself by winning a prize for a poem from the French Academy shortly after concluding his studies, and, at the age of twenty-three, another, for an essay. The story of *Picciola* was written when our author was forty years old (1837), and gained the Monthyon prize of three thousand francs. There is something so piquant, so pure, so delicate, in the love of the imprisoned count for the little wild weed of the castle yard, such a human interest in his grateful affection for his other preserver, the daughter of his fellow-prisoner, and such an air of historical *vraisemblance* about the whole tale, that one can scarcely wonder at its having run through some twenty or more successive editions in the original French, and having been translated into various languages. It was written at its author's prime, when he was at the height of a brilliant literary career.

Picciola, as well as all of his other romances and miscellaneous writings, was published under the pseudonyme of "SAINTINE"; while the more than two hundred dramatic works which he produced, either by himself or together with other writers, bore the name of "XAVIER" as their author. SAINTINE, however, is the name most widely known, and there are few who do not suppose that to be the real name of this writer.

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DEDICATION.

TO MADAME VIRGINIA ANCELOT.

After reading over my book, I tremble to offer it to you. And yet who could so well appreciate it as yourself?

You do not like voluminous novels nor long dramas. My book is neither a novel nor a drama.

The story which I am going to recount to you, madame, is simple, so simple that perhaps never did pen broach a more limited subject. My heroine is so little a thing! not that I would beforehand, in case of failure, throw the fault upon her. God forbid! If in the work there is little action, the thought is not devoid of dignity; the aim is lofty, and if I have not reached it, it is because my strength is insufficient. I am not indifferent, however, to its success, for I have made it the repository of my most profound convictions; and actuated rather by a sentiment of benevolence than of vanity, I cannot but believe, although it may be rejected and disdained by the crowd of ordinary readers, that for some it may not be without a charm, and for others not without profit.

That it is a record of facts will give it value in your eyes. To its truthfulness I can certify, and offer it to you in compensation for whatever else you may find lacking.

In your memory lives that good and gracious lady who died so few months since, the Countess of Charney, whose countenance, though veiled with sadness, was so striking from the heavenly imprint which it bore.

Her eye, so pure, so gentle, whose passing glance was a caress for those she loved, and whose lingering look caused the heart to dilate with pleasure and turn again irresistibly to seek it once more. This look, ordinarily timid as that of a young girl, you have seen brighten, become animated, burn with ardor, and betray all at once sentiments of strength, energy, and devotion. This look was the woman. This woman was the most incredible mingling of sweetness and strength, of timidity and daring. She was a lioness that a child could quiet with a word; a dove that could feel a thunderbolt without trembling, when her maternal love was called into action.

Such I knew her, and others had known her long before me, when the love that moved the springs of her being was that which she felt first for her father, then for

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her husband. I delight to speak to you of this noble creature. The occasions will be too rare in which I shall be able to do so. But she is not the principal heroine of my story.

In the only visit which you made her at Belleville, which she had fixed upon as her permanent home, — for the tomb of her husband was there (and now hers also), — several things seemed to surprise you. First, the presence of an old white-haired servant, seated by her side at table. You appeared, above all, astonished in hearing this servant, with manners brusque and rude, address with the familiar "thee and thou" the daughter of the Countess, and the young girl, elegant and refined, and beautiful as her mother had been, reply to the old man with deference and respect, even with affection, calling him by the title of godfather; in fact, she was his godchild.

Then perhaps you remember a dried and faded flower enclosed in a rich medallion, and the expression of sadness that overspread the features of the poor widow, when you questioned her about this relic. I believe she even left your question without response. That would have required a long time, and could not be given to an indifferent listener.

That response I am going to give you now.

Honored with the affection of this admirable woman, more than once, sitting between her and her old servant, opposite to this medallion, I have heard from both of them long and detailed narrations on the subject of that faded flower, which have deeply moved me. I have been allowed to keep for a long time the manuscripts of the Count, his correspondence, and his double journal in prison, on linen and on paper. I have not lacked abundant proofs and historic documents.

These narrations I have most carefully treasured in my memory; these manuscripts I have attentively examined; from the correspondence I have extracted precious fragments; from the journal I have drawn my inspiration; and if I succeed in imparting to your soul the sentiment which was stirred in mine by all these *souvenirs* of the captive, I shall have needlessly trembled for the destiny of my book.

Yet one word. I have retained for my hero his title of Count at a time when such titles had ceased to be used. It is because I have always heard him so called both in French and Italian. In my memory his name and title are one, and together they have flowed from my pen.

Expect not then, madame, in this volume, the record of events of great importance, or the adventures of a lover. I have spoken of utility, — but to whom is a love-story useful? In this sweet knowledge practice is worth more than theory, and each one has need of his own experience. That experience each one hastens to acquire for himself, and cares not to find it in books. The old, having become moralists from necessity, cry in vain, "Avoid that rock on which we were once wrecked!" Youth replies, "The sea on which you have sailed we too would brave in our turn, and we demand our right to shipwreck."

There is love in my story, but it is the love of a man for — Shall I tell you? No! Read, and you will know.

X. BONIFACE SAINTINE.

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PICCIOLA.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES VÉRAMONT, Count of Charney, whose name is doubtless not yet wholly forgotten by the learned of our time, and might, if sought, still be found in the records of the imperial police, was endowed by nature with an uncommon capacity for study. Unfortunately, his intellect, under scholastic discipline, had taken a disputatious turn. He was more used to discussion than to observation, and so became rather a learned man than a philosopher. At twenty-five the Count was master of seven languages; but, unlike certain learned polyglots who seem to have given themselves the trouble of acquiring foreign tongues for the express purpose of exhibiting their ignorance and emptiness to foreigners, as well as to their own countrymen, — for one can be a dolt in many languages as easily as in one, — Charney regarded his acquirements as a linguist only as preparation for other and higher studies.

While he possessed this body of servants at the command of his intellect, yet each had his duty, his special business. With his servants, the Germans, he engaged in metaphysics; with the English and Italians, in politics and legislation; with all, in history, which he could investigate to its very origin, thanks to his Hebrew, his Greek, and his Roman servants.

Nor, in devoting himself to these serious studies, did the Count neglect the accessory sciences. But at length, alarmed at the extent of the vast horizon which seemed to expand as he advanced, finding himself stumble at every step in the labyrinth in which he was involved, weary of the fruitless search after truth that was never free from doubt, he came to look upon history as a vast lie, heaped up age after age, and attempted to reconstruct the edifice on a surer foundation. He composed a new historical romance, which the learned derided from envy, and society from ignorance.

Political and legislative science furnished him with more positive groundwork. But here all Europe was calling loudly for reform; and when he tried to point out some of the worst abuses, they seemed so rooted in the social system, so many destinies built up and riveted on false principles, that he was disheartened, feeling neither strength of mind nor insensibility of heart enough to overturn in other nations what the tornado of the Revolution had not entirely uprooted in his own.

Then how many men, with as much intelligence and honesty as he, held theories totally opposed to his own. This thought humbled him more than did the errors of history, and left him in the most painful perplexity.

Metaphysics afforded him a last resource. In that world of ideas an overthrow appears less alarming, for ideas may clash without noise in imaginary space, as a German poet has said. The silent thought has a sounding echo. In the world of metaphysics Charney believed that he would not expose to risk the peace of mind of his fellow-men, but he lost his own.

The farther he advanced in the mysteries of the science, the more deeply he became enveloped in darkness and confusion. Truth, ever flying at his approach, vanished even under his step, and mockingly seemed to flicker before his eyes like a will-o'-the-wisp, which allures only to mislead. He beheld

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it gleaming before him, and it vanished beneath his gaze to reappear where he least expected. Untiring and unyielding, armed with patience, he followed it with stealthy steps, to seize it in its hiding-place, and in a flash it was away; he quickened his pace; at the first step it had fled. He thought at last he held it, — it was under his hand, — in his hand, — it had already slipped through his fingers, dividing and multiplying itself into a thousand delusive particles. Twenty rival truths perplexed the horizon of his mind, — false beacons that set his reason at defiance.

After being tossed about between Bossuet and Spinoza, between atheism and deism, bewildered among spiritualists, sensationalists, animists, ontologists, eclectics, and materialists, he took refuge in universal scepticism, desperately solving all doubts by universal negation.

Having set aside the doctrine of *innate ideas* and the *revelation* of theologians, as well as the opinions of Leibnitz, Locke, and Kant, Count Charney shut himself up in gross pantheism, refusing to believe in one supreme intelligence. The disorder inherent in creation, the perpetual contradictions between ideas and things, the unequal distribution of strength and fortune among mankind, fixed in his mind the conviction that blind matter alone had created all, and alone organized and directed all.

Chance became his God, annihilation the object of his hope. He adopted his new creed with rapture, almost with triumph, as if he had himself created it, thinking himself happy in being freed by a sweeping incredulity from the doubts with which he had been besieged.

The death of a relative placed him in possession of a large fortune. He bade adieu to science, and determined to live for pleasure alone. Since the installation of the consulate, society in France had been reorganized with its former habits of luxury and splendor. In the midst of the clarion of victory, which was heard from all quarters at once, Paris was intoxicated.

Charney entered the world of wealth, the genial and dazzling world, the world of learning, wit, and grace; then, in the midst of this life, at once idle and occupied, in this grand rush for pleasure, he was filled with surprise that he could not think himself happy.

To dance at the sound of music, to look upon the adornment and breathe the perfume exhaled by the beautiful women about him, seemed all that was worthy his attention.

He had sought the companionship of men noted for their learning and good sense; but how weak he found them, ignorant and steeped in error! He could only pity them.

This is one of the disadvantages of proficiency in human science; one no longer finds others at his own level; even those who know as much know it in a different way. From the pinnacle to which one has mounted, those below look small and worthless; for in the hierarchy of intelligence, as in that of power, isolation is born of greatness. To live alone is the chastisement of whoever will raise himself too high.

Our philosopher called to his aid sensual pleasures. In society, which had been so long a stranger to joy and gayety, and was still defiled by the blood-stained orgies of the Revolution, now renewing its life and outstripping at the first bound the ostentatious magnificence of the Regency, he signalized himself by the extravagance of his expenditure and his follies; but all in vain.

He had horses, equipages, an open table; he gave concerts, balls, hunting-parties; but failed to secure Pleasure as his guest. He had friends to flatter him in his triumphs, mistresses to love him in his moments of leisure; and, although he put a high price on all this, he knew neither friendship nor love.

All this parade, all these parodies of a joyous life, had not the power for a moment to cheer his heart or force from him a single smile. He endeavored in vain to allow himself to be blindly caught by the intoxicating allurements of society. The siren Pleasure, half out of the water, strove to charm the man by her beauty and her seductive voice, but the unwise glance of the philosopher plunged also, spite of himself, under the wave, to seek the scaly body and the forked tail of the monster!

Charney could neither be happy through truth nor error. To virtue he was a stranger; to vice, indifferent. He had proved the vanity of knowledge, and the bliss of ignorance was denied him. The doors of that Eden were forever closed behind him. Rea-

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son seemed to him false; pleasure, a liar. The noise of *fêtes* wearied him; solitude and silence were unendurable. In company he was weary of others; alone he was weary of himself. A profound sadness took possession of him.

The demon of philosophical analysis, notwithstanding his efforts to exorcise it, always held dominion over his thoughts, disenchanting what should charm his eye, tarnishing, diminishing, and extinguishing the pleasures and the luxury in which he wished to live. The praises of his friends were to him only the current coin with which they paid for the portion of his fortune which they took from him, and were only signs of their desire to feast at his banquets.

Decomposing everything, reducing everything to its first elements by this same principle of analysis, he became the prey of a singular malady, — a frightful malady, more common than is known, which attacks the proud to humiliate them. He fancied that in the fine cloth of his garments he could detect the tainted odor of the animal from which the wool was shorn; under the silk of his rich hangings he saw crawling the disgusting worm which had spun it; his elegant furniture, carpets, the binding of his books, his trinkets of mother-of-pearl and of ivory, only suggested to him the remains and cast-off garments or dwellings of some animal; death! death! embellished and made productive by the toil of a squalid artisan. Illusion was destroyed, imagination paralyzed. But to him emotion was a necessity. That love which could find no single object upon which to fix itself, he expanded to embrace all mankind. He became a philanthropist.

To be useful to the men that he despised, he gave himself up anew to politics, — not speculative, but active. He caused himself to be initiated into secret societies; he forced himself to feel again the only sort of fanaticism that remains for minds which have lost all illusions. In short, he became a conspirator; and against whom? Against the power of Bonaparte.

May it not have been that this patriotic love, this universal love which seemed to animate him, after all, at bottom, was only hatred for one single man, a man whose glory and success annoyed him?

Charney the aristocrat at last returned to the principle of equality; the proud nobleman from whom had been wrested his title of Count, which he held from his ancestors, did not choose that one should take with impunity that of Emperor, which could be held only from the sword.

It matters not what conspiracy this was. There was no lack of conspiracies at that epoch. I only know that this one was brooding from 1803 to 1804; but it was not suffered to break out. The police, that providence which watched over the destinies of the future empire, discovered it in time. Government decided to make no noise about it, not even to give it the honor of a discharge of muskets on the Plaine de Grenelle, the place of military execution. The heads of the conspiracy were surprised, seized in their own houses, condemned almost without trial, and separately distributed in the prisons, citadels, or fortresses of the ninety-six departments of consular France.

CHAPTER II.

I REMEMBER, when crossing the Alps into Italy, a tourist, travelling on foot, my knapsack on my shoulder, and alpenstock in my hand, stopping to gaze thoughtfully on a torrent near the pass of Rodoretto, swollen by the melting ice of the upper glaciers.

The noise of the waterfall, the foaming cascades throughout its course, the various colors with which the water was tinted, by turns yellow, white, and black, showing that it had forced its channel through beds of marl, lime, and slate; the enormous blocks of granite which it had laid bare but not removed, each forming the centre of another cataract, adding roar to roar, cascade to cascade; entire trees which it had uprooted, lying partly in and partly out of the water, the foliage of one half tossed by the violent wind, the other tortured by the dashing waves; fragments of the banks clothed with verdure converted into islands, which floated on the surface of the torrent, broken in dashing against the trees, as the trees were torn and bruised in passing the blocks of marble and granite; — all this roaring and clashing, all these sights and sounds confined between

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two narrow precipitous banks, held me a long time in agitated thought. This torrent is the Clusone.

Skirting its banks, I came with it into one of four valleys called "Protestant," in memory of the ancient Vaudois, who formerly took refuge there. Here my torrent had no longer its rapid and riotous gait, nor its hundred roaring voices. Flowing now quietly, decently, almost coquettishly, it took upon itself the air of a modest rivulet, as it caressed with its waves the walls of Fenestrella.

It was then that I first saw Fenestrella, celebrated for the forts which crown the two mountains between which the town is placed. These forts, which communicate by a covered way, had been partly dismantled during the wars of the republic. One of them, however, repaired and refortified, had become a prison of state when Piedmont was incorporated into France.

It was in this fortress of Fenestrella that Charles Véramont, Count of Charney, was confined, accused of having plotted to subvert the regular and legal government of his country, to substitute for it a *régime* of disorder and terror.

We see him, then, separated from men of pleasure and men of science, regretting neither; forgetting, without too much bitterness, that hope of political regeneration which for the moment had seemed to reanimate his worn-out heart; bidding an adieu, forced, it is true, but full of resignation, to his fortune, whose pomp had never had the power to dazzle him, and to his friends who wearied him; having for his abode, instead of his spacious and princely mansion, a bare and gloomy chamber, and for his only valet, his jailer.

But what matter to him the gloom and nakedness of his apartment! The necessaries of life he had, and he was weary of its superfluities. His jailer even seemed to him endurable.

His thoughts alone weighed upon him. However, what other diversion remained for him?

All correspondence with the outside world was interdicted. He was not allowed to have either books, pens, or paper. This the discipline of the prison required. In other times this would have been no privation to him, when he was only anxious to escape from the perplexities of science by which he was beset. Now a book would have given him a friend to consult, and more, an adversary to combat. Shut out from the world, he was thrown back upon himself, forced to live with his enemy, — thought.

But how bitter and oppressive is that thought which continually speaks to him of his desperate position! How lifeless and heavy for him, — for him whom Nature had overwhelmed with her gifts, whom Society had surrounded from his birth with her favors and privileges; for him, to-day a captive and miserable; for him who has so much need of protection and aid, and who believes neither in the power of God nor in the pity of men!

He tried again to rid himself of this argumentative demon which alternately froze and scorched him, when, shut up to his reveries, he was a victim to its struggles. Once more he would turn for thought to outward objects, — to the material world. But, ah, how shrunk and narrow the world that met his eyes!

The room occupied by Charney was at the rear of the citadel, in a small building raised on the ruins of an ancient fortification, formerly connected with the defensive works, but which, in the rebuilding of the fort, was rendered useless.

Four walls newly whitewashed, so that they did not even yield him the amusement of recognizing the traces of those who had before been inmates of this place of desolation; a table, at which he could do nothing but eat; one chair, whose singleness seemed ever to remind him that never would any human being sit there beside him; a trunk for his clothing; a little sideboard of painted deal, partly worm-eaten, presented a striking contrast to an elegant dressing-case inlaid with silver, which was placed upon it, the only remnant which was left him of his former luxury; a narrow bed, but clean; a pair of curtains of blue cloth which hung at his window, — a derisive superfluity, a bitter raillery, for the closeness of the bars and the high wall rising but a few feet opposite his window left him little to fear from prying eyes or the importunity of the too ardent rays of the sun. Such was the furnishing of his chamber.

Over this room was another exactly like it,

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but unoccupied; he had no companions in this detached portion of the fortress. The rest of his world was limited to a massive spiral stone stairway which led to a small paved court sunk in one of the ancient moats of the citadel.

In this place, for two hours each day, he took as much exercise and enjoyed as much liberty as the rules prescribed by the commandant permitted. From this court the prisoner could look upon the summit of the mountains and the vapors which rose from the plains; for the ramparts, lower at the east, allowed the air and sun to penetrate. But once more in his chamber a horizon of masonry alone met his eye, in the midst of this sublime and picturesque scenery which surrounded him. At the right rose the enchanting green hills of Saluces; at the left, the last undulations of the valleys of Aosta and the banks of the Chiara; before him were the marvellous plains of Turin; behind him the Alps rising one above another, adorned with rocks, forests, and abysses, from Mount Genevra to Mount Cenis, and he could see nothing, — nothing but a misty sky suspended over his head in a frame of stones, nothing but the pavement of his court and the bars of his prison, nothing but the high wall that faced his window, of which the wearisome uniformity was only broken towards its extremity by a small square window, at which, from time to time, through the bars, he had a glimpse of a sad and frowning face.

And this was the circumscribed world in which he must henceforward seek his diversions and find his joys. The effort taxed all his faculties.

He marked on his walls with a bit of charcoal figures and dates which recalled to him the happy events of his youth. Alas! how small the number of them! He turned from these remembrances with a sinking heart.

Then the fatal demon of scepticism returned with its desolating convictions, which he formed into phrases that he dared to inscribe on the walls, near the names of his mother and his sister.

Determined to triumph over his morbid abstraction and his torpid idleness, he tried to accustom himself to think of things puerile and frivolous; he hastened, of his own free will, to meet that brutishness which must result from a long sojourn in a prison; he plunged into it, he wallowed in it with frenzy.

The philosopher employed himself in ravelling the threads of silk or linen. The scholar made flageolets of straw, constructed vessels, ornamented with flags, from walnut-shells. The man of genius made whistles, carved boxes and openwork baskets from the stones of fruit. The revolutionist made chains and musical instruments from the elastic wire of his braces. For a while he delighted in his works; then disgust took possession of him, and he crushed them all under his feet.

To vary his occupation he carved upon his table a thousand odd designs. Never schoolboy cut his desk, or covered it with arabesques in relief or intaglio, with more patience and skill. The portal of the church of Caudebec, the pulpit of St. Gudule, at Brussels, are not decorated with a greater profusion of carved figures. There were houses on houses, fishes on trees, men taller than the steeples, boats on roofs, carriages on the water, dwarf pyramids, gigantic flies; all this, horizontal, vertical, oblique, topsy-turvy, upside down, a true hieroglyphical chaos in which he forced himself sometimes to seek a symbolical sense, a connection, a design; for he who believed in chance as the moving power of the world might easily hope to find a complete poem in the sculptures on his table, or a design of Raphael in the mottled veins of a piece of boxwood.

He taxed his ingenuity to multiply difficulties to vanquish, problems to solve, enigmas to guess, and *ennui*, formidable enemy, came to surprise him in the midst of these grave employments.

The man whose face he had seen at the window at the extremity of the opposite wall might have furnished him, perhaps, with more real diversion; but this other prisoner seemed to avoid his notice, retiring from the grating as soon as the Count showed any signs of observing him. Charney conceived a hatred for him.

Such was his opinion of human nature, that nothing more was necessary than this avoidance of him to convince him that the unknown was a spy employed to watch his movements even in prison, or some old en-

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emy rejoicing over his misery and humiliation.

On interrogating the jailer, however, he saw that his suspicions were false.

"He is an Italian," said he, "a good fellow, a good Christian, for I often find him at his prayers."

Charney shrugged his shoulders. "And why is he here?" asked he.

"He attempted to assassinate the Emperor."

"Is he, then, a patriot?"

"Patriot? O no! but the poor man had a son and a daughter; now he has only a daughter, — his son is dead in Germany, — poor fellow!"

"It was a paroxysm of selfishness, then," murmured Charney.

"Zounds! you are not a father, Signor Count," replied the jailer. "If my little Antonio, who is still at the breast, had to be weaned for the good of the empire, which is not much older than he — But silence! I do not wish to lodge at Fenestrella without the keys at my girdle or under my pillow."

"And what are now the occupations of this bold conspirator?"

"He catches flies," said the jailer, with a jesting glance.

Charney no longer hated his neighbor; he despised him.

"He is then mad," cried he.

"Why mad, Signor Count? a later comer than he, you have already become a master in the art of carving in wood. Patience!"

Notwithstanding the irony of these last words, Charney resumed his manual labors, and the explanation of his hieroglyphics, — remedies, alas! impotent against the pain with which he was tormented.

In these puerilities, in this weariness, passed all one winter.

Happily for him, a new subject of interest was soon to come to his aid.

CHAPTER III.

One day, at the prescribed hour, Charney was walking in the court-yard, his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs, and to live free and be master of the soil and of space seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, without doubt to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them, when he perceived there, under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive. In the most indifferent objects, and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work underground; perhaps a tunnel, which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore to him life and liberty.

He listened attentively, and fancied he heard a low, rumbling noise under ground; he raised his head, and the tremulous air bore to him the rapid stroke of the tocsin, and the continued roll of drums along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and with a trembling hand wiped from his forehead great drops of sweat.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

This dream was only a flash. Reflection destroyed the illusion. He had no accomplices, and had never had friends. He listened again; the same sounds struck his ear, but gave rise to other thoughts. This stroke of the tocsin and the roll of the drum were only the distant sound of a church-bell that he heard every day at the same hour, and the accustomed call to arms, which need only excite emotion in a few straggling soldiers of the citadel.

Charney smiled bitterly, and looked upon himself with pity, when he thought that some insignificant animal, a mole who had without doubt lost his way, or a field-mouse who had scratched up the earth under his feet, had caused him to believe for an instant in the affection of men and the overthrow of a great empire.

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In order, however, to make his mind quite clear about it, stooping over the little mound, he carefully removed some of the particles of earth, and saw with astonishment that the wild agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation, with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze, laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn, was wafted to him, as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which, perhaps, one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant, so tender, soft, and fragile that a touch might break it, to raise, separate, and throw out that earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed?

He bent over it again, and examined it with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enabled them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

Ah, said he to himself, behold all the secret! It receives from nature this principle of strength, as the young birds, who, before they are born, are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner, thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom.

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly, and, surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly palor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself, — colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. Yes, its leaves, without doubt, thought he, will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be? Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind, indeed, repeated he; I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight, — of what use are they?

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached; the two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves from his reproach; they drew closer together, and enclosed in their bosom, to protect against the cold and the attacks of insects, the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun, and who, thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings which the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained.

This strange colloquy between thought on one side and action on the other, between the man and the plant, was not to end here. Charney had been too long occupied with metaphysical discussions to surrender himself easily to a good reason.

"This is all very well," said he; "here as elsewhere a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favored this feeble creation. It was born armed with a lever to lift the soil and a buckler to protect its head, two conditions necessary to its exist-

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ence ; if it had happened that these had not been fulfilled, the plant must have died, stifled in its germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species, whom Nature has no doubt created, unfinished, imperfect, incapable of preserving and reproducing themselves, and who have had but an hour of life on earth. Who can calculate the number of false and impotent combinations Nature has made, before succeeding in producing one single specimen fitted to endure? A blind man may hit the mark, but how many arrows must he lose before he attains this result. For thousands of ages matter has been triturated by the double movement of attraction and repulsion ; is it then strange that Chance should so many times produce the right combinations? I grant that this envelope can protect these first leaves, but will it grow and enlarge so as to shelter and preserve also the other leaves against the cold and the attacks of their enemies? Next spring, when new foliage will be born as fragile and tender as this, will it be here to protect it again? No! Nothing then has been planned in all this, nothing is the result of intelligent thought, but rather of a happy chance."

Sir Count, Nature has more than one response with which to refute your argument. Have patience, and observe that feeble and isolated production, sent forth and thrown into the court of your prison, perhaps less by a stroke of chance than by the benevolent foresight of Providence. These excrescences, in which you have divined a lever and a shield, had already rendered other services to this feeble plant. After having served it as envelope in the frozen ground through the winter, the right time having arrived, they lent it their nourishing breast, as it were, suckling it when, a simple germ, it had not yet roots with which to seek moisture from the ground, or leaves to breathe the air and the sun. You were right, Sir Count ; these protecting wings which have until now brooded so maternally over the young plant, will not be developed with it ; they will fall, but not till they have accomplished their task, and when their ward will have gained strength sufficient to do without their aid. Do not be anxious about its future ; Nature watches over this as over its sister plants ; and as long as the north-winds, the chilly fogs and snow-flakes, descend from the Alps, the new leaves yet in the bud will find there a safe asylum, a dwelling arranged for them, closed from the air by a cement of gum and rosin, which will expand according to their need, only opening under a favorable sky and atmosphere. They will not come out without a warm covering of fur, a soft cottony down which will defend them from the last frosts or any atmospheric caprices. Did ever mother watch more lovingly over the preservation of her child? Behold, Sir Count, what you might have known long since, if, descending from the abstruse regions of human science, you had deigned to lower your eyes to examine the simple works of God. The farther north your steps had turned, the more these common marvels would have manifested themselves to you. Where the danger is greater, there the cares of Providence are redoubled.

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had ever an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which, thanks to them, kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived ; she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilet of green, and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew, and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came, and by a new manœuvre, the leaves rising along the stem, shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their underside to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles, — in their union was their strength ; this time the plant had come forth from the combat, not without some slight mutilations,

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but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is Chance then intelligent?" said Charney; "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

One day, after he had contemplated it for a long time, he was surprised to find that he had been lost in thought, that his reveries had an unaccustomed tenderness, and that his happy thoughts continued during his walk in the court. Raising his head, he saw at the barred window of the great wall the "catcher of flies," who seemed to be observing him. At first he blushed, as if the man could read his thoughts, but then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. Had he the right to do so? Was not his mind also absorbed in the contemplation of one of the lowest ranks of creation?

"Who knows," said he, "but this Italian may have discovered in a fly as much worthy of study as I in my plant?"

On returning to his chamber, that which first struck his eye was this maxim of the fatalist, inscribed by him upon the wall two months before: —

Chance is blind, and is the sole author of creation.

He took a bit of charcoal, and wrote underneath, PERHAPS!

CHAPTER IV.

CHARNEY wrote no more upon his wall, and cut upon his table only growing stems protected by their cotyledons, only leaves with their serrated edges and salient veins. He passed the greater part of his hours for exercise before his plant, examining and studying its development; and when again in his chamber, he would often, through the window-bars, still gaze upon it.

It is now the favorite occupation, the plaything, the whim, of the prisoner. Will he tire of it as he has of others?

One morning from his window he saw the jailer, in rapidly crossing the court, pass so near to his plant that it seemed in danger of being crushed by his foot. For the moment he shuddered with fear. When Ludovic came to bring him his pittance for breakfast he determined to petition him to spare the only ornament of his walk; but he found it difficult to put in form a request so simple. Perhaps the discipline of the prison required that the court should be cleared of all vegetation. It was then a favor that he would ask, and he possessed little with which to repay it. This Ludovic had already heavily taxed him, in extorting from him as much as possible, in payment for the articles that the jailer reserves the right of furnishing to the prisoners. Besides, Charney had rarely spoken to the man, whose brusque manners and sordid character repelled him. Without doubt, he would find him little disposed to be agreeable to him. His pride made him shrink from appearing by his tastes to be on the same level with the fly-catcher, for whom he had so plainly shown his contempt. Then, after all, his request might be refused; for the inferior whose position gives him for the moment the right to grant or deny a favor, almost always uses his power with harshness, not knowing that indulgence belongs to strength.

A refusal would profoundly wound the pride and the hopes of the prisoner. It was, then, only after a host of oratorical precautions, and strengthening himself with all his philosophical knowledge of human weakness, that Charney broached his discourse, previously logically arranged, to gain his object without compromising his *amour propre*, or rather his vanity.

He commenced by addressing the jailer in Italian, thus awakening the *souvenirs* of childhood and nationality. He spoke to him of his son, his little Antonio. He knew how to touch the sensitive chord of his heart, and so force him to listen. Then he took from his elegant dressing-case a small silver-gilt goblet, and desired him to present it as his gift to his child. Ludovic smiled, but refused it.

Charney, though somewhat abashed, would not consider himself defeated. He insisted by an adroit transition, saying, "I know that a toy or rattle or flower would be a more suitable gift for the child, but you can sell the cup, my good man, and with the price purchase these for him. *Apropos* of

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flowers," said he, — and behold him fairly launched into his subject.

Thus the great springs of human action — love of country, paternal love, personal interest — were all brought to bear upon the accomplishment of his object. Could more have been done if his own fate had been at stake? Judge, then, whether he already loved his plant!

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, when he had ceased to speak, "keep your goblet, lest the other bijoux in the case should miss it; you forget that my little boy, but three months old, has no need of a goblet to drink from; as to your gillyflower —"

"What! a gillyflower! Is it a gillyflower?" cried Charney, foolishly disappointed to have set his heart upon so common a flower.

"I am sure I do not know, Signor Count; to my eyes all plants are more or less gillyflowers. But since the preservation of this one is the matter in question, you are a little late in recommending it to my tender mercies. I should long ago have crushed it without any intention of hurting either you or it, if I had not noticed your tender interest in the pretty thing."

"O, that interest," said Charney, somewhat confused, "is a very simple thing."

"Tut, tut, tut, I understand that," replied Ludovic, with a wink of the eye; "occupation is a necessity to man; he must attach himself to something, and prisoners have but few objects from which to make their choice. Among our inmates here, Signor Count, are those who were once, without doubt, grand personages, and learned men (for they do not bring the small fry here). Now they amuse and occupy themselves with the most trivial things. One catches flies; there is no harm in that. Another," added he, with a wink of the eye more significant than the first, "cuts and hacks with his penknife the deal table, without considering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

The Count would have spoken, but Ludovic gave him no opportunity. "Some," said he, "raise canary-birds and goldfinches, and others, white mice. I respect their fancies to that degree, that I have given away a superb white Angora cat, which was the pet of my wife and myself, lest this small game should prove too strong a temptation for it; and all the cats in the world are not worth a captive's mouse."

"You are very good, Monsieur Ludovic," said Charney, annoyed that any one should suppose that his tastes could descend to such puerilities; "but that plant is to me more than a diversion."

"What matter! if it only reminds you of the tree under which your mother rocked you in your infancy, *per Bacco*, it may shade half the court-yard. My orders say nothing about it, so I will shut my eyes to it. Were it to become a tree, and aid you to scale the wall, that would be another thing; but we have time enough to think of that," said he, with a coarse laugh; "not that I do not wish you, with all my heart, the enjoyment of liberty and the free air, but it must come at the right time, according to rule, and with the permission of the authorities; if you should attempt to escape from the citadel —"

"What would you do?"

"What would I do? Bar your passage, though you killed me; or order the sentinel to fire on you, with no more pity than if you were a rabbit, — that is the order; but touch one of the leaves of your gillyflower, no, no! Put my foot upon it, never! I have always regarded as a consummate rascal, and unworthy to be a jailer, the man who would maliciously crush the spider of a poor prisoner; it is an ugly action, yes, — it is a crime."

Charney was at once surprised and touched to find so much sensibility in his guardian; and as his respect for him increased, his vanity was all the more determined to account by some sufficient reasons for his interest in the plant.

"My good fellow," said he, "I thank you for your good-will; I acknowledge that this plant is for me the source of a multitude of philosophical observations, full of interest. I delight to study its physiological phenomena." And as he saw by the jailer's expression that he listened without understanding, he added, "Besides, the species to which it belongs possesses medicinal virtues particularly useful in a disease to which I am subject."

He lied; but it would have cost him too much to allow the man who had just begun to rise in his esteem to think that he too had descended to the whimsical puerilities of the

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prison, — the only man who approached him, and who for him represented the whole human race.

"If your plant, Signor Count, has rendered you such service," replied Ludovic, as he prepared to leave the room, "you ought to show your gratitude to it by watering it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, in bringing water to you, to moisten it from time to time, the poor *picciola* would have died of thirst. Adieu, Sir Count."

"One instant, my good Ludovic," cried Charney, more and more surprised to find such delicate instincts enclosed in so rough an exterior, and repenting that he had until now so wronged him. "What! you interest yourself thus in my pleasures, and yet are so silent before me. I pray you accept this little present as a souvenir of my gratitude. If hereafter I can more fully acquit myself to you, count upon me."

And he again presented him the goblet. This time Ludovic took it, and while examining it with a sort of curiosity, said, "Acquit yourself of what, Signor Count? Plants ask nothing but water, and one can give them a drink without ruining one's self at the inn. If this one diverts you a little from your troubles, if it produces something of use to you, enough is said."

And he went at once and replaced the goblet in its case.

The Count stepped towards Ludovic and offered him his hand.

"O no, no!" said he, drawing back with a constrained but respectful air; "one only gives his hand to his equal or his friend."

"Well, Ludovic, be my friend."

"No, no!" said the jailer, "that cannot be, *Excellenza*. It is necessary to foresee all, that one may be able to fulfil his duties conscientiously to-morrow as well as to-day. If you were my friend and tried to give us the slip, should I have courage to cry to the sentinel, 'Fire!' No, I am your guardian, your jailer, your most devoted servant."

CHAPTER V.

After the departure of Ludovic, Charney reflected, and thought how, notwithstanding all his personal advantages, in all the relation between them, he had shown himself inferior to this man. To what miserable subterfuges had he resorted to surprise the heart of this simple and kindly being! he had not even hesitated to descend to a falsehood.

How thankful he was to him for the secret cares lavished upon his plant! What! this jailer, supposed capable of a refusal, when only the refraining from an unkind action was in question, had anticipated his wishes; he had been a spy upon him, not to sneer at his weakness, but to favor his pleasures. His disinterestedness forced the proud Count to acknowledge himself his debtor!

The hour for his exercise having arrived, he does not forget to share with his plant the portion of water which is allowed him. Not content with watering it, he takes care to free it from the dust which tarnishes its leaves, and the insects which attack it.

While thus occupying himself he thinks of Ludovic, and desires to know him better, to seek an explanation of the singular contrasts which the character of this man present, at the same time rude and good-natured, pitiless and tender-hearted, niggardly and disinterested.

He who had formerly been so much occupied with the study of the fall of old empires, the migration of races, the exploits and conquests of Cyrus, Alexander, and Gengis-Khan, asked nothing more of the great history of the world than the history of his jailer. By means of questions, suppositions, and logical deductions, this is what he learned from Ludovic himself.

Ludovic Ritti, a Piedmontese, was born at Nice, a compatriot and contemporary of Masséna. They were both children of the same quarter of the town, comrades in school, and out of school next-door neighbors.

Yet from their earliest youth, in accordance with their different natures, if they played *horse*, Ludovic was the horse and Masséna the driver; if they were to take the fruit from a neighbor's orchard, Ludovic served as the ladder by which Masséna climbed the wall, and the climber knew very well how to reserve for himself the lion's share; if they went poaching in the woods, Ludovic beat the bushes, while Masséna was the hunter.

Thus the two companions had grown up together, had been vagabonds together; then together they had enlisted as soldiers in the

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service of the Republic, and together they had taken their letters of naturalization, — not in the ordinary manner, by declaring themselves French, but in aiding the conquest which declared France their own country.

At this epoch, it is true, Masséna wore already the badge of *general of division*, while Ludovic still preserved his first woollen epaulettes : one had been born to dominion and command, the other to obedience.

Yes, obedience, passive, blind, complete, was in Ludovic a second nature, an instinctive necessity. He was a simple machine of war, moving only by the will of another. The orders of his superior officer seemed to him like the orders of God himself ; his motions were so entirely regulated by orders that in the height of the battle, even with the pistol of an enemy at his breast, he would have remained with his sabre in the air, without striking, if a signal had announced to him the end of hostilities.

Although brave, very brave, Ludovic had never allowed himself to be carried away by his ardor, and would never have broken the ranks by a foot's length. If he had not signalized himself by any striking action during his campaigns, it was because he had not received the order to do so.

If, in place of his ration of brandy, his sergeant had offered him a glass of ink to drink, saying, "It is the order," he would have swallowed it without a frown.

In the terrible year '95, in the midst of the snows of the Alps, when he and his companions marched with bare feet and empty stomachs, Ludovic quietly said, "It is the order !"

Wounded at Marengo, slightly lamed by a ball which lodged in the flesh of his thigh, Ludovic was forced to retire from the service.

Great, then, was his embarrassment. He had only gained, during his campaigns and his sojourn in Germany, Italy, and various parts of France, a marvellous facility in swearing in four or five different idioms.

Again at Nice, his native place, condemned to a sedentary life, abandoned to himself, with no impetus from without, he knew not how to arrange his movements, or what rule to impose upon his conduct.

He had no other diversion, no other pleasure, no other happiness, but to see the parade of the garrison and to march with limping step after the guard.

He went to bed every night at the beat of the tattoo ; but for his awaking, for his repasts, the drum no longer sounded for him ; for the ordinary acts of life there was no one to cry to him, "Right ! Left ! Forward !" What should he do with an existence that he must direct himself, and of which he must give himself all the trouble ? Obedience is so sweet to inactive minds ! And the habit of obedience makes it a necessity.

In order to escape from this perplexing situation, Ludovic took a grand resolution.

He married.

Into his domestic economy he carried the same passive obedience that had distinguished him in the army. As if all happiness was to come to him at the same time, the office of jailer at Fenestrella, just then becoming vacant, was given to him through the influence of his old comrade Masséna. He had then two superior officers in place of one, — his wife and his commandant.

His wife, younger than himself, passed, notwithstanding an enormous *goître*, for a tolerably good-looking girl when he married her ; but being of a crabbed disposition and sordidly avaricious, she had forced Ludovic, who was naturally disinterested, to overcharge the prisoners on all the articles which the jailer was allowed to furnish them. But beyond that, notwithstanding the wishes of his wife, he would not accept from them the slightest gift. This refusal could only happen in the interior of the prison, away from his wife's cognizance ; that was his own affair ; besides, it was the order.

There were, then, three distinct shades of character impressed upon Ludovic, — by his commandant, his wife, and his own instincts. Unsparing when the discipline of the citadel was in question, *voilà* his commandant ; avaricious with the prisoners, *voilà* his wife ; but good, sensible, generous, compassionate, when the commandant or the good woman of the house did not breathe upon his heart to make it hard or avaricious, *voilà* himself.

If a more complete portrait of Ludovic Ritti is desired, he was forty years of age, his complexion dark, his beard thick, his shoulders broad, his frame strong, and of middle height.

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Picture him to yourself crossing, with a somewhat uncertain step, the courts of the citadel, smoking a short black pipe, letting slip frequently an oath, French, Provençal, Italian, or German, slightly winking his eye when he wished to give himself a malicious air, quickly brightening at the mention of the name of his son Antonio, or at the thought of a good action, and you know as much of him as Charney himself could learn.

One day soon after, at the appointed hour, Charney was at his post near his plant, when he saw a heavy black cloud obscuring the sun, hanging like a gray, floating dome over the towers of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain began to fall; he started to go quickly under shelter, when hailstones, mingled with the rain, pattered on the pavement of the court. *La povera*, whirled and twisted by the storm, seemed on the point of being uprooted from the earth; her wet leaves, fretting one against the other, trembling with the tossing of the wind, uttered, as it were, plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney paused. He remembered the reproaches of Ludovic, and looked eagerly around for some object with which to protect his plant; he found nothing; the hailstones became larger and fell more quickly, and threatened its destruction. He trembled for her, for her whom he had seen so lately resist so well the violence of the wind and the hail; but now he loved his plant too well to suffer it to run any risk of injury for the sake of getting the better of it in an argument.

Taking, then, a resolution worthy of a lover, worthy of a father, he drew near, he placed himself before his *protégée*, and interposed himself as a wall between her and the wind; he bent over her, serving as a shield against the shock of the hail; and there, motionless, panting from his struggles with the storm, from which he sheltered her, protecting her with his hands, with his body, with his head, with his love, he waited till the cloud had passed.

The storm was over. But might not a similar danger menace it when he, its protector, was held from it by bolts and bars. Moreover the wife of Ludovic, followed by a large dog, sometimes came into the court. This dog in his gambols might, with one snap of his mouth or a stroke of his paw, destroy the darling of the philosopher. Charney spent the rest of the day in meditating upon a plan, and the next day prepared to put it in execution.

The small portion of wood allowed him was scarcely enough for his comfort in this climate, where the evenings and mornings are so chilly. What matter? Has he not the warmth of his bed? he can retire earlier and rise later. In this way, sparing his wood, he soon amassed enough for his purpose. When Ludovic questioned him about it, he said, "It is to build a palace for my mistress." The jailer winked his eye, as if he understood; but he did not.

During this time Charney split, shaped, and pointed his sticks, laid together the most supple branches, preserved carefully the flexible osier which was used to tie together his daily bundle of fagots. Then he found the lining to his trunk to be of a coarse, loosely woven fabric, which he detached, and from it drew the coarsest and strongest threads. His materials thus prepared, he set himself bravely to work as soon as the laws of the jail and the scrupulous exactness of the jailer would allow.

Around his plant, between the pavement of the court, he carefully inserted sticks of various sizes, making them firm at their base by a cement composed of earth, gathered bit by bit here and there in the interstices between the stones, and of plaster, and saltpetre purloined from the old moat of the castle. The principal framework thus arranged, he interlaced it with light twigs, thus making a sort of hurdle, capable, in case of need, of protecting *la povera* from any blow, or the approach of the dog.

He was greatly encouraged during his work to find that Ludovic, who at the commencement, shaking his head with a low grumbling sound of evil augury, had seemed uncertain whether to allow him to continue his work, had now decided in his favor; and sometimes, while quietly smoking his pipe, leaning against the door at the entrance of the court, he would smilingly watch the inexperienced worker; occasionally taking his pipe from his mouth to give him some counsel, which Charney did not always know how to profit by.

But, inexpert as he was, his work pro-

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CHARNEY PROTECTS PICCIOLA.

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gressed. In order to complete it, he impoverished himself, by robbing his scanty bed of straw with which to make a sort of matting to use when needed for the protection of his tender plant from the sharp gusts of Alpine wind which threatened it on one side, or the midday rays of the sun reflected from the granite.

One evening the wind blew violently. Charney from his window saw the court strewed with bits of straw and little twigs. The matting of straw and the twigs had not been firmly enough bound to resist the wind. He promised himself to repair the misfortune the next day; but the next day when he descended it was all rebuilt. A hand more skilful than his had firmly interlaced the straw and the branches, and he knew well who to thank in his heart.

Thus, against all peril, thanks to him, thanks to *them*, the plant was sheltered by rampart and roof; and Charney became more and more warmly attached to it, watching with delight its growth and development, as it unceasingly opened to him new marvels for admiration.

Time gave firmness and solidity to the plant; the covering of the stem, at first so delicate, gave, from day to day, assurance of increasing fitness to endure, and the happy possessor of the plant was seized with a curious and impatient desire to see it blossom.

At last, then, he desired something, — this man of a worn-out heart and frozen brain; this man, so priding himself in his intellect, stoops from the proud heights of science to be absorbed in the contemplation of an herb of the field.

But do not hasten to accuse him of puerile weakness or of lunacy. The celebrated Quaker, John Bertram, after having passed long hours in examining the structure of a violet, determined to devote the powers of his mind to the study of the vegetable wonders of nature, and so gained a place among the masters of science.

If a philosopher of India became mad in seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive plant, perhaps Charney, on the contrary, will learn from his plant true wisdom. Has he not already found in it the charm which has the power to dissipate his *ennui* and enlarge his prison?

"O the flower! the flower!" said he; "that flower whose beauty will expand only for my eyes, whose perfume will exhale for me alone, what form will it take? What shades will color its petals? Without doubt it will offer me new problems to solve, and throw a last challenge to my reason. Well! let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at all points; I will not shrink from the contest. Perhaps only then shall I be able to comprehend, in her completeness, that secret which her imperfect formation has thus far hidden from me. But wilt thou flower, — wilt thou show thyself to me one day in all the glory of thy beauty and its adornment, Picciola?"

Picciola! that is the name by which he called her, when, in the necessity of hearing a human voice, he conversed aloud with the companion of his captivity, while lavishing upon her his cares. *Povera Picciola!* (poor little one) such had been the exclamation of Ludovic, moved with pity for the poor little thing, when it had nearly died for want of water. Charney remembered it.

"Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?" repeated he, while carefully opening the leaves at the extremities of the stems, to see if there was any promise of blossom. And this name, Picciola, was very pleasant to his ear, for it brought to his mind at once the two beings who peopled his world, — his plant and his jailer.

One morning, when, at the hour of his daily promenade, he interrogated Picciola, leaf by leaf, his eyes were suddenly arrested by something peculiar in its appearance; his heart beat violently, he laid his hand upon it, and the blood suffused his face. It was a long time since he had experienced so keen an emotion. That which he saw was at the end of the main stem, a new excrescence, green, silky, of a spherical form, covered with delicate scales placed one upon the other, like the slates upon the rounded dome of a kiosk.

He cannot doubt, — it is the bud, — the flower will soon be here.

CHAPTER VI.

The fly-catcher, who often came to his window, seemed to take pleasure in watching the Count, so busy about his plant. He had

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seen him mix and prepare his mortar, braid his mats, tie his osiers, and at last erect his palisades, and, prisoner like him, and for a yet longer time, he could easily sympathize in thought with the entire preoccupation of the philosopher.

And now, at that same barred window, another face, fresh and smiling, appears. It is the face of a woman, — a young girl, with an air at the same time timid and lively; the carriage of her head and the sparkle of her eyes showed that her vivacity was only tempered by her modesty; her glance, full of soul and expression, was partly veiled by her long, drooping lashes. Standing in the shadow of the heavy grating, her head bent in an attitude of revery, her fair hand leaning upon the bars for support, one might easily take her for a personification of captivity. But when she raises her brow and the light falls upon it, the harmony and serenity of her features, and the richness and freshness of her complexion, give assurance that she has been nurtured in liberty of action and in the free air, and not under bolt and bar.

Is she, then, one of those angels of charity who visit those who are sick and in prison? No; filial love has, until now, wholly filled her heart; it is from that love that she has drawn her strength and even her beauty. Daughter of Girhardi, the Italian, the catcher of flies, she had left the fêtes and gay promenades of Turin, to take up her residence in the little town of Fenestrella; not, at first, that she might see her father, for that permission was not granted her, but that she might breathe the same air with him, and be near him, while thinking of him. Now she has obtained, by persistent entreaties, liberty to visit him from time to time, and that is the reason that she is joyous, animated, and beautiful.

Curiosity has led her to the window which looks upon the court; a sentiment of interest holds her there, notwithstanding she fears to be noticed by the prisoner. Let her be reassured; Charney will not see her; at this moment Picciola and her incipient bud wholly absorb his attention.

The following week, when the young girl came again to visit her father, as she went towards the window to look at the other prisoner, Girhardi said, "For three days he has not been near his plant; the poor man must be very ill."

"Ill!" said she, with emotion.

"I have seen physicians crossing the court, and from what Ludovic tells me, they seem to agree only on one point, — that he may die."

"Die!" exclaimed the young girl, with dilated eye, and terror rather than pity expressed in her face. "O the unfortunate man! how I pity him!" Then, fixing upon her father a look of solicitude and anguish, "Then one can die here; or, rather, can one live? It is, without doubt, the confinement of the prison and the pestilential air that rises from the old moats that have caused his illness," cried she, clasping the old man in her arms; for while speaking of Charney she thought only of her father.

Girhardi strove to console her, while she covered his hand with tears.

At this moment Ludovic entered. He brought to the "catcher of flies" a new capture which he had made for him. It was a golden-winged beetle, which he presented with a triumphant air. Girhardi smiled, thanked him, and, when unobserved by Ludovic, gave the insect its liberty; it was the twentieth individual of the same species that Ludovic had brought him within a few days.

He profited by the opportune entrance of Ludovic to inquire after Charney.

"By my patron saint!" said Ludovic, "I do not forget him any more than the others, and until God shall take him into his own keeping, he is my care; so I have just been watering his plant."

"Ah, but of what use is that if he will never see it flower?" sadly asked the young girl.

"Ah! young lady," said Ludovic. Then he added with his customary wink of the eye, emphasizing his words with a motion of his raised forefinger, "Our seigneurs, the physicians, think that the poor man is on his back forever; but I, the seigneur jailer, do not believe it; I have my secret."

And turning on his heel he went out, after having tried to put on his rough voice and his stern face to notify the young girl that only twenty-two minutes remained of the time allotted for her visit. In exactly twenty-two minutes he returned and executed the order.

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The illness of Charney was only too real. One evening, on re-entering his room after having paid his visit to Picciola and bestowed upon her his daily care, he was attacked by a slight faintness. His head heavy and his limbs trembling, he threw himself upon his bed, disdaining to call any one to his aid, and trusting to sleep to cure him.

But instead of sleep came pain; and the next day, when the Count wished to rise, a stronger power than his will nailed him to his pallet. He closed his eyes, and resigned himself to his weakness.

In the face of danger the calm of the philosopher and the pride of the conspirator returned. He would have thought himself dishonored by a murmur or a complaint, or an appeal for aid to those who had caused his sequestration from the world. He simply gave some directions to Ludovic, with regard to the care of his plant in case he should be indefinitely kept a prisoner in his bed, — in this double incarceration which came to aggravate his original captivity. Physicians were called in, and he refused to answer their questions. It seemed to him that, his life being no longer his own, he was no more responsible for its preservation than for the administration of his confiscated property, and that it belonged to those who had appropriated all to watch over all.

At first the physicians insisted upon an answer; but finding him persistently silent, they determined in future only to interrogate his disease.

The symptoms of the disease replied to each one with diverse meaning, for each of them held to a different system. In the dilation of the pupil and the purple hue of his lips, one saw certain symptoms of a putrid fever; the other, of inflammation of the bowels; and the last (for there were three of them) decided that it was a case of apoplexy or paralysis, from the color of the neck and temples, the coldness of the extremities, the rigidity of the features, and declared that the silence of the patient was only to be attributed to the commencement of congestion of the brain.

Twice the colonel in command of the citadel came to visit the prisoner in his chamber. The first time he asked him if he had any request to make; he even offered to change his lodging if he thought that the situation was the cause of his illness. The Count only replied by a negative sign.

The second time he came accompanied by a priest. Charney, given over by the physicians, it was the duty of the commandant to prepare the prisoner to receive the last offices of religion.

If in the offices of the Church there is one function more august and sacred than another, it is that of the priest of prisons, — this priest the only spectator whose presence sanctifies the scaffold; and yet the scepticism of our age has not feared to make him the object of its bitter railleries. "Steeled by habit," they say, "these men are no longer capable of emotion, they cannot weep with the guilty, and in their exhortations and their consolations, incessantly expressing the same thoughts, professional routine destroys inspiration."

What matter if the phrases are the same? Does the same man listen to them twice? A professional routine, do you say? But this profession — they have chosen it — they endure it. They, with hearts pure and virtuous, choose to live among hardened spirits, who reply perhaps to their words of peace and hope and brotherly kindness by words of insult and contempt. They might, as well as you, have lived in the enjoyments and luxuries of this world; they bring themselves in contact with rags, and breathe the humid and infected air of dungeons. Born, also, with sensitive hearts, and with that horror of blood and of death which belongs to human nature, they voluntarily condemn themselves to see, a hundred times in their lives, rise and fall the bloody knife of the guillotine. Are these, then, voluptuaries, and dare we so freely censure them?

In place of this man of sorrows, devoted beforehand and forever to functions so trying, — in the place of this man who has voluntarily made himself the companion of the executioner, bring a new priest for each new criminal.

Yes, without doubt his emotions will be more excited, he will weep more, but he will console less. His words, if indeed he is able to speak, will be broken with sobs. Will he be master of himself and of his thoughts? Will not his too keen emotion render him incapable of fulfilling his duty, and will the sight of his weakness give the culprit strength

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courageously to give his life to society in expiation of his crime?

If the fortitude of the new consoler is such that on the first trial he shows neither emotion nor weakness, you may be sure that he is a thousand times more insensible by nature than the other by habit.

Do you, then, wish to abolish this office of priest of prisons? Ah, take not their last friend from those who are condemned to die! In mounting the scaffold let the repentant culprit have a cross before his eyes, that so he may not see the fatal axe; or, at least, let his last look show him, by the side of the minister of man's justice the minister of God's mercy!

Thank Heaven, the priest called to the bedside of Charney, one truly worthy of his name, had not such painful duties to perform. A man of enlarged mind, he comprehended, from the silence and immobility of the sick man, and still more from the desolating inscriptions that he read upon the walls, how little he had to hope from this proud spirit.

He passed the night in prayer at his bedside, only interrupting his pious office to aid Ludovic in the cares which he lavished upon the sufferer, awaiting with patience a favorable moment when he could lighten, with a ray of hope, these profound shadows of incredulity.

During this critical night the blood, determining to the brain, caused a violent delirium, so that for more than an hour it required the united efforts of the priest and the jailer to prevent the patient from throwing himself out of bed. And while he struggled in their arms, in the midst of a crowd of incoherent words, of sentences without connection, of wild apostrophes, the words, "Picciola! poor Picciola!" were uttered again and again by Charney.

"I must go! I must go! the moment has come!" murmured Ludovic, "yes, it has come," repeated he, with impatience; "but how can I leave the chaplain alone to struggle with this madman! And perhaps in an hour it will be too late! O Holy Virgin! I believe that he is becoming calmer, — yes, he closes his eyes, his arms drop. If, on my return, he is not dead, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

In fact, the delirium of the patient had subsided; Ludovic charged the priest to watch over him, and quickly disappeared from the chamber.

In that chamber, dimly lighted by the feeble glimmer of a flickering lamp, no sound was heard but the irregular respiration of the dying man, the murmured prayers of the priest, and the whistling of the wind from the Alps between the prison-bars. Twice only the sound of a human voice mingled with these monotonous sounds. It was the *Qui vive?* of the sentinel when Ludovic passed and repassed the postern in entering his lodge and returning to the room of the sick man.

Scarcely a half-hour had passed when he re-entered, carrying in his hand a cup of steaming liquid.

"I came near killing my dog," said he, as he came in. "He commenced howling, which is an evil omen. But how is he? has he made any sign? But at any rate I have here that which will quiet him. I have just tasted it, — it is bitter enough, — pardon, father, but taste it yourself."

The priest gently put aside the offered cup.

"Well, after all, it is not for us; a pint of muscatel, with plenty of slices of lemon, would be better suited to sustain us during the chilly night; is it not so, signor chaplain? But this is for him, for him only. He must drink it, — he must drink every drop of it, — that is the prescription."

And as he spoke he poured the liquid from one cup to another, blowing it to cool it, and when he thought it at the proper temperature, he forced Charney to swallow it, while the priest supported his head. Then, covering him closely, "We shall soon see the effect," said he, "and, at any rate, I don't stir from here until the thing is settled. All my birds are caged, and will not fly away. What do you say, signor chaplain?" — "I ask pardon, father," said he, in answer to an almost imperceptible gesture of reprimand from his more discreet companion. And Ludovic stationed himself, silent and immovable, by the side of the bed, his eyes fixed upon the dying man, holding his breath in his anxious watching for the coming event.

Not perceiving any effect, he repeated the dose, and again watched in silence. Still perceiving no change in the condition of the

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patient, he began to be alarmed lest by his imprudence he had hastened his death. He paced the room, stamping his foot, snapping his fingers, and menacing with clenched fist the cup which had contained the liquid.

Suddenly he stopped to gaze upon the pale and rigid face of Charney. "I have killed him," said he, with a frightful oath, a mixture of French, Italian, and Provençal.

At the sound of such language the priest raised his head, but Ludovic, paying no attention to his silent reproof, continued to walk, to stamp his feet, to swear, to snap his fingers again and again; then at last, worn out with action and emotion, he sank on his knees beside the priest, murmuring his *mea culpa*, and fell asleep in the midst of a prayer.

At dawn of day he still slept, — the chaplain still prayed. A burning hand placed on the head of Ludovic caused him to start from sleep.

"Something to drink," said the sick man.

At the sound of this voice, which he had feared never to hear again, Ludovic opened wide his eyes, and gazed with stupefaction upon Charney, whose face was moist, and his body in a bath of perspiration. Whether nature, aided by the vigorous temperament of the prisoner, had brought about a salutary crisis, or the double dose administered by Ludovic was gifted with a sudorific power, this profuse perspiration seemed to have at once restored the sick man to life and reason. He gave orders himself as to the means to be used for his restoration. Then, turning to the priest, who still knelt humbly at the bedside, —

"I am not dead yet, sir, you see," said he. "If I recover, as I hope that I shall, I beg you to say for me to my trio of doctors, that it is not to them that I render thanks, and that they may spare me their visits and their science, senseless and lying, like all others. I understood enough of their discourse to know that to a happy chance alone am I indebted for my recovery."

"Chance," murmured the chaplain, his eyes fixed upon the sentence inscribed upon the wall; "chance is blind, and the sole author of creation." Then, pronouncing solemnly the last word that Charney himself had added, —

"Perhaps!" said he, and went out.

CHAPTER VII.

In the intoxication of delight, Ludovic seemed plunged in a stupor of ecstasy upon hearing the Count speak; not that he paid the least attention to the meaning of his words, — that was of no consequence, — but his dying man spoke, put together ideas, lived! This was the cause of his emotion, and of his overflowing satisfaction and pride. After several moments of silent wonder he exclaimed, "*Vivat! vivat!* what a wonder! He is saved! thanks to whom?" And he waved in the air the empty earthen cup, kissing it, and addressing to it the most tender words in his vocabulary.

"Thanks to whom?" said the prisoner; "thanks to your good care, my honest Ludovic, perhaps. But if I am really cured the doctors will none the less attribute it to their prescriptions and the priest to his prayers."

"Neither they nor I shall have the glory of it," replied Ludovic, more and more excited. "As to the chaplain, — who knows? his prayers could only do good; but the other, the other!"

"Who, then, is this savior, this unknown protector?" said Charney, with a sort of indifference, for he thought that Ludovic attributed his cure to some saint.

"It is not a protector," said he, "but a protectress."

"Ah, you mean the Madonna?"

"No, it is not the Madonna, Signor Count. She who has saved you from death is first and before all, the Signora Picciola! the Signorina Picciolina! Piccioletta! my goddaughter. — yes, my goddaughter, for it is I who first gave her her name, — her name of Picciola! Have you not said so? Is she not then my godchild? and am I not her godfather? and proud I am of it, *per Bacco!*"

"Picciola!" cried the Count, starting up and resting his elbow on his pillow, a look of most lively interest reanimating his countenance. "Explain, my good Ludovic, explain yourself."

"You may affect astonishment," replied he, with a wink of his eye, "as if it was the first time she had rendered you this service. When you are attacked by this disease to which you are subject, is it not always with this plant that you are cured? You told me

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so, and, thank God, I remembered it; for it seems that Picciola had more knowledge of the case in one of her leaves than all the square-capped doctors of Montpellier and of Paris combined. Yes, my little goddaughter in this affair would have defied a whole regiment of doctors, — four battalions, four hundred men in each! In proof of it, your three ignoramuses gave way, in beating a retreat, throwing the blanket over your face as if you were a dead man; while Picciola, — ah, the brave little plant! may God preserve her seed! (as for me, I shall take care not to forget the receipt, and if ever my little Antonio falls ill, he shall drink a broth and eat a salad of it, though it is as bitter as chiccory,) — she had only to show herself, and behold! a complete victory! Since you are cured, yes, cured, for now you open your eyes wide, — you laugh. Ah! *vivat Illustrissima Signora* Picciola!"

Charney took pleasure in the noisy and loquacious joy of his worthy guardian. His return to life, and the idea of owing it to that same plant which had already charmed the long hours of his captivity, gave birth in him to a lively sentiment of happiness, and brought a smile to his still feverish lips, when suddenly a cruelly painful idea crossed his mind.

"But how, my good Ludovic," said he, "has this plant contributed to my cure? How did you use it?" and a kind of terror agitated him as he asked the question.

"Nothing more simple," quietly replied the jailer; "a pint of water over a good fire — three bubbles — the decoction is made; that is all."

"Good God!" cried Charney, sinking back upon his pillow and pressing his hand to his brow, "you have destroyed it! I cannot reproach you, my good Ludovic, but O my poor Picciola! what shall I do? what will become of me without her?"

"Come, come, calm yourself," said Ludovic, coming near him, and assuming a voice almost paternal, to console the captive, overpowered with grief, like a child from whom one is about to take a favorite plaything. "Be calm, and do not uncover yourself as you are doing. Listen to me," added he, all the time occupied in adjusting the coverings and remedying the general disorder of the bed, caused by the abrupt movements of the sick man. "Should I have hesitated to sacrifice an herb to save a man? What do you think? However, I could not decide to kill her at one blow, and plunge the whole of her into the kettle. Besides, that would have been useless. I only begged a loan from her. With my wife's scissors I clipped a quantity of leaves of which she had no need; some little branches without buds, — for now she has three buds! ha! that is handsome of her! The operation was well done, and she did not die of it. On the contrary, she seems in better health, and you also. Now you must be good, be quiet, keep in perspiration, get wholly well, and you shall see her again."

Charney bent upon him a look of gratitude, and offered him his hand. This time Ludovic did not draw back, but pressed the hand of the Count with emotion, tears starting in his eyes; but all at once, reproaching himself without doubt for this infraction of the invariable rule of conduct which he had marked out for himself, the muscles of his face lengthened, his voice took a harsher tone; then, holding all the time in his hands the hand of the prisoner, but trying to deceive him as to the motive of his first movement, he said, "You see how you are uncovering yourself again"; and as if with only a professional interest, he covered the arm of the Count with the blankets; then, after new instructions given in an official tone, he left the chamber, humming a familiar air.

CHAPTER VIII.

That day and the following an extreme state of exhaustion, the natural result of the great crisis and violent perspiration, rendered Charney incapable of moving or thinking; but after the third day a sensible amelioration was perceptible, and if, vanquished still by weakness and illness, he was obliged to keep his bed, at least he could look forward to a time not far distant when he would be able to rise, walk, take again his ordinary promenade, and see once more his companion and his benefactress.

For to her all his thoughts were directed. He could not explain to himself by what singular circumstances this feeble vegetation, thrown under his feet in the court of the

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prison, had cured him of his *ennui*, — he whom the splendor of the world and of fortune had failed to divert, — and snatched him from death, to which human science had condemned him.

In his inability to apply the full force of his reasoning powers to solve this mysterious point, it was with a sentiment of superstition that he attached himself more and more to his Picciola. He could not ground his gratitude to this inert and insensible being upon any basis of reflection or intention; yet he could not but give her his affection in exchange for the boon she had bestowed upon him. Imagination works where reason cannot; his became excited, and his love for Picciola grew into a sort of worship.

He persuaded himself that a supernatural tie linked them one to the other, — that there exist in matter secret attractions and incomprehensible sympathies which ally the man to the plant. He who refuses to acknowledge God is in danger of falling, perhaps, into the belief of the puerilities of fetichism and astrology. Picciola is his star, his madonna, his talisman!

Why is it that one sees men illustrious by their learning or their genius deny Providence, and yet at the same time show themselves to be the slaves of superstition? It is that, blinded by human pride, they would ascribe to themselves all their glory and their strength; but the instinctive religious sentiment stifled in their heart, diverted from its natural channel, nevertheless finds the light, but suffering the imprint of their mistaken ideas. The homage which they arrest in its flight to heaven falls back to earth to find its object. They pretend to judge and not believe; and their genius, narrow in its greatness, contracting their horizon, permits them to see only a few of the combinations of the grand whole. They neglect the whole for the detail, because they believe themselves able in isolating the detail to measure it and submit it to the analysis of their feeble reason, not perceiving the point of junction where it is bound to the rest of the created world; for creation, the earth, the heavens, the stars, the whole universe, are they not one being, immense, complete, varied to infinity, which lives and palpitates under the puissant hand of God?

Thus Charney, his imagination perhaps still excited by the fever, sees in nature only Picciola, and to find analogies he arouses his memory and asks of it the history of miraculous plants, from the *moly* of Homer, the palm of Latona, the ash of Odin, to the golden herb which shines before the eyes of the peasant of Brittany, or the flower of the thorn which preserves the shepherdess of La Brie from evil thoughts. He recalls the fig-tree of the Romans, the Teutatés of the Celts, worshipped under the figure of an oak, the vervain of the Gauls, the lotos of the Greeks, the beans of the Pythagorians, the mallow of the Persian fire-worshippers, the mandragora of the Hebrew priests, the marvellous effects of the seal of Solomon, and the hazel wand. He remembers the azure campac of the Persians, which grew for them only in Paradise; the sipakora, the fruit of which gives to the eater two hundred years of life; the toubatree, overshadowing with its gigantic branches the celestial abode of Mahomet; the kaki, that other divine plant, each flower of which is gifted with a soul. He recalls the magic camalata, the verdant amrita, on which the Indians see hung fruits of ambrosia; the red tree of Kounboum, on each leaf of which appears in relief one of the numerous characters of the alphabet of Thibet, — vegetable poem which changes and extends itself from season to season, — eternal song in honor of Buddha, the Indian Christ.* He attaches a symbolic sense to that usage of the Japanese, who give to their divinities for a pedestal a heliotrope or water-lily, and assign the birthplace of love to the bosom of a corolla. He approves that propensity of the Chinese to imitate in their clothing, their head-dresses, their habitations, the form of their liserons and their campanulas. He admires the religious scruples of the Siamese, who go so far as to forbid the destruction of certain plants, and even protect them against mutilation. He hears Charlemagne, legislator and philosopher, from the height of his western

* According to the learned missionaries, Huc and Gabet, who, in the years 1844, 1845, and 1846, visited Tartary, Thibet, and China, the tree of Kounboum, or of *the ten thousand images*, is not a symbol but a reality. It exists still in the same state, and they affirm — they, Catholic priests, consequently interested to do justice to all pious Buddhist deceit — that, "after having examined it with the most careful attention, it was impossible for them to discover the least fraud."

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throne, recommend to his people the culture of flowers; he even comes to comprehend the tenderness which, according to Elien and Herodotus, Xerxes felt for a plane-tree, caressing it, pressing it in his arms, sleeping with delight under its shadow, decorating it with bracelets and collars of gold, and lamenting bitterly when it was necessary to leave it.

That which heretofore excited his raillery and contempt, and abased weak humanity before him, now exalts it in his eyes; for he knows what grave teachings can come from a stem or a branch; and in the customs of idolatry he sees now only the gratitude which gave them birth. Has not a feeble reed provided man with his first arrow, his first pen, his first instrument of music, — his three great means of conquest?

In this state of mind, already convalescent, Charney was sitting one morning in his chamber, which he had not yet left since his illness, absorbed in thought, when suddenly the door opened, and Ludovic, with a radiant face, entered.

"It is in flower!" said he.

"What! Picciola?"

"Yes, Picciola, Piccioletta, my godchild."

"In flower!" exclaimed Charney, his eye sparkling, and his face suffused; "in flower!" and springing towards the staircase, "I *must* see her," said he.

In vain the honest jailer assured him that it would be imprudent for him to go out so soon, that he must be patient for a day or two, that it was not late enough in the day, that the air was cool, that a relapse was sure to be fatal; all was useless. All that he could gain was Charney's consent to wait until the sun was high enough to be present at the *fête*.

That hour, how slowly it creeps! and yet he occupies it as well as he can. For the first time since his imprisonment he thinks of his toilet; yes, of his toilet, of his adornment in honor of Picciola, — of Picciola in blossom! His garments were tumbled, his hair in disorder, his beard long; he put all that to rights. A mirror, until that moment forgotten, is drawn from his dressing-case; he shaves himself carefully, — and all to see her in blossom.

This is the convalescent's first breathing of the air, the visit of the invalid to his physician, of the debtor to his benefactress, the lover to his mistress.

When his toilet was completed, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon the glass, he was astonished to find, notwithstanding his illness, his eye less dull, his expression less dejected, his brow less furrowed, than heretofore. He is reminded that he is still young, and recognizes the truth that if there are bitter and poisonous thoughts which mar even the envelope that contains them, there are others gifted with a power to reanimate it.

At the appointed moment Ludovic presented himself, and supported the Count to aid him in descending the steep steps of the winding stone staircase. When the invalid entered the little court, the influence of the pure air and the light of heaven, or the sensitive condition of the nervous system belonging to convalescents, produced on him the impression that the whole air was pervaded with the perfume of his flower, and to her he attributed all his sweet and fresh sensations of returning life.

Of what use is the sweet perfume of flowers? Do they themselves enjoy it? No. Is it for the pleasure of the animals? Who has ever seen a sheep or a dog stop before a rose to breathe its sweetness? It is for man alone, then, that they pour forth their fragrant treasures. Why? To make him love them, perhaps.

Charney was not so far wrong, after all, in believing in a mysterious force which draws man to the plant.

Now Picciola presented herself to him in all the prestige of her beauty. She displayed to him her brilliant and delicately shaded corolla; white, purple, and rose were blended in her large petals, bordered with a silvery fringe, through which the rays of the sun glancing gave the effect of a luminous halo around the flower. Charney gazed upon it with delight; he feared lest his breath should tarnish it, or the touch of his hand blight it. He thought no longer of analyzing it or studying it; he admired and enjoyed its beauty and its odor. But soon another thought came to his mind, and the flower no longer fixes his eye. He sees the traces of mutilation along the stem, — branches broken, leaves mangled by the touch of the scissors. The wounds are not yet healed. Then he feels that to her he owes his life. A sentiment

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more vivid and sweeter than admiration fills his heart, and the benefactions of Picciola make him forget her beauty and her perfume.

CHAPTER IX.

During the following days the convalescent had the right, by the direction of the physicians, to take his promenade in the court at the hour that best suited him, and also to prolong it according to his desire. This gave him the opportunity to resume with ardor his interrupted studies.

Desiring to record in writing his observations upon the plant, from the first day to the present moment, he attempted to entice Ludovic to procure for him pen, ink, and paper. He was prepared to see him at first frown, put on his air of importance, require much pressing, and in the end yield, either from the interest which he felt in his invalid and his goddaughter, or from the desire of gain; for this time it was a question of something to be furnished to a prisoner.

But it was not so. Ludovic at once received his proposition very good-naturedly.

"Certainly, Signor Count, nothing is easier," said he, turning aside to give a few whiffs to his pipe, to prevent it from becoming extinguished; for he always ceased to smoke when with Charney, to whom the odor of tobacco was disagreeable. "I am far from making any objection. But all those little things are under the key of the governor, and not under mine. If you wish for them, you have only to address him a petition to that effect, and you may get them."

Charney smiled, and was not discouraged.

"But to write that petition, the very things that I ask for are necessary, — ink, pen, and paper."

"That is true, Signor Count, that is true," replied the jailer. "This is the way this matter of a petition is generally managed," added he, with a knowing air, his head thrown back, his arms crossed behind his back, — "I go to the governor and tell him that you have a request to make, without explaining what, — that is not my business, but yours and his. If he cannot come himself to talk with you, he will send one of his men. That man will hand you a pen and a paper, stamped and signed, one sheet only; you write on it, he standing by; he places his seal upon it before you; you return him the pen, he carries away the letter, and all is done."

"But, Ludovic, it is not to the governor that I wish to be under obligation, but to you."

"To me! then you do not know my orders," said the jailer, resuming his harsh and severe manner.

He drew a long inspiration from his pipe, exhaled the smoke slowly, as if to keep the Count at a distance, turned to the "right about," and went out. The next day, when Charney returned to the subject, he would do nothing but wink his eye and wag his head.

Too proud to humble himself to ask a favor of the governor, but too desirous of accomplishing his object to abandon it at once, from a toothpick the prisoner made a pen; his razor, as well as it could, transformed itself into a penknife; soot, dissolved in water, and a golden cup from his dressing-case served him as ink and inkstand; and fine white cambric handkerchiefs, remnants of his past luxury, took the place of paper.

It was thus that Charney, when separated from Picciola, could still occupy himself in writing the result of his observations.

How interesting and astonishing they were! What a pleasure it would have been to him to impart them to an attentive ear!

His neighbor, the catcher of flies, seemed to him worthy to receive his confidences; this face, which had seemed to him at first so sullen and frowning, he had seen since expand with good-nature and brighten with intelligence. When, from his little window, the old man watched him and his Picciola, with a half-curious, half-dreamy gaze, Charney felt himself attracted towards him. A wave of the hand, a smile, had even been exchanged between them, but the *régime* of the prison interdicted them from addressing a word to each other, even to inquire after their health. The explorer of the marvels of nature was therefore obliged to keep to himself all his precious discoveries.

Among the multitude of these must be mentioned the singular ability that he discovered in his flower to turn towards the

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sun, and face it through all its daily course, so as to appropriate more fully its life-giving rays; and when the sun hid itself behind clouds, and the rain threatened, her petals instantly closed to shelter her, like a vessel furling its sails before the storm.

"Is heat then so necessary to her?" thought Charney, "and why? And why does she fear a slight shower which would refresh her? O, I have confidence in her now; she will explain all to me."

Picciola had already been to him a beneficent physician; she could in need act as compass and barometer; she was going to serve him as timepiece. For by dint of constantly inhaling her fragrance, he thought he could perceive that it varied at different periods of the day. At first this phenomenon seemed to him an illusion of the senses; but his reiterated experiments assured him of its reality, and he soon became able to designate with certainty the hour of the day by the odor of the plant.*

The flowers had multiplied, and towards evening Picciola breathed forth her sweetest perfumes. What a delight it was then to the happy captive to draw near to her. By means of several planks, which he owed to the munificence of Ludovic, he had constructed a little bench, supported on four solid sticks, pointed at their extremity, and driven into the interstices of the pavement. A rough plank made a back against which he could lean when he wished to think and forget himself in living in the atmosphere of his plant. There he felt more at ease than he had ever done in former times on his silken couches; there he would pass hours in meditation, recalling the days of his youth, which had fled without happiness and without affection, lost in vain chimeras, in a premature disenchantment.

It happened often, during these thoughts of the past, that he fell into profound reveries, half waking, half sleeping, — a condition of apathetic torpor of the body, during which his over-excited imagination peopled the court of his prison with delightful images.

Then he fancied himself again at those *fêtes*, where at one time *ennui* had pursued him, where he lavished upon others the pleasures which he alone had no power to enjoy.

He saw, in imagination, on a winter night, the illuminated façade of his old *hôtel* in the Rue de Verneuil. The noise of a thousand carriages sounded in his ear; by the light of torches they entered his circular court, each depositing in its turn at the steps of the peristyle, covered with carpets and decorated with hangings, the fashionable belles of the day, wrapped in thick furs, under which rustled robes of silk; the beaux of the court, with pointed hats, high cravats, and bunches of ribbons at the knee; distinguished artists, with bare throats and short hair, and costume half Greek, half French; generals with plumes and tricolored sashes; men of science and men of letters, with or without the distinctive collar of green. A crowd of lackeys were on all sides, defying, under their new liveries, the old-fashioned decrees of the Convention.

In his *salons* he saw again, in inextricable confusion, all that was illustrious, or odd and eccentric, at that epoch. The Roman toga and the Greek chlamys brushed against the dress-coat and the military uniform; pumps with rosettes, boots, gold-laced or with spurs, trod the same floor as the buskin of the soldier and that of the actor. Men of the law, the pen, the sword, moneyed men, ministers, contractors, artists, and governors, whirled in this eddy, side by side with the members of the Directory. An actor is seen by the side of a bishop; a *ci-devant* noble near a *ci-devant* pauper; the aristocracy and the democracy joining hands; wealth and science walking arm-in-arm. Such was society forming anew, rallying all its elements around a common centre, each one feeling itself too weak to form a circle of its own. Thus it is with school-children, drawn together by similarity of age and the need of pleasure; as they grow older they separate themselves little by little from their playfellows, constrained, without knowing it, by the powerful system of social order.

Charney smiled as he contemplated this phantasmagoria of manners, rank, and costumes. That which had been before for him a fruitful and bitter source of contemptuous thoughts of humanity, now only aroused in him mockery of his own follies and wasted efforts.

* The English botanist, Sir James Smith, notices this same peculiarity in the *Antirrhinum repens*. — *Flora Britannica*, Vol. II. p. 658.

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Suddenly brilliant orchestras broke into loud, animating, and varied measures, and the ball opened. The remembered airs produced a more lively impression upon his senses than when he really heard them. The light scintillating from innumerable lustres, their prismatic reflection in the mirrors, the soft and perfumed air of the ball-room or the banquet-hall, the odor of the viands, the noisy gayety of the guests, the whirl of the waltzers who rustled against him in passing, the light and frivolous words that crossed and mingled in confusion around him, the echo of mirthful laughter, — all produced a sensation of joyousness which was new to him.

Then graceful and elegant women, with ivory shoulders and swan-like necks, arrayed in sumptuous robes, gauzes embroidered with gold, sparkling with gems, passed before him, smiling as they greeted him. He recognized them, for they were the constant guests and the ornaments of his splendid *soirées*, when, rich and free, he was cited as one of the fortunate ones of the earth.

There shone without rivals the proud Tallien, arrayed in the classic robes of Greece, and wearing jewels and rings of untold value even upon the toes of her beautiful naked feet, scarcely imprisoned in light golden sandals; the charming Récamier, whom Athens would have made a divinity; and last, the gentle and lovely Josephine, formerly Countess de Beauharnais, who by the charm of her gracefulness often passed for the most beautiful of the three.

Even beside these, many others shone with dazzling freshness, grace, and coquetry.

How fascinating they were to-day to Charney, in their youth and beauty! How much more attractive and lovely than heretofore! How happy he felt himself to be able to make a choice among such charming women!

He endeavored to do so; and after glancing hesitatingly at one and another, all at once in the midst of them he distinguished one, not with uncovered shoulders or ornaments of diamonds.

Simple in attire and in her bearing, she stood with drooping head, and seemed to shrink from notice. She was a young girl, in a simple dress of white, with nothing to heighten her beauty but her native grace and the blushes that suffused her cheeks. Charney did not know her, and yet, as he contemplated her, the others seemed to fade and disappear; a gentle emotion took possession of him which he could not account for.

But how much was his emotion heightened when he saw in her dark hair one flower. her sole ornament! That flower, — it is the blossom of his plant! the flower of his prison!

He extended his arms towards the young girl; suddenly everything became dim before his eyes; once more the music of the orchestra struck upon his ear with redoubled force; then the young girl and the flower seemed to melt one into the other; the open and fragrant petals encircled the lovely face, and soon hid it entirely.

Already the walls of the ball-room, despoiled of their hangings, became obscure, and in their place was naught but a cloud of vapor. The lustres, gradually extinguished, detached from the ceiling, described a curve of light, fading away at the lower extremity of the cloud. Heavy pavements replaced the smooth and polished floor. Cool reason returned in the place of delirium; memory kills the illusion, reality destroys the dream.

The prisoner opens his eyes; he is sitting on his bench, his feet on the pavement of the court; his flower is before him, and the sun is sinking below the horizon.

The first few times that he was attacked by this sort of vertigo, Charney was filled with wonder. It was always when he was seated on his bench, near his plant, that he fell into these soothing reveries. After a little reflection, he explained to himself the phenomenon. Science had taught him that the odor exhaled by some flowers causes sometimes a slight and voluptuous asphyxia. Now he understands how close are the relations between him and his plant, and the almost magic influence exercised by her upon him.

The brilliant *fêtes* at which he had in imagination been present, Picciola had given him.

But that young girl, so modest and pure, whose unexpected presence had stirred in him a new and delightful emotion, who is she? Has he ever seen her before? And, like the other beautiful women, is she not a

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reminiscence of his past? His memory can recall nothing like her. Is it then, on the contrary, a revelation of the future? But has he a future, and ought he to believe in revelations? No! the young girl of the white robe and modest blushes, the young girl at once so simple and so attractive, who eclipsed and outshone her brilliant rivals, is Picciola! — Picciola personified in a dream.

Well, she shall be his love! He has no difficulty in recalling the graceful form and ingenuous features that the vision had borne. From henceforth it is with this sweet image that he will lull his reveries, that he will fill the void in his heart and his brain; at least, before that lovely maiden, smiling phantom evoked to break his solitude, the doors of his prison will be forced to open; she can visit him, come and sit beside him, walk with him, follow him, smile upon him, love him! She will live in his life, in his breath, in his love; he will speak to her in his thought, and, closing his eyes, see her; *they* will be one, *he* will be two!

Thus to the cherished studies of the captive of Fenestrella succeeded the not less absorbing charm of illusion, and he plunged deeper and deeper into that sphere of poetry from which one can only emerge, like the bee from the bosom of flowers, laden with perfume and with a harvest of honey. Side by side with his real life, he lived his life of imagination, the complement of the other, and without which man enjoys but half the gifts of the Creator.

Now his time is divided between Picciola the plant and Picciola the maiden. After reason and labor, he has pleasure and love.

CHAPTER X.

Pursuing his investigating experiments on the process of inflorescence, Charney was each day more and more enraptured by the orderly prodigies of Nature. But his eyes were unable to penetrate into many mysteries so minute as to be indiscernible to the naked eye. He was fretting under this inability, when Ludovic presented him from his neighbor, the Italian conspirator, a powerful magnifying-glass, by the aid of which he had been enabled to count eight thousand ocular facets on the cornea of a fly. Charney was overwhelmed with joy.

Thanks to this instrument, parts of the plant before imperceptible sprang forth to his sight, a hundred times their ordinary size. Then he made, or hoped to make, great strides in the path of discovery.

He analyzed in detail the external envelope of his flower; he learned that the brilliant color of the petals, their crimson spots, the stripes of velvet or of watered satin which adorn their base, or fringe their outline, are not there only to delight the eye by their beauty, but also to divide or reflect the rays of the sun, to diminish or augment their force, according to the necessities of the flower during the grand process of fructification.

These shining and varnished surfaces are doubtless glandulous collections of absorbent vessels, charged with the duty of breathing the air, the light, and humid vapors, for the nouriahment of the seeds; for without light, no color; without air and heat, no life. Moisture, heat, light, — behold, then, of what vegetation, the marvel of the earth, is composed, and behold also what it restores to the earth at its death.

Without his knowledge, often during these hours of study and revery, Charney had two attentive spectators, who watched all his movements, and by sympathy shared all his emotions,— Girhardi and his daughter. The latter, educated by a deeply religious father, living a contemplative and secluded life, presented one of those natures in which all lofty and holy principles are united. With her beauty, her virtues, the graces of her mind and person, she could not fail to have had admirers; gifted with a sensibility deep and expansive, she seemed formed to be peculiarly susceptible to the sentiment of love; but if some passing fancies had, when she was in the gay society of Turin, for an instant ruffled the serenity of her spirit, they had all been absorbed in one great grief, — the captivity of her father.

Was it possible for her to love with the freedom of a happy heart, she who in her double worship, religious and filial, saw her Saviour on the cross and her father in prison? Not that the fair daughter of Turin abandoned herself easily to sadness and melancholy. All her duties were a pleasure, all

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her sacrifices a delight. But is it among the happy ones of the world that she finds her pleasure? Where she can dry a tear and awaken a smile, there is her place, there her pride, there her triumph! One alone at Fenestrella has been the recipient of her soothing care.

But since she has seen Charney, she has felt for him both interest and compassion. He is a captive like her father, and is near her father. He has nothing in the world to love but a plant; and how much he loves it!

Perhaps the noble countenance and fine person of the Count enhanced the pity of the young girl; but if she had known him in the time of his prosperity, when he was surrounded by the false shows of happiness, she would not have distinguished him from others. That which charmed her in him was his isolation, his misfortune, his resignation. She has instinctively bestowed upon him her friendship and even her esteem. For in her ignorance she has placed misfortune among the virtues.

This admirable girl, as bold when a good deed was to be done as she was timid before a bold glance, ignorant of the danger, constantly encouraged and stimulated her father in his advances towards Charney.

At last, one day Girhardi, showing himself at the window, not content with the usual salutation of the hand to the Count, motioned him to approach as near as possible, and moderating the tone of his voice, as if in apprehension of being overheard, he entered into the following dialogue with him.

"I have perhaps good news to tell you, sir."

"And I, sir, have thanks to render for the microscope you have been so kind as to lend me."

"I cannot even claim the merit of the idea; it was my daughter's thought."

"You have a daughter, and they accord you the favor of seeing her?"

"Yes, I am a father, and I bless God every day. My poor child took a great interest in you, my dear sir, when you were ill, and since, in watching you lavish so much care upon your plant. Have you never noticed her at the grating?"

"In fact — I believe —"

"But in speaking to you of my daughter I forget to tell you the great news. The Emperor is about to return to Milan, where he is to be crowned King of Italy."

"King of Italy! Ah! then, sir, he will be still more your master and mine. As to the microscope," pursued Charney, who had not been much diverted from his first thought by the great news, not suspecting a sequel to it, "you have deprived yourself of it for a long time; pardon me, you will permit me to retain it a little longer to complete some experiments; however, I will return it to you, if —"

"I do not need it; I have others," said the Italian, with a benevolent smile, divining from the tone of Charney's voice how much it would cost him to part with the instrument; — "keep it, sir, keep it as a *souvenir* of a companion in captivity, who feels for you, I beg you to believe, a lively interest."

Charney would have expressed his gratitude to the generous man, but he interrupted him.

"But let me finish that which I have to tell you"; and, lowering his voice, "it is said that pardons will be given in honor of the Emperor's new crown. Have you friends at Milan or Turin? Is there any way of inciting them to action?"

The Count sadly gave a negative sign, and said, "I have no friends."

"No friends," repeated the old man, with a glance full of commiseration; "do you then distrust your fellow-men? Friendship is not wanting to those who have faith in it. But I have friends, friends whom even adversity has not shaken; they might perhaps do for you what they cannot yet do for me."

"I will ask nothing from General Bonaparte," replied the Count, in a hard, proud tone, in which surged up all his old bitterness.

"Hush! speak lower! I think I hear footsteps, — but no —"

There was a moment's pause; then the Italian continued, with an inflection of voice by which the rebuke was softened as if in passing the lips of a father, —

"Dear companion, you are still exasperated. I had believed that the studies to which you have devoted yourself for several months had appeased in you that hatred which God reprobates, and which perverts a man's whole being. Have not the kindly

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virtues of your flower healed the wounds of an unkind world? This Bonaparte that you seem to hate I have perhaps more reason to complain of than you, for my son died for having served him."

"And you attempted to avenge your son!" interrupted Charney, with warmth.

"I see that these false rumors have reached even you," said the old man, raising his noble head to heaven, as if to call God to witness. "I revenge myself by a crime! No; but in the first moments of my grief, it is true, I could not control myself; and while the people of Turin saluted the conqueror with acclamations of joy, I mingled with their '*vivats*' my cries of despair. I was arrested; I had a knife about me. Base wretches, in order to curry favor with their master, found no difficulty in persuading him that I had some design against his life. They called me an assassin, and I was only an agonized father who had just learned the death of his son. Well! I can understand that Bonaparte was deceived, and that he is not a bad man; he has not put you or me to death. If he restores my liberty, that will be to repair only one error in my case; however, I should bless him, — not that I cannot endure my captivity. Full of faith in Providence, I am resigned to all. But my prison weighs upon my daughter; it is for her that I wish to be free, to put an end to her exile from the world, that she may participate in the pleasures that belong to youth. Is there no being who interests you, no loving woman who weeps for you, and for whom you would be happy to sacrifice the pride with which your oppression inspires you? Come, authorize my friends to speak in your behalf."

Charney smiled. "No woman weeps for me," said he. "Why should I wish for the world where I was less happy than I am here? But were I to find there friends, fortune, and happiness, I yet would say no! a thousand times no! if to gain it I must humble myself before the power which I have plotted to overthrow."

"Then you cut yourself off from all hope."

"Never will I salute with the title of Emperor him who was my equal."

"Take care that you do not foolishly sacrifice your future to a sentiment prompted perhaps more by vanity than patriotism; — but hark," again said Girhardi, "for this time I am not mistaken; some one is coming; — adieu."

And he drew back from the grated window.

"Thanks, thanks for the microscope," cried Charney, before he had entirely disappeared from sight.

At that moment the door of the little court creaked on its hinges, and Ludovic entered, bearing the daily allowance of the prisoner. Seeing him pensive and *distrait*, and not wishing to disturb him, he contented himself with rattling the dishes which he carried, to let him know that his dinner was ready. After arranging all in the chamber of the prisoner, he retired, saluting as he passed Monsieur and Madame, — the man and the plant, as he said sometimes.

"The microscope is mine," thought Charney, "but how have I merited the kindness of this stranger?" and seeing Ludovic crossing the court, — "even this man has gained my esteem; under the rough exterior beats a noble heart, I am sure. There are, then, men good and tender-hearted, but where do they come to take refuge?"

He seemed to hear a voice reply, — "It is because misfortune has taught you to appreciate a kindness, that men seem to you less worthy of your contempt. What have these two men done? One has watered your plant for you without your knowledge, the other has furnished you with the means of analyzing it and knowing it better."

"O," said Charney to himself, "the heart is not mistaken; there is on their part true generosity."

"Yes," replied the voice, "but it is because that generosity is exercised towards you, that you render them justice. If Picciola had not been born, of these two men one would have been now in your eyes an imbecile old man, devoted to degrading occupations; the other a coarse being, actuated by mean and sordid avarice. In your world of other days, did you love any one or anything, Sir Count? No; your heart, as your thought, was given up to isolation. Here, it is because you love Picciola that these two men have loved you; it is through her that they have come to you."

And Charney regarded by turns his plant and his precious microscope. Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy! That

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terrible formula, one half of which had formerly sufficed to make him a furious conspirator, scarcely now made any impression upon his mind.

What to him are the triumphs of the new ruler of the nation and of the liberties of Europe? An insect buzzing menacingly about his flowers caused him more distress and care than all the invasions of the new empire!

CHAPTER XI.

He resumed his labors; armed with his glass, now his own, he reiterated his observations and extended the field of his discoveries, until enthusiasm fairly took possession of him. It must be said, however, that, inexperienced as he was in analysis, ignorant of first principles, and without sufficiently powerful instruments, sometimes insensibly the spirit of system and of paradox mingled with his spirit of inquiry.

Thus he invented a thousand theories upon the circulation of the sap, upon the manner in which it rises, diffuses itself, is transformed, without suspecting its double current; likewise, upon the variety in the coloring of the plant, the different aroma of the stem, the leaves, and the flowers, upon the gum and the resins distilled by plants, also upon the wax and honey drawn from them by the bees. At first he found answers to all his questionings; but the theories of to-day overthrew those of yesterday, and he was delighted with his impotence, since it forced him to exercise all the faculties of his mind and imagination, and prevented him from looking forward to the end of this attractive occupation.

One day he triumphed in recording the most important of his observations.

He had heard heretofore, but only with a mocking spirit, of the loves of flowers, that ingenious and sublime discovery of Linnæus. Aided by his microscope, he gave himself up entirely to this new series of studies; he watched patiently, and penetrated at last these mysteries.

He perceived a movement of life and love in all parts of the flower, which seemed for an instant to feel the animation of thinking, loving human beings! Astonished, confounded, Charney thought himself still dreaming. By analogy, rising from the plant to the animal, he embraced the entire scale of creation in its harmony, in its immensity! He felt as if the whole secret of the universe was in his possession! His eyes grew dim; the instrument fell from his hand; the astonished philosopher fell back upon his rustic seat, crossed his arms, then, after long meditation, addressing himself to his plant, "Picciola," said he, "I had in other days the whole world in which to roam. I had numerous friends, — I was surrounded by learned men of all sorts, — and never one of these *savans* has taught me as much as thou; not one of my friends, or rather of the men who usurped that title, has rendered me the good offices that I have received from thee. In this circumscribed spot, where thou livest between two stones, pacing back and forth near thee, without losing sight of thee, I have thought more, felt more, observed more, than in all my extended travels through Europe. How blind was I! When thou, so pale, so feeble, so languishing, didst present thyself to me, I expected nothing from thy coming, — and it was a companion who came to me, — a book which was opening to me, — a world which revealed itself to my eyes! This *companion* has soothed my weariness, and made it disappear; she has lent a new charm to that existence which she was destined to preserve; she has taught me to know men, and reconciled me to them. This *book* teaches me to despise none; it convicts me of my ignorance, and abuses my pride; it forces me to believe that knowledge, like virtue, is only to be acquired by humility; that it is necessary to descend in order to rise; that the first step of that immense ladder, whose top we think to reach, is buried in the ground, and it is there that we must commence. It is the book of light! Written in living characters, in a language yet mysterious for me, it offers me sublime enigmas to solve, of which each word is a consolation. This *world* is that of truth, one and absolute; it is intelligent creation; it is the summary and criterion of the eternal and celestial world, the revelation of that infinite law of love which governs the universe, which by gravitation holds atoms and suns, which links in one band the plant and the stars, the insect which crawls on the ground

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and the man who raises his brow to heaven to find — his Creator, whoever he may be."

Charney, violently agitated, paced rapidly the court; thought succeeded to thought in his brain; conviction struggled in his conscience; then he returned to Picciola, gazed upon her with emotion, raised his eyes for a moment to heaven, and murmured these words, —

"Powerful God! source invisible whence flows all harmony, all life, too much false science has obscured my reason, too many sophisms have hardened my heart, so that thou canst not easily penetrate it. I cannot yet hear thee, but I call thee; I cannot see thee, but I seek thee."

Entering his chamber, he read on the wall, —

"God is naught but a word!"

He added, — "That word, may it not solve the grand enigma of the universe?"

There was here still an expression of doubt; but was not to doubt, for that haughty spirit, to denounce his former negation and to turn back in the false path which he had been pursuing? Now, it is no longer to himself alone that he looks for theories to support his already tottering philosophy; he has no longer faith only in his own strength and reason, and yielding himself to those new emotions in which he finds so sweet a charm; it is to Picciola that he turns for a belief — a God — a support. And anew he interrogates her with fervor, that the remainder of obscurity which environs him may be dissipated.

CHAPTER XII.

Thus passed his days. After many hours wholly devoted to study and analysis, he sought agreeable relaxation and pastime in turning from Picciola the plant to Picciola the maiden.

When the perfume of his flowers was wafted to him in abundance, when his head was heavy and his eyes closed to shut out the dazzling sunlight, he would say to himself, "Picciola will give a *fête* to-day."

Then, yielding himself to his reveries, he immediately fell into that state, half sleeping, half waking, peopled with visions that a ray of reason was still able to direct.

Oh! is not this one of the most intoxicating enjoyments that man can know, — the power to direct his dreams, and live at will in that other life, where the events succeed each other with such rapidity, where ages cost but one hour of existence, where a magic reflection seems to color all the actors in the drama which is passing, where the emotions only are real? There, all stern reality disappears, leaving only the pure essence of things.

Do you wish for music? Harmonious concerts are wafted to your ear without the grating sound of the preparatory tuning of instruments, the distorted faces of the musicians, or the ungraceful forms of their instruments; this is the life of the soul without the body, — pleasure without regrets, the rainbow without the storm.

Charney abandoned himself to his illusions. Faithful to the sweet image of Picciola, it was her that he called; she it was that presented herself to him always in the same form, with the same grace, — young, modest, charming, — appearing to him sometimes in the midst of his former companions of science or pleasure, sometimes near the sole beings that he had loved, his mother and sister, long since dead. She renewed for him scenes full of tenderness, ineffable memories of youth and home, — her presence adding to them new sweetness.

Sometimes she introduced him suddenly into a modest mansion which was pervaded with an air of comfort and good taste. The guests he met here were unknown to him, but they welcomed him with smiles, and he at once felt himself at home as at the paternal fireside.

After having recalled to life his extinct family, his joys of the past, she evoked yet another family which might exist for Charney, and bring to him joys in the future. He could not explain it to himself, but at his waking he was inspired with a new confidence in his destiny, and he regularly kept a record on his journal of fine cambric of the events of his dreams, — the only happy events of his life save his captivity.

It happened however that, once, Picciola, in one of these *fêtes* where he was accustomed to find near her happiness and calm, caused him a sudden fright. Afterwards he could

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never recall it without believing in revelations and the truth of presentiments.

This is what happened. The perfume of the plant indicated the sixth hour of the evening. They had never been more powerful; thirty opened flowers combined to produce that magnetic atmosphere under the influence of which Charney slumbered.

In his dream, separating himself from the crowd, he was breathing the air on a green esplanade, where his darling phantom alone had followed his steps. Picciola advanced smiling towards him, and he in a contemplative attitude was admiring the supple grace of the young girl, the light undulations of the drapery of her white robe which indicated the harmony of her movements, and the waves of her dark hair, adorned as usual by his beloved flower. Suddenly he saw her pause, — she totters, — she extends to him her arms, — the seal of death is on her brow! He would spring towards her, — an obstacle against which he struggles in vain holds him chained, — he utters a cry and awakes. Awake, he hears another cry respond to his own, — yes, a cry, — the voice of a woman.

Nevertheless, Charney finds himself in the court, on his bench, near his plant; but now it is to his wide-opened and bodily eyes that a second apparition of a young girl appears at the little grated window: at first this pensive and lovely face, half in shadow, seems to undulate in a vague indistinctness; but gradually it becomes clear to him, and he sees her penetrating gaze fixed upon him; he rises, approaches, and all at once the sweet vision disappears, or rather the young girl flies.

Rapid as was her flight, Charney had caught a glimpse of her features, her hair, her form, her white robe. He stood motionless; he thought that his awaking was not complete, and that the insurmountable obstacle which in his dream separated him from Picciola was the prison-grating.

Ludovic at that moment hastened towards him with an air of great alarm, and finding him still agitated, said, —

"Signor Count, has your illness attacked you again? *Parbleu!* we must send for the doctors again, for it is the order; but be easy; Madame Picciola and I, in spite of them, will undertake your cure."

"I am not ill," replied Charney, scarcely recovered from his emotion. "Who has made you think —"

"The fly-catcher's daughter, — she saw you, heard you cry, and hastened to call me."

Charney became thoughtful. It then came to his mind for the first time that a young girl was sometimes in that part of the fortress.

"The resemblance which I fancied between the stranger and Picciola is only an illusion of my senses, a common and simple optical effect," said he to himself. "Often thus by a phenomenon of vision the eye retains for some time the image of the object upon which it has been resting. It is a strange thing, though, to see this sweet vision pass from the illusory to the real life, — from the dream to the awakening. The image of Picciola, however, was not perfectly reproduced in the young girl of the prison, — *she* wore no flower in her hair."

While comparing them he recalled what Girhardi had told him of the interest his daughter had felt in him. She had pitied him during his illness; it was to her that he owed the possession of his precious microscope; she was interested in his labors and his studies; even now, in hastening to send Ludovic to him, she had given another evidence of her good-will.

And Charney, his heart filled with gratitude, felt impelled to manifest it. But how?

Not without hesitation, not without reproaching himself, as if in this moment he rendered himself guilty by a profanation, he broke, and gathered silently and with a trembling hand, a flower from his plant.

"Formerly," said Charney to himself, "how prodigally have I wasted gold to adorn with pearls and diamonds brows vowed to shame and falsehood. To how many deceitful women and lying friends have I thrown my fortune, caring for nothing but the impulses of my own heart, which I gave to be trampled under their feet as under my own. Ah, if the worth of an object depends upon the value that the owner attaches to it, I swear that never was offered by me a gift more precious than this which I take from thee to-day, Picciola!" And placing the little branch in the hands of the jailer, "My good Ludovic, present this from me to the daughter of my venerable fellow-captive.

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Say to her that I thank her for her interest in me, and that the Count de Charney, poor and a prisoner, possesses nothing of more worth to offer her."

Ludovic received the flower with an air of stupefaction. He had come to enter so fully into the love which the prisoner felt for his plant, that he could not conceive that so slight a service could gain for the daughter of the fly-catcher a mark of such munificence.

"Well, after all, by the head of Saint Pascal!" said he, as he went out, "they have only seen my godchild from a distance; they will have a chance to judge now whether she is lovely, and whether her odor is sweet."

CHAPTER XIII.

As for Charney, the time was near at hand when he would have to make many other sacrifices of that kind, for the epoch of fructification had arrived for Picciola. Some of her flowers had already lost their brilliant petals; the stamens, having become useless, had fallen, as heretofore the cotyledons, when the first leaves, having arrived at the age of strength, were able to do without their care. The ovary containing the germ of the seeds commenced to swell under the enlarged calyx. The maternal flowers despoiled themselves of their brilliancy as women grow indifferent to showy adornment when the sacred cares of maternity devolve upon them.

Charney prepared for new observations, the grandest and most sublime, without doubt, that he had yet made, for they attach to the duration of created races, to the reproduction of life.

Already, in analyzing a bud which had been detached from the stem by the bite of an insect, he had had a glimpse of this primitive germ, this feeble embryo, which owes its development to the loves of the flowers. Admirable foresight! wonderful arrangement of Nature which science has yet been unable to explain! Now it is the birth of the completed being that is in question, of that seed whose narrow envelope contains the entire plant, — phenomenon for which the others have only been the preparation. The moment has come for the observer to watch the gestation of the vegetable egg through all its epochs, in the bud, in the brilliantly arranged flower, under the calyx discrowned of its petals. It would be necessary for him again to mutilate Picciola; but will she not easily repair her losses? On all sides, at the joints of the stems, under the axillas of the leaves, new shoots announce a future flowering; of these Charney will take tender care.

To-morrow, then, he will commence his work.

The next day he took his place on his seat with the gravity of a man who undertakes difficult experiments whose success may be long delayed. At the first glance at his plant he was surprised at the state of languor manifest in all its parts. The flowers, drooping on their stems, seemed no longer to have power to turn toward the sun, and the leaves seemed to have lost their lustrous verdure.

Charney thought at first that a violent storm was gathering, and immediately prepared his mats to defend Picciola from the too rude attacks of wind or hail. But the sky is cloudless, the air serene, and the song of the lark is heard from afar in the blue space.

His brow contracts with anxiety. After a moment's reflection he exclaims, "It is water that she needs!" He runs to bring some from his chamber, and kneeling before his plant, raising the lower leaves to moisten its root, he is struck motionless with consternation. His gaze remains fixed on the ground; he lets the water-pitcher fall, and seems stupefied by what he sees. He discovers the source of the evil. Picciola is dying!

While she has multiplied her flowers and her perfumes for his study and pleasure, her stem also has expanded. Crowded at its base between two stones of the pavement, strangled under a double pressure, the stem had swollen just above the point where it emerges from the ground, but the friction against the rough edges of the granite had soon mangled it, and the nourishing sap of the plant was exuding from several fissures.

Picciola lacks earth; exhausted, without sap, she will die if prompt succor is not given her. She is dying! Charney sees it. There is but one means of saving her, — that is, to lift the pavements which press upon her; but can he do it? Without tools his efforts will be vain.

He sprang towards the little door of en-

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trance, and, knocking vehemently, called Ludovic. At last he appeared.

At the recital and the sight of the disaster, he stood confounded; but notwithstanding his tenderness for his goddaughter, he responded to the prayers of Charney — who besought him with frantic supplications to lift the pavements — only by these words, which he accompanied with a long-drawn sigh and a shrug of the shoulders, —

"And what of my orders, Signor Count?"

This time the prisoner offered him not only one *bijou* from his precious dressing-case, but the entire case with all that it contained. Ludovic drew himself up, folded closely his arms upon his breast, and putting on the air and manner of the jailer, and his tone half *Provençal*, half Piedmontese, said, —

"*Per Bacco!* Were you to offer me a fortune, — I am an old soldier, and I know my duty, — address yourself to the commandant."

"No!" exclaimed Charney; "rather will I tear my hands in pieces in lifting and breaking the stones."

"We shall see; at all events, do as you please." And Ludovic, who in entering had held his thumb over his pipe, keeping it behind him while addressing the prisoner, replaced it brusquely between his lips, relighting it by a strong inspiration, and turned to go out. Charney detained him.

"My good Ludovic, you whom I have always found so compassionate, can you do nothing for me, — nothing for *her*?"

"*Tonnerre!*" said he, trying by oaths to defend himself from the emotion which was taking possession of him; "let me alone, you and your cursed gillyflower! I ask pardon of the poor thing, it is no fault of hers that you are so diabolically obstinate. What! you have the heart, then, to let her die thus without help?"

"But what is to be done?"

"Address yourself to the commandant, I tell you."

"Never!"

"Well, if you won't do it yourself, let me speak to him."

"I forbid you to do it," cried Charney.

"How! you forbid me!" replied the jailer. "What! am I to receive orders from you? If I choose to speak to him — No! I will not speak to him. After all, what business is it of mine? Let her die, let her live, what do I care? Good night."

"But your commandant, would he understand me?" said the Count, suddenly softening.

"Why not? Do you take him for a barbarian? Explain it nicely to him with pretty phrases, — not too long, you are a *savant*, now is the time to use your learning. Why should not he understand your love for your plant? I understood it very well. Besides, make yourself easy; I shall be there. I will tell him what a good medicine it is for all sorts of ailments; he has not good health, — he has the rheumatism now, — that is lucky, — he will understand better —"

Charney hesitated still. Ludovic, with a wink of his eye, pointed to the fainting Picciola. The Count gave a sign of assent, and Ludovic went out.

In a few minutes a man, in costume half civil, half military, brought to the prisoner an escritoire and a sheet of paper bearing the stamp of the commandant. Then, as Ludovic had told him, the man stood by while Charney wrote his request; took it from him, sealed it, saluted him, and carried away the escritoire.

You smile perhaps with contempt in seeing the pride of the noble Count humbled so easily, and that haughty will yield at the sight of a fading flower. Have you then forgotten what Picciola is to the prisoner? Do you know what effect isolation and captivity will produce upon the proudest and most determined spirit? This act of weakness with which you reproach him, did he descend to it when he himself was broken down by suffering, deprived of air, of liberty, crushed between the stones of his prison, as his plant between two pavements? No! But between her and him are established mutual relations, sacred engagements: she has saved him from death; now in his turn he must save her!

The aged Girhardi saw Charney pacing the little court with agitated step and gestures of impatience and expectation. How slow the answer seemed to him in coming! Three hours had passed since his message to the governor, and the plant became every moment more exhausted by the loss of its sap. Charney would have seen his own blood flow more calmly.

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The old man attempted to console him and give him hope. More experienced in the knowledge of plants and their maladies, he showed him how he might close the wounds of Picciola, and preserve her from at least one of the dangers with which she was menaced.

According to his advice, Charney, with a mixture of moss, finely chopped straw, and moistened earth, composed a mastic which he applied to the wound. His handkerchief, torn into strips, furnished him with ligatures to keep it in place. In this occupation another hour passed; but the answer came not.

When Ludovic entered the court at the usual dinner-hour, his brusque and business-like countenance announced no good news. He scarcely deigned to answer the questions of the prisoner, even by short and sharp replies. "*Diavolo!* can't you wait? You are in a great hurry. Give him time to write."

He seemed to have a presentiment of the rôle he would have to play, and prepared himself in advance.

Charney could not dine. He strove to control his impatience while waiting the sentence of life or death for Picciola; and to strengthen his courage, he constantly reiterated to himself that the governor could not, without being a most cruel man, refuse him so simple a request.

His impatience increased, however, more and more with the delay; he was surprised at it, as if the commandant could have no other affairs so pressing as that. At the slightest sound his eyes turned towards the little door by which he expected to receive his message.

The evening came, — no answer! Night, — nothing! He could not close his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next day that response, so earnestly expected, was at last brought to him. The commandant said, in a dry and laconic style, that no change could be made in the walls, fosses, or fortifications of the citadel, without the express authorization of the governor of Turin; that on the demand of Monsieur Charney, he would refer the matter to his Excellency; "*for*," added he, "*the very pavement of a prison court is a wall.*"

Charney stood confounded, after reading this message. To make the preservation of a flower a question of state! a displacement of fortifications! wait the decision of the governor of Turin! wait an age, when a day's delay was death! Would not this governor in his turn refer it to the minister, the minister to the senate, the senate to the Emperor? Ah, how at this moment his contempt for men was reawakened! Ludovic seemed to him only the agent of the executioner. At the cry of his despair one responds in formal official language, the other urges his military orders.

Charney drew near to the invalid, whose brilliancy was tarnished, whose color was fading. He gazed upon her with sadness. It was the happiness, the poetry, of his life which was departing. Her perfume indicated a mistaken hour, like a watch whose main-spring is broken; each corolla, folded upon itself, has ceased to turn to the sun.

In the midst of these heart-breaking reflections, the voice of his fellow-captive reached him again.

"Dear sir," said the good old man, with his paternal accent, lowering his tone, and pressing his face close to the bars, to be as near him as possible, "if she dies, and I fear she must, what will you do alone, all alone? What occupations can interest you after that which has such a charm for you? You too will die from *ennui*. Solitude, once interrupted, becomes afterwards so heavy. You will not be able to endure it. It is as it would be with me, if they should now separate me from my daughter, that guardian angel whose smile has power to console me for all. As for your plant, the wind from the Alps has brought you the seed, or a bird in passing has dropped it from his beak into the court; but even if the same circumstance should bring you another Picciola, it would only be to renew your regret for the loss of the first, for from the beginning you would only look forward to its death from the same cause. Believe me, my dear sir, and consent that my friends act for you. Yield at last. Your liberty may be more easily obtained than you think. I hear already of many traits of clemency and generosity in the new

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Emperor. He is even now at Turin, and Josephine accompanies him."

He pronounced the name of Josephine as if the certainty of success attached to it.

"At Turin?" exclaimed Charney, raising quickly his head, which had before been bent upon his breast.

"At Turin for the last two days," replied the old man, delighted to see that his good advice was not rejected as it had been before.

"And what is the exact distance from Fenestrella to Turin?"

"By the main road, through Giaveno and Avigliano, nearly seven leagues."

"And in how short a time can the journey be accomplished?"

"Four or five hours at the least; for just now the route is obstructed by troops, baggage-wagons, and the carriages of all who are to be present at the approaching *fêtes*. The road which winds through the valley, following the river, is longer, without doubt, but I believe it will take less time."

"Tell me, sir, if through your communication with the world outside it would be possible for you to find some one who would go to Turin to-day, — this very morning?"

"My daughter can procure a messenger."

"And you say that General Bonaparte, the First Consul —"

"The Emperor," gently interposed Girhardi.

"Yes, the Emperor, — the Emperor is yet at Turin; you are sure?" continued Charney, absorbed in one great resolution. "Yes, I will write to him, I will address a petition to — the Emperor."

He dwelt upon this word, as if to strengthen himself in the course he had resolved upon.

"O, God be praised!" cried the old man, "for it is from him comes the good thought when human pride yields. Yes, write; address to him a petition for pardon. Fossombroni, Cotenna, and Delarue, my friends, will support you strongly, as they would me, with the Minister Marescalchi, the Cardinal Caprara, and even Melzi, who has just been appointed keeper of the seals of the new kingdom. My dear companion, perhaps we shall be released from this prison together, the same day, — you to recommence an active and full life; I to accompany my daughter wherever she wishes to go."

"Pardon, monsieur, pardon if I do not seem entirely satisfied with the mediators that you so kindly and disinterestedly offer me. My esteem and gratitude are yours; but it is to the Emperor himself that my petition must be sent this evening, if possible, — to-morrow morning, at latest. Can you be sure of a faithful messenger?"

"As faithful as myself," said the old man, after a moment's reflection.

"Yet one more question," said Charney: "do you not fear that you may be compromised by the signal service that you are going to render me?"

"The pleasure of doing you a service prevents all fear, dear sir. If I can in the least contribute to solace your misfortune, let come what will, I know how to submit to the decrees of Heaven."

Charney felt himself stirred to the depths of his heart by these simple words. He raised his eyes moistened with tears to the old man.

"How I wish that I might press your hand!" said he; and he raised his arm towards the little window. Girhardi stretched his down through the grating; but it was in vain, — he could not reach the hand that was extended to him. Then, inspired by one of those sentiments of tenderness so active in the heart of a recluse, he untied quickly his cravat, and retaining one end, threw the other to Charney, who seized it with eagerness, and a loving vibration of this insensible linen conveyed from one to the other their mutual emotion.

"I will save thee," whispered Charney, as he passed near Picciola.

Returning to his chamber, he took the finest and whitest of his handkerchiefs, carefully pointed his toothpick, renewed his ink, and set himself to his task. His petition completed, not without sharpest pangs of his rebellious pride, he fastened it to a little cord which hung from the window of the Italian, and which was immediately drawn up.

An hour after, the person charged with the task of conveying it to the Emperor, accompanied by a guide, took the route through the valley, following the right bank of the Doria Riparia. Both were on horseback; but they hastened in vain, for unexpected obstacles retarded them. Recent rains had washed away the road; in many places the

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river had overflowed, and torrents united the river and the lake. Already the forges of Giaveno shone redder in the horizon, warning them that the light of day would soon fail them. Too happy then to return to the main road, they gained, not without difficulty, the magnificent avenue of Rivoli, and late in the night arrived at Turin.

There they learned that the Emperor-King had just left for Alexandria.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The next morning at dawn of day the city of Alexandria was arrayed in festal garb. An immense population swarmed in the streets decked with flags and tapestry, flowers and streamers. The crowd pressed from the town-hall, where were Napoleon and Josephine, to the arch of triumph erected at the extremity of the town, which they must pass in visiting the illustrious plains of Marengo.

On the road from Alexandria to Marengo the same multitude of people, the same cries, the same blare of trumpets.

Never pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Lorette, never the ceremonies of the jubilee at Rome, had drawn crowds such as this, which flowed towards the scarcely cold field of battle.

Here was to be performed the most important of the *fêtes* of the day. The Emperor Napoleon was to be present to witness a simulated combat, in commemoration of the victory gained in this same place five years before by the First Consul Bonaparte.

Tables and mountebanks' booths line the route. People eat, drink, and witness comedies in the open air. They even preach there; for more than one improvised pulpit is seen between the theatre and the alehouse. Monks, mingling with the crowd, or holding themselves apart at the sides of the road, not content with giving their benediction to those who pass, exhort them to quietness and sobriety, and sell them little ivory crosses, and rosaries that have been blessed.

In the long and only street of the village of Marengo all the houses, transformed into inns, present a tumultuous image of stir and confusion.

At all the windows, to attract and tempt the passers-by, are hung smoked hams, Italian sausages, garlands of partridges and quails, chaplets of croquets and confectionery. They press in and out, they crowd and jostle each other, — Italian, French, citizens, and soldiers; the heaps of macaroni, the pyramids of cakes and pastry, disappear in the hands of purchasers.

In dark and narrow stairways a double line, ascending and descending, push and jostle. Some, the better to shield their provisions from the rapacity of their neighbors, hold them with upraised arms high above their heads, and in the darkness a longer or more skilful arm relieves them of the dainty burden, — whether a buttered loaf, figs, oranges, a ham, a larded quail, or even a pie in its crust, or a savory stew in its tureen, — the dish and its contents, all is taken. There are cries and jokes and prolonged laughter, from the upper to the lower stair. The thief of the ascending line, satisfied with his plunder, wheels about to descend. His victim in the descending stream, constrained to make a new purchase, turns to ascend; and the whole line, broken by the sudden and irregular flux and reflux, turning of necessity upon itself, in the midst of shouts of laughter, oaths, blows dealt at hazard, is thrust partly into the street, and partly into the rooms where the drinkers are singing already at the top of their voices.

Moving about among the tables loaded with dishes and the benches crowded with guests, one sees hostess and maids, — the one with gay-colored apron, powdered hair, and the coquettish poniard, at that time the fashionable ornament, — the others in short petticoats, long braided tresses, naked feet and neck, brow and ears laden with gilded ornaments.

To these animated pictures of the road and

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the village, of the chamber and the street, — to this hum, these cries, these laughs, this din of words, rattling of glasses and plates, other pictures, other noises, will soon succeed.

In an hour the village will tremble with the thunder of cannon, — cannon almost harmless, it is true, breaking only windows. The street will resound with the cries of soldiers worked up to a warlike *furor* according to orders ; and every house will be enveloped by the smoke of musketry produced by harmless powder.

Then beware of pillage, if the provisions have not been placed in safety ; beware, too, of the barefooted maid ! for the mimic war apes sometimes the real in its license. It also imitates it in the brilliancy of its display ; and no spectacle could be more majestic and imposing than that now preparing in the fields of Marengo.

Already a magnificent throne, surrounded with tricolored standards, is raised on one of the few hillocks which are on the plain. Already troops of all arms of the service, of all varieties of uniform, are deploying to take their places. The trumpet musters the cavalry ; the roll of the drum seems to spread itself over the whole surface of the ground, which trembles under the artillery and ammunition wagons. The aides-de-camp, in their brilliant uniforms, pass and repass, galloping in all directions. The banners float in the wind, which at the same time causes the undulation of that moving sea of feathers, aigrettes, and tricolored plumes ; the sun, that unfailing guest at the *fêtes* of Napoleon, that radiant illuminator of the pomps of the empire, shone unclouded, and turned to fire the gold of the embroideries, the bronze of the cannon, the helmets, the casques, and the sixty thousand bayonets with which the field bristled.

Soon the troops arriving with hurried march on the field of their operations, the crowd of curious spectators, flowing back, described an immense circle of retreat, as the ripples of the ocean are overwhelmed by an enormous wave, while a few horsemen charging against the lingering groups rapidly clear the field.

The village is deserted, — the gay tents struck, — the booths taken down, — the songs and cries have ceased. On all sides are to be seen men interrupted in their sports or their repast, and women terrified by the flash of the sabres or the neighing of the chargers, running and dragging their children after them.

As the eye glances along the lines of that army, one can recognize without difficulty, by the countenances of the soldiers, those to whom the General-in-Chief, Marshal Lannes, has assigned beforehand the part of vanquished or victors. The General himself is seen, followed by a numerous staff, reconnoitring the field on which he five years before so valiantly distinguished himself, distributing to each one his rôle.

In repeating the principal movements of the terrible day of the 14th of June, 1800, they will take care to omit the mistakes which were committed, for this is a strategic flattery, a madrigal with cannon-shots, that they are to offer the new Emperor and King.

Now the troops form in line, deploy, fall back, according to the word of command, when military symphonies are heard on the route from Alexandria ; vague murmurs swell and increase from the assembled multitude, which, protected by the streams of the Tanaro, Bormida, the Orba, or the ravines of Tortona, form the waving and living girdle of this arena.

All at once the drums beat a salute, cries and *vivats* rise from all sides in the midst of clouds of dust, sabres flash in the sunlight, muskets are shouldered and clank as by a unanimous movement, and a brilliant chariot, drawn by eight horses caparisoned and blazoned with the arms of France and Italy, convey to the foot of their throne Josephine and Napoleon.

After having received the homage of all the Italian deputations, the envoys of Lucca, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and even Prussia, Napoleon, impatient of inactivity, springs upon his horse, and soon the entire plain is illumined with fire and covered with smoke.

Such were the sports of the young conqueror. War for his pastime, war for the accomplishment of his high destiny. It was a necessity to that fiery spirit, born for dominion, to whom the conquest of the world alone would have brought leisure.

An officer designated by Napoleon explained to Josephine, as she sat solitary upon her throne, half frightened by the spectacle, the meaning of the various evolutions, and

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the object of all the manœuvres. He showed her the Austrian General Melas driving the French from the village of Marengo, routing them at Pietra-Buona, at Castel-Ceriolo; and Bonaparte suddenly arresting him in the midst of his triumph with only nine hundred men of the Consular Guard. Now he fixes her attention upon one of the most decisive moments of the battle. The republicans are giving way, but Desaix appears on the road from Tortona. The terrible Hungarian column, under the orders of Zach, begins to move, and marches to meet him.

But while the officer is speaking, Josephine's attention is diverted by a slight disturbance near her. Having asked the cause, she learns that a young girl, after having imprudently cleared the line of military operations, at the risk of being a thousand times crushed by a charge of cavalry or the wheels of artillery wagons, occasions this disturbance by her obstinate determination, notwithstanding the resistance of the guard and the remonstrances of the ladies of her suite, to penetrate even to her Majesty.

CHAPTER II.

On learning that the Emperor had quitted Turin for Alexandria, the daughter of Girhardi, — for it is she, she herself, who, followed by a guide, has been the bearer of the petition of Charney, — Theresa, was at first overcome and almost discouraged. But she remembered that she held in her hands the joy, the only hope, of a poor captive. The Count was entirely ignorant as to the person who had undertaken the dangerous errand. Without regard to time or fatigue, at the risk of arriving too late, she persevered, and signified to the guide that the end of their journey must be, not Turin, but Alexandria.

"Ho! ho!" said the guide, scratching his ear; "that is twice as far as we have come already."

"Well, we must start immediately."

"I am going to start immediately, Signora," replied he, quietly, "but it will be to turn my back to Turin as well as to Alexandria. On the road to Rivoli I have a cousin whose daughter is about to be married; he will have to lodge me and my horses gratis; that is so much gained, to say nothing of the wedding-feast."

In answer to her exclamations, he said, "I do not refuse to wait till morning, and then conduct you back to Fenestrella, as was agreed. Will that suit you? No? A pleasant journey to you, Signora."

All her efforts to make him change his resolution were useless; his Piedmontese obstinacy was immovable.

But having undertaken this work of devotion, Theresa would not look back. Decided to continue her route alone, she begged the hostess of the inn where she had alighted to procure her, without a moment's delay, the means of conveying her most rapidly to Alexandria. The hostess sent her servants to the city; they went from the gate of Suza to that of Po, from the new gate to that of the palace; but carriages, public and private, beasts of burden and saddle-horses, had gone, or were engaged a long time in advance, on account of the festivities at Alexandria.

Theresa was in despair at this fatal *contre-temps*. Absorbed in revery, with drooping head, she stood upon the step of the inn, not fearing to be recognized in her native town, thanks to the darkness, when the sound of wheels, made gay by bells attached to the mules, was heard. At the door where she was standing drew up two strong mules, with one of those itinerant dealer's wagons, the deep and capacious boxes of which, closed and padlocked, were closely packed with goods for sale, leaving only room for a narrow seat of leather, partly sheltered by an awning of oil-cloth.

The man and his wife, owners of the vehicle and its merchandise, alighted, giving audible grunts of satisfaction, stamping their feet, stretching their arms, to restore the circulation and awake themselves from their drowsiness. They greeted the hostess as an old acquaintance, and established themselves at once in the two corners of the chimney, warming their hands and feet at the fire of vine sticks which crackled on the hearth; then, having ordered the mules to be put in the stable, congratulating each other on having arrived at the end of their day's journey, they ordered supper, and talked of getting to bed as soon as possible.

The hostess, too, was preparing for rest. The yawning servants were closing the doors

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and windows, and Theresa still stood bowed down with disappointment, thinking of the time which was gliding away, the hope which was fading, the flower which was dying.

"A night, a whole night," said she to herself; "and the unhappy Count will be counting the minutes while I sleep; and to-morrow perhaps it will be impossible for me to find a conveyance."

She fixed a long and earnest look upon the two travellers eating their supper, as if her last resource was in them. She was ignorant what route they were to take, — whether they would or could take charge of her; and the poor girl, little accustomed to find herself alone, thus thrown upon herself among strangers, dared not ask. Impelled by her anxiety, withheld by her timidity, one foot forward, her lips parted, she remained in her place mute and undecided, when suddenly a servant presented her with a lighted candle and a key, pointing with her finger to the door of the chamber she was to occupy.

Recalled to a sense of her position and forced to decide, Theresa gently put aside the servant, and stepping toward the table where the couple were seated, said in a trembling voice, "Pardon my question; what route do you take from Turin?"

"The road to Alexandria, my pretty girl."

"To Alexandria! It is my good angel that has brought you here."

"Your good angel has brought us over very bad roads then, Signora," said the woman; "we are tired to death."

"But how can we serve you?" said the merchant.

"A pressing affair calls me to Alexandria; will you take me there?"

"Impossible," said the woman.

"O, I will pay you well, — two pieces of St. John Baptist! ten livres of France."

"It is difficult," replied the husband. "In the first place, the seat is narrow — it is scarcely possible for three to sit upon it. It is true that you will not take much room. But there is another difficulty. We are going to the market of Revigano, near Asti, and not to Alexandria, and that is only halfway."

"Well," said the young girl, "take me to the gates of Asti; but start to-night, immediately."

"Impossible! impossible!" exclaimed the couple. "We do not sell either our sleep or our fatigue."

"I will double the sum," interposed Theresa, in a low voice.

The husband looked at his wife with a questioning gesture.

"No, no," said she, "it will make us ill. Besides, Losca and Zoppa need rest. Do you want to kill them?"

"Four pieces!" murmured the husband, — "four pieces!"

"Losca and Zoppa are worth more than that."

"Double price for half the way!"

"What of that? one sequin of Venice is worth a double parpaiole of Genoa."

Nevertheless, the idea of the four pieces, the bait of a gain so easily made, soon produced its effect upon the wife as upon the husband; and after some resistance on one side, and reiterated supplications and prayers on the other, the mules were again put before the wagon.

Theresa, wrapped in her mantle for protection from the chilly night air, arranged herself as well as she could on the seat between the man and woman. Just as the clocks were striking eleven, they drove from the door of the inn.

In her impatience to accomplish the object of her journey, and return good news to Fenestrella, Theresa wished to feel herself borne by coursers rapid as the wind; but the heavy wagon lumbered slowly along the road; the mules paced steadily on, step by step, raising slowly one foot after the other, and the regular tinkling of their bells seemed to add to the *nonchalant* air of their movements. For some time she said nothing, hoping that they would become excited when warmed with motion, or that the whip of the driver would quicken their pace; but seeing that, instead of any such prompting, he was satisfied with an occasional clicking of the tongue, she took courage to say to him that it was of the greatest importance that she should arrive as soon as possible at Asti, in order that she might reach Alexandria in the morning.

"My good child," replied her new guide, "it does not please me any more than you to spend the night in counting the stars, but a merchant must look after his merchandise. My load is crockery, that I am taking to sell at Revigano, and if my mules were to trot

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they would make potsherds of all my stock."

"What, sir, you are a crockery merchant?" cried Theresa in a tone of consternation.

"A china merchant," said the wife.

"Alas, alas!" sighed she, "but at least you can go a little faster."

"Do you wish to ruin me?"

"I am in such haste to arrive."

"And what of us, my good girl? Is that a reason why we should break everything?"

By way of concession, however, for a few minutes the crockery merchant increased the frequency of his clickings of the tongue; but the mules were too well accustomed to their pace to change it so easily.

Theresa then began to reproach herself bitterly for not having inquired before, how long it would take to reach Asti; she reproached herself above all for not having gone herself, in Turin, to seek, with the knowledge that she had of the city, a more prompt means of conveyance; now there was nothing to do but to be resigned.

The wagon jogged along at the same pace. Losca and Zoppa went neither faster nor slower; only, choosing the unpaved side of the road, the travellers were relieved from the racket of the wheels upon the stones. The merchant and his wife, who until now had been exchanging conjectures as to their probable success at the fair of Revigano, relapsed into silence. Theresa, in the darkness and stillness, notwithstanding the numbness of her feet from the cold, lulled by the monotonous tinkling of the bells, was overcome with drowsiness. Her head, at first nodding from one side to the other, seeking a pillow sometimes on the shoulder of the man, and then on that of his wife, sunk at last heavily upon her breast.

"Lean upon me, my poor girl," said the merchant, "and good night to you."

She followed his counsel, arranged herself as she best could, and slept so soundly that the light of dawning day first caused her to open her eyes. Astonished to find herself in the open air and on the high road, she roused herself, and, looking about, perceived with surprise and terror that the wagon no longer moved, and seemed for a long time to have been motionless in this place.

The merchant, his wife, the mules themselves, all slept profoundly, and the tinkling of the bells was hushed.

Theresa saw not far behind her the tops of several steeples, and through the morning mists, causing on the horizon fantastic groupings, she saw what she fancied were the roofs and towers of the Superga, the *château* of Mille-Fleurs, of La Vigne and La Reine, the church of the Capuchins, and all the magnificent buildings on the heights of Turin.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried she, "where are we? Day is breaking, and we are scarcely out of the suburbs."

The merchant, awaked by her cries, after rubbing his eyes, hastened to reassure her.

"We are approaching Asti," said he, "and the steeples which you see behind you are those of Revigano. There is nothing to scold Losca and Zoppa for; they only fell asleep, and they had need enough of it. I hope they have not taken advantage of my sleep to trot."

Theresa smiled. He gave an unexpected crack of his whip, which aroused at once his wife and his mules.

At the gate of Asti the worthy man took leave of the young girl, after assisting her to alight, and signing the sign of the cross on the twenty francs which he received from her, turned straight about, taking the road for Revigano.

Half the route was then accomplished. But Theresa no longer hoped to arrive for the early levee of the Emperor.

"However," thought she, "an Emperor will rise late."

O how gladly she would have plunged again below the horizon the sun, which announced its coming by the increasing light. It seemed to her that everything about her ought to feel the same haste which agitated her, — that she would see the whole population of Asti astir, in preparation for a journey to Alexandria, and in that multitude of vehicles of all sorts she would surely obtain a place, were it even in a cart.

What then was her astonishment, upon her entrance into the town, to find the streets deserted and silent. The sun, just risen, illuminated only the roofs of the highest houses and the domes of the churches.

She remembered that one of her maternal relatives had lived in Asti for many years. He might be of great use to her; and seeing,

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on the ground floor of a small house, a bright light shining through the latticed window, she ventured to knock and inquire where this relative lived.

The casement opened; a harsh, shrill voice answered that the individual in question had lived for the last three months at his country-house, and the casement was closed again.

A sense of the loneliness of her situation in the deserted streets overwhelmed her, and seeing an image of the Virgin in a niche in the wall, before which a lamp was burning, she threw herself upon her knees before it, and rose from her prayer for help and protection with renewed courage. Scarcely had she risen when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and in a moment a man appeared.

"Direct me, sir, I pray you," said she to him, "where to find a carriage that will take me to Alexandria."

"You are too late, my good girl," replied the stranger; "all the carriages and carts have been engaged this three days"; and he passed on.

A second came towards her. At the same question from Theresa he stopped, and, regarding her with a hard and angry glance, muttered, "You, too, love the French, then. Cursed race!" and hastened on more rapidly than the other.

The poor girl stood for some time thoroughly intimidated, but regained courage to ask her question for the third time, on seeing a young workman come out from a house, singing as he went to his work.

"Ah, ah, Signora!" said he, with a good-natured air, "you want to see a battle! But there is no place there for pretty girls. Believe me, you had better stay with us. There is a *fête* to-day, and the best dancers will quarrel which shall have you for partner in the Contadina. You are worth a quarrel. A little war in your honor, eh? will not that tempt you?"

And he advanced towards her with a familiar bow, but at one indignant glance from her he resumed his song and pursued his way. A fourth, a fifth, passed her in their turn. Theresa no longer interrogated them, but watched carefully the gates as they opened, and the carriages standing in the court-yards. At last, not without difficulty, and by special favor, she was allowed to take the place, as far as Annone, of a passenger whose seat was engaged from there to Alexandria. At Annone, and again at Feliziano, she encountered a variety of difficulties, but she triumphed over all.

Knowing before she arrived at Alexandria that the Emperor had left there, she did not delay a moment, but on foot joined the crowd pressing towards Marengo.

Jostled on every side by the rabble, taking advantage of every break in the crowd skirting the edges of the road, she lost no opportunity of gaining ground on those in advance of her. Inattentive to the noise of the trumpets, to the shows of the jugglers, in the midst of this crowd of pleasure-seekers, who rushed from side to side, singing, shouting, leaping with joy in clouds of dust, Theresa made her way, the only stranger to the festivities of the day, with anxious face and eye fixed and preoccupied, occasionally raising her hand to wipe the drops from her brow, the gravity of her countenance presenting a strange contrast to the joyous faces around her.

Her whole will and energy are concentrated upon making her way. Scarcely during all this time does the thought of the end which she wishes to attain present itself to her mind.

But a sudden halt imposed upon the crowd by the stopping of the front ranks forced her to slacken her pace, and thought returned. She thought of her father, who would soon begin to be tormented with anxiety in her prolonged absence, for the guide who had abandoned her at Turin could not gain admission to him to explain the cause; of Charney, cursing the choice of a messenger, perhaps, and accusing her of carelessness and forgetfulness; then, with a sudden fear, she put her hand in her bosom, as if by some chance she might have lost the petition. Then her father presented himself anew to her eyes; the old man reproaching himself for having yielded to her entreaties, believing his daughter lost through his fault. At the thought of this adored father tears filled her eyes, but her painful revery was suddenly interrupted by shouts of merriment. A large circle had formed just behind her, around which the crowd seemed to eddy. Theresa turned, and instantly her hands were seized by one on each side; and, notwithstanding,

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her resistance, her fatigue, and above all her indisposition to any gayety of the sort, she found herself constrained to appear as an active participator in a grand *farandole*, which went whirling along the road, recruiting, as it went, all the pretty girls and young men, who willingly took part in it.

This was not the least painful annoyance of the journey; but her courage did not yet abandon her, for she believed she was near the end.

She at length succeeded in disengaging herself from this singular situation, and, making a final effort to open a way through the mass in front of her, she arrived at last in sight of the plain; her astonished eye, after wandering a moment over that splendid army covering the field of Marengo, was suddenly illuminated as it rested with delight upon the little hill upon which was erected the imperial throne.

All her strength, all her courage, all her ardor, returned; but how to arrive there through those thousands of men and horses, — could she think of it? But that which at first had seemed an obstacle proved rather an aid.

The foremost ranks of the crowd pouring in torrents from Alexandria, pressed by those behind, made an irruption on to the plain that seemed as if they would take possession of the field of battle.

A small body of cavalry instantly galloped towards the spot, and the glistening of their naked sabres and the rush of the horses quickly forced them back within their limits. All evacuated the ground as quickly as they had gained it, — all, with the exception of one person.

In a little hollow on the plain flowed a spring, surrounded by a small grove of trees and a hedge of hawthorn. Theresa, pale and trembling, directing her steps by instinct towards the throne, had been thrust forward by the crowd to the edge of the grove. Terrified by this violent impulsion, fearful of being crushed against the trees, closing her eyes like the child who believes the danger past when he no longer sees it, she threw her arms around the trunk of a poplar, and rested so for some time, motionless, her ears filled with the hum of the retreating crowd and the rustling of the foliage.

The retreating movement was so rapid at the approach of the soldiers, that when Theresa raised her head and looked about, she found herself alone, all alone, separated from the army by the clump of trees and the hawthorn hedge, and from the multitude by a thick cloud of dust raised by the last undulation of the fleeing wave.

Not hesitating to penetrate the hedge, she found herself in the grove of trees. In a few moments, her emotion becoming somewhat calmed, she could take cognizance of her surroundings.

Shaded by about twenty poplar and aspen trees, the spring, welling with a little bubbling noise out of the ground carpeted with moss and ivy, gave birth to a little rivulet, whose course over the plain could be traced by the tufts of blue forget-me-nots and clusters of white ranunculus which embroidered its banks. The coolness and moisture of the air aided to dispel the agitation and trouble of the terrified girl. It seemed to her that she had found an oasis of coolness and quiet, and that the belt of hawthorn was her shield against the dust, the heat, and the confusion.

For an instant there seems to be silence on the plain; she hears neither the word of command of the officers, the huzzas of the crowd, nor the neighing of the horses. She is conscious of a singular movement overhead, — a continuous twittering and fluttering in the trees. She looks up and sees the branches of the poplars and aspens covered with an innumerable quantity of sparrows, finches, linnets, and even the larger pigeons and blackbirds, driven by the noise and tumult, like the young girl, to seek shelter in this solitude of verdure. One would think that fear had paralyzed them both in wing and voice; not a cry, not a song, was heard from one of the little creatures so crowded upon the branches which bent under their weight that one might say the poplars and aspens bore feathers rather than leaves. Even when regiments of cavalry, with the noise of clarions, advanced and stationed themselves in the same place from which the crowd had just been driven, the birds did not abandon their asylum. Sharpening their bills and fluttering their wings, they anxiously waited the end of all this confusion; and it was this movement that had attracted the attention of Theresa.

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However, the soldiers, which cut off all communication with the road, soon occupied all her thoughts.

"It is only a harmless combat," said she to herself; "and if I have been imprudent, God knows the object of my efforts; he will protect me." Directing then her attention through the opposite side of this island of verdure, she saw at the distance of about three hundred paces the throne of Napoleon and Josephine. The intervening space was sometimes occupied by the manœuvres of troops, and sometimes left clear so that a passage across was possible.

Theresa takes courage, — the moment has come, — she presses aside the hedge to pass through, when a sense of the disorder of her toilet fills her with shame and confusion. Her tresses, unbraided and dishevelled, are floating over her shoulders; her hands and face are soiled with dust. To present herself thus before the sovereigns of France and Italy would be to insure her repulse, and compromise, perhaps, the success of her mission.

She re-enters the thicket, unties her straw hat, shakes out her dark hair, smooths and rebraids it, and adjusts her dress; then kneeling at the spring, she bathes her hands and face, and bowing herself still lower, offers to Heaven a fervent prayer for her father and for Charney.

Ah! was not this a charming little picture, set as by chance in the centre of a grand battle-piece of Salvator Rosa, this chaste toilet of a young maiden, made in the midst of an army?

While Theresa was watching anew for a favorable moment to attempt to cross the field, suddenly from all sides were heard the detonations of artillery. The earth seemed to tremble under her feet, and the birds perched upon the trees, with cries of terror, made their disordered and bewildered flight for the woods of Valpedo and shady groves of Voghera.

The battle had commenced!

Theresa, stunned by the noise of cannon, terrified by all this tumult, stood in a sort of stupor, with her eyes fixed upon the throne, which, by turns, was visible for a moment, and then was hidden by a curtain of lances and bayonets.

After a half-hour, during which every thought was obliterated by a sense of amazement and terror, the energy of her soul resumed its force. She examined calmly the obstacles she must vanquish to reach the throne, and decided that they were not insurmountable.

Two columns of infantry, formed in two lines, of which the double base rested upon the thicket, had just opened a sharp fire of musketry upon each other. She hoped to be able, under cover of this cloud of smoke, to make her way unnoticed. While she hesitated, a troop of hussars, burning with thirst, invaded her asylum. Then she hesitated no longer; modesty gave new life to her courage. She rushed forth, running between the two columns of infantry; and when the smoke began to clear away, the soldiers raised a cry of surprise on perceiving in the midst of them the white robe and straw hat of a woman, — a beautiful young girl, who, notwithstanding their cries, pursued her way. At this moment a squadron of cavalry galloped up to support one of the lines. Theresa just escaped being thrown down and crushed by the captain's seizing her in his arms; and without inquiring by what chance a young girl was in the field of battle, he gave her in charge of two soldiers to convey her to the spot where were grouped Josephine's attendants.

One of the horsemen raised her to the saddle behind him, and it was thus that she approached the place where the ladies of the suite of the Empress, accompanied by several aides-de-camp and the deputies of the cities of Italy, were stationed.

Arrived there, at last so near the goal, it was impossible that her enterprise should fail. She had surmounted too many difficulties to be vanquished by the last. When, on her demand to speak to the Emperor, she was told that he was in the field at the head of his troops, "Then," cried she, with firmness, "I wish to see the Empress"; but one was not more easy than the other. To free themselves from her importunity they endeavored to intimidate her, but in vain. They told her that she must wait till the end of the evolutions; she refused to do so, and insisted upon forcing her way to the throne. They held her; she struggled, and raised her voice with such vehemence that it attracted the attention of Josephine.

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CHAPTER III.

While Josephine was giving her orders, an opening in the crowd showed her Theresa, imploring, restrained by strong arms, yet resisting. At a gracious sign from the Empress, which every one about her knew how to interpret, they released the captive, who, finding herself free, sprang forward, threw herself on her knees, panting, at the foot of the throne, and drawing quickly from her bosom a handkerchief, which she waved in the air, cried, "Madame, madame, a poor prisoner! —"

Josephine could not understand the meaning of this handkerchief offered to her.

"Do you wish to present a petition to me," said she.

"This is it, madame, this is it, — the petition of a poor prisoner." And the tears sprang from the eyes of the supplicant, while a smile of hope illuminated her countenance. The Empress replied to her by another smile, gave her her hand, forced her to rise, and bending towards her with a manner full of kindness, said, "Come, come, my child, be reassured. He interests you very much, then, this poor prisoner?"

Theresa blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"I have never spoken to him," replied she, "but he is so unhappy! Read, madame!"

Josephine unfolded the handkerchief, moved to pity in thinking how much misery and privation this linen, so painfully written upon with an artificial ink, bore witness to; then, stopping at the first line, —

"But it is addressed to the Emperor."

"What matter? Are you not his wife? Read, read, madame, in mercy, read! It is so urgent!"

The combat was at its height. The Hungarian column, although under fire from the artillery of Marmont, renewed its forward movement. Zach and Desaix were face to face, and the result of their encounter was to decide the salvation or the loss of the army.

The cannon thundered on every side; the field of battle was aflame; the shouts of the soldiers, mingled with the clang and roar of battle, caused an agitation of the air as if a tempest was raging.

The Empress read that which follows: —

"Sire: Two stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favor that I ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself that I ask your protection; but in this desert of stones, where I am expiating my offences against you, one single being has brought some solace to my pain, one single being has thrown some charm upon my life. It is a plant, sire, which has spontaneously sprung up between the pavements of the court where I am permitted sometimes to breathe the air and see the sky. Accuse me not of delirium or folly. This flower has been for me an object of study so sweet and so consoling! My eyes fixed upon this plant have been opened to the truth; to it I owe reason, repose, life, perhaps. I love it as you love glory.

"At this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space in the ground, — it is dying, and I cannot succor it; the commandant of Fenestrella would send my complaint to the governor of Turin, and when they have decided, my plant will be dead. Therefore, sire, I address you, — you who by one word can do all, can save my plant. Permit the lifting of these two stones, which weigh upon me as upon it. Save it from destruction, — save me from despair! Give the order; it is the life of my plant that I ask of you. I implore, I entreat you upon my bended knees, and I swear to you that on my heart shall be inscribed the record of your goodness.

"Why should it die? It has, I acknowledge, lightened the punishment that your powerful hand has inflicted upon me; but it has also humbled my pride, and brings me now a suppliant to your feet. From the height of your double throne look down upon us. Can you comprehend what ties may bind a man to a plant in this isolation which leaves for a man only a vegetative existence? No, you cannot know, and may God guard you from ever knowing what effect imprisonment may produce upon the firmest and proudest spirit. I do not complain of my captivity; I support it with resignation; prolong it, let it continue through my life; but mercy for my plant!

"Remember, sire, that this mercy that I implore of your Majesty is in vain if it is not granted immediately, — even to-day. You

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may hold the sword suspended for a time over the head of the condemned one, and raise it at last to grant him pardon. But nature follows other laws than the justice of man; two days more, and even the Emperor Napoleon can do nothing for the flower of the captive of Fenestrella.

"CHARNEY."

At that moment a storm of artillery rent the air; a dense smoke, cut into circles and lozenges of fire by the flashes of the discharge, covered the field of battle with a vast network of light and shade; then the firing ceased, and it seemed as if a hand stretched from on high removed suddenly this curtain of cloud which hid the combatants. Then a magnificent spectacle broke upon the sight. That brilliant charge in which Desaix had lost his life was made. Zach and his Hungarians, encountered in front by Boudet, harassed on the left flank by the cavalry of Kellerman, were thrown into disorder, when the intrepid Consul, re-establishing at once his new line of battle from Castel-Ceriolo to Saint-Julien, resumed the offensive, overthrew the Imperialists at every point, and forced Mélas to sound a retreat.

This sudden change of position, these grand movements of the army, this flux and reflux of men obeying the voice of one leader, he alone immovable in the midst of that apparent disorder, — there was something in all this which could not but impress the coldest imagination. From the groups of spectators around the throne burst acclamations and *vivats*, which at last drew the Empress from the profound meditation in which she was plunged. For of these latter and most brilliant manœuvres and imposing tableaux passing before her, the future queen of Italy had seen nothing, as she sat, lost in thought, with her eyes fixed upon this singular petition, which she looked at, but no longer read.

Her first glance was to reassure the young girl standing before her, who also had been lost in revery.

Joyous, enchanted by this smile so full of sweet promises, Theresa, certain of success, kissed again and again, with warmest gratitude, that hand at once so frail and so strong, on which glittered the nuptial ring of Napoleon. Then, leaving the throne, she joined the group of women, and, as soon as the plain was free, she sought a church or chapel where in silence she might shed her tears and offer up her thanksgivings.

CHAPTER IV.

WAS it not natural that the Empress-Queen should be seized with a sentiment of the liveliest pity in reading this petition? Ought not every word to have roused all her sympathy? For she was a worshipper of flowers. It was her science, her passion; and often had she forgotten in her beautiful conservatories of Malmaison the *éclat* and the *ennui* of power in watching a bud as it opened or studying the structure of a corolla. There often she was more happy in contemplating the purple of the cactus than the purple of her imperial mantle; and the perfume of her magnolias was to her more intoxicating than the poisonous flatteries of her courtiers. There she loved to reign, uniting under one sceptre a thousand floral subjects from all quarters of the globe. She *knew* them, — she classified them, — she ranged them in regiments according to order and race; and when a new subject presented itself to her for the first time, she knew by analyzing how to question it of its age and habits, and to learn from itself its name and family; then it was placed in the group of its brothers to take its natural rank; for there each tribe had its flag, each family its guidon.

Following the example of Napoleon, she respected the laws and customs of a vanquished people. Plants of all countries found again in the hot-houses of Malmaison their natural soil and their native climate. It was a world in miniature. One saw there in a circumscribed space meadows and rocks, the soil of virgin forests, and the sand of the desert; banks of clay and marl, lakes, cascades, and inundated strands; one might pass from the heat of the tropics to the refreshing climate of the temperate zone. There all the different races grew and developed side by side, only separated by walls of verdure or frontiers of glass.

When Josephine here held her review, the sight of certain flowers gave birth to sweetest reveries. The hydrangea had but recently

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borrowed the name of Hortensia from her daughter. Thoughts of glory also were suggested to her; for, after the triumphs of Bonaparte, she too claimed her share of the spoils of war, and *souvenirs* of Italy and Egypt grew and blossomed under her eyes. The soldenella of the Alps, the violet of Parma, the adonis of Castiglione, the carnation of Lodi, the willow of the Orient, the cross of Malta, the lily of the Nile, the hibiscus of Syria, the rose of Damietta, — such were *her* conquests. And these, at least, France still retains.

In the midst of all her treasures she had her favorite flower, her flower of adoption, her beautiful jasmine of Martinique, the seed of which she had gathered, sown, and cultivated; it recalls to her her native land, her childhood, her ornaments and crowns of her girlhood, the paternal roof, and her early wedded love.

Ah, how well she comprehends the fears of the unhappy man for his plant! How much he must love it, — his only one! And how could she but be touched by the fate of the poor prisoner? The widow of Beauharnais had not always dwelt in a consular or imperial palace. She has not forgotten her own days of captivity. Then this Charney, Josephine remembers him in society, — so calm, so proud, so listless in the midst of the pleasures of the world, a scorner of the sweetest human affections. What has so changed him? Who has had power to unbend this haughty spirit? Thou who didst refuse to bend the knee even before thy God art now a suppliant crying for mercy for thy plant! Ah, it shall be preserved to thee!

In this state of mind, the last manœuvres of the troops, all this vain simulation of battle, caused her only impatience and annoyance; for every moment lost might peril the existence of the flower of the captive.

The moment that Napoleon, surrounded by his generals, came to rejoin her, stirred with the excitement of the warrior, and expecting her felicitations, she received him — her eye flashing, and her voice clear and ringing, as if it was a question of a new victory, and it was her turn to put forth all the activity of a commander — with the exclamation, "Sire, an order for the governor of Fenestrella! An express messenger on the instant!" And she held the handkerchief stretched with both hands, that he might read it immediately.

Napoleon, after surveying her from head to foot, with an astonished and displeased air, turned on his heel and passed on. One would have said that he completed his review in her, — simply that she was the last to pass under inspection.

According to his usual habit, he then went to visit the field of battle, which no blood had reddened, and where lay upon the ground only the unripe harvest. The wheat and corn were trampled and cut to pieces. In some places the earth, deeply ploughed and torn, bore witness to the evolutions of the artillery; here and there were scattered the gauntlets of the dragoons, plumes and epaulets; then a few limping foot-soldiers and foundered horses, — that was all.

At one time, however, the affair had threatened to become more grave. The soldiers occupying the village of Marengo, in the character of Austrians, hesitated in performing their rôle of "vanquished," and prolonged their resistance beyond the time indicated in the programme. An active irritation was the result. The two regiments were of different corps, and were imbued with garrison rivalries. Insult and provocation resulted in the crossing of bayonets. A terrible collision seemed inevitable. Nothing but the utmost authority of the generals prevented the mock fight from becoming a real combat. At last they consented to fraternize in exchanging gourds; but the gourds were empty; to fill them they entered forcibly the cellars of the village. Excess ran riot; but at the cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* all was placed to the account of enthusiasm. After repeated parleys and health-drinkings, the "Austrians" consented to beat a reeling retreat, and the French victors made their entrance into Marengo, dancing the *farandola*, singing the *Marseillaise*, mingling with their shouts their old but now forbidden cry of *Vive la république! Then* all was placed to the account of drunkenness.

The troops having again formed in line, Napoleon distributed the cross of honor among the old soldiers who five years before had fought in the same place. In their turn the principal Cisalpine magistrates received decorations from him. Then, with Josephine, he laid the first stone of a monu-

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ment destined to perpetuate the memory of the battle of Marengo. After which the Emperor, the Empress, the ambassadors, the magistrates, the people, and the army, returned to Alexandria.

And the fate of Picciola was not yet decided!

CHAPTER V.

On the evening of that day Josephine and Napoleon, after the official dinner at which they had been present, were in one of the apartments which had been prepared for them in the Hôtel de Ville of Alexandria, — the one dictating letters to his secretary, pacing the room and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; the other before a lofty mirror admiring, with *naïve* coquetry, the elegance of her robes and the splendor of the jewels with which she was adorned.

When the secretary was dismissed, Napoleon seated himself, and, leaning both his elbows upon a table covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold, rested his head on his hands and fell into a revery, the subject of which was far from painful, judging from the expression of his face.

But Josephine soon wearied of the silence which ensued. He had already once that day treated her rudely in the matter of the petition; and aware that she had been maladroit in too much precipitation, she determined again to choose the moment more wisely. She believed that now the right time had come; and seating herself on the other side of the table opposite her husband, she, too, leaned upon her elbows and, like him, affected an air of abstraction; soon their eyes met with a smile.

"What are you thinking of?" said Josephine to him, with a caressing tone and look.

"I am thinking," said he, "that the diadem is very becoming to you, and that it would be a great pity if I had neglected to place one in your jewel casket."

The smile of Josephine gradually faded, while that of Napoleon became more decided, for he loved to combat the painful apprehensions which always took possession of her when she contemplated the height to which they had lately risen. Noble woman! it was not for herself that she trembled.

"Are you not better pleased to see me Emperor than General?" pursued he.

"Certainly; as Emperor you have the right to grant mercy, and I have a favor to ask of you."

Now it was on the face of the husband that the smile faded, to brighten on the face of the wife. Knitting his brows, he prepared himself to be firm, fearing that the influence which Josephine exercised upon his heart might lead him into some foolish weakness.

"Again, Josephine! You have promised me not to attempt in this way again to interrupt the course of justice. Do you think that the right to exercise mercy is granted us only to satisfy the caprices of our hearts? No; we ought to use it only to soften the too rigorous punishment of the law, or to repair the errors of the tribunal. Always to extend the hand of forgiveness to one's enemies is only to augment their number and their insolence."

"Nevertheless, sire," replied Josephine, with difficulty restraining a burst of laughter, "you will accord me the favor that I implore of your Majesty."

"I doubt it."

"And I do not doubt it. First and before all I demand the removal of two oppressors! Yes, sire, let them be displaced; let them be driven out, forced away, if necessary!"

And, speaking thus, she covered her mouth with her handkerchief, for, seeing the astonished face of Napoleon, she could no longer restrain her mirth.

"How? you urge me to punish! you, Josephine? And who are the guilty ones?"

"Two paving-stones, sire, which are in the way, in a court-yard."

And the laughter so long restrained broke forth in a merry peal.

He rose quickly, and, crossing his arms behind him, regarded her with an air of doubt and surprise.

"How? what do you mean? Two paving-stones! Are you jesting?" — "No," said she; and rising, she approached him, and with her graceful Creole *nonchalance* leaning her two clasped hands on his shoulder, said, "On these two stones depend a precious existence. Listen to me, sire; I invoke all your good-will while I speak."

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She then recounted to him the whole story of the petition, and all that she had learned from the young girl concerning the prisoner (whose name, however, she did not mention), and of the devotion of the poor child; and in speaking of the prisoner, of his flower, and the love which he bore it, the words flowed from her lips gracious, tender, caressing, full of charm and of that eloquence in which her heart so naturally expressed itself.

In listening the Emperor smiled, and the smile was born of admiration of his wife.

CHAPTER VI.

Charney counted the hours, the minutes, the seconds. It seemed to him that the minutest divisions of time were heaping themselves one upon another to weigh upon and crush his flower. Two days had passed; no messenger brought him any tidings. Girhardi, restless and anxious, knew not what to think of this silence and delay; he suggested obstacles, answered for the zeal and devotion of the person charged with the message (without naming his daughter), and strove to rekindle in the heart of his companion a hope that was fast fading in his own. "Theresa, my child, what may have happened to thee?" said he to himself in despair.

The third day passed without bringing to him his daughter.

During the fourth day Girhardi did not show himself at the little window of the court. Charney could not see him; but had he listened attentively he might have heard the prayers, mingled with sobs, which the poor father addressed to Heaven to avert this new and terrible blow.

A black veil seemed to have been suddenly drawn over this wretched place, which, until now, even in the absence of liberty, had been visited by occasional rays of joy and happiness.

The plant drew nearer and nearer its end; and Charney, inconsolable, stood by, watching the death-agony of Picciola. He had a double cause of affliction, — the loss of the object of his affection, the charm of his life, and to have humiliated himself for naught. What! should his haughty head be bent in vain? Should he on his knees beg a favor, and be repulsed?

As if everything conspired against Charney, Ludovic, until now so communicative, so genuine, seemed to avoid even addressing a word to him. Taciturn and surly, he came and went in the performance of his duties, smoking his pipe, scarcely glancing at him, apparently vexed with him for his misfortune.

The truth was, that Ludovic, as soon as he knew of the refusal of the commandant, foresaw the time when he should find himself placed between his duty and his inclination. Duty must prevail, and he put on an air of brutality and ill-nature to give himself courage.

This mode of action is common with persons unrefined by education. They repress the generous impulses of their hearts when it is necessary for them to do harsh deeds, instead of softening the harshness by an expression of kindly feeling. It had been by deeds, not words, that Ludovic had always shown the goodness of his heart. Now that *deeds* of kindness were interdicted, he spoke no word. The secret pity which he felt for the man to whom his office compelled him to administer the tyranny of those in authority manifested itself in anger with the man himself. He forced himself to appear insensible in becoming the agent of a pitiless order. If so he could draw upon himself hatred, so much the better, — his duty would be easier. There must be war between the victim and the executioner, — between the captive and the jailer.

When the hour for the prisoner's dinner arrived, Ludovic saw Charney standing beside his plant in profound and mournful contemplation. He did not now, as formerly, advance gayly, saluting his god-daughter with caressing titles, and asking after the health of *Monsieur* and *Madame;* he crossed the court with a rapid step, affecting to suppose that Charney was in his chamber, and that he must hasten to carry him his dinner. But at a movement of Charney their eyes met, and Ludovic stood still, struck with surprise at the change that so few days had wrought in the countenance of the prisoner.

Watching and anxiety had furrowed his brow; his colorless lips and face, his wasted

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cheeks, gave him a broken air, which the disorder of his hair and beard made still more marked. Spite of himself, Ludovic was stirred by pitiful emotion during this survey; but all at once, recalling, without doubt, his grand resolutions, he glanced from the man to the plant, winked ironically, shrugged his shoulders with a mocking gesture, whistled an air, and was about to take his departure, when, with a mournful but expressive voice, Charney said to him, "Ludovic, what have I done to you?"

"To me? — to me? — nothing," replied the jailer, troubled by the tone of reproach, and more moved than he wished to appear.

"Then," said the Count, advancing towards him and seizing his hand, "let us save her! there is yet time, and I have found the means. Yes; it cannot trouble the commandant; indeed, he need know nothing of it. Procure for me some earth and a box, — we will raise the stones, — but only for an instant. Who will know it? We will transplant —"

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Ludovic, brusquely drawing away his hand; "to the devil with your flower! It has made trouble enough for all of us, to begin with you, who will fall ill again. Make a drink of her; that is all she is good for now."

Charney regarded him with a glance of indignation and scorn.

"If only you were concerned," continued Ludovic; "it is your affair, and that is all; but the poor old man that you have deprived of his daughter, — he will never see her again, and to you he will owe it all."

"His daughter! How?" cried the Count.

"Ay, *how*, to be sure!" continued the other, setting his basket of provisions on the ground, crossing his arms, and taking the attitude and air of a man who is going to scold vigorously; "one whips the horses, and does not wish the carriage to roll on! One strikes the dagger, and is surprised at the wound! What nonsense! You wished to write to the Emperor, and you did so; very well, — it is against the orders of the commandant, and he will punish you when he hears of it; that is right enough. But you needed a messenger to carry your letter, since you could not carry it yourself. This messenger was the young lady."

"What! that young girl — she —"

"You may affect astonishment; did you suppose your correspondence with the Emperor was to be by telegraph? — the telegraph has other work to do. At all events, the commandant has discovered all; — I do not know how, — by the guide, perhaps, for the young lady could not travel the route alone. Now the gate of the citadel is closed to her; she and her father must live apart. Whose fault is it?"

Charney buried his face in his hands. "Unfortunate old man!" said he; "his only consolation! — And does he know? —"

"He has known all since yesterday. Judge how much he loves you. — But your dinner is getting cold."

And Ludovic raised the basket, and conveyed it into the chamber of the prisoner.

The Count sank overwhelmed upon his bench. For an instant he felt that he himself would crush Picciola with one blow, and so end all; but his courage failed. Then a ray of hope shot through his mind. "That poor young girl, who has so generously devoted herself to the cause of Picciola, and whose zeal in seeking succor for an unfortunate has met so cruel a reward, may have returned. Perhaps she was admitted to the Emperor. Yes, it is so! Without doubt she has succeeded, and it is that which has irritated the commandant against her. If he has in his hands the order for the liberation of Picciola, why is it delayed? He *must* obey the Emperor's will! O, blessings on thee, noble girl! Unfortunate child, separated from thy father on account of me! O, the half of my life, how gladly would I give it for thee, for thy happiness! I would give it only that the door of this prison might be opened to thee!"

CHAPTER VII.

SCARCELY half an hour had elapsed, when two civil officers wearing the national scarf, accompanied by the commandant of Fenestrella, presented themselves before Charney, and invited him to ascend to his chamber. When there, the commandant spoke.

He was a corpulent man, with a round bald head and thick gray mustache. A scar, from his left eyebrow to his upper lip, seemed to divide his face in two. A long

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blue coat, with broad skirts, buttoned to the throat, top-boots over his pantaloons, his hair slightly powdered, curling at the side, spurs to his boots (without doubt a mark of distinction, for the rheumatism as well as the exigencies of the place made him in fact the first prisoner in the citadel), — such was the exterior of this personage, whose only weapon was a cane.

Appointed to the custody of political prisoners, most of whom belonged to distinguished families, he prided himself on his fine manners, notwithstanding his frequent loss of temper, and on his fine language, in spite of accustomed grammatical errors. He held himself erect, had a voice strong and emphatic, made many flourishes in saluting, and scratched his forehead when speaking.

With these qualities, Colonel Morand, commandant of Fenestrella, yet passed for a fine specimen of a military man.

From the tone of courtesy with which he addressed him, and the official air of his two companions, Charney believed that they had brought an order of mercy for Picciola.

The commandant wished him to say whether he had ever used him unhandsomely in the exercise of his functions, by want of care or abuse of power.

This preamble was a good augury. Charney certified all that the commandant desired.

"You know, monsieur," continued the commandant, "that during your illness all cares were lavished upon you; if it did not please you to submit to the prescriptions of the physicians, it was neither their fault nor mine. I thought that your convalescence would be hastened by the freer use of air and exercise, and almost entire liberty was accorded you to come and go in your court at your pleasure."

Charney thanked him by an inclination of his head, but his impatience showed itself in the compression of his lips.

"Nevertheless, monsieur," pursued the commandant, in the tone of a man whose feelings have been wounded, and whose consideration has been unappreciated, "you have infringed the laws of the fortress, of which you could not have been in ignorance. You have almost compromised me in my relations with the Governor of Piedmont, General Menou, and even with the Emperor himself, in causing to be placed before him a petition — "

"Placed before him! he has then received it?" interrupted Charney.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well?" said the unfortunate man, trembling with hope.

"For this breach of discipline," said the commandant, "you are to be transferred to one of the cells of the old bastion, and to be kept in solitary confinement for one month."

"But as to the petition," cried Charney, endeavoring still to combat the cruel reality which was dispelling his last illusions, — "what did the Emperor say?"

"The Emperor does not trouble himself about such nonsense!" was the disdainful reply.

Charney sank into the only chair with which his chamber was furnished, and from that moment seemed unconscious of all that was passing around him.

"That is not all," said the commandant: "your means of communication known, your relations with the world outside discovered, it is natural to suppose that your correspondence may be more extensive. Have you written to others beside his Majesty?"

The commandant waited in vain for a reply, and resumed, in a dryer tone, —

"A visit of inspection has been ordered, and these gentlemen, delegated by the Governor of Turin, will proceed at once to perform the duty in your presence, as the law commands. Before the execution of the order, do you desire to make any revelations? Any such can only act favorably on your case."

The same silence on the part of the prisoner.

The commandant frowned till his bald head was wrinkled to the top, and, turning towards the officials, said, "Proceed, messieurs."

The two then commenced a most vigorous examination, from the chimney to the mattress of the bed, and even the linings of the clothes of the prisoner.

During this time the commandant paced slowly back and forth in the narrow chamber, striking, one by one, with the end of his cane, each plank of the floor, to judge whether it might not cover some secret excavation for the concealment of important papers, or even

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preparations for an escape. He recalled to mind Latude and others, who had escaped from the Bastile. Three moats, deep and wide, walls ten feet in thickness, gratings, counterscarps, ramparts bristling with cannon, sentinels at every postern, and on every parapet, had been of no avail against the perseverance of a man armed with a cord and a nail.

Fenestrella was far from presenting such a girdle of strength and security. Since 1796 only part of the fortifications had been kept in repair, and it was only guarded by a few sentinels outside of the outer walls.

After researches as prolonged as it was possible to make in so small a room, nothing suspicious was found except a little glass bottle containing a black liquid, doubtless the ink of the prisoner.

Interrogated as to the means employed by him to obtain this ink, he turned on his chair towards the window, and commenced drumming on the glass with his fingers, making no reply to the question.

The dressing-case remained to be examined. They demanded the key. He let it fall, rather than gave it to them.

Colonel Morand no longer showed the same courtesy of look and manner. He was nearly suffocated with rage. With purple face and flashing eyes, maddened by the confined space of the chamber, he constantly buttoned and unbuttoned his coat with trembling hands, as if to give vent to the transport of anger which possessed him.

Suddenly, by a spontaneous movement, the satellites of justice, occupied in taking an inventory of the contents of the dressing-case, holding it in one hand and examining it with the other, came quickly to the window, to bring the full light of day to bear upon it, and, with joyous faces, exclaimed with one voice, "We have it! we have it!"

Then drawing out from under the double bottom a quantity of handkerchiefs covered with fine and close writing, they were sure that they had discovered proofs of a vast conspiracy.

At the sight of the profanation of his precious archives, Charney rose, extended his arm as if to snatch them, opened his mouth; then, suddenly calming himself, he again sat down, and remained immovable, without having pronounced a word.

But this first expressive start had sufficed to cause the commandant to attach a high importance to the capture.

By his order the handkerchiefs were at once deposited in a bag, sealed, and labelled; the bottle and even the toothpick were confiscated. A report was prepared, and Charney requested to sign it, to attest its exactitude. With this request, by a gesture, he refused to comply.

Record is made of this refusal, and his immediate transfer to the cell of the old bastion is ordered.

Ah, how painful, vague, and confused were the thoughts that crowded his brain, but one sentiment of grief overpowered all others in the heart of the stricken man. He had not even given a mocking smile at the triumph of these men in carrying off the record of his observations on his plant, thinking them materials for law proceedings and proofs of conspiracy. Alas, he was to be forever separated from his *souvenirs!* The lover from whom are taken the letters and the portrait of his adored mistress whom he will never see again can alone understand the profound anguish of the prisoner. To save Picciola he had compromised his pride, his honor; he had broken the heart of an old man and darkened the life of a young girl; and of all which had made life of any value to him nothing remained, not even the lines traced by him recording his sacred studies.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE intercession of Josephine had not, then, been as effective as it had at first promised to be. After her gentle pleading for the plant and the prisoner, when she placed in Napoleon's hand the handkerchief containing the missive, he recalled the offence to his pride given by the *malapropos* distraction of the Empress during the exhibition of the morning at Marengo, and the signature of Charney increased the disagreeable impression.

"Has the man become insane?" said he; "what comedy does he pretend to play with me? A Jacobin botanist! I shall not be surprised to hear Marat go into ecstasies over the beauties of nature, or to see Couthon pre-

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sent himself at the convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine would have raised her voice to object to the title of Jacobin so carelessly given to the Count, but at this moment a chamberlain came to announce to the Emperor that the generals, the ambassadors, as well as the deputies of the Italian provinces, awaited him in the hall of reception. He hastened to join them. When there, inspired more by their presence than by the contents of the petition, he took occasion, from the name of the petitioner, to break forth with great violence against idealists and philosophers; returning again to the Jacobins, declaring that he knew very well how to subdue and bring them to seek for mercy. And he raised his voice with a tone of menace and resolution, not that he was really as much excited as he wished to make it appear, but, always ready to take advantage of circumstances, he wished that his words should be heard and repeated, especially by the Prussian ambassador present in the assembly. It was his proclamation of his divorce from the principles of the Revolution.

To please the master each one added something to the speech. The Governor of Turin, above all, Jacques-Abdallah Menou, forgetting, or rather denying, his former principles, broke out into violent attacks upon the Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France, and there was soon in the imperial circle a unanimous chorus of virulent imprecations against conspirators, revolutionists, and Jacobins, such that Josephine began to tremble before the terrible storm which she had raised.

Recovering somewhat from her alarm, she approached the ear of Napoleon, and in a half-laughing tone said, —

"Sire, why all this violence? It is not a matter of Jacobins and revolutionists, but of a poor flower who has never conspired against any one."

The Emperor shrugged his shoulders. "Do you believe that I am duped by such idle talk?" cried he. "This Charney is a dangerous man, and not a fool. The flower is the pretext; the end, the raising of the stones. It is an escape that he is planning. Menou, see that he is well guarded. And how has he been able to send his petition without its passing through the hand of the commandant? Is this the sort of surveillance that exists in the prisons of state!"

The Empress tried once more to defend her *protégée*.

"Enough, Madame," said the master.

And Josephine, abashed and discouraged, was silenced, and dropped her eyes under the look with which he regarded her.

Menou, vexed by the reprimand of the Emperor, had not been sparing of his reproaches to the commandant of Fenestrella, and he in his turn had hastened to treat with rigor the two prisoners to whom he owed such sharp rebuke.

Girhardi, already separated from his daughter, — who, with a heart full of hope, had only come in sight of the gates of the fortress to be met with an order to quit immediately the territory of Fenestrella, to return there no more, — had that morning been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit; but there had resulted from it nothing that could compromise him.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the taking away of his manuscript were reserved for the Count.

When, to pass to the cell of the bastion, he descended to the court-yard, following the commandant and his two acolytes, whether Colonel Morand had not noticed it in passing before, or that he wished to be revenged for the obstinate silence of Charney during his visit, his anger seemed to be redoubled at the sight of the slight scaffolding erected around the plant.

"What is all this?" said he to Ludovic. "Is it thus that you watch your prisoners?"

"That, my Colonel," replied he, hesitating, with a sort of groan, with one hand taking his pipe from his mouth and with the other touching his cap with a military salute, "that is the plant, you know, which is so good for the gout and other maladies."

Then, letting his right arm fall to his side, with his left he replaced his pipe in its habitual place.

"Truly," resumed the Colonel, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, the chambers and the courts of the citadel would become gardens, menageries, shops. Come! out of the way with this weed at once, as well as all this rubbish about it!"

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Ludovic regarded in turn the plant, Charney, and the commandant; then attempted to murmur some words of justification.

"Be quiet, and obey instantly," cried the Colonel.

Ludovic removed his pipe from his mouth, extinguished it, shook out the ashes, laid it upon a ledge of the wall, and prepared to execute the order. He divested himself of his coat and cap, and rubbed his hands together as if to gain courage. All at once, as if he acquired new strength from the anger of his chief, he seized and threw away the mattings of braided straw; he tore them to pieces and dispersed them about the court with a sort of rage. Next in turn came the twigs which had served as supports for the matting; these he pulled up one after the other, broke them over his knee, and trod them under his feet. It seemed as if his old affection for Picciola had turned to hate, and that he was wreaking his vengeance upon her.

During this time Charney stood motionless, with his eyes fixed eagerly upon his plant, thus left shelterless, as if with his gaze he would still protect it.

The day had been cool and the sky cloudy. The stem had raised its head somewhat since the day before, and from the withered branches had sprung several little verdant shoots. It seemed as if Picciola were gathering all her strength to die.

What! Picciola, his Picciola! his world of reality and his world of illusions, the pivot on which turned his life, that which irradiated his thoughts, — all to be annihilated! And he, poor captive, the expiation of whose crime Providence had suspended, was to be suddenly arrested in his progress towards true knowledge. How should he henceforth occupy his sad leisure? What will fill the void in his heart? Picciola, the desert hitherto peopled by thee is to become again a desert. No more projects, no more study, no more intoxicating dreams, no more observations to record, nothing more to love! O, how narrow will his prison seem! how heavy the air which he will breathe! It will be only a tomb, — the tomb of Picciola! This golden branch, this sibylline bough which has had power to exorcise the evil demons with which he was possessed, will be no longer there to defend him against himself. Can he live again his old life of an incredulous philosopher face to face with his bitter thoughts? No! sooner die than enter again into that chilling night from which she has drawn him!

At this moment Charney saw a shadow pass the little grated window. It was the old man.

"Ah," said he to himself, "I have snatched from him his only blessing; I have deprived him of his daughter! Without doubt he comes to curse me and to rejoice in my torment."

As he glanced up he could see that he was clasping the bars of the window with his feeble hands, which trembled with emotion. Charney did not dare to raise his eyes to ask from the bottom of his heart pardon of the only man whose esteem he cared to possess; he feared to see on that noble countenance the justly merited expression of reproach or disdain; and when their eyes did meet, the look of tender compassion with which the poor father (forgetting his own griefs to sympathize with those of his companion in misfortune) regarded him, touched the depth of his heart, and two tears, the only ones that he had ever shed, sprang from his eyes.

These tears were sweet to him, but his pride caused him to dash them quickly away. He would not be suspected of cowardly weakness by the men who surrounded him.

Of all the witnesses of this scene, the two officials alone, indifferent spectators, seemed to understand nothing of the drama which they witnessed. They looked by turns at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, the jailer, — were astonished at the lively and diverse emotions imprinted on each face, and whisperingly wondered whether some important hiding-place was not concealed underneath this plant so carefully barricaded.

However, the fatal work proceeded. Directed by the Colonel, Ludovic attempted to throw down the supports of the rustic bench; but they resisted his efforts.

"An axe, take an axe," cried the Colonel.

Ludovic took one; it slipped from his hands.

"Finish immediately!" said the Colonel.

At the first blow the seat cracked; at the third it fell to the ground. Then Ludovic

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bent over the plant standing alone in the midst of the *debris*.

The face of the Count was wan and dejected; the sweat stood in large drops upon his brow.

"Monsieur, monsieur, why kill it? It will soon die itself," cried he at last, descending again to the character of suppliant.

The Colonel looked at him, smiled ironically, and in his turn made no reply.

"Then," said Charney, with violence, "I will crush it! I will tear it up myself!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" said the commandant, with his harsh voice, extending his cane before Charney as if to place a barrier between the prisoner and his darling. Then, in obedience to an imperative order from him, Ludovic seized Picciola with his two hands, and was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, struck dumb with grief, stood gazing at it.

At the base of the stem, near the lowest branches, where the sap still flowed, a little blossom, fresh and brilliant, was just opening. Already the others hung drooping upon their withered stems. This one alone still had life; it alone was not wounded, crushed, stifled, by the grasp of the large, rough hands of the jailer. The corolla, slightly shaded by a few leaves, was turned towards Charney. He fancied that its perfume was exhaled towards him, and through eyes dim with gathering tears, he seemed to see it bud, expand, and die. The man and the plant exchanged a last farewell look.

If at this moment, when so many passions and interests were centred in a humble plant, strangers had suddenly entered that prison-court, where the heavens shed only a sombre and dim light, would they not have judged from the picture that met their view, — these emissaries of justice with their tricolored scarfs, this military chief issuing his pitiless orders, — that they were witnessing some secret and bloody execution, — that Ludovic was the executioner, and Charney the criminal to whom his sentence had just been read? And is it not so? They come! these strangers enter! Behold them!

One is an aide-de-camp of General Menou; the other a page of the Empress. The dust with which they are covered shows with what haste they have travelled.

They came but just in time.

At the noise which announced their entrance, Ludovic relaxed his grasp of Picciola, raised his head, and he and Charney, both with pale faces, gazed at each other.

The aide-de-camp delivered to Colonel Morand an order from the Governor of Turin; the Colonel read it, and with a hesitating movement took two or three turns in the court-yard, striking his cane on the ground, — compared the missive which he had just received with that of the day before, — then at last, after raising his eyebrows again and again in token of great astonishment, he put on a semi-courteous air, approached Charney, and graciously gave into his hands the letter of the General.

The prisoner read aloud what follows: —

"His Majesty the Emperor and King has transmitted to me the order, Monsieur the Commandant, to inform you that he consents to the request of Monsieur Charney relative to the plant which is growing between the pavements of the prison-court. Those which incommode it must be raised. I charge you to see to the execution of this order, and to consult upon the subject with Monsieur Charney."

"*Vive l'empereur!*" cried Ludovic.

"*Vive l'empereur!*" murmured another voice, which seemed to issue from the wall.

During the reading the commandant stood leaning upon his cane; the two men of the scarfs, unable to find the key to all this, seemed confounded, and sought in their own minds some connection between these events and the conspiracy which they had imagined. The aide-de-camp and the page wondered why such haste had been necessary. At last the page, addressing himself to Charney, said, "There is a postscript from the Empress."

And Charney read on the margin: —

"I recommend Monsieur Charney to the kind care of Colonel Morand. I shall be particularly obliged to him for all that he can do to alleviate the condition of his prisoner. "JOSEPHINE."

"*Vive l'impératrice!*" cried Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and held the paper several minutes before his eyes.

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PICCIOLA IN PERIL.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The commandant of Fenestrella resumed all his courtesy towards the *protégée* of her Majesty, the Empress and Queen. Not only was Charney not removed to the cell of the bastion, but he was allowed to reconstruct all the frames for sheltering Picciola, who now, languishing from her semi-transplanting, more than ever needed them.

Colonel Morand had so well calmed his rage against the man and the plant, that every morning Ludovic was sent with a message from him, asking if Charney desired anything, and inquiring after the health of Picciola.

Taking advantage of this good-will, Charney obtained from his munificence pens, ink, and paper, in order to record anew from memory his studies and observations on vegetable physiology; for the letter of the Governor of Turin did not annul the right of search and seizure. The two emissaries of justice had carried away his archives on cambric, and after a profound examination, declaring that they were unable, notwithstanding their efforts, to find the key of this correspondence, they had despatched it all to Paris, to the minister of police, there to be studied, analyzed, deciphered, by experts.

But a far more important privation, a loss which he could not supply, was imposed upon Charney.

The commandant, revenging upon Girhardi the reproaches of General Menou concerning his careless surveillance, had banished him to another part of the fortress. This separation, which threw the old man into complete isolation, weighed upon the heart of Charney with bitter self-condemnation, and nullified the effect of the favors of the Colonel to himself.

He passed a great part of the day with his eyes fixed upon the grating and the closed window. In imagination he again beheld the good old man at the moment when with great effort he pressed his arm through the lower bars, vainly endeavoring to touch a friendly hand; he saw his petition to the Emperor grazing the wall, as, tied to the end of a cord, it mounted to that window, from him to Girhardi, from Girhardi to Theresa, from Theresa to the Empress; and behind these bars again shone forth the look of pity and pardon which had so lately come to him with such sustaining power in the midst of his anguish; and he heard the cry of joy burst from a broken heart when the message of mercy to Picciola had at last come.

It is to him, to them, that he owes that mercy, and for that mad attempt which could only benefit him, they alone had been punished, — cruelly punished. Poor father! poor daughter!

In imagination he often saw her again in the same place where he had seen her for one moment on his awaking from that painful dream which to him predicted the death of his plant. On that day, in the confusion of his thoughts, he had seemed to recognize in her all the features of the Picciola of his dreams; and it is thus that he now pictures her.

As the prisoner was nourishing these sweet visions, with his eyes turned to the former residence of Girhardi, something stirred behind the dim and dusty glass; the little window was opened, — a woman appeared at the grating. Her skin was brown and swarthy; she had an enormous goitre, and evil, avaricious eyes. It was the wife of Ludovic.

From that time Charney saw no more bright visions in looking at the little window.

CHAPTER II.

Freed from her fetters, surrounded by good earth, with a large frame of pavement, Picciola repaired her disasters, raised her head again, and came out triumphant from all her tribulations. Nevertheless, she had lost her flowers, with the exception of the last little blossom which had opened at the base of the stem.

In the swelling seed which ripened in the calyx, Charney foresaw new and sublime discoveries. For now there could be full de-

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velopment; there was more than enough earth for Picciola. She might become a mother, and see her children grow up under her shadow.

In watching it, he was seized with a desire to know the true name of this companion with whom he had passed such happy hours.

"What! shall I not give to Picciola, the poor foundling, the name with which science or custom has dowered her beforehand, in common with her sisters of the mountains and plains?"

The next time the commandant visited him, Charney spoke to him of his desire to possess a work on botany. Without refusing his demand, the Colonel, wishing to screen himself from responsibility, referred the matter to the Governor of Piedmont. Menou hastened, not only to send him one work upon the subject, but despatched an enormous pile of volumes from the library of Turin, to aid the prisoner in his researches,—"hoping," wrote he, "that her Majesty, the Empress and Queen, well versed herself in this sort of knowledge, as in many others, would not be displeased to know the name of that flower in which she had shown such a lively interest."

At the sight of this mass of science, which Ludovic, bending under the weight of the burden, brought to him, Charney smiled.

"Is there, then, need of such heavy artillery," said he, "to induce my flower to give me her name?"

Nevertheless, it was with a sentiment of real pleasure that he once more held a book in his hand. He turned over the leaves with that thrill of curiosity which in old times he had felt when the mysteries of science were his chief interest. The only knowledge that he desired and coveted now was concerning flowers, the knowledge of Nature in her most lovely expression of herself.

"If ever I am released from this prison," said he to himself, "I will be a botanist. There, no more scholastic controversies and pedantries, which mislead instead of enlightening. Nature must show herself always the same to her disciples, always true though changing, always beautiful though unadorned."

And he interrogated the newly arrived volumes, asking them also their names and titles. There were the "Species Plantarum" of Linnæus, the "Institutiones rei herbariæ" of Tournefort, the "Theatrum Botanicum" of Bauhin, the "Phytographia," the "Dendrologia," the "Agrostographia" of Plukenet, of Aldrovande, and of Scheuchzer; besides many others, both French and Italian.

Although somewhat dismayed at this formidable mass of science, Charney was not discouraged, and, as a preparation for his premeditated researches, he opened first the smallest of the volumes to look at the index, to see how great a variety of denominations a vegetable could bear.

He would have liked to choose in this floral calendar between Alcea, Alisima, Andryala, Bromelia, Celosia, Coronilla, Euphrasia, Helvella, Passiflora, Primula, Santolina, or other names sweet to the lips, harmonious to the ear.

All at once the fear presented itself that his plant might bear a harsh and ungraceful name, a name with a masculine or neuter termination, which would be at variance with all his ideas concerning his little friend and companion.

What would become of the young girl of his dreams if he was obliged to apply to her such a designation as Hydrocharis, or Satyrium, or Gossypium, Cynoglossum, or Cucubalus, Cenchrus, Ruscus! or even some common name more barbarous still; as, Rest-ox, Flytrap, Sow-bread, Poor-man's-herb, Crane's-bill, Dog's-tooth, Hare's-ear, Fox's-tail, Snapdragon, Goat's-beard, or Hart's-tongue? Would it not be enough to disenchant him forever? No! he would not risk such a trial.

Spite of himself, however, he took up in turn each volume, turned over the leaves, and went into ecstasies over the innumerable marvels of nature, but was irritated by the love of system in men, which had made of that study, heretofore so attractive to him, the hardest, most technical, most involved of the sciences.

For eight days he devoted himself to the analysis of his plant, in order to learn her name, but without success.

In this chaos of strange words, tossed from one system to another, bewildered in the midst of this vast and ponderous synonymy,—a veritable iron network covering the science of botany as if to hide its charms, and weighing upon it almost to the point of suffocation,—in vain he consulted all the au-

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thors, one after the other, descending from class to order, from order to genus, from genus to species, from species to variety, constantly losing the trace, and ending by cursing his unfaithful guides always at variance with each other, not only concerning the general nomenclature, but sometimes also as to the name and functions of each organ of the plant.

In the midst of his investigations, a thousand times repeated, the little flower, the only flower, interrogated petal by petal, examined even to the depth of its calyx, suddenly became detached under the hand of the analyzer, the dissector, and fell, carrying with it all projects for the study of the seed and all hope of fructification.

Charney, filled with dismay, stood for a time speechless; then apostrophizing with an agitated voice and a wrathful look the volumes which lay open upon his knees and around him, —

"Why did I ever think of consulting you?" cried he. "She shall be called Picciola! nothing but Picciola, the prisoner's plant, his *consolatrice*, his friend. What need has she of another name, and why do I wish to know any other? Fool that I am! is there no remedy for this thirst for knowledge? Can one never be cured of it?"

And following an angry impulse, he seized the books one after the other, and dashed them to the ground. A bit of paper fell from the leaves of one of them and fluttered into the court. Charney picked it up, and found that it contained these few words, recently written, and in the handwriting of a woman: —

"Hope, and tell your neighbor to hope, for I do not forget either of you."

CHAPTER III.

Charney read and reread twenty times this note, of which the meaning could not be doubtful; for, among women, one only had been for him all heart, all devotion: and that woman he had scarcely seen; he did not know the sound of her voice; and if suddenly she should stand before him, he would not recognize her. But by what means had she been able to elude the vigilance of his Arguses and get this letter to his hands? "Tell your neighbor to hope!" Poor daughter, who dared not name her father! Poor father, to whom he could not even show this *souvenir* of his daughter!

In thinking of this good old man, whose burden of sorrow he had been the means of making so heavy, and whose pain he was not permitted to assuage, Charney was broken-hearted with regret, and in his sleepless nights the image of the unhappy Girhardi was ever before him.

During one of these nights an unusual noise was heard in the chamber above his, which had, till then, been unoccupied; this filled his mind with conjectures, each one more strange than the other.

In the morning, Ludovic entered his chamber with an air of business, and although he endeavored to compose his countenance with discretion, his eyes, sparkling and animated, announced some great news.

"What is the matter?" said Charney to him; "and what happened last night in the room above?"

"O, nothing, Signor Count, nothing, except that there arrived yesterday several new prisoners, and the chambers which have been vacant will now be occupied. Yes," pursued he, with an affected tone of consideration, "it will be necessary for you to share the enjoyment of your court-yard with a companion in captivity; but do not be troubled, we receive here only good honest men: (when I say honest men, I mean there are no thieves among them.) But here comes the new man to make you his installation visit."

At this unexpected announcement, Charney rose, filled with surprise, but hardly knowing whether to be pleased or annoyed by this change, when he looked up and saw at the door of his room Girhardi!

Without a word they sprang to meet each other; their clasped hands bore witness to their joy, and through their eyes their souls met.

"Well, well," said Ludovic, laughing, "I see that the acquaintance will be soon made"; and he went out, leaving the two together in a transport of delight.

After this moment of most expressive silence, "Who, then, has reunited us?" said Charney.

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"It is my daughter, I cannot doubt it. How can I be mistaken? All the happiness that has come to me in my life has been through her."

Charney bowed his head with a confused air, and his hands pressed again those of the old man. Then drawing from his dressing-case a little paper, he presented it to him, saying, "Do you know this handwriting?"

"It is hers!" cried Girhardi; "it is the writing of my daughter, of my Theresa! No, she has not forgotten us, and there has been no delay in the fulfilment of promise, since we are now reunited. But how did you receive this?"

Charney told him, — and then, without thinking, made a movement as if to take possession of it again; but seeing Girhardi hold it with hands trembling from emotion, reading it slowly word by word, letter by letter, kissing it a hundred times, he felt that it no longer belonged to him, and with the thought came a sharp pang of regret which he could not explain to himself.

After the first moments, in which they talked of Theresa, with all possible conjectures as to her fate and the place where she might be, Girhardi, looking with a sentiment of curiosity about the chamber of his host, stopped before each of the inscriptions on the wall.

The modification of two of them by added words, the new-comer had no doubt was owing to the influence of the plant, and he could easily appreciate the importance of the part it had played in its effect upon the prisoner.

One of the sentences contained these words: —

"Mankind are on the earth, as they will hereafter be under it, — side by side, but without any bond of union. For the body, the world is a populous arena, where one is jostled on all sides; for the heart, it is a solitary desert."

Girhardi took a bit of charcoal and added, — "If one has not a friend!"

Then turning gently to his companion, he opened to him his arms.

Still under the influence of the thoughts which had stirred his inmost soul, with palpitating heart and moistened eyes, Charney threw himself upon the offered breast, and the two sealed the holy pact of friendship by a long and earnest embrace.

The next day they breakfasted together *tête-à-tête* in Charney's room, one seated on the bed, the other on the chair, having between them the little carved table, upon which, beside the double ration of the prison, was a fine lake-trout, lobsters from the Cenise, a bottle of excellent Mondovi wine, and an appetizing morsel of Milesian cheese, known throughout Italy under the name of *rubiola*. This was a feast for captives! But Girhardi did not lack money, nor the commandant complaisance, since his new orders.

Their conversation was full of confidence and sweetness.

Charney had never so enjoyed the pleasures of the table; never had repast seemed to him so delicious. If exercise and the waters of Eurotas served as seasoning to the black broth of the Spartans, the presence and conversation of a friend adds still more to the flavor of the most simple dishes.

Confidences naturally followed. The two already loved each other so well, though knowing each other so slightly. Without questions, without hesitations, without preamble, simply as the fulfilment of the contract of friendship entered into the day before, Charney recounted his pride and self-satisfaction in his studies, and the ridiculously vain folly of his youth. The old man then spoke, and confessed also the errors of his early life.

CHAPTER IV.

GIRHARDI was born in Turin, where his father possessed extensive works for the manufacture of arms.

Through Piedmont, ideas, as well as merchandise, had always passed from France to Italy and from Italy to France. Of the one, as of the other, some remained by the way. The breath of France had blown upon his father: he was a philosopher, a disciple of Voltaire, a reformist. The breath of Italy had blown upon his mother: she was a *dévote* to excess. As to him, poor child, — loving, respecting, listening to them both with the same confidence, — he necessarily partook of the two natures. Republican, *dévot*, he dreamed of the united reign of religion and liberty, — a charming alliance, without doubt, but to be arranged according

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to his ideas ; and he was twenty. *Then*, one was young at twenty years.

He hastened to pledge himself to both parties.

At that time the Piedmontese nobility enjoyed certain privileges humiliating to other classes of society. They alone, for example, could occupy a box at the theatre, and — would one believe it ? — dance at a public ball ! for the dance was held to be an aristocratic exercise, and the common people were only allowed to be present as spectators.

At the head of a band of young men of the people, Giacomo Girhardi one day openly braved this singular privilege. He boldly formed a plebeian quadrille in the midst of the quadrilles of the nobles. The patrician dancers were indignant ; the plebeian dancers and spectators raised vociferous cries in claiming the dance for all. To that seditious clamor, other cries of "liberty" succeeded ; and in the tumult which followed, after twenty challenges offered and refused, not from cowardice but from pride, the imprudent Girhardi, carried away by the ardor of his youth and his ideas, struck a blow upon the cheek of one of the proudest and most highly titled of his adversaries.

The insult was serious. The powerful family of San Marsano swore to be avenged ; the chevaliers of Saint Maurice, even those of the Annunciade, in short, all the nobility of the country, who, in their peril, became one body, — each one felt himself insulted in his own proper person.

By the order of his father, Giacomo took refuge with one of his relatives, vicar of a small village in the principality of Masserano, in the environs of Bielle. But, notwithstanding his flight, he was condemned, for contumacy, to five years' exile from Turin.

The unwise importance given to the affair, which was called "the dancing conspiracy," made a hero of Giacomo in the eyes of his companions. Some regarded him as the avenger of the people ; others, as one of those dangerous innovators who dream of a universal republic ; and while at court the giver of blows was denounced as one of the most active members of the democratic party, the poor young factionist was quietly aiding the vicar in his parish duties, a constant attendant at church, and a devout communicant.

This troubled commencement of a life which promised to flow so calmly influenced for a long time the fate of Giacomo Girhardi. The old man paid dearly for the follies of the young man, for upon his arrest for his pretended crime against the First Consul, his accusers did not fail to lay great stress upon the judgment which had long ago been passed upon him as a disturber of the peace and an ungovernable republican.

From the time of his leaving Turin, and during his exile, that love of equality which he had received from his father was extinguished within him, and the religious sentiments which he inherited from his mother developed more and more.

He soon carried them to excess ; and his relative, the good and worthy ecclesiastic, whose intentions were excellent, but whose views were perhaps somewhat contracted, instead of trying to calm his enthusiasm, excited and encouraged it, hoping to make for him of Christian humility a buckler against the impetuosity of his character. Later he saw how unwise his course had been.

Giacomo had but one desire, made but one vow, — to be a priest.

To ward off this blow, which would deprive them of their only son, his father and mother withdrew him from the tutelage of the vicar, and taking advantage of his affection for them, they persuaded, or rather constrained him by supplications and tears, to marry.

Giacomo married ; but his marriage resulted very differently from their expectations. His wife was young and beautiful, and he inspired her with the most tender affection. He used his influence over her heart, and all the power of his impassioned eloquence, not to set before her the joys of home, but the delights of a religious life. He succeeded completely, — so well, that his young wife retired to a convent, and he returned to the environs of Bielle.

At a short distance from the village rose a chain of mountains, the last spur of the Pennine Alps. At the base of Mount Mucrone, the most elevated of these mountains, was a little valley, sombre and dark, enveloped in mist, bristling with rocks, bordered by precipices seeming from a distance to answer to Dante's description of the mouth of hell. But as one approached nearer, the

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rocks showed themselves decked with verdure pleasing to the sight; the precipices were declivities with gentle slopes, where flowering shrubs formed a ladder of vegetation; the little hills were covered with natural thickets; the mists, changing in hue with the rays of the sun, by turns white, rose-colored, violet, at last wholly disappeared. Then one perceived, at the bottom of the lovely valley, a lake five hundred feet wide, fed by springs, and from which sprang, with murmuring music, the little river of Oroppa, which, after flowing a short distance, encircles one of the hills of the chain at the summit of which is a church erected at great cost, and dedicated by the piety of the people to the Virgin Mary. This church is the most celebrated in the country.

If we believe the legend, Saint Eusebius, on his return from Syria, deposited in this isolated place the statue in wood of the Virgin, carved by Saint Luke the Evangelist, that it might be preserved from the profanations of the Arians.

In this little valley, on the point of these rocks, on the slopes of these precipices, on the banks of this lake and this river, on this mountain, in this church, at the foot of this statue, Giacomo Girhardi passed five years of his life, forgetting the whole world, his friends, his family, his wife, his mother, for the Virgin of Oroppa!

Not knowing that credulity is not faith, that superstition leads to idolatry, that all excess alienates from God, it was not the heavenly Mary, the mother of Christ, that he adored, but *his* image of the Virgin, the virgin of the mountain. His days and nights passed in prayer and tears at the feet of this image, repenting of imaginary sins. In vain the good vicar, alarmed by this fanatical enthusiasm, sought to bring him to reason, — everything was useless. In order to divert his mind from this ardent and dangerous preoccupation, he proposed that he should visit other places dedicated to the Virgin; but what to him were our Lady of Loretto, or Saint Mary of Bologne or of Milan? What he adored was that particular block of wood, black and worm-eaten, and not the holy mother there so unworthily represented.

What this sentiment lost in depth it gained in breadth. The Virgin of Oroppa was surrounded by a retinue of saints. Giacomo had invested these with all celestial power, all the attributes of the Deity. One he asked to dissipate the clouds charged with hail, which from the heights of Mount Mucrone sometimes descended upon the valley; another, to soften the regrets of his mother, or sustain his wife in her trials; one was to watch over his sleep, another to defend him from the tempter; and so on. His devotion became an impure polytheism, and his mountain of Oroppa an Olympus where God alone had no place.

Imposing upon himself the harshest penance and privations, he fasted, lacerated himself, remained sometimes three days without nourishment; and the physical exhaustion which ensued was honored by him with the name of spiritual exaltation. He had visions and revelations. He believed with certain Quietists that by subduing his material nature he could make his soul visible. He destroyed his health and lost his reason.

One day he heard a voice from on high ordering him to undertake the conversion of the heretic Vaudois, a remnant of whom still existed not far from him in the Valais. He immediately started, passing through the country watered by the Sesia, and reached the summit of the Alps on the side of Mount Rosa; but, suddenly overtaken by the blocking snows of winter, in the midst of a company of herdsmen, it became necessary for him to pass several months under shelter of the roof of a large *châlet*.

This *châlet*, called "the Stables," was an oblong square five hundred feet long, open only to the south, made impervious to the air on every other side by strong planks of pine, filled in with mosses and lichens cemented by gums and resin. Here, in the rigorous season, men, women, and children, with the flocks they tended, all dwelt under the sceptre of the oldest man of the tribe. In the centre of the dwelling was a large hearth constantly supplied with fuel, over which hung an immense caldron, in which were cooked, alternately and sometimes together, for the community, dried vegetables, bacon, mutton, quarters of the chamois, and the flesh of the Alpine marmot; which was accompanied, during the repast, by bread made of chestnuts, and for wine a sourish fermented liquor made from whortleberries and a mountain grape.

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Here, varied occupations — the care of the flocks and the children, the preparation of cheeses, spinning the hemp, making farming implements (with which in the short summer of this climate to induce the thin soil of the rocks to be productive), the garments of sheep-skin, the baskets of bark, little fancy articles carved in sycamore or larch wood, to be sold in the towns — kept busy all the inhabitants of the *châlet*, an industrious and cheerful population, who mingled their songs and laughter with the sound of the axe, the wheel, and the hammer. There, labor seemed sweet; study and prayer were looked upon as a duty and pleasure. They sang pious hymns with well-trained and melodious voices; the older instructed the younger in reading and arithmetic, the most apt in music, and even a little Latin; for the civilization of the high Alps, like its vegetation, seems to be preserved under the snow, at least among this tribe; and it is not uncommon to see in the early spring schoolmasters and minstrels descend from these *châlets*, imparting instruction and pleasure to those in the valleys.

The hosts of Giacomo were Vaudois. The circumstances seemed favorable for his plans of conversion, but at the first word upon the subject of his mission, the chief of the family, an old man of eighty years (less respected for his years than for the virtues and good works which had marked each day of his life), imposed silence.

"Our fathers," said he to him, "endured exile, dispersion, even death, rather than consent to the worship of images; hope not then to bring about that in us which ages of persecution failed to accomplish in them. Stranger, you are forced to dwell for a time under our roof; pray in your manner, we will pray in ours; but unite your efforts to ours in a common labor, for here, shut out from the stir and diversions of the world, idleness will kill you. Be our companion, our brother, as long as the snows imprison us. When the roads are open, you may quit us, if it pleases you, without blessing the hearth that has warmed you, without even turning back with a gesture of farewell to those who have lodged and nourished you. You will owe us nothing, for you will have worked with us; and if the balance should be on our side, God will pay us."

Obliged to submit, Giacomo lived five months the companion of these honest men. During five months he witnessed their virtues; for five months, morning and evening, he heard the prayers which they addressed to God alone. His mind, no longer excited by the sight of the objects of his exclusive worship, became calm; and when the prison-doors that the ice had closed were opened by the sun, at the aspect of the sun and Nature in her magnificent expression of herself in these Alpine heights, the idea of the eternal and all-powerful Creator entered his heart with vivid power, and there resumed its rightful throne.

The arrival of the first birds, the sight of the first plants, springing already in bud from beneath the snow, the hum of swarms of bees, all excited in him transports of joy and love.

An entire volume would not suffice to paint the innumerable and varied sensations through which Giacomo passed. During his sojourn at the "Stables" the good old chief had formed a strong affection for him; he knew little of books, but he had joined his own observations to those his fathers had taught him, and he delighted to explain the Creator by the creation. From this asylum which he had entered, his brain filled with ideas of intolerance and fanaticism, the converter came out himself converted. The habit of labor, the sight of the family, turned the thoughts of Giacomo to the duties which remained for him to fulfil.

Girhardi hastened to the convent of his wife.

A complete romance might be written in recounting the means which he employed to reconquer the heart which he once repulsed.

But, to be brief, after unheard-of efforts to wrest his wife from the cloistral life, to undo himself the effects of his former teachings, Giacomo Girhardi, restored to reason, to happiness, to true faith, became the best of husbands, and, after a few years, the happiest of fathers.

Twenty-five years of wisdom and virtue redeemed his errors.

After his return to Turin, in the midst of his own friends, he established by his industry a business worthy of him. He possessed a considerable fortune, which his labor

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would have augmented still more, had not his benevolence formed a channel through which his wealth flowed away. To do good was so sweet to him! The love of his fellow-men filled his heart with joy, and the study of nature added an inexhaustible charm to his life.

Animated nature excited his most curious investigations; and as God is great even in the most minute of his works, the religious philosopher chose insects for his study in preference to any other works of the sublime Artificer.

By reason of this interest, during his days of captivity, Ludovic had given him the singular cognomen of "the fly-catcher."

CHAPTER V.

The two captives had no secrets from each other. After having rapidly recounted to each other the principal events of their lives, they went over them again in detail, to tell each other of the various emotions to which the events had given rise.

They spoke also of Theresa; but at this name Charney felt the blood mount to his cheek, and the old man himself became pensive; a moment of silence, sad and solemn, always followed the name of the absent angel.

More commonly their recitals were interrupted by some grave discussion on a point of morals, or by observations on the eccentricities of human nature. Girhardi's mild and benevolent philosophy made happiness consist in the love of one's neighbor; and Charney, sometimes disagreeing with him, could not understand how this indulgence and tenderness for men could be retained, notwithstanding the injustice and persecutions that the virtuous Piedmontese had suffered at their hands.

"But," said he to Girhardi, "did you not curse these men, when, after having basely calumniated you, they deprived you of your liberty and the sight of — your child?"

"Ought the fault of the few to fall upon all? Even those who injured me, who knows? — deceived by appearances, blinded by political fanaticism, perhaps they did it in good faith! Believe me, my friend, we must think of the evil that has been done us, with the idea of pardon at the bottom of the heart. Which of us does not need it for himself? Which of us has not mistaken error for truth? The Apostle John has said that God is love. O, how beautiful and true is that saying! Yes, it is in loving that one rises nearer to God, and receives strength from him to bear misfortune. If I had entered my prison with thoughts of hatred against humanity, I should, without doubt, have died of despair! but, no, God be praised, such painful sentiments were far from me. The recollection of so many friends remaining faithful in my misfortunes, of so many hearts which suffered in my suffering, strengthened my love to mankind, and the most trying feature of my captivity was that the sight of a human being was forbidden me."

"What!" said Charney, "was your treatment so harsh and rigorous?"

"When I was first arrested," continued his friend, "I was carried to the citadel of Turin and placed in a solitary dungeon, where even my jailer could not communicate with me. My food was conveyed to me by means of a revolving box, and during one long month nothing came to interrupt that mute solitude. One must know what I then experienced to comprehend how certainly, notwithstanding the reveries of our philosophers, the state of society is the natural state of the human race, and what horrors are endured by the unfortunate one condemned to isolation. Not to see a man! to live without a glance from other eyes, without a voice to strike the ear, without touching another hand! not to be able to rest the brow, the breast, the heart, but on cold and insensible objects! It is frightful! and the strongest reason must succumb. One month, one eternal month, passed by thus for me. The month had hardly commenced when the sound of the step of my jailer, as he came every other day to renew my food, caused me inexpressible joy. I watched for the moment with anxiety. I always called good-day to him through the iron door which separated us, but he never answered me. I strove during the rotation of the box to catch a glimpse of his face, his hand, even his dress; I could never succeed. Had his countenance been marked by cruelty and vice, I should have found it beautiful.

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Had he extended his arm to me even to repulse me, I would have blessed him; but nothing! nothing! I only saw him the day of my transfer to Fenestrella.

"I had then for sole diversion, for my only pleasure, my only companions, spiders, which I watched for hours. I made of them friends by crumbling my bread for them. Rats were not wanting in my dungeon, but these animals had always roused in me an invincible aversion. Nevertheless, I fed them, although defending myself from their approach and contact. The care which I took of my spiders, even the terror with which my poor ugly rats inspired me, did not serve to divert my mind, and despair took possession of me in thinking of my daughter."

Charney started at the name. Girhardi understood what was passing in his mind, and hastened to continue, resuming an air of serenity.

"But a piece of good fortune soon came to me. The light penetrated into my gallery by a window strongly barred by a cross of iron (and it was before this cross of my prison that I said my morning and evening prayers); a shed was in front of this window, so that I could only see a portion of a wall that seemed to connect two bastions. Above me was the donjon of the citadel. One day — merciful Providence, how I thanked thee for it! — the shadow of a man was cast on the part of the wall which I could see. The man I could not see, but I conjectured his movements by those of his shadow. That shadow came and went; it was that of a soldier recently put as sentinel on the platform of the donjon. I could distinguish the shape of his coat, his epaulets, the projection of his cartridge-box, the point of his bayonet, the waving of his feather. How can I tell you, my friend, of the joy that filled my heart? I was no longer alone: a companion had come to me! The next day, and the following days, the shadow of the soldier again appeared upon the wall; his shadow or that of another. But it was always a man, one of my kind, who moved, who lived, there, almost under my eyes! I watched, I followed the alternate coming and going of the shadow; I made myself one with it by marching the length of my gallery as it marched, turning when it turned. When the sentinel was relieved, I said adieu to the departing one, and good-day to the new comer whose turn of duty it was. I knew the corporal; I distinguished soon all my military guardians by their outline. Shall I confess it? for some I formed an inexplicable preference. From their attitude, their gait, the quickness or slowness of their motions, I formed conjectures as to their age, their character, their sentiments. One hastened his steps, changed his gun quickly from hand to hand, or kept time with the motion of his head as if humming an air; without doubt he was young and of a lively disposition, and while singing dreamed of love. Another passed with bent brow, stopped sometimes, resting his two arms on his gun for some moments in an attitude of melancholy; he thought doubtless of his absent mother, of his native village, of all that he had left behind him. He lifted his hand to his face, perhaps to brush away a tear. For some of these dear shadows I felt a true affection; I was interested in their fate, I formed wishes for them, I prayed for them. New tendernesses were born in my heart, and consoled it. Believe me, my friend, we must love our fellow-men; only through that comes happiness."

"Excellent man," said Charney, deeply moved, "who would not love you? Why did I not know you sooner? How different my life would have been! But ought I to complain? Have I not found here what the world never gave me,— a devoted heart, a strong support, virtue, truth, you and Picciola?"

For amid all these confidences Picciola was not forgotten. The two friends constructed together near her a seat larger and more comfortable than the first. Here, seated side by side, and with Picciola in front of them, they felt that they were a company of three. They called this seat the bench of conference. It was there that the simple modest man was eloquent in order to be persuasive, was persuasive in order to be useful; and in him the gift of natural eloquence and the power of persuasion were not wanting. This bench was at the same time the scholar's bench and the teacher's desk; there sat side by side the professor and the pupil,— the professor was he who knew the least, but knew the best; the professor was Girhardi,— the pupil, Charney,— the book, Picciola.

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CHAPTER VI.

They were seated in their accustomed place. The autumn approached, and Charney, losing all hope of the reflowering of his plant, talked with his friend of his regret for the fall of the last flower. Girhardi, to supply to him the loss of his observations upon the seed, unfolded to him many of the wonders concerning the fructification of plants.

There, as elsewhere, the imprint of a Divine hand was seen in all the acts of Nature. Girhardi recounted how the seeds of many plants, whose large leaves and close foliage would prevent their dispersion, were provided with a feathery tuft, so that the wind might more easily waft them away; how others, enclosed in an elastic pod which bursts with a sudden spring at the moment of their maturity, were thus thrown to a distance. These plumes and springs are feet and wings which God has given them, that each one may choose his place, and germinate in the warmth of the sun.

What eye can follow in their rapid flight through the air the membranous seed of the elm, the maple, the pine, the ash, circling in the atmosphere amid myriads of other seeds, floating with their own buoyancy, and seeming to hasten to meet the birds whose hunger they are to appease?

The old man explained also how aquatic plants, destined to ornament the banks of streams or deck the borders of lakes, are endowed with a form which enables them to float upon the water, that they may thus be planted upon the edges of the banks, or pass from one side of the stream to the other; how, when their weight compels them to sink, it is because they will best grow in the bed of the stream or in the mud of the morass; how others, without seeds, multiply themselves by their roots, by their offshoots reproducing themselves like polyps, and thus put to use the superabundance of life which animates them; thus the rushes and reeds spring like an army of lances from the bosom of stagnant waters, and those beautiful water-lilies, who with feet in the mud beneath spread upon the surface of the water their large glossy leaves, and their snowy white or golden blossoms.

"These wonders exist," exclaimed Charney, "and so few deign to observe them!"

This was one of the lessons of the old man.

"My friend," said Charney one day to his companion, as they were seated together on the bench of conference, "can the insects which you have made your favorite subject of study offer you as many marvels to observe as my Picciola to me?"

"Quite as many," replied the professor. "Believe me, you will not thoroughly appreciate your Picciola until you have made acquaintance with the little animated beings who come sometimes to visit her and hover and buzz about her. Then you will see the many affinities, the secret laws which bind the insect to the plant, as the insect and the plant to the rest of creation; for all springs from one Will, all is governed by one Intelligence. From this unity of design arises that harmony, that general accord, which we cannot apprehend in its vast whole, but which, nevertheless, exists."

Girhardi was proceeding to develop his thought, when, suddenly pausing, his eyes fixed upon Picciola, he kept silence for several minutes.

"Of what are you thinking, my friend?" said Charney.

"I think," replied the professor, "that Picciola is going to aid me in answering the question you asked me just now. Look at this butterfly; while I speak, it forces your plant to contract an engagement with it. Yes, for it has deposited its hope of posterity in the keeping of one of her branches."

Charney bent down to verify the fact. The butterfly flew away after having covered its eggs with a gum which fastened them firmly to the stem of the plant.

"Well," said Girhardi, "do you think it is by chance or at random that it has thus come to give in charge to Picciola this precious deposit? Believe it not! Nature has assigned to each species of plant a species of insect. Every plant has his guest to lodge and nourish. Now consider how wonderful is the action of this butterfly. It was first a caterpillar; when a caterpillar, it was nourished by a plant like this; afterwards it underwent many transformations; as a butterfly, faithless to its first love, it has flown from flower to flower, gathering sweets from each. When the moment of maternity is come to her, who never knew her mother and will never see her children (for her

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work is accomplished, and she is about to die), — to her whom experience has taught nothing, — she comes to confide her eggs to a plant like that which has nourished her in another form and in another season. It knows that little caterpillars will come from these eggs, and for them it has forgotten its own vagrant habits as a butterfly. Who then, has taught it this? who has given it memory, reason, and the ability to recognize this plant, the foliage of which differs to-day from what it was in the spring? Practised eyes are mistaken sometimes; but the insect never!"

Charney expressed his astonishment.

"That is not all," interrupted Girhardi; "examine now the branch chosen by him; it is one of the oldest and strongest, for the new shoots, feeble and tender, might be frozen and destroyed by the winter's cold, or broken by the wind, — this it knows also; — once more, who has taught it?"

"But," said Charney, "pardon me, my friend, are you not deluding yourself by some preconceived opinion or system?"

"Silence, sceptic!" cried the old man, with one of his meaning smiles. "Perhaps you will believe that which you see. Listen to me. Picciola will play her part in her turn. It is no longer a question of the foresight of the insect, but of that of Nature, of one of those laws of harmony of which I spoke to you, which forces the plant to accept the legacy of the butterfly. Next spring we can together verify the prodigy," said he, repressing a sigh addressed to his daughter. "Then, when the first leaves of Picciola show themselves, the little larvæ enclosed in the eggs will hasten to break their shells. You know, without doubt, that the buds of different plants do not open at the same time; so the eggs of different species of butterflies do not open the same day; but here a law of unity regulates the development of the plant as of the insect. If the worm appeared before the leaves, they would find nothing to feed upon; if the leaves became firm and strong before the birth of the little caterpillars, they would be unable to bite them with their feeble teeth. It could not be so, — Nature never makes a mistake. Each plant in its progress keeps pace with the march of the insect that it is charged to nourish; the one opens its buds when the other breaks its eggs; and having grown and become strong together, together they unfold their flowers and their wings!"

"Picciola! Picciola!" murmured Charney, "you have not yet told me all."

Thus, in these sweet teachings, day succeeded to day. At evening the captives, embracing each other, said adieu, and retired to their chambers to sleep or to think, often unknown to each other, upon the same object, — the daughter of the old man. What has become of her since the order of the commandant had forcibly exiled her from the prison of her father?

Theresa had first followed the Emperor to Milan; but she learned there by experience that it is sometimes more difficult to penetrate through an antechamber than through an army. However, the friends of Girhardi, excited anew by her, redoubled their efforts, and promised before long to obtain his release from captivity. Theresa, encouraged and tranquillized, returned to Turin, where a relative offered her an asylum.

The husband of that relative was librarian of the city. It was he that Menou charged with the selection of books to send to the fortress of Fenestrella. From the nature of these books Theresa had no doubt for whom they were destined. Therefore the insertion in one of the volumes of the little note, whose mystical form prevented any danger of its compromising either her father or her *protégé*.

She did not know then that her father and Charney lived more than ever separated from each other; and when she learned it from the messenger who had been employed to convey the volumes, terrified at the effect of perhaps complete isolation upon the old man, one sole purpose filled her heart, — to obtain the reunion of the two captives; and she was at last made happy by its accomplishment.

Some time after, when, presented by Madame Menou to the Governor of Piedmont, she came to offer her thanks to him, and to pour out before him her gratitude, the old general, touched by her beauty and by the unction of filial tenderness which she displayed, laid aside for a moment his ordinary harshness, and, taking her kindly by the hand, said, "Come and see me from time to time, or, rather, come to see my wife. Perhaps in the course of a month I may have some good news for you."

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Theresa imagined that the favor to be accorded her was that she might return to Fenestrella, to pass part of her days in prison with her father, and threw herself at the feet of the general, thanking him again and again with a face radiant with happiness.

On a beautiful day in October, which recalled the springtime, Girhardi and Charney were sitting on their bench. Both, silent and pensive, were leaning on the arms at each extremity of the rustic seat. One might have thought them indifferent to each other, but that occasionally the eyes of the Count rested with an expression of interest and inquietude upon his companion, who was absorbed in a profound revery. The countenance of Girhardi rarely assumed so sad an expression. Charney might easily be mistaken as to the cause of his sadness.

"Yes, yes," said he, suddenly breaking this long silence, "captivity is horrible! horrible! when it is not merited. To live separated from the object of one's affection, — is this life?"

Girhardi looked up, roused himself from his meditative mood, and said, —

"Separation is the great trial of life; is it not so, my friend?"

"I your friend!" replied the Count; "do I deserve that name? Is it not I that have separated you from her? Can you forget it? Ah, do not deny it, — you are thinking of your daughter, and, in thinking of her, you cannot turn your eyes towards me. I understand too well that, when these thoughts come to you, the sight of me is odious to you."

"You are strangely mistaken as to the cause of my revery," said Girhardi. "Never, perhaps, has the thought of my daughter been more full of sweetness and consolation than to-day, for she has written to me, — I have a letter from her."

"Is it possible! She has written you! they have permitted it!"

And Charney drew near the happy father with an impulse of delight; but instantly repressing it, said, "But the letter has brought you some sad news."

"No; quite the contrary."

"Then why this sadness?"

"Alas! what would you have, my friend? it is always so. A regret always mingles with our sweetest hopes. Our joys here below throw their shadow before them, and it is the shadow that first meets our eyes. You spoke of separation; here is the letter, read it, and you will understand why, by your side, a sentiment of sadness takes possession of me."

Charney took the letter, and held it for some time without opening it. He sat with his eyes fixed upon Girhardi, as if he would divine from the countenance of his dear companion the contents of the letter; then he examined the superscription and recognized, with emotion, the handwriting. At last, unfolding the paper, he attempted to read it aloud; but his voice trembled, and his lips refused to utter the words. After a few sentences, he finished the letter in silence.

This is what he read: —

"My good Father: Press a thousand kisses upon this letter which you hold in your hand. I have kissed it a thousand times, and there is in it a harvest for your lips to reap."

"Ah, dear child, how gladly have I done so!" murmured Girhardi.

"It is for you, as for me, an intense satisfaction, is it not, that we are permitted again to correspond? For this permission we owe General Menou eternal gratitude. It is he who has put an end to this silence, which separated us even more than the distance between us. Blessings upon him! Henceforward our thoughts, at least, can fly to each other. I can tell you my hopes, and they will sustain you; you can tell me your griefs, and in weeping over them I shall feel that I am near you. But, my good father, if a greater favor was reserved for us, — O, I pray you, stop for a moment here and prepare yourself for the sudden joy that I have to communicate. My father, if I should be once more permitted to return to you! — to see you from time to time, to hear your voice, to surround you with my care! For two years this was happiness enough for me, and then captivity seemed light to you! If this hope is realized, soon I shall re-enter those walls from which I have been exiled."

"She will come! what! here? be with you?" exclaimed Charney, with a cry of joy.

"Read on, read on," replied, sadly, the old man.

Charney reread the last phrase, and continued: —

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"Soon I shall re-enter those walls from which I have been exiled; this makes you happy, truly happy, I am sure. Dwell a moment on this comforting thought. Your daughter, your Theresa, begs it. Do not hasten to finish this letter; a too vivid emotion is sometimes dangerous. Is not what I have said sufficient for you? If an angel had descended from heaven charged to fulfil your wishes, you would not have dared to ask more. I, too exacting perhaps, before he took his flight back, should have interceded for your liberty, for your complete deliverance. At your age it is so cruel to live deprived of the sight of your native land. The banks of the Doria are so beautiful, and in your gardens of La Colline the trees planted by my dead mother and my poor brother have grown so well. There, their memory lives more than in any other spot. Then you must so long for your friends, your friends whose generous efforts have so well aided my feeble endeavors. O father, father! the pen burns my fingers, — my secret is about to escape me; I have already betrayed it, without doubt. Arm yourself, I pray you, with all your strength and steadfastness, while I tell you of the happiness which awaits us. In a few days I shall rejoin you, no more to soften your captivity, but to bring it to an end; no more to be with you at stated hours, and within the walls of a prison, but to bring you away with me, free and proud! yes, proud: you will have the right to be so, for it is not mercy that your faithful friends Delarue and Cotenna have obtained for you, it is justice, reparation.

"Adieu, my good father. O, how much I love you, and how happy I am!

"THERESA."

There was not in the letter one word, one single word of remembrance for Charney. This word he had sought with a pang of disappointment throughout the letter; but notwithstanding his pain at the omission, it was a cry of joy that burst from him as he finished reading.

"You will be free!" cried he; "you will repose under the shadow of green trees, and look upon the sun!"

"Yes," said the old man, "I am going — I am going to leave you; and this is the shadow that my joy throws before it, to obscure it."

"That matters not!" replied Charney, proving by the vehemence of his delight and his generous forgetfulness of himself how worthy he had become of a friendship. "You will be restored to her at last. She will cease to suffer for my fault; you will be happy, and I shall feel no longer this terrible weight which oppresses my heart. During the little time that remains to us together, we can at least speak of her."

These last words were spoken in the arms of his friend.

CHAPTER VII.

THE prospect of approaching separation seemed to redouble the mutual tenderness of the two captives. Always together, they were never weary of their long and profitable conversations on the bench of conference.

There was, nevertheless, a certain grave subject which Girhardi attempted sometimes to broach, and which Charney avoided. The old man felt too deeply its importance to allow himself to be easily discouraged; for he felt that if he succeeded he should leave Charney with less regret.

One day the occasion to speak of it was given by Charney's saying to him: "Do you not wonder at the chance which has brought us together here, — we who, separated from each other by birth in different lands, and having imbibed different prejudices, had by different routes arrived at the same denial of the Deity?"

"On this last point I cannot agree with you," replied Girhardi, smiling; "to forget is not to deny."

"Granted; but which of us was the most blind, the most to be pitied?"

"You," said the old man without hesitation; "yes, you, my friend. All excess may lead man to ruin; but in superstition there is belief, there is passion, there is life. In incredulity there is death. The one is the river turned from its natural channel: it inundates, it submerges, it removes the fertile earth; but it impregnates itself with its substance, carries it away with it, and afterwards may repair the disasters which it has caused. The other is drought, sterility. It

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burns, it kills; it converts the nutritious earth into sand, and of the opulent Palmyra makes a ruin in a desert! Infidelity, not content with separating us from our Creator, relaxes the bonds of society, and even those of the family; in depriving man of his dignity, it leaves him in isolation and abandonment, alone with his pride! — I have well said, a ruin in a desert!"

"Alone with his pride," murmured Charney, as he sat, his elbow resting on the arm of the seat, his head on his hand; "the pride of human knowledge! Why does man take pleasure in destroying the elements of his happiness in wishing to examine into and analyze them? Even though he owes this happiness to an untruth, why seek to raise the mask and hasten to meet the destruction of his illusions? Is truth to him so sweet? Does knowledge satisfy his desires? Fool! such was I. I am only a worm, said I then to myself, a worm destined to annihilation; but raising my head on my dunghill, I was proud of this knowledge. I disbelieved in happiness, in virtue, in everything good. But before annihilation, my scepticism was arrested, — I believed! My degradation I gloried in, because I had discovered it. And was it not a worthy subject for self-applause? In exchange for this discovery I had only given my kingly mantle, my treasure of immortality."

The old man pressed the hand of his companion, and said to him: "The worm, after having crawled upon the ground, after having fed upon bitter leaves, after creeping through the slime of the marsh and the dust of the roads, will construct his chrysalis, a temporary coffin, from which he will only come forth transformed and purified, to fly from flower to flower and live upon their perfumes; then, spreading forth two brilliant wings, it will raise itself towards heaven. The history of the worm is ours."

Charney made a gesture of dissent.

"Unbeliever!" replied Girhardi, reproving him by a smile tinged with sadness, "you see your malady was greater than mine; its cure takes a longer time. Have you then forgotten the lessons of Picciola?"

"No," said Charney, with a grave and earnest voice; "I believe in a God! I believe now in that First Cause which Picciola has revealed to me, — in that eternal power which so wonderfully plans and rules the whole universe. But in your comparison of the worm, the immortality of man is implied, and what proof is there of that?"

"What proof?" exclaimed Girhardi, — "man's thought. It is always of the future, and carries him unceasingly forward. His life is spent in hoping and wishing; he is always turning, in spite of himself, toward this unknown pole which attracts him. Is this most glorious possession a fruit of the earth? Among what people has not a belief in the future existed? And why should not that hope be accomplished? Shall the thought of man go beyond the power of God? What proof is there? I will not invoke the authority of revelation and the Holy Scriptures. Although convincing for me, for you they are without force, as the wind which propels the ship has no power to move the rock, for the rock has no sails to receive it. But, my friend, shall we believe in the immortality of matter, and not in the immortality of the mind, which enables us to form opinions concerning matter? What! shall virtue, genius, love, come to us through the affinities of certain insensible earthly molecules? Shall that which cannot think have power to make us think? Can brute matter have created intelligence when intelligence directs and governs matter? Then the stones ought to think, ought to love. Speak, speak, — answer!"

"That matter might be endowed with ideas, Locke seemed inclined to suppose," replied Charney; "but he contradicts himself, for he rejects innate ideas, while admitting intuitive knowledge." Then, interrupting himself, he said, with a laugh, "Take care, my friend! Would you allure me again into this labyrinth, on unstable ground, of metaphysics?"

"I understand nothing of metaphysics," said Girhardi.

"And I not much," replied Charney; "not, however, because I have not given time enough to it. But let us leave a discussion which can only be unfruitful or fatal. You are convinced; guard your convictions. I can understand that they are dear to you; I might shake them."

"You cannot do it, and I accept the contest."

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"But what have you to gain by such a discussion!"

"To bring you to a belief full of consolation. You cited Locke just now; I know but one thing about him, and that is, that always, even on his death-bed, he declared that the only real happiness for man was in a pure conscience and in the hope of another life."

"I can conceive how sweet it is to pour out beforehand for one's self a draught of immortality; but my reason refuses to let me partake of it. Believe me, it is better that we should talk of it no more."

For a time both sat in a constrained silence.

Suddenly something, after circling in the air above their heads, alighted upon the plant before them. It was a greenish insect, a beautiful striped coleoptera, with white and waving bands and a narrow corselet.

"See, my friend! a diversion comes for us," said Charney. "Disclose to me yet more of the marvels of creation."

Girhardi took the insect, with certain precautions, examined it carefully, paused for reflection, then suddenly his countenance brightened as with the hope of triumph. One would have said that an irresistible argument had fallen to him from heaven. Commencing in his ordinary tone of professor, which became more and more exalted as the secret object of the lesson penetrated his discourse, —

"I, the *catcher of flies*," said he, with a smile, "ought, I see, to confine myself to the department of my modest studies. I am not a learned man."

"The most enlightened, the most thoroughly furnished mind," replied Charney, "soon finds the limits of its strength and its resources in attempting to penetrate too far into the mysteries of things here below. Against these secrets genius wears itself out, dashes itself to pieces without extracting a spark of the true light."

"We ignorant ones," replied the old man, "go to the end by the shortest and easiest road; we simply open our eyes, and God reveals himself to us in the sublimity of his works."

"On that point we are agreed," said Charney.

"Let us then pursue our route. A plant has sufficed to make you comprehend that intelligence which governs the world; a butterfly has enabled you to catch a glimpse of the law of universal harmony; now this pretty coleoptera, who has life and motion, and whose organization is superior to that of the butterfly, perhaps will conduct us still farther. You have yet read only one page of the immense book of Nature; I am going to turn over another leaf."

Charney drew near, and with an air of earnest attention examined the insect which the old man showed him.

"You see this little creature. With the power to create, all human genius could not add anything to his organization, so perfectly is it adapted to his need, and to the purpose for which he is created. He has wings to transport him from place to place, a shell or sheath above his wings to protect them and defend him against injury from contact with any hard substance; his breast is provided with a cuirass, his eyes with a network of mail, so that neither the thorn of a rose nor the sting of an enemy shall deprive him of sight. He has antennæ with which to interrogate obstacles that present themselves; living by the chase, he has rapid feet with which to pursue his prey, mandibles of iron with which to devour it, or to dig in the earth for a dwelling, or a deposit for his booty or his eggs. If a dangerous enemy ventures to attack him, he holds in reserve an acrid and corrosive fluid with which to defend himself. An instinct born with him teaches him from the first the means to provide his food, to construct his habitation, to make use of his tools and his armor. And do not think that other insects are less favored than he; all have received their share in this magnificent distribution of the gifts of Nature. The imagination is overwhelmed in perceiving the multiplicity of means employed by Providence to insure the existence and duration of these lower ranks in creation. Now let us compare, and you will see that this frail creature suffices to establish the immense line of demarcation which separates man from the brute. Man has been thrown naked into the world; feeble, incapable of flying like the bird, running like the stag, or creeping like the serpent; without means of defence, in the midst of terrible enemies armed with claws and stings; without means to brave the inclemency of the seasons, in the

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midst of animals protected by fleece, by scales, by furs; without shelter, when all others have their den, their hole, their shell; without arms, when all about him are armed against him. And yet he has demanded of the lion his cave for a lodging, and the lion retires before his eye; he has despoiled the bear of his skin, and of it made his first clothing; he has plucked the horn from the bull, and this is his first drinking-cup; then he has dug even into the bowels of the earth to seek there the instruments of his future strength; from a rib, a sinew, and a reed, he has made arms; and the eagle, who, seeing him at first in his weakness and nakedness, prepares to seize him as his prey, struck in mid-air, falls dead at his feet, only to furnish a feather to adorn his head. Among animals, is there one who under such conditions could have preserved life? Let us for a moment separate the workman from his work, God from Nature. Nature has done all for this insect, nothing for man. It is that man should be the product of intelligence rather than of matter; and God, in granting him this celestial gift, this ray of light from the divine fire, created him feeble and unprotected that he might make use of it; that he might be constrained to find in himself the elements of his greatness."

"But, my friend," interrupted Charney, "of what value, then, is this so-called divine faculty to our species? Superior to the animals in some respects, we are their inferiors in many others; and is not that insect himself, whose marvels you have just detailed to me, worthy to excite our envy, and to give birth rather to a sentiment of humility than of pride?"

"No," replied Girhardi; "for the animals in their essential operations have never varied. Such as they are, such they have always been; that which they know they have always known. If they have been born perfect, it is because there is in them no possibility of progress. They do not act from their own will, but from that which the Creator has given them. Thus, since the commencement of the world, the beavers have constructed their abode on the same plan; the worm and the spider have spun and wove their cocoon and web after the same forms; the cells of bees have always been of the regular hexagon; and the ant-lions have in all time traced without compass their circles and spirals. The character of their industry is regularity, uniformity; that of human industry is diversity, for it is the result of free and creative thought. Judge now! Of all created beings man alone has reflection, invention, the idea of duty and of hidden causes, contemplation, enthusiasm, love. He alone determines by reason, and not by instinct; he alone has any idea of the universe in its whole; he alone has the knowledge of another world; he alone knows life and death."

"Without doubt," said Charney; "but, once more, is this which distinguishes him from the animal so much for his advantage? Why has God given us a reason which misleads, knowledge which deceives us? With our high intelligence we are often objects of pity to ourselves. Why is the only privileged being the only one liable to error? Why have not we the instinct of animals, or animals our reason?"

"Because," replied Girhardi, "they are not created for the same end. God does not require from them virtues. Accord to them reason, the liberty of choice in their dwellings and their nourishment, and you destroy the equilibrium of the world. The Creator has willed that the surface of this globe, and even its depths, should be filled with animated beings, that life should be everywhere. And therefore, in the plains, in the valleys, in the forests, from the summit of the mountains to the depth of the mines, on the trees as on the rocks, in the seas, the lakes, the rivers, the streams, on their banks as in their beds, in the sands as in the marsh, in all climates, under all latitudes, from one pole to the other, — all is peopled, all moves with harmony, as one whole. In the depths of the desert, as on a blade of grass, the lion and the ant are each at the post which has been assigned them. Each one has his part, each one his place marked beforehand; each one moves in his appointed circle; each one is enchained within his limits; for it was necessary that each square of this immense chessboard should be filled; and it is so; none can depart from his place without death. Man alone goes everywhere and lives everywhere. He travels the oceans and the deserts; he plants his tent upon the sands, or constructs his palace on the borders of the sea; he lives amid the snows of the Alps or

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the fervors of tropic heat; he has the world for a prison."

"But if this world is governed by God," said Charney, "why are there so many crimes in the bosom of human society, why so many disasters in nature? I admire with you the sublime distribution of created beings; my reason is overwhelmed before that mighty whole; but when my eyes turn towards man —"

"My friend," interrupted the sage, "do not accuse God of the errors of man, nor of the eruption of the volcano. He has imposed upon matter eternal laws, and his work is accomplished although a vessel founder in a storm, or a city disappear in the convulsions of an earthquake. What matter to him a few lives more or less? Does he believe in death? But to our souls he has left the care of self-government; it is proved by the independence of our passions. I have shown you the animal creation obeying the instinct which leads them, having only blind tendencies, possessing only qualities inherent in their species; man alone is the parent of his virtues and his vices; to him alone is given free will, for to him alone is this earth a place of trial. The tree of good which we cultivate with so much care here below will only blossom in the skies. O, think not that God can change the heart of the wicked without doing it; that he can let the just suffer without reserving for him a reward! Why should he then have created us? If in this world we must receive the reward of our virtues or our crimes, all prosperity would be honorable, and a stroke of lightning would be an infamous death!"

Charney was filled with surprise in hearing this man, so simple, through his convictions become so eloquent; he watched with admiration his noble face, through which shone the beauty of his pious soul, and, notwithstanding himself, he was moved and impressed.

"But," murmured he, "why has not God given us the certainty of our future?"

"Has he willed it? Ought he to have willed it?" replied the holy man, rising with dignity and laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his companion. "Uncertainty perhaps was necessary to abase the pride of our reason. What would virtue be if its reward was sure beforehand? What would become of our free will? The mind of man is immense, and not infinite: it is at the same time great and restricted, — great, that it may comprehend its dignity and be enabled to rise to God in the contemplation of God in his works; restricted, that it may feel its dependence upon God. Man here below has only glimpses of his future; faith does the rest. My God! my God!" cried Girhardi, clasping his hands with fervor, and raising towards heaven eyes filled with tears, "give me thy strength to lift up this man who desires to find thee! Lend me thy aid to restore to this immortal soul the wings which it knows not that it possesses! Let my words be persuasive as my heart is convinced! But why is an advocate necessary to plead the cause when all Nature brings her unanimous testimony? Is even so much necessary? A flower, an insect, sufficed to proclaim thy omnipotence and reveal to him his future destiny. Let that plant finish its work! Is it not, my God, like all thy creatures, illumined by thee, and endowed with life by the breath that emanates from thee?"

The old man then seemed to forget himself in silent thought; without doubt his thoughts were prayers; and when he turned again to his companion, he found him with his hands clasped on the back of the rustic bench, his head bowed upon them, and on his countenance the expression of holy meditation.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the purified heart of Charney the blood flowed more calmly; his broader views made that heart the home of more gentle, consoling, and loving thoughts. Like the good Girhardi, he felt in his spirit the need of that expansion that comes from the sentiment of tenderness. He delighted to think of those whom he could feel were bound to him by any tie of gratitude or friendship. The Empress, Girhardi, and Ludovic were the first to people this new world; then two female shadows were faintly sketched at either end of this rainbow of love, which followed the storm, as one sees in altar-pieces two seraphim with bending heads, floating robes, and wings half spread, as if to mark the limits of an Eden.

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One of these shadows was the fairy of his dreams, the young maiden Picciola, that sweet image born of the perfumes of his flower; the other the angel of his prison, his second providence, Theresa Girhardi.

By a strange inconsistency the former, which had only an ideal existence, always appeared to him under a fixed, distinct form; he could see the contraction of her brow, the sparkle of her eye, her smile. As she had appeared to him in his dream, so he had always recalled her image since. As to Theresa, — whom he had only once glanced at, and then with his brain still under the influence of his dream, — with what features could he invest his thought of her? The face of the seraph was veiled, and if Charney would forcibly lift the veil, it was always the face of Picciola that was revealed, — Picciola, as it were, duplicating herself to receive the homage destined for her rival.

One morning the prisoner, though wide awake, felt himself a prey to this singular hallucination. The day was breaking; he had already risen, and was thinking of Girhardi, whose adieus of the previous evening had breathed the most touching regret in the thought of his approaching separation from his friend. Charney, after many wakeful hours of sad anticipation, had risen and was pacing his chamber, when, mechanically turning his eyes towards the bench of conference, where the evening before he had talked with the father of his daughter, he saw, through the gray morning fog of autumn, the figure of a young girl seated on this same bench. She was alone, leaning upon the arm of the seat, and apparently contemplating the plant before her. Immediately he thought of Theresa and of her arrival.

"It is she," said he; "I shall see her for a moment, and then never again! And my dear companion will go with her."

As he spoke she turned her head towards him, and the face which he saw was his ideal image of Picciola.

Astounded, he passed his hand over his brow, his eyes, his garments, the cold bars of his window, to convince himself that this time it was not a dream.

The young girl rose, advanced a few steps towards him, and, blushing and smiling, made a timid gesture of salutation. Charney replied not to the gesture nor the smile. With fixed eyes he regarded this graceful form as it crossed the court-yard; it was the same that had appeared to him as Picciola in the *fêtes* of his dreams, the same that constantly haunted his thoughts and reveries. Believing that he was attacked with the delirium of fever, he threw himself upon his bed to recover his senses.

A few minutes after his door opened, and Ludovic entered.

"Alas, alas! good and bad news both, Signor Count," cried he. "One of my birds is going to fly, not over the walls, but by the door. So much the better for him, so much the worse for you."

"What! does he go to-day?"

"I believe not, Signor Count. However, it cannot be long delayed, for the papers have been signed in Paris, they say, and are on the way to Turin; at least, the young lady told her father so before me."

"What!" cried Charney, half rising from his bed, "has she arrived? Is she here?"

"She arrived at Fenestrella last evening, with a permission in due form to enter the fortress, but unfortunately the orders do not allow the drawbridge to be lowered so late for a woman; so she was obliged to put off her visit till this morning. I knew she was there, but I took good care to say nothing to the old man; he would not have closed his eyes all night, and the time would have seemed so long, if he had known his daughter was so near him. This morning she was up before the sun, and waiting in the fog at the gate of the citadel."

"But," interrupted Charney, astonished and confounded, "did she not remain some time in the court-yard, seated on the bench?"

And rushing to the window, he looked eagerly into the court, but turned again to Ludovic, saying, "She is no longer there."

"Certainly she is no longer there," replied Ludovic, "but she has been there. Yes, she rested there while I went up to prepare the good man for her visit; for one can die of joy, you know. Joy is like strong spirits; a little drop is good once in a while, but it will not do to empty the gourd at one draught. Now they are together, contented enough; and I, seeing them so happy, felt heart-broken, Signor Count, in thinking of you, who will so soon be without a companion; and so I have come to remind you that Ludo-

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vic and Picciola will still be with you. She begins to lose her leaves; but that is the effect of the season; she must not be despised for that."

And he went out without waiting for an answer from Charney.

Not yet recovered from his surprise and emotion, he sought to explain his singular vision. He decided at last that the sweet image of Picciola, the young girl, must have been that of Theresa, of whom he had had a glimpse through the little grated window, and that, without his knowledge, it was impressed upon his brain and reproduced in his dreams.

While he was thus reasoning with himself, the murmur of two voices reached him from the stairway; in addition to the well-known step of his friend, he could distinguish a light and furtive footfall which seemed to glide over the stones, scarcely touching them. The measured sound ceased at his door. He trembled, but Girhardi entered alone.

"She is here," said he, "and awaits us near the plant."

Charney followed in silence, unable to articulate a word, his heart filled with a sort of constraint rather than pleasure.

Was it embarrassment in presenting himself before a woman to whom he owed so much and could pay nothing? Was it the remembrance of the manner in which he had received her smile and salute that morning? Was it that, as the separation approached, his courage and resignation failed? Whether it was owing to these or other causes, when he was presented to her, one would never have recognized the polished Count de Charney; the ease of the man of the world, the self-possession of the philosopher, gave place to a confused awkwardness, to which doubtless was owing the apparent coolness and circumspection with which Theresa clothed her words and her manner.

Notwithstanding all Girhardi's efforts to bring about a pleasant relation between his daughter and his friend, the conversation, for a time was only upon commonplace topics. Recovered somewhat from his first agitation, Charney saw in the calmness of Theresa's expression only indifference, and easily persuaded himself that, in the service she had rendered him, she had only obeyed her natural love of adventure, or the wishes of her father.

He went so far as almost to regret that he had seen her, fearing to lose the charm with which in his reveries he had heretofore invested her.

While the three were seated on the bench, Girhardi gazing upon his daughter, and Charney occasionally making an indifferent remark, in a movement which Theresa made towards her father, a large medallion, suspended about her neck and hidden in her dress, escaped. Charney could see on one side the white hair of the old man, and on the other a withered flower carefully preserved under the glass. It was the flower which he had sent to her by Ludovic.

She had carefully preserved his flower, then, — treasured it with the hair of her father whom she adored! The flower of Picciola no longer ornamented the hair of the young girl; it reposed upon her heart!

This discovery made an entire change in Charney's sentiments.

He scanned her features anew, as if she had been metamorphosed, and he might discover there what had not before been visible. Her face, turned towards the old man, was illuminated by a double expression of tenderness and serenity; she was beautiful then with the beauty of Raphael's virgins, with the beauty of a loving and pure soul. Charney gazed on this lovely profile, in which harmonized strength and sweetness, energy and modesty. It was long since he had looked upon a human face so glowing with youth, beauty, and virtue. He was intoxicated by the sight, and fixing his eyes earnestly on the medallion, murmured, "You did not, then, despise my poor gift?"

But low as was the tone in which he spoke, Theresa turned quickly towards him: her first movement was to replace the locket in her dress; but she, in her turn, was aware of the change in the Count's expression, and as their eyes met the blood mounted in the faces of both.

"What is the matter, my child?" said Girhardi, seeing her disturbance.

"Nothing," said she; but instantly correcting herself, as if she scorned to deny a pure and honorable sentiment, — "It is this medallion; see, my father, this is your hair"; then, turning to Charney, "This is the flower,

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monsieur, that you sent me; I have kept it, and I shall keep it forever!"

There was in her words and the sound of her voice, and in that delicate instinct which led her to address her explanation as well to her father as to the stranger, so much frankness and modesty, an expression so tender and chaste, that Charney felt himself touched as he had never been before.

The rest of the day passed in the effusions of a friendship which each minute seemed to enhance. Apart from the secret attraction which sometimes draws us to another, intimacy grows with a rapidity proportioned to the time we may have to spend with our new friend.

Charney and Theresa had never spoken to each other till to-day, but they had each thought much of the other, — and they would perhaps have so few hours together! When Charney, by an instinct of etiquette and good breeding, rose to retire, saying that after so long a separation he would leave the father and daughter alone to enjoy their happiness, she exclaimed, "Are you going?" detaining him by a look, and Girhardi by a gesture. "Are you then a stranger to my father — or to me?" added she, with a charming tone of reproach.

To convince him that his presence was no restraint upon them, she entered into the detail of all her adventures since she left Fenestrella and the means employed by her to reunite the two captives. Having finished her recital, she begged Charney to commence his, and to relate the employment of his days, and his observations on Picciola.

He then entered upon the history of his earlier days in prison, his *ennui*, and his manual labors, the welcome appearance of his plant, and its progressive development, while Theresa with interested and intelligent questions stimulated his narrative.

Girhardi, seated between the two, holding in one hand the hand of his daughter, so lately restored to him, and in the other that of the friend he was so soon to leave, listened to them both, looking first at one, then at the other, with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. But at one time the old man drew his hands together, and by the same movement those of Charney and Theresa. Then the two young people, agitated, embarrassed, with quickened heart-beats, became silent. At last the young girl, without any appearance of prudery or affectation, gently withdrew her hand, and placing it upon her father's shoulder, leaned her head carelessly upon it, in a charming manner, and smiling, turned her eyes towards Charney to invite him to continue his discourse.

Drawn on and encouraged by her ease and interest, he even went on to relate his dreams beside his plant. They were, as I have said before, the real events of his life in his solitude. He spoke of the young girl, so lovely and charming, in whom Picciola the plant was personified; and while, with ardent enthusiasm, he sketched the portrait, Theresa's eyes drooped, her smile faded, and her breast heaved as she listened.

The narrator took care not to name the true model of this sweet image; but finishing the history of the misfortunes of his plant, he recalled the instant when the dying Picciola, by the order of the commandant, was to be uprooted before his eyes.

"Poor Picciola!" exclaimed Theresa, with irrepressible emotion, "thou belongest also to me, dear little one, for I contributed to thy deliverance."

And Charney, transported with joy, thanked her in his heart for that adoption which established a sacred tie between them.

CHAPTER IX.

How joyfully would Charney have renounced liberty, fortune, the world, if his days might have flowed thus in prison between Theresa and her father! This young girl he loved as he had never loved before. This sentiment, until now a stranger to his soul, took possession of it, — a sentiment at once violent and gentle, bitter and sweet, like an acid fruit, which, though sharp to the taste, leaves a sweet flavor in the mouth. It revealed itself to him by throbs of a new joy, by transports of a tenderness which embraced God, mankind, and all nature. His brain, his heart, his whole being, seemed to dilate with the hopes, projects, and raptures which swelled within him.

The next day the three were seated in the court beside the plant; the two friends on the bench, Theresa opposite to them, on a

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chair which Ludovic had provided. She had brought some woman's work, a bit of embroidery; and as she bent over it, — the soft flush of happiness and satisfaction on her face, a bright and playful expression about her mouth, her head following the motion of her needle, — she occasionally raised her eyes and smiled in meeting those of her father or Charney, sometimes throwing in a playful remark in the course of their grave discussion. At last she rose, and interrupted the conversation of the two thinkers, by throwing her arms around her father and kissing his brow. The conversation was not resumed. Charney fell into deep thought.

"Is he beloved by Theresa?" In asking himself that question, two different sentiments agitated him: he feared to believe; he trembled to doubt!

She had preserved the flower he gave her, and promised to keep it always; she was agitated, the evening before, when his hand touched hers; her emotion had been evident during his recital of his impassioned dreams; but these words, spoken in a voice so tender, were said in the presence of her father. What meaning could he give to these charming evidences of pity, interest, and devotion? Had she not given him proofs of interest before this interview, before they had exchanged looks or words? Fool! madman! to believe so easily that he had found a place in that heart, so wholly filled with filial tenderness, and to mistake for the palpitations of love the modest agitation of a maiden!

What matter? he loved her; he would always love her, and henceforth substitute for an ideal image, now insufficient, this angelic reality.

But this love must be hidden in the recesses of his own breast; to ask her to share it would be a crime. Why poison so fair a future? Does not fate decree that they shall live apart, — she, free and happy, adorning a world where she will soon find one on whom to bestow her heart, — he, alone, in prison, where he must ever live with Picciola and his eternal *souvenirs* of a few happy hours?

His resolution is taken; from this day, from this moment, he will affect indifference towards Theresa, or at least he will disguise his love in the false semblance of a calm and tranquil friendship. Woe to him, woe to both, if she loves him.

Full of this sage determination, he was aroused from his reflections by an animated discussion between Girhardi and his daughter; she insisting upon the probability that his release would be immediate, he preparing her for the possibility of the close of the year finding him still in prison.

"I know so well court delays," said he; "so little suffices to suspend justice or the good-will of men in power."

"If it is so," said the young girl, "I will return to-morrow to Turin, to hasten the execution of their promises."

"What need of so much haste?" replied her father.

"What! do you then prefer your narrow chamber and this dismal court-yard to your beautiful villa and grounds at La Colline?"

This apparent disposition of Theresa, this sort of impatience which she manifested to leave Fenestrella, ought to have been a satisfaction to Charney in proving to him that he was not beloved, and that there was no cause to fear the danger that he had determined to avoid. However, that which should have so satisfied his prudent resolutions, on the contrary, so troubled him as to make him altogether forget the *rôle* which he had assigned himself. He neither affected indifference nor a calm and tranquil friendship. His irritation and annoyance were evident in his manner; but Theresa did not appear to notice it, except occasionally to banter him upon his silence and his coolness, and again took up the argument to prove that, if the expected decree was delayed, she ought as soon as possible to go to General Menou, and even, if necessary, to Paris, to lay the case before the Emperor.

Ordinarily so quiet and reserved, she seemed suddenly to be actuated by a spirit of loquacity and raillery.

"What is the matter with you this morning?" said her father, astonished to see her treat the subject in this way before the poor captive, whom they were so soon to leave alone.

Charney knew not what to think of her.

The truth is, that Theresa, on her side, had passed through the same train of thought as Charney. She was aware, not that love

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was making his entrance to her breast, but that it had long ago taken up its abode there. Like Charney, she was willing to take for herself its risks and perils, but like him she dreaded them for the one beloved. And the delight of loving, the fear of being loved, threw her into this state of inconsistency with her own natural self, and was the cause of this incessant flow of words in which her heart sought to forget itself.

But soon, with one accord, they both ceased all these efforts, all this constraint to disguise their real sentiments. In listening to the account which Girhardi related of the many prisoners he had known, who, after their pardon had been publicly announced, waited many months for their release, they yielded themselves with delight to the sweet belief that it would be so now. One would have said, in listening to their plans and projects for the next and many following days, that this prison was to be their home for life, and that, united there with their guardian angel, the captives had but one thing to fear, — the liberation of one without the other.

The three being restored to serenity, the philosophers resumed their conversation, Theresa her embroidery and her merry interruptions.

The last rays of the sun illuminated the little court and the face of Theresa; the breeze played in her soft curls and in the folds and ribbons of her dress. Laying down her work, and raising her head, she shook back her hair and seemed to yield herself to an intoxicating draught of air, light, and happiness.

At this moment the door of the court was opened. Colonel Morand, followed by an officer and Ludovic, came to announce to Girhardi his liberation. Girhardi was to leave the fortress immediately; a carriage was in waiting outside of the gate to convey him and his daughter to Turin.

At the entrance of the commandant, Theresa had risen, but immediately sank again into her chair, and, with one glance at Charney, all color and smiles faded from her face. But Charney remained on his seat with bowed head, while they presented Girhardi with the papers which restored to him his honor and liberty.

The preparations for departure could not be long. Already Ludovic had descended from the chamber of the ex-prisoner with his trunks. The officer waited to accompany them to Turin.

The hour of separation had come.

Theresa rose again, and appeared to be occupied with folding her embroidery, and putting it in her bag; then she attempted to put on her glove, but her trembling hands made it impossible.

Charney then, calling up all his resolution, went towards Girhardi, and threw himself into his arms.

"Adieu, my father!"

"My son! my dear son!" faltered the old man. "Have courage; count on us; — adieu, adieu!"

He pressed him again and again to his breast, and suddenly withdrawing from him turned to Ludovic, and, to hide his emotion, gave him several useless recommendations concerning his care of him who was to be left alone. Ludovic did not reply, but gave his arm to the old man, who he saw needed support.

During this time Charney had approached Theresa, to take leave of her. Leaning with one hand on the back of her chair, her eyes fixed on the ground, she stood thoughtful, motionless, as if nothing had been said of leaving.

When she saw Charney near her, rousing from her revery, she looked earnestly at him for a moment without speaking. He was pale and dejected, and words failed him. Suddenly the young girl, forgetting her resolutions, extending her arms toward the captive's plant, said, "I call our Picciola to witness —" But she could articulate no more.

One of her gloves which she held in her hand fell to the ground; Charney picked it up, pressed a kiss upon it, and silently returned it to her.

Theresa took the glove, wiped with it the tears which were streaming from her eyes, and then returning it with a last smile to Charney, said, "Till we meet again," and drew her father outside the little court.

A long time had passed since the gate was closed between him and them, but Charney still sat, as if turned to stone, convulsively pressing to his heart Theresa's little glove.

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CONCLUSION.

A PHILOSOPHER has said that greatness must be abandoned before it can be appreciated; he might have said it with equal truth of fortune, happiness, and all those enjoyments to which one becomes so easily habituated.

Never had the prisoner appreciated the wisdom of Girhardi, the virtues and charms of his daughter, till after the departure of his two friends. For him a profound depression succeeded to the intoxication of a few days. The efforts of Ludovic, and the care which Picciola demanded, had no power to rouse him; but at length the germs of mental and moral strength which he had derived from his studies brought forth their fruit, and the crushed man rose.

In the struggle his soul learned new lessons.

At first he rejoiced in his solitude, which enabled him to think uninterruptedly of his absent friends; later, he saw with joy some one come to occupy the vacant seat of the wise old man.

Of his new companions, the first and the most assiduous was the chaplain of the prison, that good priest that he had once so rudely repulsed. Informed by Ludovic of the state of melancholy into which the prisoner had fallen, he presented himself, forgetting his former treatment, and was received with gratitude by Charney.

More kindly disposed towards mankind, Charney soon came to love this one, and the rustic seat became once more the bench of conference.

The philosopher exalted the marvels of his plant and of nature, and recounted the teachings of Girhardi; the priest, without entering into the discussion of dogmas, told him of Christ; and each became stronger in leaning upon the other.

The second visitor was the commandant of the fortress, Colonel Morand. Known better, he was a good enough man; his heart was in a military casing, that is to say, he was only hard to those in his little world, by order. He almost reconciled Charney to subordinate tyrants.

At last Charney said adieu to the priest and the Colonel. One day, when he least expected it, the prison-doors opened for him.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, importuned by Josephine (who, in her turn, probably submitted to the importunities of another interceding for the prisoner of Fenestrella), caused an account to be rendered to him of the seizure made by the officers in their visit of search. They brought to the Emperor the cambric manuscripts, until then deposited in the archives of the Minister of Justice. He read them over carefully, and declared loudly that the Count of Charney was a madman, but a harmless one.

"He who can so abase his thoughts as to be absorbed in a weed," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but not a conspirator. I grant his pardon. Let his estates be restored to him, and let him cultivate them himself, if such is his good pleasure."

Charney, in his turn, left Fenestrella; but he did not go alone. Could he be separated from his first, his constant friend? After having her transplanted into a large case of good earth, he took Picciola in triumph with him; his Picciola, — Picciola, to whom he owed reason; Picciola to whom he owed his life; Picciola, from whose bosom he had drawn consoling faith; Picciola, through whom he had learned friendship and love; Picciola, in short, through whom he was to be restored to liberty!

As he was about to cross the drawbridge, a large rough hand was extended towards him.

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, trying to conceal his emotion, "give me your hand; now we can be friends, since you are going, since you leave us; since we shall see you no more, — thank God! —"

Charney interrupted him, "We shall see each other again, my dear Ludovic! Ludovic, my friend!"

And after having embraced him, and pressed his hand again and again, he left the citadel.

He had crossed the esplanade, left behind him the hill on which the fortress is built, crossed the bridge over the Clusone, and turned into the road to Suza, when a voice from the ramparts reached him, crying, "Adieu, Signor Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months after, one sunny day in spring, a rich equipage drew up at the gates of the

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prison of Fenestrella. A traveller alighted, and inquired for Ludovic Ritti.

It was his former captive, who came to pay a visit to his friend the jailer. A young lady leaned lovingly on the arm of the traveller. That young lady was Theresa Girhardi, Countess of Charney.

Together they visited the court, and the chamber where once abode *ennui*, scepticism, *désillusion*.

Of all the despairing sentences which had been inscribed upon the white walls, one alone remained : —

"Learning, wit, beauty, youth, fortune, — all are powerless to give happiness."

Theresa added, "without love."

The kiss which Charney pressed upon her brow gave confirmation to the truth of what she had written.

Before leaving, the Count asked Ludovic to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola. Then saying farewell, the husband and wife returned to Turin, where Girhardi awaited them in his country-seat of La Colline.

There, near the house, in a rich *parterre*, brightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had ordered his plant to be placed, alone, that no other might interfere with its development. By his order no hand but his might touch it or care for it. He alone would watch over it; it was an employment, a duty, a debt, imposed upon him by his gratitude.

How rapidly the days flowed by! Surrounded by extensive grounds, on the borders of a beautiful river, under a genial sky, Charney tasted the wine of this world's happiness. Time added a new charm, new strength to all these ties; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy. The friendship of Girhardi, the love of Theresa, the blessings of all who lived under his roof, — nothing was wanting to his happiness, and yet that happiness was to be made still greater. Charney became a father.

O, then his heart overflowed with felicity. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he felt for his wife. He was never weary of gazing upon and adoring them both. To be separated a moment from them was pain.

Ludovic arrived to fulfil his promise. He wished to visit his first godchild, that of the prison. But alas! in the midst of these transports of love, of the prosperity and happiness with which La Colline abounded, the source of all these joys, of all this happiness, *la povera Picciola*, was dead, — dead for want of care!

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VATHEK:

AN ARABIAN TALE.

BY

WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq.

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INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, the author of the following celebrated Eastern tale, was born in 1760, and died in the spring of 1844, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. It is to be regretted that a man of so remarkable a character did not leave the world some record of a life offering points of interest different from that of any of his contemporaries, from the peculiarly studious retirement and eccentric avocations in which it was chiefly passed.

"Vathek," — the superb "Vathek," which Lord Byron so much admired, and on which he so frequently complimented the author, — "Vathek," the finest of Oriental romances by the pen of a "Frank," was written and published before our author had completed his twentieth year, it having been composed at a *single sitting!* For three days and two nights did the indefatigable author persevere in his task. He completed it, and a serious illness was the result. Few other literary men have ever equalled this feat of rapidity and genius.

"Vathek" was originally written in French, of which its style is a model. The translation which follows is not by the author himself, though he expressed perfect satisfaction with it. It was originally published in 1786. For splendor of description, exquisite humor, and supernatural interest and grandeur, it stands without a rival in romance.

Much of the description of Vathek's palace, and even the renowned "Hall of Eblis," was afterwards visibly embodied in the real Fonthill Abbey, of which wonders almost as fabulous were at one time reported and believed.

Fonthill Abbey, which had been destroyed by fire and rebuilt during the lifetime of the elder Beckford, was on account of its bad site demolished, and again rebuilt under the superintendence of our author himself, assisted by James Wyatt, the architect, with a magnificence that excited the greatest attention and wonder at the time. The total outlay upon Fonthill, including the edifice, furniture, articles of virtu, &c., must have been enormous, not much within the million. A writer in the "Athenæum" mentions £400,000 as the sum. Beckford informed Mr. Cyrus Redding that the exact cost of building Fonthill was £273,000.

The distinguishing architectural peculiarity of Fonthill Abbey was a lofty tower two hundred and eighty feet in height. This tower was prominently shadowed forth in "Vathek," and shows how strong a hold the idea had upon the author's mind. Such was his impatience to see Fonthill completed, that he had the works continued

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by torchlight, with relays of workmen. During the progress of the building the tower caught fire, and was partly destroyed. The owner, however, was present, and enjoyed the magnificent burning spectacle. It was soon restored, but a radical fault in laying the foundation caused it eventually to fall down, and leave Fonthill a ruin in the lifetime of its founder.

Beckford was in person scarcely above the middle height, slender, and well formed, with features indicating great intellectual power. He was exactly one year younger than Pitt, the companion of his minority.

The last years of his life were passed at Bath, where he united two houses in Lansdown Crescent by an arch thrown across the street, and containing his library, which was well selected and very extensive. Not far off he again erected a tower, a hundred and thirty feet high, of which the following description was given, at the time of his decease, by a correspondent of the "Athenæum":—

"Mr. Beckford, at an early period of his residence there, erected a lofty tower, in the apartments of which were placed many of his choicest paintings and articles of virtu. Asiatic in its style, with gilded lattices and blinds, or curtains of crimson cloth, its striped ceilings, its minaret and other accessories, conveyed the idea that the being who designed the place and endeavored to carry out the plan was deeply imbued with the spirit of that lonely grandeur and strict solitariness which obtains through all countries and among all people of the East. The building was surrounded by a high wall, and entrance afforded to the garden in which the tower stood by a door of small dimensions. The garden itself was Eastern in its character. Though comparatively circumscribed in its size, nevertheless were to be found within it solitary walks and deep retiring shades, such as could be supposed Vathek, the mournful and the magnificent, loved, and from the bowers of which might be expected would suddenly fall upon the ear sounds of the cymbal and the dulcimer. The building contained several apartments crowded with the finest paintings. The doors of the rooms were of finely polished wood, the windows of single sweeps of plate glass, the cornices of gilded silver; every part, both within and without, bespeaking the wealth, the magnificence, and the taste of him who had built this temple in dedication to grandeur, solitariness, and the arts."

From the summit of this tower Mr. Beckford — and he alone without a telescope — could behold that other tower of his youthful magnificence, Fonthill, on which he loved to gaze, with feelings which it would be difficult to describe. His eyesight was wonderful: he could gaze upon the sun like an eagle; and on the day that the great tower at Fonthill fell, *he* missed it in the landscape long before the news of the catastrophe reached Bath.

In conclusion, we have only to add that our author in his lifetime had all that wealth can give, and in his grave his memory will retain that which no wealth can purchase. His genius yet lives, and "Vathek" will, whilst English literature lasts, never want readers, and, while good taste flourishes, admirers.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE original of the following story, with some others of a similar kind, collected in the East by a man of letters, was communicated to the editor above three years ago. The pleasure he received from the perusal of it induced him at that time to transcribe, and since to translate it. How far the copy may be a just representation it becomes not him to determine. He presumes, however, to hope that, if the difficulty of accommodating our English idioms to the Arabic, preserving the correspondent tones of a diversified narration, and discriminating the nicer touches of character through the shades of foreign manners be duly considered, a failure in some points will not preclude him from all claim to indulgence, especially if those images, sentiments, and passions, which, being independent of local peculiarities, may be expressed in every language, shall be found to retain their native energy in our own.

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VATHEK.

VATHEK, ninth Caliph * of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun Al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes † became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better, as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he was by no means scrupulous: nor did he think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz,‡ that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy Paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremmi, which his father Motassem had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah,* was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses.

In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains, that were never exhausted. This palace was called "The Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet."

The second was styled "The Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul." It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but, dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named "The Delight of the

* This title amongst the Mahometans comprehends the concrete character of prophet, priest, and king; and is used to signify "The Vicar of God on earth." — *Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, p. 9. *Herbelot*, p. 985.

† The author of "Nighiaristan" hath preserved a fact that supports this account; and there is no history of Vathek in which his *terrible eye* is not mentioned.

‡ This Caliph was eminent, above all others, for temperance and self-denial; insomuch that he is believed to have been raised to Mahomet's bosom, as a reward for his abstinence in an age of corruption. — *Herbelot*, p. 696.

* A city of the Babylonian Irak, supposed to have stood on the site where Nimrod erected his tower. Khondemir relates, in his life of Motassem, that this prince, to terminate the disputes which were perpetually happening between the inhabitants of Bagdat and his Turkish slaves, withdrew from thence; and, having fixed on a situation in the plain of Catoul, there founded Samarah. He is said to have had in the stables of this city a hundred and thirty thousand *pied horses;* each of which carried, by his order, a sack of earth to a place he had chosen. By this accumulation an elevation was formed that commanded a view of all Samarah, and served for the foundation of his magnificent palace. — *Herbelot*, pp. 752, 808, 985. *Anecdotes Arabes*, p. 413.

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Eyes, or the Support of Memory," was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the earth were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there, the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this particular that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own; for he was, of all men, the most curious.

"The Palace of Perfumes," which was termed likewise "The Incentive to Pleasure," consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaus and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day; but the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be avoided by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odors.

The fifth palace, denominated "The Retreat of Joy, or the Dangerous," was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris,* and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the Caliph allowed to approach them; for he was by no means disposed to be jealous, as his own women were secluded within the palace he inhabited himself.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that employed himself in creating them foes. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the Caliph would not allow him to rest there: he had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything; even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped the mouths of those with presents, whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood,—a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet Mahomet, whose vicars the Caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent.

"Let us leave him to himself," said he to the Genii,* who are always ready to receive his commands; "let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The Genii obeyed; and when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek. He fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs; not considering that the successes

* The Virgins of Paradise, called, from their large black eyes, *Hur al oyun*. An intercourse with these, according to the institution of Mahomet, is to constitute the principal felicity of the faithful. Not formed of clay, like mortal women, they are deemed in the highest degree beautiful, and exempt from every inconvenience incident to the sex. — *Al Koran, passim.*

* *Genn* or *Ginn*, in the Arabic, signifies a Genius or Demon, — a being of a higher order and formed of more subtile matter than man. According to Oriental mythology, the Genii governed the world long before the creation of Adam. The Mahometans regarded them as an intermediate race between angels and men, and capable of salvation: whence Mahomet pretended a commission to convert them. Consonant to this we read that, "When the servant of God stood up to invoke him, it wanted little but that the Genii had pressed on him in crowds, to hear him rehearse the Koran." — *Herbelot*, p. 357. *Al Koran*, ch. 72.

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of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended, for the first time, the eleven thousand stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than beehives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself; till, lifting his eyes upwards, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this transient perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of the others, and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and transfer to the stars the decrees of his destiny.

With this view the inquisitive prince passed most of his nights on the summit of his tower, till he became an adept in the mysteries of astrology, and imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvellous adventures, which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage, from a country altogether unknown. Prompted by motives of curiosity, he had always been courteous to strangers; but from this instant he redoubled his attention, and ordered it to be announced by sound of trumpet, through all the streets of Samarah, that no one of his subjects, on peril of his displeasure, should either lodge or detain a traveller, but forthwith bring him to the palace.

Not long after this proclamation, there arrived in his metropolis a man so hideous that the very guards who arrested him were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along. The Caliph himself appeared startled at so horrible a visage; but joy succeeded to this emotion of terror when the stranger displayed to his view such rarities as he had never before seen, and of which he had no conception.

In reality, nothing was ever so extraordinary as the merchandise this stranger produced. Most of his curiosities, which were not less admirable for their workmanship than their splendor, had, besides, their several virtues described on a parchment fastened to each. There were slippers which enabled the feet to walk; knives that cut without the motion of the hand; sabres which dealt the blow at the person they were wished to strike; and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

The sabres, whose blades emitted a dazzling radiance, fixed more than all the Caliph's attention, who promised himself to decipher at his leisure the uncouth characters engraven on their sides. Without, therefore, demanding their price, he ordered all the coined gold to be brought from his treasury, and commanded the merchant to take what he pleased. The stranger complied with modesty and silence.

Vathek, imagining that the merchant's taciturnity was occasioned by the awe which his presence inspired, encouraged him to advance, and asked him, with an air of condescension, "Who he was? whence he came? and where he obtained such beautiful commodities?"

The man, or rather monster, instead of making a reply, thrice rubbed his forehead, which, as well as his body, was blacker than ebony; four times clapped his paunch, the projection of which was enormous; opened wide his huge eyes, which glowed like firebrands; began to laugh with a hideous noise, and discovered his long amber-colored teeth bestreaked with green.

The Caliph, though a little startled, renewed his inquiries, but without being able to procure a reply. At which, beginning to be ruffled, he exclaimed, "Knowest thou, varlet, who I am, and at whom thou art aiming thy gibes?" Then, addressing his guards, "Have ye heard him speak? is he dumb?"

"He hath spoken," they replied, "though but little."

"Let him speak, then, again," said Vathek, "and tell me who he is, from whence he came, and where he procured these singular curiosities, or I swear, by the ass of Balaam, that I will make him rue his pertinacity."

This menace was accompanied by the Caliph with one of his angry and perilous glances, which the stranger sustained without the slightest emotion, although his eyes were fixed on the terrible eye of the prince.

No words can describe the amazement of the courtiers, when they beheld this rude merchant withstand the encounter unshocked. They all fell prostrate with their faces on the

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ground, to avoid the risk of their lives, and continued in the same abject posture till the Caliph exclaimed in a furious tone :—

"Up, cowards! seize the miscreant! see that he be committed to prison, and guarded by the best of my soldiers! Let him, however, retain the money I gave him; it is not my intent to take from him his property: I only want him to speak."

No sooner had he uttered these words than the stranger was surrounded, pinioned with strong fetters, and hurried away to the prison of the great tower, which was encompassed by seven empalements of iron bars, and armed with spikes in every direction, longer and sharper than spits.

The Caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation. He sat down, indeed, to eat, but of the three hundred covers that were daily placed before him, could taste of no more than thirty-two.

A diet to which he had been so little accustomed was sufficient of itself to prevent him from sleeping: what, then, must be its effect when joined to the anxiety that preyed upon his spirits? At the first glimpse of dawn he hastened to the prison, again to importune this intractable stranger; but the rage of Vathek exceeded all bounds on finding the prison empty, the gates burst asunder, and his guards lying lifeless around him. In the paroxysm of his passion he fell furiously on the poor carcasses, and kicked them till evening without intermission. His courtiers and viziers exerted their efforts to soothe his extravagance, but, finding every expedient ineffectual, they all united in one vociferation :—

"The Caliph is gone mad! the Caliph is out of his senses!"

This outcry, which was soon resounded through the streets of Samarah, at length reached the ears of Carathis, his mother: she flew in the utmost consternation to try her ascendency on the mind of her son. Her tears and caresses called off his attention, and he was prevailed upon by her entreaties to be brought back to the palace.

Carathis, apprehensive of leaving Vathek to himself, caused him to be put to bed; and seating herself by him, endeavored by her conversation to heal and compose him. Nor could any one have attempted it with better success; for the Caliph not only loved her as a mother, but respected her as a person of superior genius. It was she who had induced him, being a Greek herself, to adopt all the sciences and systems of her country, which good Mussulmans hold in such thorough abhorrence.

Judicial astrology was one of those systems in which Carathis was a perfect adept. She began, therefore, with reminding her son of the promise which the stars had made him; and intimated an intention of consulting them again.

"Alas!" sighed the Caliph, as soon as he could speak, "what a fool have I been! not for the kicks bestowed on my guards, who so tamely submitted to death, but for never considering that this extraordinary man was the same the planets had foretold; whom, instead of ill-treating, I should have conciliated by all the arts of persuasion."

"The past," said Carathis, "cannot be recalled; but it behooves us to think of the future: perhaps you may again see the object you so much regret; it is possible the inscriptions on the sabres will afford information. Eat, therefore, and take thy repose, my dear son. We will consider to-morrow in what manner to act."

Vathek yielded to her counsel as well as he could, and arose in the morning with a mind more at ease. The sabres he commanded to be instantly brought; and poring upon them through a green glass, that their glittering might not dazzle, he set himself in earnest to decipher the inscriptions; but his reiterated attempts were all of them nugatory: in vain did he beat his head and bite his nails; not a letter of the whole was he able to ascertain. So unlucky a disappointment would have undone him again, had not Carathis, by good fortune, entered the apartment.

"Have patience, son!" said she. "You certainly are possessed of every important science, but the knowledge of languages is a trifle, at best; and the accomplishment of none but a pedant. Issue forth a proclamation that you will confer such rewards as become your greatness upon any one that shall interpret what you do not understand, and what it is beneath you to learn. You will soon find your curiosity gratified."

"That may be," said the Caliph: "but in the mean time I shall be horribly disgusted

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by a crowd of smatterers, who will come to the trial as much for the pleasure of retailing their jargon as from the hope of gaining the reward. To avoid this evil it will be proper to add that I will put every candidate to death who shall fail to give satisfaction; for, thank Heaven, I have skill enough to distinguish between one that translates and one that invents."

"Of that I have no doubt," replied Carathis; "but to put the ignorant to death is somewhat severe, and may be productive of dangerous effects. Content yourself with commanding their beards to be burnt: beards, in a state, are not quite so essential as men."

The Caliph submitted to the reasons of his mother, and sending for Morakanabad, his prime vizier, said: —

"Let the common criers proclaim, not only in Samarah, but throughout every city in my empire, that whosoever will repair hither, and decipher certain characters which appear to be inexplicable, shall experience the liberality for which I am renowned; but that all who fail upon trial shall have their beards burnt off to the last hair. Let them add, also, that I will bestow fifty beautiful slaves and as many jars of apricots, from the isle of Kirmith, upon any man that shall bring me intelligence of the stranger."

The subjects of the Caliph, like their sovereign, being great admirers of women and apricots from Kirmith, felt their mouths water at these promises, but were totally unable to gratify their hankering, for no one knew which way the stranger had gone.

As to the Caliph's other requisition, the result was different: the learned, the half learned, and those who were neither, but fancied themselves equal to both, came boldly to hazard their beards, and all shamefully lost them.

The exaction of these forfeitures, which found sufficient employment for the eunuchs, gave them such a smell of singed hair as greatly to disgust the ladies of the seraglio, and make it necessary that this new occupation of their guardians should be transferred into other hands.

At length, however, an old man presented himself, whose beard was a cubit and a half longer than any that had appeared before him. The officers of the palace whispered to each other as they ushered him in: —

"What a pity such a beard should be burnt!"

Even the Caliph, when he saw it, concurred with them in opinion; but his concern was entirely needless. This venerable personage read the characters with facility, and explained them verbatim, as follows: —

"We were made where everything good is made; we are the least of the wonders of a place where all is wonderful; and deserving the sight of the first potentate on earth."

"You translate admirably!" cried Vathek. "I know to what these marvellous characters allude. Let him receive as many robes of honor, and thousands of sequins of gold, as he hath spoken words. I am in some measure relieved from the perplexity that embarrassed me!"

Vathek invited the old man to dine, and even to remain some days in the palace. Unluckily for him he accepted the offer, for the Caliph, having ordered him next morning to be called, said: —

"Read again to me what you have read already; I cannot hear too often the promise that is made me, the completion of which I languish to obtain."

The old man forthwith put on his green spectacles, but they instantly dropped from his nose on perceiving that the characters he had read the day preceding had given place to others of different import.

"What ails you?" asked the Caliph; "and why these symptoms of wonder?"

"Sovereign of the world," replied the old man, "these sabres hold another language to-day from that they yesterday held."

"How say you?" returned Vathek. "But it matters not! tell me, if you can, what they mean."

"It is this, my lord," rejoined the old man: "Woe to the rash mortal who seeks to know that of which he should remain ignorant, and to undertake that which surpasseth his power!"

"And woe to thee!" cried the Caliph, in a burst of indignation; "to-day thou art void of understanding: begone from my presence; they shall burn but the half of thy beard, because thou wert yesterday fortunate in guessing. My gifts I never resume."

The old man, wise enough to perceive he had luckily escaped, considering the folly of disclosing so disgusting a truth, immediately withdrew, and appeared not again.

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But it was not long before Vathek discovered abundant reason to regret his precipitation; for though he could not decipher the characters himself, yet, by constantly poring upon them, he plainly perceived that they every day changed; and, unfortunately, no other candidate offered to explain them. This perplexing occupation inflamed his blood, dazzled his sight, and brought on a giddiness and debility that he could not support. He failed not, however, though in so reduced a condition, to be often carried to his tower, as he flattered himself that he might there read in the stars, which he went to consult, something more congruous to his wishes. But in this his hopes were deluded; for his eyes, dimmed by the vapors of his head, began to subserve his curiosity so ill that he beheld nothing but a thick dun cloud, which he took for the most direful of omens.

Agitated with so much anxiety, Vathek entirely lost all firmness; a fever seized him, and his appetite failed. Instead of being one of the greatest eaters, he became as distinguished for drinking. So insatiable was the thirst which tormented him, that his mouth, like a funnel, was always open to receive the various liquors that might be poured into it; and especially cold water, which calmed him more than every other.

This unhappy prince, being thus incapacitated for the enjoyment of any pleasure, commanded the palaces of the five senses to be shut up; forebore to appear in public, either to display his magnificence or administer justice; and retired to the inmost apartment of his harem. As he had ever been an indulgent husband, his wives, overwhelmed with grief at his deplorable situation, incessantly offered their prayers for his health, and unremittingly supplied him with water.

In the mean time the Princess Carathis, whose affliction no words can describe, instead of restraining herself to sobbing and tears, was closeted daily with the Vizier Morakanabad, to find out some cure or mitigation of the Caliph's disease. Under the persuasion that it was caused by enchantment, they turned over together, leaf by leaf, all the books of magic that might point out a remedy, and caused the horrible stranger, whom they accused as the enchanter, to be everywhere sought for with the strictest diligence.

At the distance of a few miles from Samarah stood a high mountain, whose sides were swarded with wild thyme and basil, and its summit overspread with so delightful a plain that it might be taken for the Paradise destined for the faithful. Upon it grew a hundred thickets of eglantine and other fragrant shrubs; a hundred arbors of roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle; as many clumps of orange trees, cedar, and citron, whose branches, interwoven with the palm, the pomegranate, and the vine, presented every luxury that could regale the eye or the taste. The ground was strewed with violets, harebells, and pansies, in the midst of which sprung forth tufts of jonquils, hyacinths, and carnations, with every other perfume that impregnates the air. Four fountains, not less clear than deep, and so abundant as to slake the thirst of ten armies, seemed purposely placed here to make the scene more resemble the garden of Eden, which was watered by the four sacred rivers. Here the nightingale sang the birth of the rose, her well-beloved, and at the same time lamented its short-lived beauty; whilst the turtle deplored the loss of more substantial pleasures, and the wakeful lark hailed the rising light that reanimates the whole creation. Here, more than anywhere, the mingled melodies of birds expressed the various passions they inspired, as if the exquisite fruits, which they pecked at pleasure, had given them a double energy.

To this mountain Vathek was sometimes brought, for the sake of breathing a purer air, and especially to drink at will of the four fountains, which were reputed in the highest degree salubrious, and sacred to himself. His attendants were his mother, his wives, and some eunuchs, who assiduously employed themselves in filling capacious bowls of rock crystal, and emulously presenting them to him. But it frequently happened that his avidity exceeded their zeal, insomuch that he would prostrate himself upon the ground to lap up the water, of which he could never have enough.

One day, when this unhappy prince had been long lying in so debasing a posture, a voice, hoarse but strong, thus addressed him:—

"Why assumest thou the function of a dog, O Caliph, so proud of thy dignity and power?"

At this apostrophe he raised up his head

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and beheld the stranger who had caused him so much affliction. Inflamed with anger at the sight, he exclaimed, —

"Accursed Giaour!* what comest thou hither to do? Is it not enough to have transformed a prince, remarkable for his agility, into one of those leather barrels which the Bedouin Arabs carry on their camels when they traverse the deserts? Perceivest thou not that I may perish by drinking to excess, no less than by a total abstinence?"

"Drink, then, this draught," said the stranger, as he presented to him a phial of a red and yellow mixture; "and to satiate the thirst of thy soul as well as of thy body, know that I am an Indian, but from a region of India which is wholly unknown."

The Caliph, delighted to see his desires accomplished in part, and flattering himself with the hope of obtaining their entire fulfilment, without a moment's hesitation, swallowed the potion, and instantaneously found his health restored, his thirst appeased, and his limbs as agile as ever.

In the transports of his joy Vathek leaped upon the neck of the frightful Indian, and kissed his horrid mouth and hollow cheeks as though they had been the coral lips and the lilies and roses of his most beautiful wives; whilst they, less terrified than jealous at the sight, dropped their veils to hide the blush of mortification that suffused their foreheads.

Nor would the scene have closed here had not Carathis, with all the art of insinuation, a little repressed the raptures of her son. Having prevailed upon him to return to Samarah, she caused a herald to precede him, whom she commanded to proclaim as loudly as possible: —

"The wonderful stranger hath appeared again; he hath healed the Caliph; he hath spoken! he hath spoken!"

Forthwith all the inhabitants of this vast city quitted their habitations, and ran together in crowds to see the procession of Vathek and the Indian, whom they now blessed as much as they had before execrated, incessantly shouting, —

"He hath healed our sovereign; he hath spoken! he hath spoken!"

* Dives of this kind are frequently mentioned by Eastern writers. Consult their tales in general, and especially those of "The Fisherman," "Aladdin," and "The Princess of China."

Nor were these words forgotten in the public festivals, which were celebrated the same evening to testify the general joy, for the poets applied them as a chorus to all the songs they composed.

The Caliph, in the mean while, caused the palaces of the senses to be again set open, and as he found himself prompted to visit that of taste, in preference to the rest, immediately ordered a splendid entertainment, to which his great officers and favorite courtiers were all invited. The Indian, who was placed near the prince, seemed to think that as a proper acknowledgment of so distinguished a privilege, he could neither eat, drink, nor talk too much. The various dainties were no sooner served up than they vanished, to the great mortification of Vathek, who piqued himself on being the greatest eater alive, and at this time in particular had an excellent appetite.

The rest of the company looked round at each other in amazement, but the Indian, without appearing to observe it, quaffed large bumpers to the health of each of them, sung in a style altogether extravagant, related stories at which he laughed immoderately, and poured forth extemporaneous verses which would not been thought bad but for the strange grimaces with which they were uttered. In a word, his loquacity was equal to that of a hundred astrologers; he ate as much as a hundred porters, and caroused in proportion.

The Caliph, notwithstanding the table had been thirty times covered, found himself incommoded by the voraciousness of his guest, who was now considerably declined in the prince's esteem. Vathek, however, being unwilling to betray the chagrin he could hardly disguise, said in a whisper to Bababalouk,* the chief of his eunuchs: —

"You see how enormous his performances in every way are; what would be the consequence should he get at my wives? Go! redouble your vigilance, and be sure look well to my Circassians, who would be more to his taste than all of the rest."

The bird of the morning had thrice re-

* As it was the employment of the black eunuchs to wait upon and guard the sultanas, so the general superintendence of the harem was particularly committed to their chief. — *Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, pp. 155, 156.

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newed his song, when the hour of the divan * sounded. Vathek, in gratitude to his subjects, having promised to attend, immediately arose from table, and repaired thither leaning upon his vizier, who could scarcely support him, so disordered was the poor prince by the wine he had drunk, and still more by the extravagant vagaries of his boisterous guest.

The viziers, the officers of the crown and of the law, arranged themselves in a semicircle about their sovereign, and preserved a respectful silence, whilst the Indian, who looked as cool as if come from a fast, sat down without ceremony on a step of the throne, laughing in his sleeve at the indignation with which his temerity had filled the spectators.

The Caliph, however, whose ideas were confused and his head embarrassed, went on administering justice at haphazard, till at length the prime vizier,† perceiving his situation, hit upon a sudden expedient to interrupt the audience, and rescue the honor of his master, to whom he said in a whisper : —

" My lord, the princess Carathis, who hath passed the night in consulting the planets, informs you that they portend you evil, and the danger is urgent. Beware, lest this stranger, whom you have so lavishly recompensed for his magical gewgaws, should make some attempt on your life: his liquor, which at first had the appearance of effecting your cure, may be no more than a poison of a sudden operation. Slight not this surmise ; ask him, at least, of what it was compounded ; whence he procured it ; and mention the sabres, which you seem to have forgotten."

Vathek, to whom the insolent airs of the stranger became every moment less supportable, intimated to his vizier, by a wink of acquiescence, that he would adopt his advice, and at once, turning towards the Indian, said : —

" Get up, and declare in full divan of what drugs the liquor was compounded you enjoined me to take, for it is suspected to be poison ; add also the explanation I have so earnestly desired concerning the sabres you sold me, and thus show your gratitude for the favors heaped on you."

Having pronounced these words in as moderate a tone as a Caliph well could, he waited in silent expectation for an answer ; but the Indian, still keeping his seat, began to renew his loud shouts of laughter, and exhibit the same horrid grimaces he had shown them before, without vouchsafing a word in reply. Vathek, no longer able to brook such insolence, immediately kicked him from the steps, instantly descending repeated his blow, and persisted with such assiduity as incited all who were present to follow his example. Every foot was aimed at the Indian, and no sooner had any one given him a kick than he felt himself constrained to reiterate the stroke.

The stranger afforded them no small entertainment ; for, being both short and plump, he collected himself into a ball and rolled round on all sides at the blows of his assailants, who pressed after him, wherever he turned, with an eagerness beyond conception, whilst their numbers were every moment increasing. The ball, indeed, in passing from one apartment to another, drew every person after it that came in its way, insomuch that the whole palace was thrown into confusion, and resounded with a tremendous clamor. The women of the harem, amazed at the uproar, flew to their blinds to discover the cause, but no sooner did they catch a glimpse of the ball than, feeling themselves unable to refrain, they broke from the clutches of their eunuchs, who, to stop their flight, pinched them till they bled, but in vain ; whilst themselves, though trembling with terror at the escape of their charge, were as incapable of resisting the attraction.

The Indian, after having traversed the halls, galleries, chambers, kitchens, gardens, and stables of the palace, at last took his course through the courts, whilst the Caliph, pursuing him closer than the rest, bestowed as many kicks as he possibly could, yet not without receiving now and then one, which his competitors, in their eagerness, designed for the ball.

Carathis, Morakanabad, and two or three old viziers whose wisdom had hitherto withstood the attraction, wishing to prevent Vathek from exposing himself in the presence of his subjects, fell down in his way to impede the

* This was both the supreme council and court of justice, at which the Caliphs of the race of the Abassides assisted in person to redress the injuries of every appellant. — *Herbelot*, p. 298.

† Vazir, Vezir, or, as we express it, Vizier, literally signifies "a porter," and, by metaphor, the minister who bears the principal burden of the state.

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pursuit, but he, regardless of their obstruction, leaped over their heads, and went on as before. They then ordered the muezins to call the people to prayers, both for the sake of getting them out of the way, and of endeavoring by their petitions to avert the calamity; but neither of these expedients was a whit more successful. The sight of this fatal ball was alone sufficient to draw after it every beholder. The muezins themselves, though they saw it but at a distance, hastened down from their minarets and mixed with the crowd, which continued to increase in so surprising a manner, that scarce an inhabitant was left in Samarah, except the aged, the sick confined to their beds, and infants at the breast, whose nurses could run more nimbly without them. Even Carathis, Morakanabad, and the rest, were all become of the party.

The shrill screams of the females who had broken from their apartments, and were unable to extricate themselves from the pressure of the crowd, together with those of the eunuchs jostling after them, terrified lest their charge should escape from their sight, increased by the execrations of husbands urging forward and menacing both; kicks given and received; stumblings and overthrows at every step, — in a word, the confusion that universally prevailed rendered Samarah like a city taken by storm, and devoted to absolute plunder.

At last the cursed Indian, who still preserved his rotundity of figure, after passing through all the streets and public places, and leaving them empty, rolled onwards to the plain of Catoul, and traversed the valley at the foot of the mountain of the four fountains.

As a continual fall of water had excavated an immense gulf in the valley, whose opposite side was closed in by a steep acclivity, the Caliph and his attendants were apprehensive lest the ball should bound into the chasm, and, to prevent it, redoubled their efforts, but in vain. The Indian persevered in his onward direction, and, as had been apprehended, glancing from the precipice with the rapidity of lightning, was lost in the gulf below.

Vathek would have followed the perfidious Giaour, had not an invisible agency arrested his progress. The multitude that pressed after him were at once checked in the same manner, and a calm instantaneously ensued. They all gazed at each other with an air of astonishment; and notwithstanding that the loss of veils and turbans, together with torn habits, and dust blended with sweat, presented a most laughable spectacle, there was not one smile to be seen; on the contrary, all with looks of confusion and sadness returned in silence to Samarah, and retired to their inmost apartments, without ever reflecting that they had been impelled by an invisible power into the extravagance for which they reproached themselves: for it is but just, that men who so often arrogate to their own merit the good of which they are but instruments, should attribute to themselves the absurdities which they could not prevent.

The Caliph was the only person that refused to leave the valley. He commanded his tents to be pitched there, and stationed himself on the very edge of the precipice, in spite of the representations of Carathis and Morakanabad, who pointed out the hazard of its brink giving way, and the vicinity to the magician that had so severely tormented him. Vathek derided all their remonstrances; and having ordered a thousand flambeaus to be lighted, and directed his attendants to proceed in lighting more, lay down on the slippery margin, and attempted, by the help of this artificial splendor, to look through that gloom which all the fires of the empyrean had been insufficient to pervade. One while he fancied to himself voices arising from the depth of the gulf, at another he seemed to distinguish the accents of the Indian; but all was no more than the hollow murmur of waters, and the din of the cataracts that rushed from steep to steep, down the sides of the mountain.

Having passed the night in this cruel perturbation, the Caliph at daybreak retired to his tent, where, without taking the least sustenance, he continued to doze till the dusk of evening began to come on; he then resumed his vigils as before, and persevered in observing them for many nights together. At length, fatigued with so successless an employment, he sought relief from change. To this end he sometimes paced with hasty strides across the plain; and, as he wildly gazed at the stars, reproached them with

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THE INDIAN, THE CALIPH, THE COURT, AND THE PEOPLE.

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having deceived him; but lo! on a sudden the clear blue sky appeared streaked over with streams of blood, which reached from the valley even to the city of Samarah. As this awful phenomenon seemed to touch his tower, Vathek at first thought of repairing thither to view it more distinctly, but feeling himself unable to advance, and being overcome with apprehension, he muffled up his face in his robe.

Terrifying as these prodigies were, this impression upon him was no more than momentary, and served only to stimulate his love of the marvellous. Instead, therefore, of returning to his palace, he persisted in the resolution of abiding where the Indian vanished from his view. One night, however, while he was walking as usual on the plain, the moon and the stars at once were eclipsed, and a total darkness ensued. The earth trembled beneath him, and a voice came forth, the voice of the Giaour, who, in accents more sonorous than thunder, thus addressed him: —

"Wouldst thou devote thyself to me? adore, then, the terrestrial influences, and abjure Mahomet. On these conditions I will bring thee to the palace of subterranean fire: there shalt thou behold, in immense depositories, the treasures which the stars have promised thee, and which will be conferred by those intelligences whom thou shalt thus render propitious. It was from thence I brought my sabres; and it is there that Soliman Ben Daoud reposes, surrounded by the talismans that control the world."

The astonished Caliph trembled as he answered, yet in a style that showed him to be no novice in preternatural adventures: —

"Where art thou? Be present to my eyes; dissipate the gloom that perplexes me, and of which I deem thee the cause. After the many flambeaus I have burnt to discover thee, thou mayest at least grant a glimpse of thy horrible visage."

"Abjure, then, Mahomet," replied the Indian, "and promise me full proofs of thy sincerity; otherwise thou shalt never behold me again."

The unhappy Caliph, instigated by insatiable curiosity, lavished his promises in the utmost profusion. The sky immediately brightened, and by the light of the planets, which seemed almost to blaze, Vathek beheld the earth open, and at the extremity of a vast black chasm, a portal of ebony, before which stood the Indian, still blacker, holding in his hand a golden key, that caused the lock to resound.

"How," cried Vathek, "can I descend to thee, without the certainty of breaking my neck? Come, take me, and instantly open the portal."

"Not so fast," replied the Indian, "impatient Caliph! Know that I am parched with thirst, and cannot open this door till my thirst be thoroughly appeased. I require the blood of fifty of the most beautiful sons of thy viziers and great men, or neither can my thirst nor thy curiosity be satisfied. Return to Samarah; procure for me this necessary libation; come back hither, throw it thyself into this chasm, and then shalt thou see!"

Having thus spoken, the Indian turned his back on the Caliph, who, incited by the suggestion of demons, resolved on the direful sacrifice. He now pretended to have regained his tranquillity, and set out for Samarah amidst the acclamations of a people who still loved him, and forebore not to rejoice when they believed him to have recovered his reason. So successfully did he conceal the emotion of his heart, that even Carathis and Morakanabad were equally deceived with the rest. Nothing was heard of but festivals and rejoicings. The ball, which no tongue had hitherto ventured to mention, was again brought on the tapis. A general laugh went round; though many, still smarting under the hands of the surgeon, from the hurts received in that memorable adventure, had no great reason for mirth.

The prevalence of this gay humor was not a little grateful to Vathek, as perceiving how much it conduced to his project. He put on the appearance of affability to every one; but especially to his viziers, and the grandees of his court, whom he failed not to regale with a sumptuous banquet, during which he insensibly inclined the conversation to the children of his guests. Having asked, with a good-natured air, who of them were blessed with the handsomest boys, every father at once asserted the pretensions of his own; and the contest imperceptibly grew so warm, that nothing could have withholden them from coming to blows but their profound

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reverence for the person of the Caliph. Under the pretence, therefore, of reconciling the disputants, Vathek took upon him to decide; and with this view commanded the boys to be brought.

It was not long before a troop of these poor children made their appearance, all equipped by their fond mothers with such ornaments as might give the greatest relief to their beauty, or most advantageously display the graces of their age. But whilst this brilliant assemblage attracted the eyes and hearts of every one besides, the Caliph scrutinized each in his turn with a malignant avidity that passed for attention, and selected from their number the fifty whom he judged the Giaour would prefer.

With an equal show of kindness as before, he proposed to celebrate a festival on the plain, for the entertainment of his young favorites, who, he said, ought to rejoice still more than all at the restoration of his health, on account of the favors he intended for them.

The Caliph's proposal was received with the greatest delight, and soon published through Samarah. Litters, camels, and horses were prepared. Women and children, old men and young, — every one placed himself in the station he chose. The cavalcade set forward, attended by all the confectioners in the city and its precincts. The populace, following on foot, composed an amazing crowd, and occasioned no little noise. All was joy; nor did any one call to mind what most of them had suffered when they first travelled the road they were now passing so gayly.

The evening was serene, the air refreshing, the sky clear, and the flowers exhaled their fragrance. The beams of the declining sun, whose mild splendor reposed on the summit of the mountain, shed a glow of ruddy light over its green declivity, and the white flocks sporting upon it. No sounds were audible, save the murmurs of the four fountains, and the reeds and voices of shepherds, calling to each other from different eminences.

The lovely innocents, proceeding to the destined sacrifice, added not a little to the hilarity of the scene. They approached the plain full of sportiveness; some coursing butterflies, others culling flowers, or picking up the shining little pebbles that attracted their notice. At intervals they nimbly started from each other, for the sake of being caught again, and mutually imparting a thousand caresses.

The dreadful chasm, at whose bottom the portal of ebony was placed, began to appear at a distance. It looked like a black streak that divided the plain. Morakanabad and his companions took it for some work which the Caliph had ordered. Unhappy men! little did they surmise for what it was destined.

Vathek, not liking that they should examine it too nearly, stopped the procession, and ordered a spacious circle to be formed on this side, at some distance from the accursed chasm. The body-guard of eunuchs was detached, to measure out the lists intended for the games, and prepare ringlets for the lines to keep off the crowd. The fifty competitors were soon stripped, and presented to the admiration of the spectators the suppleness and grace of their delicate limbs. Their eyes sparkled with a joy which those of their fond parents reflected. Every one offered wishes for the little candidate nearest his heart, and doubted not of his being victorious. A breathless suspense awaited the contest of these amiable and innocent victims.

The Caliph, availing himself of the first moment to retire from the crowd, advanced towards the chasm, and there heard, yet not without shuddering, the voice of the Indian; who, gnashing his teeth, eagerly demanded: —

"Where are they? where are they? Perceivest thou not how my mouth waters?"

"Relentless Giaour!" answered Vathek, with emotion, "can nothing content thee but the massacre of these lovely victims? Ah, wert thou to behold their beauty, it must certainly move thy compassion!"

"Perdition on thy compassion, babbler!" cried the Indian. "Give them me! instantly give them, or my portal shall be closed against thee forever!"

"Not so loudly," replied the Caliph, blushing.

"I understand thee," returned the Giaour, with the grin of an ogre; "thou wantest to summon up more presence of mind. I will for a moment forbear."

During this exquisite dialogue, the games went forward with all alacrity, and at length concluded, just as the twilight began to over-

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cast the mountains. Vathek, who was still standing on the edge of the chasm, called out with all his might: —

"Let my fifty little favorites approach me, separately; and let them come in the order of their success. To the first I will give my diamond bracelet; to the second my collar of emeralds; to the third my aigret of rubies; to the fourth my girdle of topazes; and to the rest, each a part of my dress, even down to my slippers."

This declaration was received with reiterated acclamations; and all extolled the liberality of a prince who would thus strip himself for the amusement of his subjects and the encouragement of the rising generation.

The Caliph in the mean while undressed himself by degrees; and raising his arm as high as he was able, made each of the prizes glitter in the air; but, whilst he delivered it with one hand to the child, who sprang forward to receive it, he with the other pushed the poor innocent into the gulf, where the Giaour, with a sullen muttering, incessantly repeated "More! more!"

This dreadful device was executed with so much dexterity, that the boy who was approaching him remained unconscious of the fate of his forerunner; and as to the spectators, the shades of evening, together with their distance, precluded them from perceiving any object distinctly. Vathek, having in this manner thrown in the last of the fifty, and expecting that the Giaour, on receiving him, would have presented the key, already fancied himself as great as Soliman, and consequently above being amenable for what he had done; when, to his utter amazement, the chasm closed, and the ground became as entire as the rest of the plain.

No language could express his rage and despair. He execrated the perfidy of the Indian, loaded him with the most infamous invectives, and stamped with his foot as resolving to be heard. He persisted in this demeanor till his strength failed him, and then fell on the earth like one void of sense. His viziers and grandees, who were nearer than the rest, supposed him at first to be sitting on the grass at play with their amiable children; but at length, prompted by doubt, they advanced towards the spot, and found the Caliph alone, who wildly demanded what they wanted.

"Our children! our children!" cried they.

"It is assuredly pleasant," said he, "to make me accountable for accidents. Your children, while at play, fell from the precipice that was here; and I should have experienced their fate, had I not been saved by a sudden start back."

At these words the fathers of the fifty boys cried out aloud; the mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher; whilst the rest, without knowing the cause, soon drowned the voices of both with still louder lamentations of their own.

"Our Caliph," said they, — and the report soon circulated, — "our Caliph has played us this trick, to gratify his accursed Giaour. Let us punish him for his perfidy! let us avenge ourselves! let us avenge the blood of the innocent! let us throw this cruel prince into the gulf that is near, and let his name be mentioned no more!"

At this rumor and these menaces, Carathis, full of consternation, hastened to Morakanabad, and said: —

"Vizier, you have lost two beautiful boys, and must necessarily be the most afflicted of fathers; but you are virtuous; save your master!"

"I will brave every hazard," replied the vizier, "to rescue him from his present danger; but afterwards will abandon him to his fate. Bababalouk," continued he, "put yourself at the head of your eunuchs, disperse the mob, and if possible bring back this unhappy prince to his palace."

Bababalouk and his fraternity, felicitating each other in a low voice on their disability of ever being fathers, obeyed the mandate of the vizier, who, seconding their exertions to the utmost of his power, at length accomplished his generous enterprise, and retired, as he resolved, to lament at his leisure.

No sooner had the Caliph re-entered his palace, than Carathis commanded the doors to be fastened; but perceiving the tumult to be still violent, and hearing the imprecations which resounded from all quarters, she said to her son: —

"Whether the populace be right or wrong, it behooves you to provide for your safety: let us retire to your own apartment, and from thence, through the subterranean passage known only to ourselves, into your tower;

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there, with the assistance of the mutes who never leave it, we may be able to make some resistance. Bababalouk, supposing us to be still in the palace, will guard its avenues for his own sake; and we shall soon find, without the counsels of that blubberer, Morakanabad, what expedient may be the best to adopt."

Vathek, without making the least reply, acquiesced in his mother's proposal, and repeated as he went:—

"Nefarious Giaour! where art thou? hast thou not yet devoured those poor children? where are thy sabres, thy golden key, thy talismans?"

Carathis, who guessed from these interrogations a part of the truth, had no difficulty to apprehend in getting at the whole as soon as he should be a little composed in his tower. This princess was so far from being influenced by scruples, that she was as wicked as woman could be, which is not saying a little, for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition. The recital of the Caliph therefore occasioned neither terror nor surprise to his mother; she felt no emotion but from the promises of the Giaour, and said to her son:—

"This Giaour, it must be confessed, is somewhat sanguinary in his taste, but the terrestrial powers are always terrible; nevertheless, what the one has promised and the others can confer, will prove a sufficient indemnification. No crimes should be thought too dear for such a reward. Forbear, then, to revile the Indian; you have not fulfilled the conditions to which his services are annexed. For instance, is not a sacrifice to the subterranean Genii required? and should we not be prepared to offer it as soon as the tumult is subsided? This charge I will take on myself, and have no doubt of succeeding by means of your treasures, which, as there are now so many others in store, may without fear be exhausted."

Accordingly, the princess, who possessed the most consummate skill in the art of persuasion, went immediately back through the subterranean passage, and presenting herself to the populace from a window of the palace, began to harangue them with all the address of which she was mistress, whilst Bababalouk showered money from both hands amongst the crowd, who by these united means were soon appeased. Every person retired to his home, and Carathis returned to the tower.

Prayer at break of day was announced, when Carathis and Vathek ascended the steps which led to the summit of the tower, where they remained for some time, though the weather was lowering and wet. This impending gloom corresponded with their malignant dispositions; but when the sun began to break through the clouds, they ordered a pavilion to be raised as a screen from the intrusion of his beams. The Caliph, overcome with fatigue, sought refreshment from repose, at the same time hoping that significant dreams might attend on his slumbers; whilst the indefatigable Carathis, followed by a party of her mutes, descended to prepare whatever she judged proper for the oblation of the approaching night.

By secret stairs, known only to herself and her son, she first repaired to the mysterious recesses in which were deposited the mummies that had been brought from the catacombs of the ancient Pharaohs. Of these she ordered several to be taken. From thence she resorted to a gallery, where, under the guard of fifty female negroes, mute, and blind of the right eye, were preserved the oil of the most venomous serpents, rhinoceros' horns, and woods of a subtle and penetrating odor, procured from the interior of the Indies, together with a thousand other horrible rarities. This collection had been formed for a purpose like the present, by Carathis herself, from a presentiment that she might one day enjoy some intercourse with the infernal powers, to whom she had ever been passionately attached, and to whose taste she was no stranger.

To familiarize herself the better with the horrors in view, the princess remained in the company of her negresses, who squinted in the most amiable manner from the only eye they had, and leered with exquisite delight at the skulls and skeletons which Carathis had drawn forth from her cabinets, whose key she intrusted to no one; all of them making contortions and uttering a frightful jargon, but very amusing to the princess; till at last, being stunned by their gibbering, and suffocated by the potency of their exhalations, she was forced to quit the gallery, after stripping it of a part of its treasures.

Whilst she was thus occupied, the Caliph, who, instead of the visions he expected, had

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acquired in these unsubstantial regions a voracious appetite, was greatly provoked at the negresses; for, having totally forgotten their deafness, he had impatiently asked them for food; and seeing them regardless of his demand, he began to cuff, pinch, and push them, till Carathis arrived to terminate a scene so indecent, to the great content of these miserable creatures, who, having been brought up by her, understood all her signs, and communicated in the same way their thoughts in return.

"Son! what means all this?" said she, panting for breath. "I thought I heard, as I came up, the shrieks of a thousand bats, tearing from their crannies in the recesses of a cavern, and it was the outcry only of these poor mutes, whom you were so unmercifully abusing. In truth, you but ill deserve the admirable provision I have brought you."

"Give it me instantly!" exclaimed the Caliph; "I am perishing for hunger!"

"As to that," answered she, "you must have an excellent stomach if it can digest what I have been preparing."

"Be quick," replied the Caliph. "But O, heavens! what horrors! What do you intend?"

"Come, come," returned Carathis, "be not so squeamish, but help me to arrange everything properly, and you shall see that what you reject with such symptoms of disgust will soon complete your felicity. Let us get ready the pile for the sacrifice of to-night, and think not of eating till that is performed. Know you not that all solemn rites are preceded by a rigorous abstinence?"

The Caliph, not daring to object, abandoned himself to grief, and the wind that ravaged his entrails, whilst his mother went forward with the requisite operations. Phials of serpents' oil, mummies, and bones, were soon set in order on the balustrade of the tower. The pile began to rise, and in three hours was as many cubits high. At length darkness approached, and Carathis, having stripped herself to her inmost garment, clapped her hands in an impulse of ecstasy, and struck light with all her force. The mutes followed her example: but Vathek, extenuated with hunger and impatience, was unable to support himself, and fell down in a swoon. The sparks had already kindled the dry wood; the venomous oil burst into a thousand blue flames; the mummies, dissolving, emitted a thick dun vapor; and, the rhinoceros' horns beginning to consume, all together diffused such a stench, that the Caliph, recovering, started from his trance and gazed wildly on the scene in full blaze around him. The oil gushed forth in a plenitude of streams; and the negresses, who supplied it without intermission, united their cries to those of the princess. At last the fire became so violent, and the flames reflected from the polished marble so dazzling, that the Caliph, unable to withstand the heat and the blaze, effected his escape, and clambered up the imperial standard.

In the mean time the inhabitants of Samarah, scared at the light which shone over the city, arose in haste, ascended their roofs, beheld the tower on fire, and hurried half naked to the square. Their love to their sovereign immediately awoke; and apprehending him in danger of perishing in his tower, their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of his safety. Morakanabad flew from his retirement, wiped away his tears, and cried out for water like the rest. Bababalouk, whose olfactory nerves were more familiarized to magical odors, readily conjecturing that Carathis was engaged in her favorite amusements, strenuously exhorted them not to be alarmed. Him, however, they treated as an old poltroon, and forebore not to style him a rascally traitor. The camels and dromedaries were advancing with water, but no one knew by which way to enter the tower. Whilst the populace was obstinate in forcing the doors, a violent east-wind drove such a volume of flame against them as at first forced them off, but afterwards rekindled their zeal. At the same time, the stench of the horns and mummies increasing, most of the crowd fell backward in a state of suffocation. Those that kept their feet mutually wondered at the cause of the smell, and admonished each other to retire. Morakanabad, more sick than the rest, remained in a piteous condition. Holding his nose with one hand, he persisted in his efforts with the other to burst open the doors and obtain admission. A hundred and forty of the strongest and most resolute at length accomplished their purpose. Having gained the staircase by their violent exertions, they

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attained a great height in a quarter of an hour.

Carathis, alarmed at the signs of her mutes, advanced to the staircase, went down a few steps, and heard several voices calling out from below: —

"You shall in a moment have water!"

Being rather alert, considering her age, she presently regained the top of the tower, and bade her son suspend the sacrifice for some minutes, adding: —

"We shall soon be enabled to render it more grateful. Certain dolts of your subjects, imagining, no doubt, that we were on fire, have been rash enough to break through those doors, which had hitherto remained inviolate, for the sake of bringing up water. They are very kind, you must allow, so soon to forget the wrongs you have done them; but that is of little moment. Let us offer them to the Giaour. Let them come up: our mutes, who neither want strength nor experience, will soon despatch them, exhausted as they are with fatigue."

"Be it so," answered the Caliph, "provided we finish, and I dine."

In fact, these good people, out of breath from ascending eleven thousand stairs in such haste, and chagrined at having spilt, by the way, the water they had taken, were no sooner arrived at the top than the blaze of the flames and the fumes of the mummies at once overpowered their senses. It was a pity! for they beheld not the agreeable smile with which the mutes and the negresses adjusted the cord to their necks: these amiable personages rejoiced, however, no less at the scene. Never before had the ceremony of strangling been performed with so much facility. They all fell without the least resistance or struggle; so that Vathek, in the space of a few moments, found himself surrounded by the dead bodies of his most faithful subjects, all of which were thrown on the top of the pile.

Carathis, whose presence of mind never forsook her, perceiving that she had carcasses sufficient to complete her oblation, commanded the chains to be stretched across the staircase, and the iron doors barricaded, that no more might come up.

No sooner were these orders obeyed, than the tower shook; the dead bodies vanished in the flames, which at once changed from a swarthy crimson to a bright rose-color. An ambient vapor emitted the most exquisite fragrance; the marble columns rang with harmonious sounds, and the liquefied horns diffused a delicious perfume. Carathis, in transports, anticipated the success of her enterprise; whilst the mutes and negresses, to whom these sweets had given the colic, retired to their cells grumbling.

Scarcely were they gone, when, instead of the pile, horns, mummies, and ashes, the Caliph both saw and felt, with a degree of pleasure which he could not express, a table covered with the most magnificent repast: flagons of wine and vases of exquisite sherbet floating on snow. He availed himself without scruple of such an entertainment; and had already laid hands on a lamb stuffed with pistachios, whilst Carathis was privately drawing from a filigreed urn a parchment that seemed to be endless, and which had escaped the notice of her son. Totally occupied in gratifying an importunate appetite, he left her to peruse it without interruption; which, having finished, she said to him in an authoritative tone: —

"Put an end to your gluttony, and hear the splendid promises with which you are favored!" She then read as follows: —

"Vathek, my well-beloved, thou hast surpassed my hopes: my nostrils have been regaled by the savor of thy mummies, thy horns, and, still more, by the lives devoted on the pile. At the full of the moon cause the bands of thy musicians and thy tymbals to be heard; depart from thy palace surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, thy most faithful slaves, thy best beloved wives, thy most magnificent litters, thy richest laden camels; and set forward on thy way to Istakhar. There await I thy coming. That is the region of wonders. There shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian,* the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite Sultans: there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou enterest any dwelling on thy route, or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger."

* By this appellation was distinguished the monarch of that species of beings whom the Arabians denominate *Gian* or *Ginn*, that is *Genii*; and the Tarik Thabari, *Peres*, *Fees*, or *Faeries*.

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The Caliph, who, notwithstanding his habitual luxury, had never before dined with so much satisfaction, gave full scope to the joy of these golden tidings, and betook himself to drinking anew. Carathis, whose antipathy to wine was by no means insuperable, failed not to supply a reason for every bumper, which they ironically quaffed to the health of Mahomet. This infernal liquor completed their impious temerity, and prompted them to utter a profusion of blasphemies. They gave a loose to their wit, at the expense of the ass of Balaam, the dog of the seven sleepers, and the other animals admitted into the paradise of Mahomet. In this sprightly humor they descended the eleven thousand stairs, diverting themselves as they went at the anxious faces they saw on the square, through the oilets of the tower, and at length arrived at the royal apartments by the subterranean passage. Bababalouk was parading to and fro, and issuing his mandates with great pomp to the eunuchs, who were snuffing the lights and painting the eyes of the Circassians. No sooner did he catch sight of the Caliph and his mother, than he exclaimed,—

"Ha! you have then, I perceive, escaped from the flames; I was not, however, altogether out of doubt."

"Of what moment is it to us what you thought or think?" cried Carathis: "go, speed, tell Morakanabad that we immediately want him; and take care how you stop by the way to make your insipid reflections."

Morakanabad delayed not to obey the summons, and was received by Vathek and his mother with great solemnity. They told him with an air of composure and commiseration that the fire at the top of the tower was extinguished, but that it had cost the lives of the brave people who sought to assist them.

"Still more misfortunes!" cried Morakanabad with a sigh. "Ah, commander of the faithful, our holy prophet is certainly irritated against us! it behooves you to appease him."

"We will appease him hereafter," replied the Caliph, with a smile that augured nothing of good. "You will have leisure sufficient for your supplications during my absence; for this country is the bane of my health. I am disgusted with the mountain of the four fountains, and am resolved to go and drink of the stream of Rocnabad.* I long to refresh myself in the delightful valleys which it waters. Do you, with the advice of my mother, govern my dominions, and take care to supply whatever her experiments may demand; for you well know that our tower abounds in materials for the advancement of science."

The tower but ill suited Morakanabad's taste. Immense treasures had been lavished upon it, and nothing had he ever seen carried thither but female negroes, mutes, and abominable drugs. Nor did he know well what to think of Carathis, who, like a chameleon, could assume all possible colors. Her cursed eloquence had often driven the poor Mussulman to his last shifts. He considered, however, that if she possessed but few good qualities, her son had still fewer, and that the alternative, on the whole, would be in her favor. Consoled, therefore, with this reflection, he went in good spirits to soothe the populace and make the proper arrangements for his master's journey.

Vathek, to conciliate the spirits of the subterranean palace, resolved that his expedition should be uncommonly splendid. With this view he confiscated on all sides the property of his subjects, whilst his worthy mother stripped the seraglios she visited of the gems they contained. She collected all the seamstresses and embroiderers of Samarah, and other cities, to the distance of sixty leagues, to prepare pavilions, palanquins, sofas, canopies, and litters, for the train of the monarch. There was not left in Masulipatan a single piece of chintz; and so much muslin had been bought up to dress out Bababalouk and the other black eunuchs, that there remained not an ell in the whole Irak of Babylon.

During these preparations, Carathis, who never lost sight of her great object, which was to obtain favor with the powers of darkness, made select parties of the fairest and most delicate ladies of the city; but in the midst of their gayety she contrived to introduce serpents amongst them, and to break pots of scorpions under the table. They all

* The stream thus denominated flows near the city of Schiraz. Its waters are uncommonly pure and limpid, and their banks swarded with the finest verdure.

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bit to a wonder, and Carathis would have left them to bite, were it not that to fill up the time she now and then amused herself in curing their wounds with an excellent anodyne of her own invention; for this good princess abhorred being indolent.

Vathek, who was not altogether so active as his mother, devoted his time to the sole gratification of his senses, in the palaces which were severally dedicated to them. He disgusted himself no more with the divan or the mosque. One half of Samarah followed his example, whilst the other lamented the progress of corruption.

In the midst of these transactions, the embassy returned which had been sent in pious times to Mecca. It consisted of the most reverend moullahs,* who had fulfilled their commission, and brought back one of those precious besoms which are used to sweep the sacred caaba; a present truly worthy of the greatest potentate on earth!

The Caliph happened at this instant to be engaged in an apartment by no means adapted to the reception of embassies, though adorned with a certain magnificence, not only to render it agreeable, but also because he resorted to it frequently, and stayed a considerable time together. Whilst occupied in this retreat, he heard the voice of Bababalouk calling out from between the door and the tapestry that hung before it:—

"Here are the excellent Mahomet Ebn Edris al Shafei and the seraphic Al Mouhadethin, who have brought the besom from Mecca, and with tears of joy entreat they may present it to your Majesty in person."

"Let them bring the besom hither; it may be of use," said Vathek, who was still employed, not having quite racked off his wine.

"How!" answered Bababalouk, half aloud and amazed.

"Obey," replied the Caliph, "for it is my sovereign will; go instantly! vanish! for here will I receive the good folk who have thus filled thee with joy."

The eunuch departed muttering, and bade the venerable train attend him. A sacred rapture was diffused amongst these reverend old men. Though fatigued with the length of their expedition, they followed Bababalouk with an alertness almost miraculous, and felt themselves highly flattered as they swept along the stately porticos, that the Caliph would not receive them like ambassadors in ordinary, in his hall of audience. Soon reaching the interior of the harem (where, through blinds of Persian they perceived large soft eyes, dark and blue, that went and came like lightning), penetrated with respect and wonder, and full of their celestial mission, they advanced in procession towards the small corridors that appeared to terminate in nothing, but, nevertheless, led to the cell where the Caliph expected their coming.

"What! is the commander of the faithful sick?" said Ebn Edris al Shafei, in a low voice to his companion.

"I rather think he is in his oratory," answered Al Mouhadethin.

Vathek, who heard the dialogue, cried out, "What imports it you how I am employed? approach without delay."

They advanced, and Bababalouk almost sunk with confusion, whilst the Caliph, without showing himself, put forth his hand from behind the tapestry that hung before the door, and demanded of them the besom.*

Having prostrated themselves as well as the corridor would permit, and even in a tolerable semicircle, the venerable Al Shafei, drawing forth the besom from the embroidered and perfumed scarfs in which it had been enveloped and secured from the profane gaze of vulgar eyes, arose from his associates, and advanced with an air of the most awful solemnity towards the supposed oratory; but with what astonishment, with what horror was he seized!

Vathek, bursting out into a villanous laugh, snatched the besom from his trembling hand, and, fixing upon it some cobwebs that hung suspended from the ceiling, gravely brushed away till not a single one remained.

The old men, overpowered with amazement, were unable to lift their beards from the ground; for as Vathek had carelessly left the tapestry between them half drawn,

* Those among the Mahometans who were bred to the law had this title; and from their order the judges of cities and provinces were taken.

* The heinousness of Vathek's profanation can only be judged of by an orthodox Musselman, or one who recollects the ablution and prayer indispensably required on the exoneration of nature.—*Sale's Prelim. Disc.* p. 139. *Al Koran*, ch. 4. *Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, p. 98.

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they were witnesses to the whole transaction. Their tears gushed forth on the marble. Al Mouhadethin swooned through mortification and fatigue, whilst the Caliph, throwing himself backward on his seat, shouted and clapped his hands without mercy. At last, addressing himself to Bababalouk: —

"My dear black," said he, "go, regale these pious poor souls with my good wine from Schiraz; and as they can boast of having seen more of my palace than any one besides, let them also visit my office courts, and lead them out by the back steps that go to my stables." Having said this, he threw the besom in their face, and went to enjoy the laugh with Carathis.

Bababalouk did all in his power to console the ambassadors, but the two most infirm expired on the spot; the rest were carried to their beds, from whence, being heart-broken with sorrow and shame, they never arose.

The succeeding night, Vathek, attended by his mother, ascended the tower to see if everything were ready for his journey, for he had great faith in the influence of the stars. The planets appeared in their most favorable aspects. The Caliph, to enjoy so flattering a sight, supped gayly on the roof, and fancied that he heard, during his repast, loud shouts of laughter resound through the sky, in a manner that inspired the fullest assurance.

All was in motion at the palace: lights were kept burning through the whole of the night; the sound of implements and of artisans finishing their work, the voices of women and their guardians who sung at their embroidery, — all conspired to interrupt the stillness of nature, and infinitely delight the heart of Vathek, who imagined himself going in triumph to sit upon the throne of Soliman.

The people were not less satisfied than himself; all assisted to accelerate the moment which should rescue them from the wayward caprices of so extravagant a master.

The day preceding the departure of this infatuated prince was employed by Carathis in repeating to him the decrees of the mysterious parchment which she had thoroughly gotten by heart, and in recommending him not to enter the habitation of any one by the way; "for well thou knowest," added she, "how liquorish thy taste is after good dishes and young damsels; let me therefore enjoin thee to be content with thy old cooks, who are the best in the world; and not to forget that in thy ambulatory seraglio there are three dozen pretty faces, which Bababalouk hath not yet unveiled. I, myself, have a great desire to watch over thy conduct, and visit the subterranean palace, which no doubt contains whatever can interest persons like us. There is nothing so pleasing as retiring to caverns; my taste for dead bodies and everything like mummy is decided, and I am confident thou wilt see the most exquisite of their kind. Forget me not, then, but the moment thou art in possession of the talismans which are to open to thee the mineral kingdoms and the centre of the earth itself, fail not to despatch some trusty genius to take me and my cabinet, for the oil of the serpents I have pinched to death will be a pretty present to the Giaour, who cannot but be charmed with such dainties."

Scarcely had Carathis ended this edifying discourse, when the sun, setting behind the mountain of the four fountains, gave place to the rising moon. This planet, being that evening at full, appeared of unusual beauty and magnitude in the eyes of the women, the eunuchs, and the pages, who were all impatient to set forward. The city re-echoed with shouts of joy and flourishing of trumpets. Nothing was visible but plumes nodding on pavilions, and aigrets shining in the mild lustre of the moon. The spacious square resembled an immense parterre, variegated with the most stately tulips of the East.

Arrayed in the robes which were only worn at the most distinguished ceremonials, and supported by his vizier and Bababalouk, the Caliph descended the grand staircase of the tower in the sight of all his people. He could not forbear pausing at intervals to admire the superb appearance which everywhere courted his view, whilst the whole multitude, even to the camels with their sumptuous burdens, knelt down before him. For some time a general stillness prevailed, which nothing happened to disturb but the shrill screams of some eunuchs in the rear. These vigilant guards having remarked certain cages of the ladies swagging somewhat awry, and discovered that a few adventurous gallants had contrived to get in, soon dislodged the en-

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raptured culprits, and consigned them, with good commendations, to the surgeons of the serai. The majesty of so magnificent a spectacle was not, however, violated by incidents like these. Vathek, meanwhile, saluted the moon with an idolatrous air, that neither pleased Morakanabad nor the doctors of the law, any more than the viziers and grandees of his court, who were all assembled to enjoy the last view of their sovereign.

At length the clarions and trumpets from the top of the tower announced the prelude of departure. Though the instruments were in unison with each other, yet a singular dissonance was blended with their sounds. This proceeded from Carathis, who was singing her direful orisons to the Giaour, whilst the negresses and mutes supplied thorough bass without articulating a word. The good Mussulmans fancied that they heard the sullen hum of those nocturnal insects which presage evil, and importuned Vathek to beware how he ventured his sacred person.

On a given signal the great standard of the Califat was displayed; twenty thousand lances shone around it; and the Caliph, treading royally on the cloth of gold which had been spread for his feet, ascended his litter amidst the general awe that possessed his subjects.

The expedition commenced with the utmost order, and so entire a silence that even the locusts were heard from the thickets on the plain of Catoul. Gayety and good humor prevailing, six good leagues were passed before the dawn; and the morning star was still glittering in the firmament when the whole of this numerous train had halted on the banks of the Tigris, where they encamped to repose for the rest of the day.

The three days that followed were spent in the same manner, but on the fourth the heavens looked angry, lightnings broke forth in frequent flashes, re-echoing peals of thunder succeeded, and the trembling Circassians clung with all their might to their ugly guardians. The Caliph himself was greatly inclined to take shelter in the large town of Gulchissar, the governor of which came forth to meet him, and tendered every kind of refreshment the place could supply. But having examined his tablets, he suffered the rain to soak him almost to the bone, notwithstanding the importunity of his first favorites. Though he began to regret the palace of the senses, yet he lost not sight of his enterprise, and his sanguine expectations confirmed his resolutions. His geographers were ordered to attend him, but the weather proved so terrible, that these poor people exhibited a lamentable appearance; and as no long journeys had been undertaken since the time of Haroun al Raschid, their maps of the different countries were in a still worse plight than themselves. Every one was ignorant which way to turn; for Vathek, though well versed in the course of the heavens, no longer knew his situation on earth. He thundered even louder than the elements, and muttered forth certain hints of the bowstring which were not very soothing to literary ears. Disgusted at the toilsome weariness of the way, he determined to cross over the craggy heights, and follow the guidance of a peasant, who undertook to bring him, in four days, to Rocnabad. Remonstrances were all to no purpose, his resolution was fixed, and an invasion commenced on the province of the goats, who sped away in large troops before them. It was curious to view on these half calcined rocks camels richly caparisoned, and pavilions of gold and silk waving on their summits, which till then had never been covered but with sapless thistles and fern.

The females and eunuchs uttered shrill wailings at the sight of the precipices below them and the dreary prospects that opened in the vast gorges of the mountains. Before they could reach the ascent of the steepest rock night overtook them, and a boisterous tempest arose, which, having rent the awnings of the palanquins and cages, exposed to the raw gusts the poor ladies within, who had never before felt so piercing a cold. The dark clouds that overcast the face of the sky deepened the horrors of this disastrous night, insomuch that nothing could be heard distinctly but the mewling of pages and lamentations of sultanas.

To increase the general misfortune, the frightful uproar of wild beasts resounded at a distance, and there were soon perceived in the forest they were skirting the glaring of eyes which could belong only to devils or tigers. The pioneers, who, as well as they could, had marked out a track, and a part of the advanced guard, were devoured before they had been in the least apprised of their danger.

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The confusion that prevailed was extreme. Wolves, tigers, and other carnivorous animals, invited by the howling of their companions, flocked together from every quarter. The crushing of bones was heard on all sides, and a fearful rush of wings overhead, for now vultures also began to be of the party.

The terror at length reached the main body of the troops which surrounded the monarch and his harem, at the distance of two leagues from the scene. Vathek (voluptuously reposed in his capacious litter upon cushions of silk, with two little pages beside him, of complexions more fair than the enamel of Franguestan, who were occupied in keeping off flies) was soundly asleep, and contemplating in his dreams the treasures of Soliman. The shrieks, however, of his wives awoke him with a start, and instead of the Giaour with his key of gold, he beheld Bababalouk full of consternation.

"Sire," exclaimed this good servant of the most potent of monarchs, "misfortune has arrived at its height; wild beasts, who entertain no more reverence for your sacred person than for that of a dead ass, have beset your camels and their drivers; thirty of the richest laden are already become their prey, as well as all your confectioners, your cooks, and purveyors, and unless our holy prophet should protect us, we shall have all eaten our last meal."

At the mention of eating, the Caliph lost all patience. He began to bellow, and even beat himself, for there was no seeing in the dark. The rumor every instant increased, and Bababalouk, finding no good could be done with his master, stopped both his ears against the hurly-burly of the harem, and called out aloud: —

"Come, ladies and brothers! all hands to work! strike light in a moment! never shall it be said that the commander of the faithful served to regale these infidel brutes."

Though there wanted not in this bevy of beauties a sufficient number of capricious and wayward, yet, on the present occasion, they were all compliance. Fires were visible in a twinkling in all their cages. Ten thousand torches were lighted at once. The Caliph himself seized a large one of wax; every person followed his example; and by kindling ropes' ends dipped in oil and fastened on poles, an amazing blaze was spread. The rocks were covered with the splendor of sunshine. The trails of sparks, wafted by the wind, communicated to the dry fern, of which there was plenty. Serpents were observed to crawl forth from their retreats with amazement and hissings, whilst the horses snorted, stamped the ground, tossed their noses in the air, and plunged about without mercy.

One of the forests of cedar that bordered their way took fire, and the branches that overhung the path, extending their flames to the muslins and chintzes which covered the cages of the ladies, obliged them to jump out at the peril of their necks. Vathek, who vented on the occasion a thousand blasphemies, was himself compelled to touch with his sacred feet the naked earth.

Never had such an incident happened before. Full of mortification, shame, and despondence, and not knowing how to walk, the ladies fell into the dirt.

"Must I go on foot?" said one.

"Must I wet my feet?" cried another.

"Must I soil my dress?" asked a third.

"Execrable Bababalouk!" exclaimed all; "outcast of hell! what hadst thou to do with torches? Better were it to be eaten by tigers than to fall into our present condition; we are forever undone. Not a porter is there in the army, nor a currier of camels, but hath seen some part of our bodies, and, what is worse, our very faces!"

On saying this the most bashful amongst them hid their foreheads on the ground, whilst such as had more boldness flew at Bababalouk; but he, well apprised of their humor and not wanting in shrewdness, betook himself to his heels along with his comrades, all dropping their torches and striking their tymbals.

It was not less light than in the brightest of the dog-days, and the weather was hot in proportion; but how degrading was the spectacle, to behold the Caliph bespattered like an ordinary mortal. As the exercise of his faculties seemed to be suspended, one of his Ethiopian wives (for he delighted in variety) clasped him in her arms, threw him upon her shoulder like a sack of dates, and, finding that the fire was hemming them in, set off with no small expedition, considering the weight of her burden. The other ladies, who had just learned the use of their feet, followed her; their guards galloped after; and the

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camel drivers brought up the rear as fast as their charge would permit.

They soon reached the spot where the wild beasts had commenced the carnage, and which they had too much spirit to leave, notwithstanding the approaching tumult and the luxurious supper they had made. Bababalouk, nevertheless, seized on a few of the plumpest, which were unable to budge from the place, and began to flay them with admirable adroitness. The cavalcade being got so far from the conflagration as that the heat felt rather grateful than violent, it was immediately resolved on to halt. The tattered chintzes were picked up, the scraps left by the wolves and tigers interred, and vengeance was taken on some dozens of vultures that were too much glutted to rise on the wing. The camels which had been left unmolested to make sal-ammoniac being numbered, and the ladies once more enclosed in their cages, the imperial tent was pitched on the levellest ground they could find.

Vathek, reposing upon a mattress of down, and tolerably recovered from the jolting of the Ethiopian, who, to his feelings, seemed the roughest trotting jade he had hitherto mounted, called out for something to eat; but, alas! those delicate cakes which had been baked in silver ovens for his royal mouth, those rich manchets, amber comfits, flagons of Schiraz wine, porcelain vases of snow, and grapes from the banks of the Tigris, were all irremediably lost; and nothing had Bababalouk to present in their stead but a roasted wolf, vultures *à la daube*, aromatic herbs of the most acrid poignancy, rotten truffles, boiled thistles, and such other wild plants as must ulcerate the throat and parch up the tongue. Nor was he better provided in the article of drink, for he could procure nothing to accompany these irritating viands but a few phials of abominable brandy, which had been secreted by the scullions in their slippers.

Vathek made wry faces at so savage a repast, and Bababalouk answered them with shrugs and contortions. The Caliph, however, ate with tolerable appetite, and fell into a nap that lasted six hours. The splendor of the sun, reflected from the white cliffs of the mountains in spite of the curtains that enclosed him, at length disturbed his repose. He awoke terrified, and stung to the quick by those wormwood-colored flies which emit from their wings a suffocating stench. The miserable monarch was perplexed how to act, though his wits were not idle in seeking expedients, whilst Bababalouk lay snoring amidst a swarm of those insects, that busily thronged to pay court to his nose. The little pages, famished with hunger, had dropped their fans on the ground, and exerted their dying voices in bitter reproaches on the Caliph, who now for the first time heard the language of truth.

Thus stimulated, he renewed his imprecations against the Giaour, and bestowed upon Mahomet some soothing expressions.

"Where am I?" cried he. "What are these dreadful rocks, these valleys of darkness? Are we arrived at the horrible Kaf?* Is the Simurgh† coming to pluck out my eyes as a punishment for undertaking this impious enterprise?"

Having said this, he bellowed like a calf, and turned himself towards an outlet in the side of his pavilion. But alas! what objects occurred to his view! on one side a plain of black sand that appeared to be unbounded, and on the other perpendicular crags bristled over with those abominable thistles which had so severely lacerated his tongue. He fancied, however, that he perceived amongst the brambles and briers some gigantic flowers, but was mistaken, for these were only the dangling palampores and variegated tatters of his gay retinue. As there were several clefts in the rock from whence water seemed to have flowed, Vathek applied his ear with the hope of catching the sound of some latent runnel, but could only distinguish the low murmurs of his people, who were repining at

* This mountain, which, in reality, is no other than Caucasus, was supposed to surround the earth like a ring encompassing a finger. The sun was believed to rise from one of its eminences (as over Octa, by the Latin poets), and to set on the opposite; whence "from Kaf to Kaf" signified from one extremity of the earth to the other.

† This is that wonderful bird of the East concerning which so many marvels are told. It was not only endowed with reason, but possessed also the knowledge of every language. This creature relates of itself, that it had seen the great revolution of seven thousand years, twelve times commence and close; and that, in its duration, the world had been seven times void of inhabitants, and as often replenished. The Simurgh is represented as a great friend to the race of Adam, and not less inimical to the Dives.

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their journey, and complaining for the want of water.

"To what purpose," asked they, "have we been brought hither? Hath our Caliph another tower to build? or have the relentless Afrits,* whom Carathis so much loves, fixed in this place their abode?"

At the name of Carathis, Vathek recollected the tablets he had received from his mother, who assured him they were fraught with preternatural qualities, and advised him to consult them as emergencies might require. Whilst he was engaged in turning them over, he heard a shout of joy and a loud clapping of hands. The curtains of his pavilion were soon drawn back, and he beheld Bababalouk, followed by a troop of his favorites, conducting two dwarfs, each a cubit high, who brought between them a large basket of melons, oranges, and pomegranates. They were singing in the sweetest tones the words that follow:—

"We dwell on the top of these rocks, in a cabin of rushes and canes; the eagles envy us our nest; a small spring supplies us with abdest, and we daily repeat prayers which the prophet approves. We love you, O commander of the faithful! our master, the good emir Fakreddin, loves you also; he reveres in your person the vicegerent of Mahomet. Little as we are, in us he confides; he knows our hearts to be good as our bodies are contemptible, and hath placed us here to aid those who are bewildered on these dreary mountains. Last night, whilst we were occupied within our cell in reading the holy Koran, a sudden hurricane blew out our lights and rocked our habitation. For two whole hours a palpable darkness prevailed: but we heard sounds at a distance which we conjectured to proceed from the bells of a cafila passing over the rocks. Our ears were soon filled with deplorable shrieks, frightful roarings, and the sound of tymbals. Chilled with terror, we concluded that the Deggial,† with his exterminating angels, had sent forth their plagues on the earth. In the midst of these melancholy reflections, we perceived flames of the deepest red glow in the horizon, and found ourselves in a few moments covered with flakes of fire. Amazed at so strange an appearance, we took up the volume dictated by the blessed intelligence, and kneeling by the light of the fire that surrounded us, we recited the verse which says: 'Put no trust in anything but the mercy of Heaven; there is no help save in the holy prophet; the mountain of Kaf itself may tremble; it is the power of Alla only that cannot be moved.' After having pronounced these words, we felt consolation, and our minds were hushed into a sacred repose. Silence ensued, and our ears clearly distinguished a voice in the air, saying, 'Servants of my faithful servant, go down to the happy valley of Fakreddin; tell him that an illustrious opportunity now offers to satiate the thirst of his hospitable heart. The commander of true believers is this day bewildered amongst these mountains, and stands in need of thy aid.' We obeyed with joy the angelic mission, and our master, filled with pious zeal, hath culled with his own hands these melons, oranges, and pomegranates. He is following us with a hundred dromedaries laden with the purest waters of his fountains, and is coming to kiss the fringe of your consecrated robe, and implore you to enter his humble habitation, which, placed amidst these barren wilds, resembles an emerald set in lead."

The dwarfs, having ended their address, remained still standing, and, with hands crossed upon their bosoms, preserved a respectful silence.

Vathek, in the midst of this curious harangue, seized the basket, and long before it was finished the fruits had dissolved in his mouth. As he continued to eat, his piety increased, and, in the same breath which recited his prayers, he called for the Koran and sugar.

Such was the state of his mind when the tablets, which were thrown by at the approach of the dwarfs, again attracted his eye. He took them up, but was ready to drop on the ground when he beheld, in large, red characters, these words inscribed by Carathis, which were indeed enough to make him tremble:—

"Beware of thy old doctors, and their puny

* These were a kind of Medusa, or Lamia, supposed to be the most terrible and cruel of all the orders of the Divs. — *Herbelot*, p. 66.

† This word signifies, properly, a liar and impostor, but is applied by Mahometan writers to their Antichrist. He is described as having but one eye and eyebrow, and on his forehead the radicals of *cafer*, or infidel, are said to be impressed.

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messengers of but one cubit high; distrust their pious frauds; and, instead of eating their melons, impale on a spit the bearers of them. Shouldst thou be such a fool as to visit them, the portal of the subterranean palace will be shut in thy face, and with such force as shall shake thee asunder; thy body shall be spit upon, and bats will engender in thy belly."

"To what tends this ominous rhapsody?" cries the Caliph; "and must I then perish in these deserts with thirst, whilst I may refresh myself in the valley of melons and cucumbers? Accursed be the Giaour with his portal of ebony! he hath made me dance attendance too long already. Besides, who shall prescribe laws to me? I, forsooth, must not enter any one's habitation! Be it so; but what one can I enter that is not my own?"

Bababalouk, who lost not a syllable of this soliloquy, applauded it with all his heart; and the ladies, for the first time, agreed with him in opinion.

The dwarfs were entertained, caressed, and seated with great ceremony on little cushions of satin. The symmetry of their persons was the subject of criticism; not an inch of them was suffered to pass unexamined. Knick-knacks and dainties were offered in profusion, but all were declined with respectful gravity. They clambered up the sides of the Caliph's seat, and, placing themselves each on one of his shoulders, began to whisper prayers in his ears. Their tongues quivered like the leaves of a poplar, and the patience of Vathek was almost exhausted, when the acclamations of the troops announced the approach of Fakreddin, who was come with a hundred old graybeards, and as many Korans and dromedaries. They instantly set about their ablutions, and began to repeat the Bismillah. Vathek, to get rid of these officious monitors, followed their example, for his hands were burning.

The good emir, who was punctiliously religious, and likewise a great dealer in compliments, made an harangue five times more prolix and insipid than his harbingers had already delivered. The Caliph, unable any longer to refrain, exclaimed:—

"For the love of Mahomet, my dear Fakreddin, have done! Let us proceed to your valley and enjoy the fruits that Heaven hath vouchsafed you." The hint of proceeding put all into motion. The venerable attendants of the emir set forward somewhat slowly, but Vathek having ordered his little pages in private to goad on the dromedaries, loud fits of laughter broke forth from the cages, for the unwieldy curveting of these poor beasts, and the ridiculous distress of their superannuated riders, afforded the ladies no small entertainment.

They descended, however, unhurt, into the valley, by the large steps which the emir had cut in the rock; and already the murmuring of streams and the rustling of leaves began to catch their attention. The cavalcade soon entered a path which was skirted by flowering shrubs and extended to a vast wood of palm-trees, whose branches overspread a building of hewn stone. This edifice was crowned with nine domes, and adorned with as many portals of bronze, on which was engraven the following inscription:—

"This is the asylum of pilgrims, the refuge of travellers, and the depository of secrets for all parts of the world."

Nine pages, beautiful as the day, and clothed in robes of Egyptian linen, very long and very modest, were standing at each door. They received the whole retinue with an easy and inviting air. Four of the most amiable placed the Caliph on a magnificent taktrevan; four others, somewhat less graceful, took charge of Bababalouk, who capered for joy at the snug little cabin that fell to his share; the pages that remained waited on the rest of the train.

When everything masculine was gone out of sight, the gate of a large enclosure on the right turned on its harmonious hinges, and a young female of a slender form came forth. Her light-brown hair floated in the hazy breeze of the twilight. A troop of young maidens, like the Pleiades, attended her on tiptoe. They hastened to the pavilions that contained the sultanas; and the young lady, gracefully bending, said to them:—

"Charming princesses, everything is ready; we have prepared beds for your repose, and strewed your apartments with jasmine; no insects will keep off slumber from visiting your eyelids; we will dispel them with a thousand plumes. Come, then, amiable ladies! refresh your delicate feet and your ivory limbs in baths of rose-water, and by the light of perfumed lamps your servants will amuse you with tales."

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The sultanas accepted with pleasure these obliging offers, and followed the young lady to the emir's harem, where we must for a moment leave them, and return to the Caliph.

Vathek found himself beneath a vast dome illuminated by a thousand lamps of rock crystal; as many vases of the same material, filled with excellent sherbet, sparkled on a large table, where a profusion of viands were spread. Amongst others were sweetbreads stewed in milk of almonds, saffron soups, and lamb *à la crême*, of all of which the Caliph was amazingly fond. He took of each as much as he was able, testified his sense of the emir's friendship by the gayety of his heart, and made the dwarfs dance against their will; for these little devotees durst not refuse the commander of the faithful. At last he spread himself on the sofa, and slept sounder than he had ever before.

Beneath this dome a general silence prevailed, for there was nothing to disturb it but the jaws of Bababalouk, who had untrussed himself to eat with greater advantage, being anxious to make amends for his fast in the mountains. As his spirits were too high to admit of his sleeping, and not loving to be idle, he proposed with himself to visit the harem, and repair to his charge of the ladies, to examine if they had been properly lubricated with the balm of Mecca, if their eyebrows and tresses were in order, and, in a word, to perform all the little offices they might need. He sought for a long time together, but without being able to find out the door. He durst not speak aloud, for fear of disturbing the Caliph, and not a soul was stirring in the precincts of the palace. He almost despaired of effecting his purpose, when a low whispering just reached his ear; it came from the dwarfs, who were returned to their old occupation, and, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time in their lives, were reading over the Koran. They very politely invited Bababalouk to be of their party, but his head was full of other concerns. The dwarfs, though scandalized at his dissolute morals, directed him to the apartments he wanted to find. His way thither lay through a hundred dark corridors, along which he groped as he went, and at last began to catch, from the extremity of a passage, the charming gossiping of women, which not a little delighted his heart.

"Ah, ah! what, not yet asleep?" cried he, and taking long strides as he spoke. "Did you not suspect me of abjuring my charge? I stayed but to finish what my master had left."

Two of the black eunuchs, on hearing a voice so loud, detached a party in haste, sabre in hand, to discover the cause, but presently was repeated on all sides:—

"'Tis only Bababalouk, no one but Bababalouk!"

This circumspect guardian, having gone up to a thin veil of carnation-color silk that hung before the doorway, distinguished, by means of a softened splendor that shone through it, an oval bath of dark porphyry surrounded by curtains festooned in large folds. Through the apertures between them, as they were not drawn close, groups of young slaves were visible, amongst whom Bababalouk perceived his pupils indulgingly expanding their arms, as if to embrace the perfumed water and refresh themselves after their fatigues. The looks of tender languor, their confidential whispers, and the enchanting smiles with which they were imparted, the exquisite fragrance of the roses,—all combined to inspire a voluptuousness which even Bababalouk himself was scarce able to withstand.

He summoned up, however, his usual solemnity, and, in the peremptory tone of authority, commanded the ladies instantly to leave the bath. Whilst he was issuing these mandates, the young Nouronihar, daughter of the emir, who was sprightly as an antelope, and full of wanton gayety, beckoned one of her slaves to let down the great swing which was suspended to the ceiling by cords of silk, and, whilst this was doing, winked to her companions in the bath, who, chagrined to be forced from so soothing a state of indolence, began to twist it round Bababalouk, and tease him with a thousand vagaries.

When Nouronihar perceived that he was exhausted with fatigue, she accosted him with an arch air of respectful concern, and said:—

"My lord, it is not by any means decent that the chief eunuch of the Caliph our sovereign should thus continue standing; deign but to recline your graceful person upon this

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sofa, which will burst with vexation if it have not the honor to receive you."

Caught by these flattering accents, Bababalouk gallantly replied: —

"Delight of the apple of my eye! I accept the invitation of thy honeyed lips, and, to say truth, my senses are dazzled with the radiance that beams from thy charms."

"Repose, then, at your ease," replied the beauty, and placed him on the pretended sofa, which, quicker than lightning, gave way all at once. The rest of the women, having aptly conceived her design, sprang naked from the bath and plied the swing with such unmerciful jerks that it swept through the whole compass of a very lofty dome, and took from the poor victim all power of respiration. Sometimes his feet rased the surface of the water, and at others the skylight almost flattened his nose. In vain did he pierce the air with the cries of a voice that resembled the ringing of a cracked basin, for their peals of laughter were still more predominant.

Nouronihar, in the inebriety of youthful spirits, being used only to eunuchs of ordinary harems, and having never seen anything so royal and disgusting, was far more diverted than all of the rest. She began to parody some Persian verses, and sung with an accent most demurely piquant: —

"O gentle white dove as thou soar'st through the air.
Vouchsafe one kind glance on the mate of thy love:
Melodious Philomel, I am thy rose;
Warble some couplet to ravish my heart!"

The sultanas and their slaves, stimulated by these pleasantries, persevered at the swing with such unremitted assiduity that at length the cord which had secured it snapped suddenly asunder, and Bababalouk fell floundering like a turtle to the bottom of the bath. This accident occasioned a universal shout. Twelve little doors, till now unobserved, flew open at once, and the ladies in an instant made their escape, after throwing all the towels on his head, and putting out the lights that remained.

The deplorable animal, in water to the chin, overwhelmed with darkness, and unable to extricate himself from the warp that embarrassed him, was still doomed to hear, for his further consolation, the fresh bursts of merriment his disaster occasioned. He bustled, but in vain, to get from the bath, for the margin was become so slippery with the oil spilt in breaking the lamps, that at every effort he slid back with a plunge, which resounded aloud through the hollow of the dome. These cursed peals of laughter at every relapse were redoubled, and he, who thought the place infested rather by devils than women, resolved to cease groping and abide in the bath, where he amused himself with soliloquies interspersed with imprecations, of which his malicious neighbors, reclining on down, suffered not an accent to escape. In this delectable plight the morning surprised him. The Caliph, wondering at his absence, had caused him to be everywhere sought for. At last he was drawn forth almost smothered from the whisk of linen, and wet even to the marrow. Limping, and chattering his teeth, he appeared before his master, who inquired what was the matter, and how he came soused in so strange a pickle.

"And why did you enter this cursed lodge?" answered Bababalouk, gruffly. "Ought a monarch like you to visit with his harem the abode of a gray-bearded emir who knows nothing of life? And with what gracious damsels does the place, too, abound! Fancy to yourself how they have soaked me like a burnt crust, and made me dance like a jack-pudding the livelong night through on their damnable swing. What an excellent lesson for your sultanas to follow, into whom I have instilled such reserve and decorum!"

Vathek, comprehending not a syllable of all this invective, obliged him to relate minutely the transaction; but instead of sympathizing with the miserable sufferer, he laughed immoderately at the device of the swing, and the figure of Bababalouk mounting upon it. The stung eunuch could scarcely preserve the semblance of respect.

"Ay, laugh, my lord! laugh," said he, "but I wish this Nouronihar would play some trick on you; she is too wicked to spare even majesty itself."

These words made for the present but a slight impression on the Caliph, but they not long after recurred to his mind.

This conversation was cut short by Fakreddin, who came to request that Vathek would join in the prayers and ablutions to

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be solemnized on a spacious meadow, watered by innumerable streams. The Caliph found the waters refreshing, but the prayers abominably irksome. He diverted himself, however, with the multitude of Calenders,* Santons, † and Dervises ‡ who were continually coming and going, but especially with the Brahmins, § Faquirs, || and other enthusiasts, who had travelled from the heart of India, and halted on their way with the emir. These latter had each of them some mummery peculiar to himself. One dragged a huge chain wherever he went, another an orang-outang, whilst a third was furnished with scourges, and all performed to a charm. Some clambered up trees, holding one foot in the air; others poised themselves over a fire, and without mercy filliped their noses. There were some amongst them that cherished vermin, which were not ungrateful in requiting their caresses. These rambling fanatics revolted the hearts of the Dervises, the Calenders, and Santons; however, the vehemence of their aversion soon subsided under the hope that the presence of the Caliph would cure their folly, and convert them to the Mussulman faith. But alas! how great was their disappointment! for Vathek, instead of preaching to them, treated them as buffoons; bade them present his compliments to Visnow and Ixhora, and discovered a predilection for a squat old man from the Isle of Serendib, who was more ridiculous than any of the rest.

"Come," said he, "for the love of your gods, bestow a few slaps on your chaps to amuse me."

The old fellow, offended at such an address, began loudly to weep; but as he betrayed a villanous drivelling in his tears, the Caliph turned his back and listened to Bababalouk, who whispered, whilst he held the umbrella over him:—

"Your majesty should be cautious of this odd assembly, which hath been collected I know not for what. Is it necessary to exhibit such spectacles to a mighty potentate, with interludes of talapoins more mangy than dogs? Were I you, I would command a fire to be kindled, and at once purge the earth of the emir, his harem, and all his menagerie."

"Tush, dolt," answered Vathek, "and know that all this infinitely charms me. Nor shall I leave the meadow till I have visited every hive of these pious mendicants."

Wherever the Caliph directed his course, objects of pity were sure to swarm round him: the blind, the purblind, smarts without noses, damsels without ears, each to extol the munificence of Fakreddin, who, as well as his attendant graybeards, dealt about gratis plasters and cataplasms to all that applied. At noon a superb corps of cripples made its appearance; and soon after advanced by platoons on the plain the completest association of invalids that had ever been embodied till then. The blind went groping with the blind, the lame limped on together, and the maimed made gestures to each other with the only arm that remained. The sides of a considerable waterfall were crowded by the deaf, amongst whom were some from Pegu, with ears uncommonly handsome and large, but were still less able to hear than the rest. Nor were there wanting others in abundance with hump backs, wenny necks, and even horns of an exquisite polish.

The emir, to aggrandize the solemnity of the festival in honor of his illustrious visitant, ordered the turf to be spread on all sides with skins and table-cloths, upon which were served up for the good Mussulmans pillaus of every hue, with other orthodox dishes, and by the express order of Vathek, who was shamefully tolerant, small plates of abominations for regaling the rest. This prince, on

* These were a sort of men amongst the Mahometans who abandoned father and mother, wife and children, relations and possessions, to wander through the world, under a pretence of religion, entirely subsisting on the fortuitous bounty of those they had the address to dupe. — *Herbelot, Suppl.*, p. 204.

† A body of religionists who were also called *Abdals*, and pretended to be inspired with the most enthusiastic raptures of Divine love. They were regarded by the vulgar as saints. — *Olearius*, tom. i. p. 971. *Herbelot*, p. 5.

‡ The term *dervise* signifies a poor man, and is the general appellation by which a religious sect amongst the Mahometans is named.

§ These constituted the principal caste of the Indians, according to whose doctrines Brahma, from whom they are called, is the first of the three created beings by whom the world was made. This Brahma is said to have communicated to the Indians four books, in which all the sciences and ceremonies of their religion are comprised.

|| This sect were a kind of religious anchorites, who spent their whole lives in the severest austerities and mortification.

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seeing so many mouths put in motion, began to think it time for employing his own. In spite, therefore, of every remonstrance from the chief of his eunuchs, he resolved to have a dinner dressed on the spot. The complaisant emir immediately gave orders for a table to be placed in the shade of the willows. The first service consisted of fish, which they drew from a river flowing over sands of gold, at the fóot of a lofty hill; these were broiled as fast as taken, and served up with a sauce of vinegar and small herbs that grew on Mount Sinai; for everything with the emir was excellent and pious.

The dessert was not quite set on when the sound of lutes from the hill was repeated by the echoes of the neighboring mountains. The Caliph, with an emotion of pleasure and surprise, had no sooner raised up his head than a handful of jasmine dropped on his face. An abundance of tittering succeeded this frolic, and instantly appeared through the bushes the elegant forms of several young females, skipping and bounding like roes. The fragrance diffused from their hair struck the sense of Vathek, who in an ecstasy, suspending his repast, said to Bababalouk:—

"Are the Peris* come down from their spheres? Note her in particular whose form is so perfect, venturously running on the brink of the precipice, and turning back her head as regardless of nothing but the graceful flow of her robe. With what captivating impatience doth she contend with the bushes for her veil! could it be she who threw the jasmine at me?"

"Ay, she it was; and you too would she throw from the top of the rock," answered Bababalouk; "for that is my good friend Nouronihar, who so kindly lent me her swing. My dear lord and master," added he, twisting a twig that hung by the rind from a willow, "let me correct her for her want of respect; the emir will have no reason to complain, since (bating what I owe to his piety) he is much to be censured for keeping a troop of girls on the mountains, whose sharp air gives their blood too brisk a circulation."

"Peace, blasphemer!" said the Caliph; "speak not thus of her who over her mountains leads my heart a willing captive. Contrive, rather, that my eyes may be fixed upon hers,—that I may respire her sweet breath, as she bounds panting along these delightful wilds!"

On saying these words, Vathek extended his arms towards the hill, and directing his eyes with an anxiety unknown to him before, endeavored to keep within view the object that inthralled his soul; but her course was as difficult to follow as the flight of one of those beautiful blue butterflies of Cachmere, which are at once so volatile and rare.

The Caliph, not satisfied with seeing, wished also to hear Nouronihar, and eagerly turned to catch the sound of her voice. At last he distinguished her whispering to one of her companions behind the thicket from whence she had thrown the jasmine:—

"A Caliph, it must be owned, is a fine thing to see, but my little Gulchenrouz is much more amiable; one lock of his hair is of more value to me than the richest embroidery of the Indies. I had rather that his teeth should mischievously press my finger, than the richest ring of the imperial treasure. Where have you left him, Sutlememe? and why is he now not here?"

The agitated Caliph still wished to hear more, but she immediately retired, with all her attendants. The fond monarch pursued her with his eyes till she was gone out of sight, and then continued like a bewildered and benighted traveller, from whom the clouds had obscured the constellation that guided his way. The curtain of night seemed dropped before him,—everything appeared discolored. The falling waters filled his soul with dejection, and his tears trickled down the jasmines he had caught from Nouronihar, and placed in his inflamed bosom. He snatched up a shining pebble to remind him of the scene where he felt the first tumults of love. Two hours were elapsed, and evening drew on before he could resolve to depart from the place. He often, but in vain, attempted to go; a soft languor enervated the powers of his mind. Extending himself on the brink of the stream, he turned his eyes towards the blue summits of the mountain, and exclaimed:—

"What concealest thou behind thee? what is passing in thy solitudes? Whither is she gone? O heaven! perhaps she is now wan-

* The word *Peri*, in the Persian language, signifies that beautiful race of creatures which constitutes the link between angels and men.

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dering in the grottos with her happy Gulchenrouz!"

In the mean time the damps began to descend, and the emir, solicitous for the health of the Caliph, ordered the imperial litter to be brought. Vathek, absorbed in his reveries, was imperceptibly removed and conveyed back to the saloon that received him the evening before.

But let us leave the Caliph immersed in his new passion, and attend Nouronihar beyond the rocks, where she had again joined her beloved Gulchenrouz. This Gulchenrouz was the son of Ali Hassan, brother to the emir, and the most delicate and lovely creature in the world. Ali Hassan, who had been absent ten years on a voyage to the unknown seas, committed at his departure this child, the only survivor of many, to the care and protection of his brother. Gulchenrouz could write in various characters with precision, and paint upon vellum the most elegant arabesques that fancy could devise. His sweet voice accompanied the lute in the most enchanting manner; and when he sung the loves of Megnoun and Leileh, or some unfortunate lovers of ancient days, tears insensibly overflowed the cheeks of his auditors. The verses he composed (for, like Megnoun, he too was a poet) inspired that unresisting languor so frequently fatal to the female heart. The women all doated upon him, for, though he had passed his thirteenth year, they still detained him in the harem. His dancing was light as the gossamer waved by the zephyrs of spring; but his arms, which twined so gracefully with those of the young girls in the dance, could neither dart the lance in the chase, nor curb the steeds that pastured his uncle's domains. The bow, however, he drew with a certain aim, and would have excelled his competitors in the race, could he have broken the ties that bound him to Nouronihar.

The two brothers had mutually engaged their children to each other; and Nouronihar loved her cousin more than her eyes. Both had the same tastes and amusements, the same long languishing looks, the same tresses, the same fair complexions; and when Gulchenrouz appeared in the dress of his cousin, he seemed to be more feminine than even herself. If at any time he left the harem to visit Fakreddin, it was with all the bashfulness of a fawn that consciously ventures from the lair of its dam; he was, however, wanton enough to mock the solemn old graybeards to whom he was subject, though sure to be rated without mercy in return. Whenever this happened, he would plunge into the recesses of the harem, and sobbing take refuge in the arms of Nouronihar, who loved even his faults beyond the virtues of others.

It fell out this evening that, after leaving the Caliph in the meadow, she ran with Gulchenrouz over the greensward of the mountain that sheltered the vale, where Fakreddin had chosen to reside. The sun was dilated on the edge of the horizon; and the young people, whose fancies were lively and inventive, imagined they beheld in the gorgeous clouds of the west the domes of Shadukiam and Ambreabad, where the Peris have fixed their abode. Nouronihar, sitting on the slope of the hill, supported on her knees the perfumed head of Gulchenrouz. The air was calm, and no sound stirred but the voices of other young girls who were drawing cool water from the streams below. The unexpected arrival of the Caliph, and the splendor that marked his appearance, had already filled with emotion the ardent soul of Nouronihar. Her vanity irresistibly prompted her to pique the prince's attention, and this she before took good care to effect whilst he picked up the jasmine she had thrown upon him. But when Gulchenrouz asked after the flowers he had culled for her bosom, Nouronihar was all in confusion. She hastily kissed his forehead, arose in a flutter, and walked with unequal steps on the border of the precipice. Night advanced, and the pure gold of the setting sun had yielded to a sanguine red, the glow of which, like the reflection of a burning furnace, flushed Nouronihar's animated countenance. Gulchenrouz, alarmed at the agitation of his cousin, said to her with a supplicating accent: —

"Let us be gone; the sky looks portentous: the tamarisks tremble more than common; and the raw wind chills my very heart. Come, let us be gone, 't is a melancholy night."

Then, taking hold of her hand, he drew it towards the path he besought her to go. Nouronihar unconsciously followed the attraction, for a thousand strange imaginations

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occupied her spirit. She passed the large round of honeysuckles, her favorite resort, without ever vouchsafing it a glance, yet Gulchenrouz could not help snatching off a few shoots in his way, though he ran as if a wild beast were behind.

The young females seeing him approach in such haste, and according to custom expecting a dance, instantly assembled in a circle and took each other by the hand; but Gulchenrouz, coming up out of breath, fell down at once on the grass. This accident struck with consternation the whole of this frolicsome party, whilst Nouronihar, half distracted, and overcome both by the violence of her exercise and the tumult of her thoughts, sunk feebly down at his side, cherished his cold hands in her bosom, and chafed his temples with a fragrant unguent. At length he came to himself, and, wrapping up his head in the robe of his cousin, entreated that she would not return to the harem. He was afraid of being snapped at by Shaban, his tutor, a wrinkled old eunuch of a surly disposition, for, having interrupted the stated walk of Nouronihar, he dreaded lest the churl should take it amiss. The whole of this sprightly group, sitting round upon a mossy knoll, began to entertain themselves with various pastimes, whilst their superintendents, the eunuchs, were gravely conversing at a distance. The nurse of the emir's daughter, observing her pupil sit ruminating with her eyes on the ground, endeavored to amuse her with diverting tales, to which Gulchenrouz, who had already forgotten his inquietudes, listened with a breathless attention. He laughed, he clapped his hands, and passed a hundred little tricks on the whole of the company, without omitting the eunuchs, whom he provoked to run after him, in spite of their age and decrepitude.

During these occurrences the moon arose, the wind subsided, and the evening became so serene and inviting that a resolution was taken to sup on the spot. Sutlememe, who excelled in dressing a salad, having filled large bowls of porcelain with eggs of small birds, curds turned with citron juice, slices of cucumber, and the inmost leaves of delicate herbs, handed it round from one to another, and gave each their shares in a large spoon of cocknos. Gulchenrouz, nestling as usual in the bosom of Nouronihar, pouted out his vermilion little lips against the offer of Sutlememe, and would take it only from the hand of his cousin, on whose mouth he hung like a bee inebriated with the quintessence of flowers. One of the eunuchs ran to fetch melons, whilst others were employed in showering down almonds from the branches that overhung this amiable party.

In the midst of this festive scene there appeared a light on the top of the highest mountain, which attracted the notice of every eye. This light was not less bright than the moon when at full, and might have been taken for her had it not been that the moon was already risen. The phenomenon occasioned a general surprise, and no one could conjecture the cause. It could not be a fire, for the light was clear and bluish; nor had meteors ever been seen of that magnitude or splendor. This strange light faded for a moment, and immediately renewed its brightness. It first appeared motionless at the foot of the rock, whence it darted in an instant to sparkle in a thicket of palm-trees; from thence it glided along the torrent, and at last fixed in a glen that was narrow and dark. The moment it had taken its direction, Gulchenrouz, whose heart always trembled at anything sudden or rare, drew Nouronihar by the robe, and anxiously requested her to return to the harem. The women were importunate in seconding the entreaty, but the curiosity of the emir's daughter prevailed. She not only refused to go back, but resolved at all hazards to pursue the appearance. Whilst they were debating what was best to be done, the light shot forth so dazzling a blaze that they all fled away shrieking. Nouronihar followed them a few steps, but, coming to the turn of a little by-path, stopped and went back alone. As she ran with an alertness peculiar to herself, it was not long before she came to the place where they had just been supping. The globe of fire now appeared stationary in the glen, and burned in majestic stillness. Nouronihar, compressing her hands upon her bosom, hesitated for some moments to advance. The solitude of her situation was new, the silence of the night awful, and every object inspired sensations which till then she never had felt. The affright of Gulchenrouz recurred to her mind, and she a thousand times turned to go back; but this luminous appearance was always

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before her. Urged on by an irresistible impulse, she continued to approach it in defiance of every obstacle that opposed her progress.

At length she arrived at the opening of the glen, but instead of coming up to the light she found herself surrounded by darkness, except that at a considerable distance a faint spark glimmered by fits. She stopped a second time; the sound of waterfalls mingling their murmurs, the hollow rustlings amongst the palm branches, and the funereal screams of the birds from their rifted trunks, all conspired to fill her with terror. She imagined every moment that she trod on some venomous reptile. All the stories of malignant Dives and dismal Ghouls thronged into her memory, but her curiosity was, notwithstanding, more predominant than her fears. She therefore firmly entered a winding track that led towards the spark, but being a stranger to the path, she had not gone far till she began to repent of her rashness.

"Alas!" said she, "that I were but in those secure and illuminated apartments where my evenings glided on with Gulchenrouz! Dear child, how would thy heart flutter with terror wert thou wandering in these wild solitudes like me!"

At the close of this apostrophe she regained her road, and, coming to steps hewn out in the rock, ascended them undismayed. The light, which was now gradually enlarging, appeared above her on the summit of the mountain. At length she distinguished a plaintive and melodious union of voices proceeding from a sort of cavern, that resembled the dirges which are sung over tombs. A sound, likewise, like that which arises from the filling of baths, at the same time struck her ear. She continued ascending, and discovered large wax torches in full blaze planted here and there in the fissures of the rock. This preparation filled her with fear, whilst the subtile and potent odor which the torches exhaled caused her to sink almost lifeless at the entrance of the grot.

Casting her eyes within in this kind of trance, she beheld a large cistern of gold filled with a water whose vapor distilled on her face a dew of the essence of roses. A soft symphony resounded through the grot. On the sides of the cistern she noticed appendages of royalty; diadems and feathers of the heron, all sparkling with carbuncles. Whilst her attention was fixed on this display of magnificence, the music ceased, and a voice instantly demanded:—

"For what monarch were these torches kindled, this bath prepared, and these habiliments, which belong not only to the sovereigns of the earth, but even to the talismanic powers?"

To which a second voice answered:—

"They are for the charming daughter of the emir Fakreddin."

"What," replied the first, "for that trifler who consumes her time with a giddy child, immersed in softness, and who at best can make but an enervated husband?"

"And can she," rejoined the other voice, "be amused with such empty trifles, whilst the Caliph, the sovereign of the world, he who is destined to enjoy the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, a prince six feet high, and whose eyes pervade the inmost soul of a female, is inflamed with the love of her? No, she will be wise enough to answer that passion alone that can aggrandize her glory. No doubt she will, and despise the puppet of her fancy; then all the riches this place contains, as well as the carbuncle of Giamschid, shall be hers."

"You judge right," returned the first voice, "and I haste to Istakhar to prepare the palace of subterranean fire for the reception of the bridal pair."

The voices ceased, the torches were extinguished, the most entire darkness succeeded, and Nouronihar, recovering with a start, found herself reclined on a sofa in the harem of her father. She clapped her hands, and immediately came together Gulchenrouz and her women, who, in despair at having lost her, had despatched eunuchs to seek her in every direction. Shaban appeared with the rest, and began to reprimand her with an air of consequence:—

"Little impertinent," said he, "whence got you false keys? or are you beloved of some genius that hath given you a picklock? I will try the extent of your power; come, to your chamber! through the two skylights, and expect not the company of Gulchenrouz. Be expeditious! I will shut you up in the double tower."

At these menaces Nouronihar indignantly

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raised her head, opened on Shaban her black eyes, which, since the important dialogue of the enchanted grot, were considerably enlarged, and said: —

"Go, speak thus to slaves! but learn to reverence her who is born to give laws and subject all to her power."

She was proceeding in the same style, but was interrupted by a sudden exclamation of —

"The Caliph! the Caliph!"

The curtains at once were thrown open, and the slaves prostrate in double rows, whilst poor little Gulchenrouz hid himself beneath the elevation of a sofa. At first appeared a file of black eunuchs trailing after them long trains of muslin embroidered with gold, and holding in their hands censers, which dispensed, as they passed, the grateful perfume of the wood of aloes. Next marched Bababalouk with a solemn strut, and tossing his head as not overpleased at the visit. Vathek came close after, superbly robed; his gait was unembarrassed and noble, and his presence would have engaged admiration, though he had not been the sovereign of the world. He approached Nouronihar with a throbbing heart, and seemed enraptured at the full effulgence of her radiant eyes, of which he had before caught but a few glimpses; but she instantly depressed them, and her confusion augmented her beauty.

Bababalouk, who was a thorough adept in coincidences of this nature, and knew that the worst game should be played with the best face, immediately made a signal for all to retire, and no sooner did he perceive beneath the sofa the little one's feet, than he drew him forth without ceremony, set him upon his shoulders, and lavished on him, as he went off, a thousand odious caresses. Gulchenrouz cried out, and resisted till his cheeks became the color of the blossom of the pomegranate, and the tears that started into his eyes shot forth a gleam of indignation. He cast a significant glance at Nouronihar, which the Caliph, noticing, asked: —

"Is that, then, your Gulchenrouz?"

"Sovereign of the world," answered she, "spare my cousin, whose innocence and gentleness deserve not your anger!"

"Take comfort," said Vathek, with a smile, "he is in good hands. Bababalouk is fond of children, and never goes without sweetmeats and comfits."

The daughter of Fakreddin was abashed, and suffered Gulchenrouz to be borne away without adding a word. The tumult of her bosom betrayed her confusion; and Vathek, becoming still more impassioned, gave a loose to his frenzy, which had only not subdued the last faint strugglings of reluctance, when the emir, suddenly bursting in, threw his face upon the ground at the feet of the Caliph, and said: —

"Commander of the faithful, abase not yourself to the meanness of your slave."

"No, emir," replied Vathek, "I raise her to an equality with myself; I declare her my wife; and the glory of your race shall extend from one generation to another."

"Alas! my lord," said Fakreddin, as he plucked off the honors of his beard, "cut short the days of your faithful servant rather than force him to depart from his word. Nouronihar, as her hands evince, is solemnly promised to Gulchenrouz, the son of my brother, Ali Hassan; they are united also in heart; their faith is mutually plighted; and affiances so sacred cannot be broken."

"What, then," replied the Caliph, bluntly, "would you surrender this divine beauty to a husband more womanish than herself? And can you imagine that I will suffer her charms to decay in hands so inefficient and nerveless! No! she is destined to live out her life within my embraces; such is my will; retire, and disturb not the night I devote to the homage of her charms."

The irritated emir drew forth his sabre, presented it to Vathek, and, stretching out his neck, said in a firm tone of voice: —

"Strike your unhappy host, my lord! he has lived long enough, since he hath seen the prophet's vicegerent violate the rites of hospitality."

At his uttering these words, Nouronihar, unable to support any longer the conflict of her passions, sunk down in a swoon. Vathek, both terrified for her life, and furious at an opposition to his will, bade Fakreddin assist his daughter, and withdrew, darting his terrible look at the unfortunate emir, who suddenly fell backward bathed in a sweat, cold as the damp of death.

Gulchenrouz, who had escaped from the hands of Bababalouk, and was that instant returned, called out for help as loudly as he could, not having strength to afford it himself.

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Pale and panting, the poor child attempted to revive Nouronihar by caresses, and it happened that the thrilling warmth of his lips restored her to life. Fakreddin, beginning also to recover from the look of the Caliph, with difficulty tottered to a seat, and after warily casting round his eye to see if this dangerous prince were gone, sent for Shaban and Sutlememe, and said to them apart: —

"My friends, violent evils require as violent remedies; the Caliph has brought desolation and horror into my family, and how shall we resist his power? Another of his looks will send me to my grave. Fetch, then, that narcotic powder which the Dervise brought me from Aracan. A dose of it, the effect of which will continue three days, must be administered to each of these children. The Caliph will believe them to be dead, for they will have all the appearance of death. We shall go as if to inter them in the cave of Meimoune, at the entrance of the great desert of sand, and near the cabin of my dwarfs. When all the spectators shall be withdrawn, you, Shaban, and four select eunuchs, shall convey them to the lake, where provision shall be ready to support them a month; for one day allotted to the surprise this event will occasion, five to the tears, a fortnight to reflection, and the rest to prepare for renewing his progress, will, according to my calculation, fill up the whole time that Vathek will tarry, and I shall then be freed from his intrusion."

"Your plan," said Sutlememe, "is a good one if it can but be effected. I have remarked that Nouronihar is well able to support the glances of the Caliph, and that he is far from being sparing of them to her; be assured therefore, notwithstanding her fondness for Gulchenrouz, she will never remain quiet while she knows him to be here, unless we can persuade her that both herself and Gulchenrouz are really dead, and that they were conveyed to those rocks for a limited season to expiate the little faults of which their love was the cause. We will add that we killed ourselves in despair, and that your dwarfs, whom they never yet saw, will preach to them delectable sermons. I will engage that everything shall succeed to the bent of your wishes."

"Be it so," said Fakreddin; "I approve your proposal; let us lose not a moment to give it effect."

They forthwith hastened to seek for the powder, which, being mixed in a sherbet, was immediately drunk by Gulchenrouz and Nouronihar. Within the space of an hour both were seized with violent palpitations, and a general numbness gradually ensued. They arose from the floor, where they had remained ever since the Caliph's departure, and, ascending to the sofa, reclined themselves at full length upon it, clasped in each other's embraces.

"Cherish me, my dear Nouronihar," said Gulchenrouz; "put thy hand upon my heart, for it feels as if it were frozen. Alas! thou art as cold as myself! hath the Caliph murdered us both with his terrible look?"

"I am dying," cried she in a faltering voice; "press me closer, I am ready to expire!"

"Let us die then together," answered the little Gulchenrouz, whilst his breast labored with a convulsive sigh; "let me at least breathe forth my soul on thy lips."

They spoke no more, and became as dead.

Immediately the most piercing cries were heard through the harem, whilst Shaban and Sutlememe personated with great adroitness the parts of persons in despair. The emir, who was sufficiently mortified to be forced into such untoward expedients, and had now for the first time made a trial of his powder, was under no necessity of counterfeiting grief. The slaves, who had flocked together from all quarters, stood motionless at the spectacle before them. All lights were extinguished save two lamps, which shed a wan glimmering over the faces of these lovely flowers, that seemed to be faded in the springtime of life. Funeral vestments were prepared; their bodies were washed with rose-water; their beautiful tresses were braided and incensed; and they were wrapped in simars whiter than alabaster. At the moment that their attendants were placing two wreaths of their favorite jasmines on their brows, the Caliph, who had just heard the tragical catastrophe, arrived. He looked not less pale and haggard than the ghouls that wander at night among graves.

Forgetful of himself and every one else, he broke through the midst of the slaves, fell prostrate at the foot of the sofa, beat his

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bosom, called himself "atrocious murderer," and invoked upon his head a thousand imprecations. With a trembling hand he raised the veil that covered the countenance of Nouronihar, and, uttering a loud shriek, fell lifeless on the floor. The chief of the eunuchs dragged him off with horrible grimaces, and repeated as he went: —

"Ay, I foresaw she would play you some ungracious turn."

No sooner was the Caliph gone, than the emir commanded biers to be brought, and forbade that any one should enter the harem. Every window was fastened, all instruments of music were broken, and the Imans began to recite their prayers. Towards the close of this melancholy day Vathek sobbed in silence, for they had been forced to compose with anodynes his convulsions of rage and desperation.

At the dawn of the succeeding morning the wide folding doors of the palace were set open, and the funeral procession moved forward for the mountain. The wailful cries of "La Ilah illa Alla" reached to the Caliph, who was eager to cicatrize himself and attend the ceremonial; nor could he have been dissuaded, had not his excessive weakness disabled him from walking. At the first few steps he fell on the ground, and his people were obliged to lay him on a bed, where he remained many days in such a state of insensibility as excited compassion in the emir himself.

When the procession was arrived at the grot of Meimoune, Shaban and Sutlememe dismissed the whole of the train excepting the four confidential eunuchs who were appointed to remain. After resting some moments near the biers which had been left in the open air, they caused them to be carried to the brink of a small lake whose banks were overgrown with a hoary moss. This was the great resort of herons and storks, which preyed continually on little blue fishes. The dwarfs, instructed by the emir, soon repaired thither, and with the help of the eunuchs began to construct cabins of rushes and reeds, a work in which they had admirable skill. A magazine also was contrived for provisions, with a small oratory for themselves, and a pyramid of wood neatly piled, to furnish the necessary fuel, for the air was bleak in the hollows of the mountains.

At evening two fires were kindled on the brink of the lake, and the two lovely bodies, taken from their biers, were carefully deposited upon a bed of dried leaves within the same cabin. The dwarfs began to recite the Koran with their clear shrill voices, and Shaban and Sutlememe stood at some distance anxiously waiting the effects of the powder. At length Nouronihar and Gulchenrouz faintly stretched out their arms, and, gradually opening their eyes, began to survey with looks of increasing amazement every object around them. They even attempted to rise, but for want of strength fell back again. Sutlememe on this administered a cordial which the emir had taken care to provide.

Gulchenrouz, thoroughly aroused, sneezed out aloud, and, raising himself with an effort that expressed his surprise, left the cabin, and inhaled the fresh air with the greatest avidity.

"Yes," said he, "I breathe again! again do I exist! I hear sounds! I behold a firmament spangled over with stars!"

Nouronihar, catching these beloved accents, extricated herself from the leaves, and ran to clasp Gulchenrouz to her bosom. The first objects she remarked were their long simars, their garlands of flowers, and their naked feet; she hid her face in her hands to reflect. The vision of the enchanted bath, the despair of her father, and, more vividly than both, the majestic figure of Vathek, recurred to her memory. She recollected also that herself and Gulchenrouz had been sick and dying; but all these images bewildered her mind. Not knowing where she was, she turned her eyes on all sides, as if to recognize the surrounding scene. This singular lake, those flames reflected from its glassy surface, the pale hues of its banks, the romantic cabins, the bulrushes that sadly waved their drooping heads, the storks whose melancholy cries blended with the shrill voices of the dwarfs, — everything conspired to persuade them that the angel of death had opened the portal of some other world.

Gulchenrouz, on his part, lost in wonder, clung to the neck of his cousin. He believed himself in the region of phantoms, and was terrified at the silence she preserved. At length, addressing her: —

"Speak," said he; "where are we? do

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you not see those spectres that are stirring the burning coals? Are they the Monker and Nakir, come to throw us into them? Does the fatal bridge cross this lake, whose solemn stillness perhaps conceals from us an abyss, in which for whole ages we shall be doomed incessantly to sink?"

"No, my children," said Sutlememe, going towards them; "take comfort: the exterminating angel who conducted our souls hither after yours hath assured us that the chastisement of your indolent and voluptuous life shall be restricted to a certain series of years, which you must pass in this dreary abode, where the sun is scarcely visible, and where the soil yields neither fruits nor flowers. These," continued she, pointing to the dwarfs, "will provide for our wants; for souls so mundane as ours retain too strong a tincture of their earthly extraction. Instead of meats, your food will be nothing but rice, and your bread shall be moistened in the fogs that brood over the surface of the lake!"

At this desolating prospect the poor children burst into tears, and prostrated themselves before the dwarfs, who perfectly supported their characters, and delivered an excellent discourse of a customary length upon the sacred camel, which after a thousand years was to convey them to the paradise of the faithful.

The sermon being ended and ablutions performed, they praised Allah and the prophet, supped very indifferently, and retired to their withered leaves. Nouronihar and her little cousin consoled themselves on finding that, though dead, they yet lay in one cabin. Having slept well before, the remainder of the night was spent in conversation on what had befallen them; and both, from a dread of apparitions, betook themselves for protection to one another's arms.

In the morning, which was lowering and rainy, the dwarfs mounted high poles like minarets, and called them to prayers. The whole congregation, which consisted of Sutlememe, Shaban, the four eunuchs, and some storks, were already assembled. The two children came forth from their cabin with a slow and dejected pace. As their minds were in a tender and melancholy mood, their devotions were performed with fervor. No sooner were they finished than Gulchenrouz demanded of Sutlememe and the rest, "how they happened to die so opportunely for his cousin and himself."

"We killed ourselves," returned Sutlememe, "in despair at your death."

On this said Nouronihar, who, notwithstanding what was past, had not yet forgotten her vision:—

"And the Caliph, is he also dead of his grief? and will he likewise come hither?"

The dwarfs, who were prepared with an answer, most demurely replied:—

"Vathek is damned beyond all redemption!"

"I readily believe so," said Gulchenrouz; "and am glad from my heart to hear it, for I am convinced it was his horrible look that sent us hither to listen to sermons and mess upon rice."

One week passed away on the side of the lake unmarked by any variety; Nouronihar ruminating on the grandeur of which death had deprived her, and Gulchenrouz applying to prayers and to panniers along with the dwarfs, who infinitely pleased him.

Whilst this scene of innocence was exhibiting in the mountains, the Caliph presented himself to the emir in a new light. The instant he recovered the use of his senses, with a voice that made Bababalouk quake, he thundered out:—

"Perfidious Giaour! I renounce thee forever! it is thou who hast slain my beloved Nouronihar! and I supplicate the pardon of Mahomet, who would have preserved her to me had I been more wise. Let water be brought to perform my ablutions, and let the pious Fakreddin be called to offer up his prayers with mine, and reconcile me to him. Afterwards we will go together and visit the sepulchre of the unfortunate Nouronihar. I am resolved to become a hermit, and consume the residue of my days on this mountain, in hope of expiating my crimes."

Nouronihar was not altogether so content, for though she felt a fondness for Gulchenrouz, who, to augment the attachment, had been left at full liberty with her, yet she still regarded him as but a bawble that bore no competition with the carbuncle of Giamschid. At times she indulged doubts on the mode of her being, and scarcely could believe that the dead had all the wants and the whims of the living. To gain satisfaction, however, on so perplexing a topic, she arose one morning

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whilst all were asleep, with a breathless caution, from the side of Gulchenrouz, and, after having given him a soft kiss, began to follow the windings of the lake till it terminated with a rock whose top was accessible though lofty. This she clambered up with considerable toil, and, having reached the summit, set forward in a run like a doe that unwittingly follows her hunter. Though she skipped along with the alertness of an antelope, yet at intervals she was forced to desist and rest beneath the tamarisks to recover her breath. Whilst she, thus reclined, was occupied with her little reflections on the apprehension that she had some knowledge of the place, Vathek, who, finding himself that morning but ill at ease, had gone forth before the dawn, presented himself on a sudden to her view. Motionless with surprise, he durst not approach the figure before him, which lay shrouded up in a simar extended on the ground, trembling and pale, but yet lovely to behold. At length Nouronihar, with a mixture of pleasure and affliction, raising her fine eyes to him, said: —

"My lord, are you come hither to eat rice and hear sermons with me?"

"Beloved phantom!" cried Vathek, "dost thou speak? hast thou the same graceful form, the same radiant features? art thou palpable likewise?" and, eagerly embracing her, he added, "Here are limbs and a bosom animated with a gentle warmth! what can such a prodigy mean?"

Nouronihar with diffidence answered: —

"You know, my lord, that I died on the night you honored me with your visit; my cousin maintains it was from one of your glances, but I cannot believe him, for to me they seem not so dreadful. Gulchenrouz died with me, and we were both brought into a region of desolation, where we are fed with a wretched diet. If you be dead also, and are come hither to join us, I pity your lot, for you will be stunned with the clang of the dwarfs and the storks. Besides, it is mortifying in the extreme that you as well as myself should have lost the treasures of the subterranean palace."

At the mention of the subterranean palace the Caliph suspended his caresses, which indeed had proceeded pretty far, to seek from Nouronihar an explanation of her meaning. She then recapitulated her vision, — what immediately followed, — and the history of her pretended death; adding also a description of the palace of expiation from whence she had fled; and all in a manner that would have extorted his laughter had not the thoughts of Vathek been too deeply engaged. No sooner, however, had she ended, than he again clasped her to his bosom, and said: —

"Light of my eyes! the mystery is unravelled; we both are alive! Your father is a cheat, who, for the sake of dividing, hath deluded us both; and the Giaour, whose design, as far as I can discover, is that we shall proceed together, seems scarce a whit better. It shall be some time at least before he find us in his palace of fire. Your lovely little person, in my estimation, is far more precious than all the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, and I wish to possess it at pleasure, and in open day, for many a moon, before I go to burrow under ground like a mole.

"Forget this little trifler, Gulchenrouz, and —"

"Ah, my lord," interposed Nouronihar, "let me entreat that you do him no evil."

"No, no," replied Vathek, "I have already bid you forbear to alarm yourself for him. He has been brought up too much on milk and sugar to stimulate my jealousy. We will leave him with the dwarfs, who, by the by, are my old acquaintances; their company will suit him far better than yours. As to other matters, I will return no more to your father's. I want not to have my ears dinned by him and his dotards with the violation of the rites of hospitality; as if it were less an honor for you to espouse the sovereign of the world, than a girl dressed up like a boy!"

Nouronihar could find nothing to oppose in a discourse so eloquent. She only wished the amorous monarch had discovered more ardor for the carbuncle of Giamschid; but flattered herself it would gradually increase, and therefore yielded to his will with the most bewitching submission.

When the Caliph judged it proper, he called for Bababalouk, who was asleep in the cave of Meimoune, and dreaming that the phantom of Nouronihar, having mounted him once more on her swing, had just given him such a jerk that he one moment soared above the mountains, and the next sunk into

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the abyss. Starting from his sleep at the voice of his master, he ran gasping for breath, and had nearly fallen backward at the sight, as he believed, of the spectre by whom he had so lately been haunted in his dream.

"Ah, my lord," cried he, recoiling ten steps, and covering his eyes with both hands, "do you then perform the office of a Ghoul? 'T is true you have dug up the dead, yet hope not to make her your prey; for after all she hath caused me to suffer, she is even wicked enough to prey upon you."

"Cease thy folly," said Vathek, "and thou shalt soon be convinced that it is Nouronihar herself, alive and well, whom I clasp to my breast. Go, only, and pitch my tents in the neighboring valley. There will I fix my abode with this beautiful tulip, whose colors I soon shall restore. There exert thy best endeavors to procure whatever can augment the enjoyments of life, till I shall disclose to thee more of my will."

The news of so unlucky an event soon reached the ears of the emir, who abandoned himself to grief and despair, and began, as did all his old graybeards, to begrime his visage with ashes. A total supineness ensued; travellers were no longer entertained, no more plasters were spread, and, instead of the charitable activity that had distinguished this asylum, the whole of its inhabitants exhibited only faces of a half-cubit long, and uttered groans that accorded with their forlorn situation.

Though Fakreddin bewailed his daughter as lost to him forever, yet Gulchenrouz was not forgotten. He despatched immediate instruction to Sutlememe, Shaban, and the dwarfs, enjoining them not to undeceive the child in respect to his state, but under some pretence to convey him far from the lofty rock at the extremity of the lake, to a place which he should appoint, as safer from danger; for he suspected that Vathek intended him evil.

Gulchenrouz in the mean while was filled with amazement at not finding his cousin; nor were the dwarfs at all less surprised; but Sutlememe, who had more penetration, immediately guessed what had happened. Gulchenrouz was amused with the delusive hope of once more embracing Nouronihar in the interior recesses of the mountains, where the ground, strewed over with orange blossoms and jasmines, offered beds much more inviting than the withered leaves in their cabin, where they might accompany with their voices the sounds of their lutes, and chase butterflies in concert. Sutlememe was far gone in this sort of description when one of the four eunuchs beckoned her aside to apprise her of the arrival of a messenger from their fraternity, who had explained the secret of the flight of Nouronihar, and brought the commands of the emir. A council with Shaban and the dwarfs was immediately held. Their baggage being stowed in consequence of it, they embarked in a shallop, and quietly sailed with the little one, who acquiesced in all their proposals. Their voyage proceeded in the same manner till they came to the place where the lake sinks beneath the hollow of the rock; but as soon as the bark had entered it, and Gulchenrouz found himself surrounded with darkness, he was seized with a dreadful consternation, and incessantly uttered the most piercing outcries; for he now was persuaded he should actually be damned for having taken too many little freedoms in his lifetime with his cousin.

But let us return to the Caliph and her who ruled over his heart. Bababalouk had pitched the tents, and closed up the extremities of the valley with magnificent screens of India cloth, which were guarded by Ethiopian slaves with their drawn sabres. To preserve the verdure of this beautiful enclosure in its natural freshness, the white eunuchs went continually round it with their red water-vessels. The waving of fans was heard near the imperial pavilion, where, by the voluptuous light that glowed through the muslins, the Caliph enjoyed at full view all the attractions of Nouronihar. Inebriated with delight, he was all ear to her charming voice, which accompanied the lute; while she was not less captivated with his descriptions of Samarah and the tower full of wonders, but especially with his relation of the adventure of the ball, and the chasm of the Giaour with its ebony portal.

In this manner they conversed for a day and a night; they bathed together in a basin of black marble, which admirably relieved the fairness of Nouronihar. Bababalouk, whose good graces this beauty had regained, spared no attention that their repasts might be served up with the minutest exactness;

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some exquisite rarity was ever placed before them, and he sent even to Schiraz for that fragrant and delicious wine which had been hoarded up in bottles prior to the birth of Mahomet. He had excavated little ovens in the rock to bake the nice manchets which were prepared by the hands of Nouronihar, from whence they had derived a flavor so grateful to Vathek that he regarded the ragouts of his other wives as entirely mawkish; whilst they would have died at the emir's of chagrin at finding themselves so neglected, if Fakreddin, notwithstanding his resentment, had not taken pity upon them.

The sultana Dilara, who till then had been the favorite, took this dereliction of the Caliph to heart with a vehemence natural to her character; for during her continuance in favor she had imbibed from Vathek many of his extravagant fancies, and was fired with impatience to behold the superb tombs of Istakhar and the palace of forty columns; besides, having been brought up amongst the magi, she had fondly cherished the idea of the Caliph's devoting himself to the worship of fire; thus his voluptuous and desultory life with her rival was to her a double source of affliction. The transient piety of Vathek had occasioned her some serious alarms, but the present was an evil of far greater magnitude. She resolved, therefore, without hesitation, to write to Carathis, and acquaint her that all things went ill; that they had eaten, slept, and revelled at an old emir's, whose sanctity was very formidable, and that, after all, the prospect of possessing the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans was no less remote than before. This letter was intrusted to the care of two woodmen who were at work on one of the great forests of the mountains, and, being acquainted with the shortest cuts, arrived in ten days at Samarah.

The Princess Carathis was engaged at chess with Morakanabad when the arrival of these wood-fellers was announced. She, after some weeks of Vathek's absence, had forsaken the upper regions of her tower, because everything appeared in confusion among the stars, whom she consulted relative to the fate of her son. In vain did she renew her fumigations, and extend herself on the roof to obtain mystic visions; nothing more could she see in her dreams than pieces of brocade, nosegays of flowers, and other unmeaning gewgaws. These disappointments had thrown her into a state of dejection which no drug in her power was sufficient to remove. Her only resource was in Morakanabad, who was a good man, and endowed with a decent share of confidence, yet whilst in her company he never thought himself on roses.

No person knew aught of Vathek, and a thousand ridiculous stories were propagated at his expense. The eagerness of Carathis may be easily guessed at receiving the letter, as well as her rage at reading the dissolute conduct of her son.

"Is it so?" said she. "Either I will perish, or Vathek shall enter the palace of fire. Let me expire in flames, provided he may reign on the throne of Soliman!"

Having said this, and whirled herself round in a magical manner, which struck Morakanabad with such terror as caused him to recoil, she ordered her great camel Alboufaki to be brought, and the hideous Nerkes with the unrelenting Cafour to attend.

"I require no other retinue," said she to Morakanabad; "I am going on affairs of emergency; a truce, therefore, to parade! Take you care of the people, fleece them well in my absence, for we shall expend large sums, and one knows not what may betide."

The night was uncommonly dark, and a pestilential blast ravaged the plain of Catoul that would have deterred any other traveller, however urgent the call; but Carathis enjoyed most whatever filled others with dread. Nerkes concurred in opinion with her, and Cafour had a particular predilection for a pestilence. In the morning this accomplished caravan, with the wood-fellers, who directed their route, halted on the edge of an extensive marsh, from whence so noxious a vapor arose as would have destroyed any animal but Alboufaki, who naturally inhaled these malignant fogs. The peasants entreated their convoy not to sleep in this place.

"To sleep," cried Carathis, "what an excellent thought! I never sleep but for visions; and as to my attendants, their occupations are too many to close the only eye they each have."

The poor peasants, who were not over pleased with their party, remained open-mouthed with surprise.

Carathis alighted as well as her negresses, and, severally stripping off their outer gar-

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ments, they all ran in their drawers to cull from those spots where the sun shone fiercest the venomous plants that grew on the marsh. This provision was made for the family of the emir and whoever might retard the expedition to Istakhar. The woodmen were overcome with fear when they beheld these three horrible phantoms run, and, not much relishing the company of Alboufaki, stood aghast at the command of Carathis to set forward, notwithstanding it was noon, and the heat fierce enough to calcine even rocks. In spite, however, of every remonstrance, they were forced implicitly to submit.

Alboufaki, who delighted in solitude, constantly snorted whenever he perceived himself near a habitation, and Carathis, who was apt to spoil him with indulgence, as constantly turned him aside; so that the peasants were precluded from procuring subsistence; for the milch-goats and ewes which Providence had sent towards the district they traversed, to refresh travellers with their milk, all fled at the sight of the hideous animal and his strange riders. As to Carathis, she needed no common aliment; for her invention had previously furnished her with an opiate to stay her stomach, some of which she imparted to her mutes.

At the fall of night Alboufaki, making a sudden stop, stamped with his foot, which to Carathis, who understood his paces, was a certain indication that she was near the confines of some cemetery. The moon shed a bright light on the spot, which served to discover a long wall with a large door in it standing ajar, and so high that Alboufaki might easily enter. The miserable guides, who perceived their end approaching, humbly implored Carathis, as she had now so good an opportunity, to inter them, and immediately gave up the ghost. Nerkes and Cafour, whose wit was of a style peculiar to themselves, were by no means parsimonious of it on the folly of these poor people, nor could anything have been found more suited to their taste than the site of the burying-ground and the sepulchres which its precincts contained. There were at least two thousand of them on the declivity of a hill; some in the form of pyramids, others like columns, and, in short, the variety of their shapes was endless. Carathis was too much immersed in her sublime contemplations to stop at the view, charming as it appeared in her eyes. Pondering the advantages that might accrue from her present situation, she could not forbear to exclaim:—

"So beautiful a cemetery must be haunted by Ghouls, and they want not for intelligence! having heedlessly suffered my guides to expire, I will apply for directions to them, and, as an inducement, will invite them to regale on these fresh corpses."

After this short soliloquy, she beckoned to Nerkes and Cafour, and made signs with her fingers, as much as to say:—

"Go, knock against the sides of the tombs, and strike up your delightful warblings, that are so like to those of the guests whose company I wish to obtain."

The negresses, full of joy at the behests of their mistress, and promising themselves much pleasure from the society of the Ghouls, went with an air of conquest, and began their knockings at the tombs. As their strokes were repeated, a hollow noise was heard in the earth, the surface hove up into heaps, and the Ghouls on all sides protruded their noses to inhale the effluvia which the carcasses of the woodmen began to emit.

They assembled before a sarcophagus of white marble, where Carathis was seated between the bodies of her miserable guides. The princess received her visitants with distinguished politeness, and, when supper was ended, proceeded with them to business. Having soon learnt from them everything she wished to discover, it was her intention to set forward forthwith on her journey, but her negresses, who were forming tender connections with the Ghouls, importuned her with all their fingers to wait, at least till the dawn. Carathis, however, being chastity in the abstract, and an implacable enemy to love and repose, at once rejected their prayer, mounted Alboufaki, and commanded them to take their seats in a moment. Four days and four nights she continued her route, without turning to the right hand or left; on the fifth she traversed the mountains and half-burnt forests, and arrived on the sixth before the beautiful screens which concealed from all eyes the voluptuous wanderings of her son.

It was daybreak, and the guards were snoring on their posts in careless security, when the rough trot of Alboufaki

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awoke them in consternation. Imagining that a group of spectres ascended from the abyss was approaching, they all without ceremony took to their heels. Vathek was at that instant with Nouronihar in the bath, hearing tales and laughing at Bababalouk, who related them; but no sooner did the outcry of his guards reach him, than he flounced from the water like a carp, and as soon threw himself back at the sight of Carathis, who, advancing with her negresses upon Alboufaki, broke through the muslin awnings and veils of the pavilion. At this sudden apparition, Nouronihar (for she was not at all times free from remorse) fancied that the moment of celestial vengeance was come, and clung about the Caliph in amorous despondence.

Carathis, still seated on her camel, foamed with indignation at the spectacle which obtruded itself on her chaste view. She thundered forth without check or mercy:—

"Thou double-headed and four-legged monster! what means all this winding and writhing? art thou not ashamed to be seen grasping this limber sapling in preference to the sceptre of the pre-Adamite sultans? Is it then for this paltry doxy that thou hast violated the conditions in the parchment of our Giaour? Is it on her thou hast lavished thy precious moments? Is this the fruit of the knowledge I have taught thee? Is this the end of thy journey? Tear thyself from the arms of this little simpleton; drown her in the water before me, and instantly follow my guidance."

In the first ebullition of his fury, Vathek resolved to make a skeleton of Alboufaki, and to stuff the skins of Carathis and her blacks; but the ideas of the Giaour, the palace of Istakhar, the sabres, and the talismans, flashing before his imagination with the simultaneousness of lightning, he became more moderate, and said to his mother in a civil but decisive tone:—

"Dread lady, you shall be obeyed; but I will not drown Nouronihar; she is sweeter to me than a Myrabolan comfit, and is enamored of carbuncles, especially that of Giamschid, which hath also been promised to be conferred upon her; she therefore shall go along with us, for I intend to repose with her beneath the canopies of Soliman; I can sleep no more without her."

"Be it so," replied Carathis, alighting, and at the same time committing Alboufaki to the charge of her women.

Nouronihar, who had not yet quitted her hold, began to take courage, and said with an accent of fondness to the Caliph:—

"Dear sovereign of my soul! I will follow thee, if it be thy will, beyond the Kaf, in the land of the Afrits. I will not hesitate to climb for thee the nest of the Simurgh, who, this lady excepted, is the most awful of created existences."

"We have here, then," subjoined Carathis, "a girl both of courage and science."

Nouronihar had certainly both; but, notwithstanding all her firmness, she could not help casting back a look of regret upon the graces of her little Gulchenrouz, and the days of tenderness she had participated with him. She even dropped a few tears, which Carathis observed, and inadvertently breathed out with a sigh:—

"Alas! my gentle cousin, what will become of him!"

Vathek at this apostrophe knitted up his brows, and Carathis inquired what it could mean.

"She is preposterously sighing after a stripling with languishing eyes and soft hair, who loves her," said the Caliph.

"Where is he?" asked Carathis. "I must be acquainted with this pretty child; for," added she, lowering her voice, "I design before I depart to regain the favor of the Giaour. There is nothing so delicious in his estimation as the heart of a delicate boy palpitating with the first tumults of love."

Vathek, as he came from the bath, commanded Bababalouk to collect the women and other movables of his harem, embody his troops, and hold himself in readiness to march in three days; whilst Carathis retired alone to a tent, where the Giaour solaced her with encouraging visions; but at length waking, she found at her feet Nerkes and Cafour, who informed her by their signs, that, having led Alboufaki to the borders of a lake, to browse on some moss that looked tolerably venomous, they had discovered certain blue fishes of the same kind with those in the reservoir on the top of the tower.

"Ah, ah," said she, "I will go thither to them! These fish are past doubt of a species that by a small operation I can ren-

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der oracular. They may tell me where this little Gulchenrouz is, whom I am bent upon sacrificing."

Having thus spoken, she immediately set out with her swarthy retinue.

It being but seldom that time is lost in the accomplishment of a wicked enterprise, Carathis and her negresses soon arrived at the lake, where, after burning the magical drugs with which they were always provided, they, stripping themselves naked, waded to their chins, Nerkes and Cafour waving torches around them, and Carathis pronouncing her barbarous incantations. The fishes, with one accord, thrust forth their heads from the water, which was violently rippled by the flutter of their fins, and, at length, finding themselves constrained by the potency of the charm, they opened their piteous mouths, and said: —

"From gills to tail we are yours; what seek ye to know?"

"Fishes," answered she, "I conjure you, by your glittering scales, tell me where now is Gulchenrouz?"

"Beyond the rock," replied the shoal, in full chorus: "will this content you? for we do not delight in expanding our mouths."

"It will," returned the princess; "I am not to learn that you like not long conversations; I will leave you therefore to repose, though I had other questions to propound."

The instant she had spoken the water became smooth, and the fishes at once disappeared.

Carathis, inflated with the venom of her projects, strode hastily over the rock, and found the amiable Gulchenrouz asleep in an arbor, whilst the two dwarfs were watching at his side, and ruminating their accustomed prayers. These diminutive personages possessed the gift of divining whenever an enemy to good Mussulmans approached; thus they anticipated the arrival of Carathis, who, stopping short, said to herself: —

"How placidly doth he recline his lovely little head! how pale and languishing are his looks! it is just the very child of my wishes!"

The dwarfs interrupted this delectable soliloquy by leaping instantly upon her, and scratching her face with their utmost zeal. But Nerkes and Cafour, betaking themselves to the succor of their mistress, pinched the dwarfs so severely in return, that they both gave up the ghost, imploring Mahomet to inflict his sorest vengeance upon this wicked woman and all her household.

At the noise which this strange conflict occasioned in the valley Gulchenrouz awoke, and, bewildered with terror, sprung impetuously upon an old fig-tree that rose against the acclivity of the rocks, from thence gained their summits, and ran for two hours without once looking back. At last, exhausted with fatigue, he fell as if dead into the arms of a good old Genius, whose fondness for the company of children had made it his sole occupation to protect them; and who, whilst performing his wonted rounds through the air, happening on the cruel Giaour at the instant of his growling in the horrible chasm, rescued the fifty little victims which the impiety of Vathek had devoted to his maw. These the Genius brought up in nests still higher than the clouds, and himself fixed his abode in a nest more capacious than the rest, from which he had expelled the possessors that had built it.

These inviolable asylums were defended against the Dives and the Afrits by waving streamers, on which were inscribed, in characters of gold that flashed like lightning, the names of Allah and the prophet. It was there that Gulchenrouz, who as yet remained undeceived with respect to his pretended death, thought himself in the mansions of eternal peace. He admitted, without fear, the congratulations of his little friends, who were all assembled in the nest of the venerable Genius, and vied with each other in kissing his serene forehead and beautiful eyelids. This he found to be the state congenial to his soul; remote from the inquietudes of earth, the impertinence of harems, the brutality of eunuchs, and the lubricity of women. In this peaceable society his days, months, and years glided on, nor was he less happy than the rest of his companions, for the Genius, instead of burdening his pupils with perishable riches, and the vain sciences of the world, conferred upon them the boon of perpetual childhood.

Carathis, unaccustomed to the loss of her prey, vented a thousand execrations on her negresses for not seizing the child, instead of amusing themselves with pinching to death the dwarfs, from which they could gain no

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advantage. She returned into the valley murmuring, and, finding that her son was not risen from the arms of Nouronihar, discharged her ill-humor upon both. The idea, however, of departing next day for Istakhar, and cultivating, through the good offices of the Giaour, an intimacy with Eblis himself, at length consoled her chagrin; but fate had ordained it otherwise.

In the evening, as Carathis was conversing with Dilara, who through her contrivance had become of the party, and whose taste resembled her own, Bababalouk came to acquaint her "that the sky towards Samarah looked of a fiery red, and seemed to portend some alarming disaster." Immediately recurring to her astrolabes and instruments of magic, she took the altitude of the planets, and discovered by her calculations, to her great mortification, that a formidable revolt had taken place at Samarah; that Motavakel, availing himself of the disgust which was inveterate against his brother, had incited commotions amongst the populace, made himself master of the palace, and actually invested the great tower, to which Morakanabad had retired with a handful of the few that still remained faithful to Vathek.

"What!" exclaimed she; "must I lose then my tower, my mutes, my negresses, my mummies, and, worse than all, the laboratory, in which I have spent so many a night, without knowing, at least, if my hair-brained son will complete his adventure? No! I will not be the dupe! Immediately will I speed to support Morakanabad. By my formidable art the clouds shall sleet hailstones in the faces of the assailants, and shafts of red-hot iron on their heads. I will spring mines of serpents and torpedoes from beneath them, and we shall soon see the stand they will make against such an explosion!"

Having thus spoken, Carathis hasted to her son, who was tranquilly banqueting with Nouronihar in his superb carnation-colored tent.

"Glutton that thou art," cried she; "were it not for me thou wouldst soon find thyself the commander only of pies. Thy faithful subjects have abjured the faith they swore to thee. Motavakel, thy brother, now reigns on the hill of pied horses; and, had I not some slight resources in the tower, would not be easily persuaded to abdicate. But, that time may not be lost, I shall only add four words: strike tent to-night; set forward, and beware how thou loiterest again by the way. Though thou hast forfeited the conditions of the parchment, I am not yet without hope; for it cannot be denied that thou hast violated to admiration the laws of hospitality by seducing the daughter of the emir, after having partaken of his bread and his salt. Such a conduct cannot but be delightful to the Giaour; and if, on thy march, thou canst signalize thyself by an additional crime, all will still go well, and thou shalt enter the palace of Soliman in triumph. Adieu! Alboufaki and my negresses are waiting."

The Caliph had nothing to offer in reply: he wished his mother a prosperous journey, and ate on till he had finished his supper. At midnight the camp broke up, amidst the flourishing of trumpets and other martial instruments; but loud indeed must have been the sound of the tymbals, to overpower the blubbering of the emir and his long-beards, who by an excessive profusion of tears had so far exhausted the radical moisture that their eyes shrivelled up in their sockets, and their hairs dropped off by the roots. Nouronihar, to whom such a symphony was painful, did not grieve to get out of hearing. She accompanied the Caliph in the imperial litter, where they amused themselves with imagining the splendor which was soon to surround them. The other women, overcome with dejection, were dolefully rocked in their cages, whilst Dilara consoled herself with anticipating the joy of celebrating the rites of fire on the stately terraces of Istakhar.

In four days they reached the spacious valley of Rocnabad. The season of spring was in all its vigor, and the grotesque branches of the almond-trees in full blossom fantastically checkered the clear blue sky. The earth, variegated with hyacinths and jonquils, breathed forth a fragrance which diffused through the soul a divine repose. Myriads of bees, and scarce fewer of Santons, had there taken up their abode. On the banks of the stream hives and oratories were alternately ranged, and their neatness and whiteness were set off by the deep green of the cypresses that spired up amongst them. These pious personages amused themselves with cultivating little gardens that abounded.

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with flowers and fruits, especially musk-melons of the best flavor that Persia could boast. Sometimes, dispersed over the meadow, they entertained themselves with feeding peacocks whiter than snow, and turtles more blue than the sapphire. In this manner were they occupied when the harbingers of the imperial procession began to proclaim :—

"Inhabitants of Rocnabad, prostrate yourselves on the brink of your pure waters, and tender your thanksgivings to Heaven, that vouchsafeth to show you a ray of its glory; for lo! the commander of the faithful draws near."

The poor Santons, filled with holy energy, having bustled to light up wax torches in their oratories, and expand the Koran on their ebony desks, went forth to meet the Caliph with baskets of honeycomb, dates, and melons. But whilst they were advancing in solemn procession and with measured steps, the horses, camels, and guards wantoned over their tulips and other flowers, and made a terrible havoc amongst them. The Santons could not help casting from one eye a look of pity on the ravages committing around them, whilst the other was fixed upon the Caliph and heaven. Nouronihar, enraptured with the scenery of a place which brought back to her remembrance the pleasing solitudes where her infancy had passed, entreated Vathek to stop; but he, suspecting that each oratory might be deemed by the Giaour a distinct habitation, commanded his pioneers to level them all. The Santons stood motionless with horror at the barbarous mandate, and at last broke out into lamentations, but these were uttered with so ill a grace that Vathek bade his eunuchs to kick them from his presence. He then descended from the litter with Nouronihar. They sauntered together in the meadow, and amused themselves with culling flowers and passing a thousand pleasantries on each other. But the bees, who were stanch Mussulmans, thinking it their duty to revenge the insult on their dear masters the Santons, assembled so zealously to do it with effect, that the Caliph and Nouronihar were glad to find their tents prepared to receive them.

Bababalouk, who, in capacity of purveyor, had acquitted himself with applause, as to peacocks and turtles, lost no time in consigning some dozens to the spit, and as many more to be fricasseed. Whilst they were feasting, laughing, carousing, and blaspheming at pleasure on the banquet so liberally furnished, the Moullahs, the Sheiks, the Cadis, and Imans of Schiraz (who seemed not to have met the Santons) arrived, leading by bridles of ribbon, inscribed from the Koran, a train of asses which were loaded with the choicest fruits the country could boast. Having presented their offerings to the Caliph, they petitioned him to honor their city and mosques with his presence.

"Fancy not," said Vathek, "that you can detain me. Your presents I condescend to accept, but beg you will let me be quiet, for I am not over fond of resisting temptation. Retire, then. Yet, as it is not decent for personages so reverend to return on foot, and as you have not the appearance of expert riders, my eunuchs shall tie you on your asses, with the precaution that your backs be not turned towards me, for they understand etiquette."

In this deputation were some high-stomached Sheiks, who, taking Vathek for a fool, scrupled not to speak their opinion. These Bababalouk girded with double cords; and having well disciplined their asses with nettles behind, they all started with a preternatural alertness, plunging, kicking, and running foul of each other in the most ludicrous manner imaginable.

Nouronihar and the Caliph mutually contended who should most enjoy so degrading a sight. They burst out in volleys of laughter to see the old men and their asses fall into the stream. The leg of one was fractured, the shoulder of another dislocated, the teeth of a third dashed out, and the rest suffered still worse.

Two days more, undisturbed by fresh embassies, having been devoted to the pleasures of Rocnabad, the expedition proceeded, leaving Schiraz on the right, and verging towards a large plain, from whence were discernible on the edge of the horizon the dark summits of the mountains of Istakhar.

At this prospect the Caliph and Nouronihar were unable to repress their transports. They bounded from their litter to the ground, and broke forth into such wild exclamations as amazed all within hearing. Interrogating each other, they shouted :—

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"Are we not approaching the radiant palace of light, or gardens more delightful than those of Sheddad?"

Infatuated mortals! they thus indulged delusive conjecture, unable to fathom the decrees of the Most High!

The good Genii, who had not totally relinquished the superintendence of Vathek, repairing to Mahomet in the seventh heaven, said: —

"Merciful prophet! stretch forth thy propitious arms towards thy vicegerent, who is ready to fall irretrievably into the snare which his enemies, the Dives, have prepared to destroy him. The Giaour is awaiting his arrival in the abominable palace of fire, where if he once set his foot his perdition will be inevitable."

Mahomet answered with an air of indignation: —

"He hath too well deserved to be resigned to himself; but I permit you to try if one effort more will be effectual to divert him from pursuing his ruin."

One of these beneficent Genii, assuming without delay the exterior of a shepherd, more renowned for his piety than all the Dervises and Santons of the region, took his station near a flock of white sheep on the slope of a hill, and began to pour forth from his flute such airs of pathetic melody as subdued the very soul, and, awakening remorse, drove far from it every frivolous fancy. At these energetic sounds, the sun hid himself beneath a gloomy cloud, and the waters of two little lakes, that were naturally clearer than crystal, became a color like blood. The whole of this superb assembly was involuntarily drawn towards the declivity of the hill. With downcast eyes, they all stood abashed, each upbraiding himself with the evil he had done. The heart of Dilara palpitated; and the chief of the eunuchs, with a sigh of contrition, implored pardon of the women, whom, for his own satisfaction, he had so often tormented.

Vathek and Nouronihar turned pale in their litter, and, regarding each other with haggard looks, reproached themselves: the one with a thousand of the blackest crimes, a thousand projects of impious ambition; the other, with the desolation of her family and the perdition of the amiable Gulchenrouz. Nouronihar persuaded herself that she heard in the fatal music the groans of her dying father, and Vathek the sobs of the fifty children he had sacrificed to the Giaour. Amidst these complicated pangs of anguish, they perceived themselves impelled towards the shepherd, whose countenance was so commanding, that Vathek, for the first time, felt overawed, whilst Nouronihar concealed her face with her hands. The music paused, and the Genius, addressing the Caliph, said, —

"Deluded Prince! to whom Providence hath confided the care of innumerable subjects, is it thus that thou fulfillest thy mission? Thy crimes are already completed; and art thou now hastening towards thy punishment? Thou knowest that beyond these mountains Eblis and his accursed Dives hold their infernal empire; and, seduced by a malignant phantom, thou art proceeding to surrender thyself to them! This moment is the last of grace allowed thee! Abandon thy atrocious purpose. Return. Give back Nouronihar to her father, who still retains a few sparks of life. Destroy thy tower with all its abominations. Drive Carathis from thy councils. Be just to thy subjects. Respect the ministers of the Prophet. Compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life; and, instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence, lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors. Thou beholdest the clouds that obscure the sun; at the instant he recovers his splendor, if thy heart be not changed, the time of mercy assigned thee will be passed forever."

Vathek, depressed with fear, was on the point of prostrating himself at the feet of the shepherd, whom he perceived to be of a nature superior to man; but, his pride prevailing, he audaciously lifted his head, and glancing at him one of his terrible looks said: —

"Whoever thou art, withhold thy useless admonitions. Thou wouldst either delude me, or art thyself deceived. If what I have done be so criminal as thou pretendest, there remains not for me a moment of grace. I have traversed a sea of blood to acquire a power which will make thy equals tremble: deem not that I shall retire when in view of the port, or that I will relinquish her who is dearer to me than either my life or thy mercy. Let the sun appear! Let him

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illumine my career! It matters not where it may end."

On uttering these words, which made even the Genius shudder, Vathek threw himself into the arms of Nouronihar, and commanded that his horses should be forced back to the road.

There was no difficulty in obeying these orders, for the attraction had ceased, the sun shone forth in all his glory, and the shepherd vanished with a lamentable scream.

The fatal impression of the music of the Genius remained, notwithstanding, in the hearts of Vathek's attendants. They viewed each other with looks of consternation. At the approach of night almost all of them escaped; and of this numerous assemblage there only remained the chief of the eunuchs, some idolatrous slaves, Dilara, and a few other women, who, like herself, were votaries of the religion of the Magi.

The Caliph, fired with the ambition of prescribing laws to the Intelligences of Darkness, was but little embarrassed at this dereliction. The impetuosity of his blood prevented him from sleeping; nor did he encamp any more as before. Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses, to beguile all reflection. She fancied herself already more potent than Balkis;* and pictured to her imagination the Genii falling prostrate at the foot of her throne. In this manner they advanced, by moonlight, till they came within view of the two towering rocks that formed a kind of portal to the valley, at whose extremity rose the vast ruins of Istakhar. Aloft on the mountain glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted; the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who at the sight of horses and litters fell upon their knees, and cried out:—

"O Heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented! Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres and the noise beneath the mountains that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of maleficent spirits!"

The Caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated, on a vast platform, the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were veiled by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of darkness, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled.

"No!" replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands."

Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a leaf ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures composed of the leopard and the griffin; and, though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished by the splendor of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, that possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, at last fixed in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the Caliph the following words:—

* This was the Arabian name of the Queen of Sheba, who went from the South to hear the wisdom and admire the glory of Solomon. The Koran represents her as a worshipper of fire. Solomon is said not only to have entertained her with the greatest magnificence, but also to have raised her to his bed and his throne. — *Al Koran*, ch. 27, and *Sale's notes*. *Herbelot*, p. 182.

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"Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but in favor to thy companion, and as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers."

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain, against which the terrace was reared, trembled; and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble, that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapor ascending from which gathered into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned without hesitation the pure atmosphere, to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of those impious personages was haughty and determined. As they descended, by the effulgence of the torches, they gazed on each other with mutual admiration, and both appeared so resplendent that they already esteemed themselves spiritual intelligences. The only circumstance that perplexed them was their not arriving at the bottom of the stairs. On hastening their descent, with an ardent impetuosity, they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree, that they seemed not walking, but falling from a precipice. Their progress, however, was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the Caliph without difficulty recognized. Here the Giaour awaited them, with the key in his hand.

"Ye are welcome!" said he to them, with a ghastly smile, "in spite of Mahomet, and all his dependants. I will now admit you into that palace, where you have so highly merited a place."

Whilst he was uttering these words, he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once expanded with a noise still louder than the thunder of mountains, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished, till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtile an odor as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. Between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of Genii and other fantastic spirits, of each sex, danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound revery; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

"Perplex not yourselves," replied he bluntly, "with so much at once; you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis."

They continued their way through the multitude, but, notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently com-

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posed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls, and of galleries, that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion. Here the choirs and dances were heard no longer. The light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders with streaming beards and Afrits in complete armor had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapors. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad,* the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble. At his presence the heart of the Caliph sank within him, and, for the first time, he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest melancholy, said: —

"CREATURES OF CLAY, I receive you into mine empire. Ye are numbered amongst my adorers. Enjoy whatever this palace affords, — the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: —

"Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans."

"Come," answered this wicked Dive, with his malignant grin; "come, and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more."

He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes. Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power, — all these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest, though from time to time he labored with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart; yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, visi-

* This monster is represented as a fierce, flying hydra, and belongs to the same class with the *Rakshe*, whose ordinary food was serpents and dragons; the *Soham*, which had the head of a horse, with four eyes, and the body of a flame-colored dragon; the *Syl*, a basilisk with a face resembling the human, but so tremendous that no mortal could bear to behold it; the *Ejder*, and others. — See these respective titles in Richardson's Dictionary, Persian, Arabic, and English.

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THE HALL OF EBLIS.

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ble in part through the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation.

"Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans, which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The Caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: —

"In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, librating over me, served as a canopy from the rays of the sun. My people flourished; and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the host of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the Genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakhar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There, for a while, I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural existences, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither; where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope, for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall forever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments, ineffable torments: an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards heaven in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back like one petrified into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob: —

"O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us! Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?"

"None! none!" replied the malicious Dive.

"Know, miserable prince, thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair. Thy heart, also, will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt. Recline on these heaps of gold; command the Infernal Potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains. No barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission. I now leave thee to thyself."

At these words he vanished.

The Caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction. Their tears unable to flow, scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach. The Dives fell prostrate before them. Every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view, but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of Genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on, from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery; all without bounds or limit; all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom; all adorned with the same awful grandeur; all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain, for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them, to wait in direful suspense the moment

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which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

"What," exclaimed Nouronihar, "will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine!"

"Ah," said Vathek, "and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment! Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstasies be reflected on with horror! It was not thou that broughtest me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdition!"

Having given vent to these painful expressions, he called to an Afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders, the Caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd, till they heard voices at the end of the gallery. Presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings who, like themselves, were awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered, sitting on sofas, five young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were all holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp. Each had a gloomy and forlorn air, and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the Caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter, they arose, saluted, and gave them place. Then he who had appeared the most considerable of the group, addressed himself thus to Vathek:—

"Strangers! who doubtless are in the same state of suspense as ourselves, as you do not yet bear your hand on your heart, if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place; and we in return will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard. We will trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent. This is the only employment suited to wretches like us."

The Caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal, and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every circumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed, the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order, and when the fourth prince had reached the midst of his adventures a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which, gradually dissipating, discovered Carathis on the back of an Afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son, and said:—

"What dost thou here, in this little square chamber? As the Dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the pre-Adamite kings."

"Execrable woman!" answered the Caliph, "cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! Go! follow this Afrit; let him conduct thee to the hall of the Prophet Soliman; there thou wilt learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me."

"The height of power to which thou art arrived has certainly turned thy brain," answered Carathis; "but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for the prophet. It is, however, proper thou shouldst know, that, as the Afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah, I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented. Availing myself, therefore, of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents, which have rendered me so much good service; nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad, had he not prevented me by deserting at last to thy brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah, and all the good brotherhood to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put them to the torture, could I but have allowed them the time. Being, however, in a hurry, I only hung him, after having caught him in a snare with thy wives; whilst them I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favor, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near, in the service of one of the Magi, and, I think, will soon be our own."

Vathek, too much cast down to express

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the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the Afrit to remove Carathis from his presence, and continued immersed in thought, which his companions durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome of Soliman, and, without regarding in the least the groans of the Prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases, and violently seized on the talismans. Then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard in these mansions, she compelled the Dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the Afrit himself had not seen. She passed by rapid descents known only to Eblis and his most favored Potentates, and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the Sansar, or icy wind of death. Nothing appalled her dauntless soul. She perceived, however, in all the inmates who bore their hands on their heart, a little singularity not much to her taste. As she was emerging from one of the abysses, Eblis stood forth to her view, but, notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb monarch thus answered: —

"PRINCESS, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou doest well to employ the leisure that remains; for the flames and torments which are ready to seize on thy heart will not fail to provide thee with full employment."

He said this, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise, but, resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of Genii and all the Dives to pay her homage. Thus marched she in triumph through a vapor of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance. She even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans, for the purpose of usurping his place, when a voice, proceeding from the Abyss of Death, proclaimed: —

"ALL IS ACCOMPLISHED!"

Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid princess became corrugated with agony; she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed — no more to be withdrawn — her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the Genii; and, having execrated the hour she was begotten, and the womb that had borne her, glanced off in a whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

At almost the same instant, the same voice announced to the Caliph, Nouronihar, the five princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of heaven, — HOPE. These unhappy beings recoiled, with looks of the most furious distraction. Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance; nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation; whilst the two other princes testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious actions. Such is, and such should be, the chastisement of blind ambition, that would transgress those bounds which the Creator hath prescribed to human knowledge, and by aiming at discoveries reserved for pure intelligence, acquire that infatuated pride which perceives not the condition appointed to man is, TO BE IGNORANT AND HUMBLE.

Thus the CALIPH VATHEK who, for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power, hath sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end and remorse without mitigation; whilst the humble and despised GULCHENROUZ passed whole ages in undisturbed tranquillity and the pure happiness of childhood.

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UNDINE;

OR,

THE WATER-SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

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INTRODUCTION.

No better Introduction to this charming tale can be given than by quoting a few thoughts from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Tracy, whose admirable English translation is the one here presented to our readers. He says:—

"Undine is a beautifully imaginative tale, a masterpiece in this department of German literature. With a simplicity of the antique cast it combines the most picturesque wildness, unbroken interest, excellent principles, a peculiar vein of pleasantry, and even what we seldom look for in works of this kind, touches of genuine pathos. We are esteemed, and I presume justly, a less imaginative race than the people of Germany. Our traditions, local superstitions, early influences, education, habits of thought, and other circumstances of life, are of a more commonplace order than theirs. We are not, it may be, less fond of legendary lore, since love of the marvellous seems to be a universal impulse in our nature; but we seek its enjoyment with the mere calm approval of fancy, while they welcome it with much of the warmth of good faith. Still, if 'the World of Reality, not the Fairyland of Romance,' *be* our maxim, the spirit of truth and tenderness is nowhere wholly extinct: long as it may lie slumbering in the soul, it is too inseparable a part of our being ever to die. Is not imagination a germ of immortality?

"I am gratified to perceive that many writers allude to this fiction in terms of warm commendation. Menzel, in his development of German Literature, of which we have lately been favored with an able translation, speaks of this and the 'Vial-Genie,' or 'Mandrake,' another miniature romance by the same author, in these words: 'Fouqué's "Undine" will always continue one of the most delightful creations of German poetry. Also the little story of the "Mandrake" belongs to the best elaborations of the old national sagas,' or tales of the supernatural, derived from the voice of traditional superstition. But the most accurate appreciation that I have seen of 'Undine' I find among those golden fragments of the richest of minds, the Specimens of the Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge. This is the passage to which I refer: '"Undine" is a most exquisite work. It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and the subtle in the public taste, that this romance made no deep impression. Undine's character, before she receives a soul, is marvellously beautiful.'

"The author to whom we are so much indebted for these Specimens and other

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Literary Remains, and to whom we had hoped, alas! to be more and more indebted as well for these labors of love as for those of his own classical genius, observes in a note: 'Mr. Coleridge's admiration of this little romance was unbounded. He said there was something in "Undine" even beyond Scott, — that Scott's best characters and conceptions were *composed;* by which I understood him to mean that "Baillie Nicol Jarvie," for example, was made up of old particulars, and received its individuality from the author's power of fusion, being in the result an admirable product, as Corinthian brass was said to be the conflux of the spoils of a city. But "Undine," he said, was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea.'

"The reader will allow me to observe, in closing these brief notices, that, supported as well by my own feeling as by the judgment of Menzel, Coleridge, and, I may add, by the general voice of criticism, I view 'Undine' not only as a work of art, but as something far superior, — an exquisite creation of genius. If I have failed to do justice to her peculiar traits, in thus introducing her to him in the costume of our language, it is not owing to want of admiration, or of studiously endeavoring to be faithful to my trust; and, aware of the difficulty of presenting her the 'vision of beauty' that Fouqué 'found' her, he will forgive the fond impulse of my ambition. What welcome she may receive among us it remains for the noble knights and lovely ladies of our country to show. She does not come as a stranger, — she has already been more than once greeted with favor; still, wide as may be her fame in the world of letters, she seems, as yet, to be more talked of in the world of common readers than, if I may so speak, known in person. To *all* lovers of the imaginative, therefore, — to every 'simple, affectionate, and wonder-loving heart,' — her fortunes are again committed."

Friedrich Heinrich Karl de la Motte, Baron Fouqué, was born on the 12th February, 1777, and died 23d October, 1843. He was twice in arms in defence of his country, in early youth, and again, "with the Lyre and the Sword," in the war against Napoleon. He was wounded at Culm, and present at Leipzig. His grandfather was the intimate of the great Frederic, attained the rank of general, and fought in the Seven Years' War. He himself found military pursuits too severe for his health, which was not sturdy, and, resigning his commission, he devoted himself ardently to literature, soon becoming a great favorite with the admirers of the romantic and poetic school of fiction. The best of his tales are "Undine," "Sintram and his Companions," "Aslauga's Knight," and "Thiodolf the Icelander," — all breathing a spirit of enthusiasm for the ideal mediæval Christian chivalry, and for the wild myths and sagas of the Norsemen, — as, indeed, do every one of his works.

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DEDICATION.

VISION of beauty, dear Undine,
  Since led by storied light,
  I found you, mystic sprite,
How soothing to my heart your voice has been!

You press beside me, angel mild,
  Soft breathing all your woes,
  And winning brief repose, —
A wayward, tender, timid child.

Still my guitar has caught the tone,
  And from its gate of gold
  Your whispered sorrows rolled,
Till through the world their sound is flown.

And many hearts your sweetness love,
  Though strange your freaks and state,
  And while I sing your fate,
The wild and wondrous tale approve.

Now would they warmly, one and all,
  Your fortunes trace anew:
  Then, sweet, your way pursue,
And, fearless, enter bower and hall.

Greet noble knights with homage due;
  But greet, all trusting there,
  The lovely German fair:
"Welcome," they cry, "the maiden true!"

And if toward ME one dart a glance,
  Say, "*He's* a loyal knight,
  Who serves you, ladies bright, —
Guitar and sword, — at tourney, feast, and dance."

FOUQUÉ.

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UNDINE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW A KNIGHT CAME TO A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

ONCE on a beautiful evening, it may now be many hundred years ago, there was a worthy old fisherman who sat before his door mending his nets.

Now the corner of the world where he dwelt was exceedingly picturesque. The green turf on which he had built his cottage ran far out into a great lake; and this slip of verdure appeared to stretch into it as much through love of its clear waters, blue and bright, as the lake, moved by a like impulse, strove to fold the meadow, with its waving grass and flowers, and the cooling shade of the trees, in its fond embrace. Such were the freshness and beauty of both, that they seemed to be drawn toward each other, and the one to be visiting the other as a guest.

With respect to human beings, indeed, in this pleasant spot, excepting the fisherman and his family, there were few or rather none to be met with. For, in the background of the scene, toward the west and northwest, lay a forest of extraordinary wildness, which, owing to its gloom and its being almost impassable, as well as to fear of the strange creatures and visionary forms to be encountered there, most people avoided entering, unless in cases of extreme necessity. The pious old fisherman, however, many times passed through it without harm, when he carried the fine fish, which he caught by his beautiful strip of land, to a great city lying only a short distance beyond the extensive forest.

Now the reason he was able to go through this wood with so much ease may have been chiefly this, because he entertained scarcely any thoughts but such as were of a religious nature; and, besides, every time he crossed the evil-reported shades, he used to sing some holy song with a clear voice and from a sincere heart.

Well, while he sat by his nets this evening, neither fearing nor devising evil, a sudden terror seized him, as he heard a rushing in the darkness of the wood, that resembled the trampling of a mounted steed, and the noise continued every instant drawing nearer and nearer to his little territory.

What he had dreamed in his reveries, when abroad in many a stormy night, respecting the mysteries of the forest, now flashed through his mind in a moment, especially the figure of a man of gigantic stature and snow-white appearance, who kept nodding his head in a portentous manner. Yet, when he raised his eyes toward the wood, the form came before him in perfect distinctness, as he saw the nodding man burst forth from the mazy web-work of leaves and branches. But he immediately felt emboldened when he reflected that nothing to give him alarm had ever befallen him even in the forest; and moreover, that on this open neck of land the evil spirit, it was likely, would be still less daring in the exercise of its power. At the same time he prayed aloud with the most earnest sincerity of devotion, repeating a passage of the Bible. This inspired him with fresh courage; and soon perceiving the illusion, the strange mistake into which his imagination had betrayed him, he could with difficulty refrain from laughing. The white,

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nodding figure he had seen became transformed in the twinkling of an eye to what in reality it was, a small brook long and familiarly known to him, which ran foaming from the forest, and discharged itself into the lake.

But what had caused the startling sound was a knight arrayed in sumptuous apparel, who, beneath the shadows of the trees, came riding toward the cottage. His doublet was of dark violet, embroidered with gold, and his scarlet cloak hung gracefully over it; on his cap of burnished gold waved red and violet plumes, and in his golden shoulder-belt flashed a sword, richly ornamented and extremely beautiful. The white barb that bore the knight was more slenderly built than war-horses usually are; and he touched the turf with a step so light and elastic that the green and flower-woven carpet seemed hardly to receive the slightest break from his tread. The old fisherman, notwithstanding, did not feel perfectly secure in his mind, although he was forced to believe that no evil could be feared from an appearance so prepossessing; and, therefore, as good manners dictated, he took off his hat on the knight's coming near, and quietly remained by the side of his nets.

When the stranger stopped and asked whether he with his horse could have shelter and entertainment there for the night, the fisherman returned answer: "As to your horse, fair sir, I have no better stable for him than this shady meadow, and no better provender than the grass that is growing here. But with respect to yourself, you shall be welcome to our humble cottage, and to the best supper and lodging we are able to give you."

The knight was well contented with this reception, and alighting from his horse, which his host assisted him to relieve from saddle and bridle, he let him hasten away to the fresh pasture, and thus spoke: "Even had I found you less hospitable and kindly disposed, my worthy old friend, you would still, I suspect, hardly have got rid of me to-day; for here, I perceive, a broad lake lies before us, and as to riding back into that wood of wonders, with the shades of evening deepening around me, may Heaven in its grace preserve me from the thought!"

"Pray, not a word of the wood, or of returning into it!" said the fisherman, and took his guest into the cottage.

There, beside the hearth, from which a frugal fire was diffusing its light through the clean, dusky room, sat the fisherman's aged wife in a great chair. At the entrance of their noble guest, she rose and gave him a courteous welcome, but sat down again in her seat of honor, not making the slightest offer of it to the stranger. Upon this the fisherman said with a smile:—

"You must not be offended with her, young gentleman, because she has not given up to you the best chair in the house; it is a custom among poor people to look upon this as the privilege of the aged."

"Why, husband!" cried the old lady, with a quiet smile, "where can your wits be wandering? Our guest, to say the least of him, must belong to a Christian country, and how is it possible, then, that so well-bred a young man as he appears to be could dream of driving old people from their chairs? Take a seat, my young master," continued she, turning to the knight; "there is still quite a snug little chair across the room there, only be careful not to shove it about too roughly, for one of its legs, I fear, is none of the firmest."

The knight brought up the seat as carefully as she could desire, and good-humoredly sat down upon it; while it seemed to him for a moment that he must be somehow related to this little household, and have just returned home from abroad.

These three worthy people now began to converse in the most friendly and familiar manner. In relation to the forest, indeed, concerning which the knight occasionally made some inquiries, the old man chose to know but little; at any rate he was of opinion that, slightly touching upon it, at this hour of twilight, was most suitable and safe; but of the cares and comforts of their home and their business abroad the aged couple spoke more freely, and listened also with eager curiosity, as the knight recounted to them his travels, and how he had a castle near one of the sources of the Danube, and that his name was Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten.

Already had the stranger, while they were in the midst of their talk, been aware at times of a splash against the little low window, as if some one were dashing water

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against it. The old man, every time he heard the noise, knit his brows with vexation; but at last, when the whole sweep of a shower came pouring like a torrent against the panes, and bubbling through the decayed frame into the room, he started up indignant, rushed to the window, and cried with a threatening voice: —

"Undine! will you never leave off these fooleries? not even to-day, when we have a stranger-knight with us in the cottage?"

All without now became still, only a low titter was just perceptible, and the fisherman said, as he came back to his seat: "You will have the goodness, my honored guest, to pardon this freak, and it may be a multitude more, but she has no thought of evil or anything improper. This mischievous Undine, to confess the truth, is our adopted daughter, and she stoutly refuses to give over this frolicsome childishness of hers, although she has already entered her eighteenth year. But in spite of this, as I said before, she is at heart one of the very best children in the world."

"*You* may say so," broke in the old lady, shaking her head, — "you can give a better account of her than I can. When you return home from fishing, or from selling your fish in the city, you may think her frolics very delightful. But to have her figuring about you the whole day long, and never, from morning to night, to hear her speak one word of sense; and then, as she grows older, instead of having any help from her in the family, to find her a continual cause of anxiety lest her wild humors should completely ruin us, — that is quite a different affair, and enough at last to weary out the patience even of a saint."

"Well, well," replied the master of the house, with a smile, "you have your trials with Undine, and I have mine with the lake. The lake often beats down my dams, and breaks the meshes of my nets, but for all that I have a strong affection for it; and so have you, in spite of your mighty crosses and vexations, for our nice pretty little child. Is it not true?"

"One cannot be very angry with her," answered the old lady, as she gave her husband an approving smile.

That instant the door flew open, and a girl of slender form, almost a very miniature of woman, her hair flaxen and her complexion fair, in one word, a blond-like miracle of beauty, slipped laughing in, and said: "You have only been making a mock of me, father; for where now is the guest you mentioned?"

The same moment, however, she perceived the knight also, and continued standing before the comely young man in fixed astonishment. Huldbrand was charmed with her graceful figure, and viewed her lovely features with the more intense interest, as he imagined it was only her surprise that permitted him to have the opportunity, and that she would soon turn away from his gaze with increased bashfulness. But the event was the very reverse of what he expected. For after now regarding him quite a long while, she felt more confidence, moved nearer, knelt down before him, and, while she played with a gold medal, which he wore attached to a rich chain on his breast, exclaimed: —

"Why, you beautiful, you friendly guest! how have you reached our poor cottage at last? Have you been obliged, for years and years, to wander about the world, before you could catch one glimpse of our nook? Do you come out of that wild forest, my lovely friend?"

The old woman was so prompt in her reproof as to allow him no time to answer. She commanded the maiden to rise, show better manners, and go to her work. But Undine, without making any reply, drew a little footstool near Huldbrand's chair, sat down upon it with her netting, and said in a gentle tone: "I will work here."

The old man did as parents are apt to do with children to whom they have been overindulgent. He affected to observe nothing of Undine's strange behavior, and was beginning to talk about something else. But this was what the little girl would not suffer him to do. She broke in upon him: "I have asked our kind guest from whence he has come among us, and he has not yet answered me."

"I come out of the forest, you lovely little vision," Huldbrand returned, and she spoke again: —

"You must also tell me how you came to enter that forest, so feared and shunned, and the marvellous adventures you met with there; for there is no escaping, I guess, without something of this kind."

Huldbrand felt a slight shudder, on re-

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membering what he had witnessed, and looked involuntarily toward the window; for it seemed to him that one of the strange shapes which had come upon him in the forest must be there grinning in through the glass; but he discerned nothing except the deep darkness of night, which had now enveloped the whole prospect. Upon this he became more collected, and was just on the point of beginning his account, when the old man thus interrupted him: —

"Not so, Sir Knight; this is by no means a fit hour for such relations."

But Undine, in a state of high excitement, sprang up from her little cricket, braced her beautiful arms against her sides, and cried, placing herself directly before the fisherman, "He shall *not* tell his story, father? he shall not? But it is my will: — he shall! — he shall, stop him who may!"

Thus speaking, she stamped her neat little foot vehemently on the floor, but all with an air of such comic and good-humored simplicity that Huldbrand now found it quite as hard to withdraw his gaze from her wild emotion as he had before from her gentleness and beauty. The old man, on the contrary, burst out in unrestrained displeasure. He severely reproved Undine for her disobedience and her unbecoming carriage toward the stranger, and his good old wife joined him in harping on the same string.

By these rebukes Undine was only excited the more. "If you want to quarrel with me," she cried, "and will not let me hear what I so much desire, then sleep alone in your smoky old hut!" And swift as an arrow she shot from the door, and vanished amid the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHAT MANNER UNDINE HAD COME TO THE FISHERMAN.

Huldbrand and the fisherman sprang from their seats, and were rushing to stop the angry girl; but before they could reach the cottage door, she had disappeared in the cloudlike obscurity without, and no sound, not so much even as that of her light footstep, betrayed the course she had taken. Huldbrand threw a glance of inquiry toward his host; it almost seemed to him as if his whole interview with a sweet apparition, which had so suddenly plunged again amid the night, were no other than a continuation of the wonderful forms that had just played their mad pranks with him in the forest; but the old man muttered between his teeth: —

"This is not the first time she has treated us in this manner. Now must our hearts be filled with anxiety, and our eyes find no sleep, the livelong night; for who can assure us, in spite of her past escapes, that she will not some time or other come to harm, if she thus continue out in the dark and alone until daylight?"

"Then pray, for God's sake, father, let us follow her," cried Huldbrand, anxiously.

"Wherefore should we?" replied the old man; "it would be a sin, were I to suffer you, all alone, to search after the foolish girl amid the lonesomeness of night; and my old limbs would fail to carry me to this wild rover, even if I knew to what place she has hurried off."

"Still we ought at least to call after her, and beg her to return," said Huldbrand; and he began to call in tones of earnest entreaty: "Undine! Undine! come back, pray come back!"

The old man shook his head, and said: "All your shouting, however loud and long, will be of no avail; you know not as yet, Sir Knight, what a self-willed thing the little wilding is." But still, even hoping against hope, he could not himself cease calling out every minute, amid the gloom of night: "Undine! ah, dear Undine! I beseech you, pray come back, — only this once."

It turned out, however, exactly as the fisherman had said. No Undine could they hear or see; and as the old man would on no account consent that Huldbrand should go in quest of the fugitive, they were both obliged at last to return into the cottage. There they found the fire on the hearth almost gone out, and the mistress of the house, who took Undine's flight and danger far less to heart than her husband, had already gone to rest. The old man blew up the coals, put on dry wood, and by means of the renewed flame hunted for a jug of wine, which he brought and set between himself and his guest.

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"You, Sir Knight, as well as I," said he, "are anxious on the silly girl's account, and it would be better, I think, to spend part of the night in chatting and drinking, than keep turning and turning on our rush-mats, and trying in vain to sleep. What is your opinion?"

Huldbrand was well pleased with the plan; the fisherman pressed him to take the vacant seat of honor, its worthy occupant having now left it for her couch; and they relished their beverage and enjoyed their chat, as two such good men and true ever ought to do. To be sure, whenever the slightest thing moved before the windows, or at times when just nothing at all was moving, one of them would look up and exclaim, "There she comes!" Then would they continue silent a few moments, and afterward, when nothing appeared, would shake their heads, breathe out a sigh, and go on with their talk.

But as they could neither of them think of anything except Undine, the best plan they could devise was that the old fisherman should relate, and the knight should hear, in what manner Undine had come to the cottage. So the fisherman began as follows: —

"It is now about fifteen years since I one day crossed the wild forest with fish for the city market. My wife had remained at home, as she was wont to do, and at this time for a reason of more than common interest; for, although we were beginning to feel the advances of age, God had bestowed upon us an infant of wonderful beauty. It was a little girl, and we already began to ask ourselves the question whether we ought not, for the advantage of the new-comer, to quit our solitude, and, the better to bring up this precious gift of Heaven, to remove to some more inhabited place. Poor people, to be sure, cannot in these cases do all you may think they ought, Sir Knight; but still, gracious God! we must all do as much for our children as we possibly can.

"Well, I went on my way, and this affair would keep running in my head. This tongue of land was most dear to me, and I shrunk from the thought of leaving it, when, amidst the bustle and brawls of the city, I was obliged to reflect in this manner by myself: 'In a scene of tumult like this, or at least in one not much more quiet, I too must soon take up my abode.' But, in spite of these feelings, I was far from murmuring against the kind providence of God; on the contrary, when I received this new blessing, my heart breathed a prayer of thankfulness too deep for words to express. I should also speak an untruth, were I to say that anything befell me, either on my passage through the forest to the city, or on my returning homeward, that gave me more alarm than usual, as at that time I had never seen any appearance there which could terrify or annoy me. The Lord was ever with me in those awful shades."

Thus speaking, he took his cap reverently from his bald head, and continued to sit for a considerable time in devout thought. He then covered himself again, and went on with his relation: —

"On this side the forest, alas! it was on this side that woe burst upon me. My wife came wildly to meet me, clad in mourning apparel, and her eyes streaming with tears. 'Gracious God!' I cried, with a groan; 'where's our child? Speak!'

"'With the Being on whom you have called, dear husband,' she answered; and we now entered the cottage together, weeping in silence. I looked for the little corse, almost fearing to find what I was seeking; and then it was I first learnt how all had happened.

"My wife had taken the little one in her arms, and walked out to the shore of the lake. She there sat down by its very brink; and while she was playing with the infant, as free from all fear as she was full of delight, it bent forward on a sudden, as if seeing something very beautiful in the water. My wife saw her laugh, the dear angel, and try to catch the image in her little hands; but in a moment, with a motion swifter than sight, she sprung from her mother's arms, and sunk in the lake, the watery glass into which she had been gazing. I searched for our lost darling again and again, but it was all in vain; I could nowhere find the least trace of her.

"Well, we were again childless parents, and were now, on the same evening, sitting together by our cottage hearth. We had no desire to talk, even if our tears would have permitted us. As we thus sat in mournful stillness, gazing into the fire, all at once we heard something without, — a slight rustling

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at the door. The door flew open, and we saw a little girl, three or four years old, and more beautiful than I am able to tell you, standing on the threshold, richly dressed and smiling upon us. We were struck dumb with astonishment, and I knew not for a time whether the tiny form were a real human being or a mere mockery of enchantment. But I soon perceived water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and stood in immediate need of our help.

"'Wife,' said I, 'no one has been able to save our child for us; still we doubtless ought to do for others what would make ourselves the happiest parents on earth, could any one do us the same kindness.'

"We undressed the little thing, put her to bed, and gave her something warming to drink; at all this she spoke not a word, but only turned her eyes upon us, — eyes blue and bright as sea or sky, — and continued looking at us with a smile.

"Next morning we had no reason to fear that she had received any other harm than her wetting, and I now asked her about her parents, and how she could have come to us. But the account she gave was both confused and incredible. She must surely have been born far from here, not only because I have been unable for these fifteen years to learn anything of her birth, but because she then said, and at times continues to say, many things of so very singular a nature that we neither of us know, after all, whether she may not have dropped among us from the moon. Then her talk runs upon golden castles, crystal domes, and Heaven knows what extravagances beside. What of her story, however, she related with most distinctness, was this: that while she was once taking a sail with her mother on the great lake, she fell out of the boat into the water; and that when she first recovered her senses, she was here under our trees, where the gay scenes of the shore filled her with delight.

"We now had another care weighing upon our minds, and one that caused us no small perplexity and uneasiness. We of course very soon determined to keep and bring up the child we had found in place of our own darling that had been drowned; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not? She herself could give us no light on the subject. When we asked her the question, she commonly made answer that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that as to what might promote the praise and glory of God, she was willing to let us determine.

"My wife and I reasoned in this way: 'If she has not been baptized, there can be no use in putting off the ceremony; and if she has been, it is more dangerous to have too little of a good thing than too much.'

"Taking this view of our difficulty, we now endeavored to hit upon a good name for the child, since while she remained without one we were often at a loss in our familiar talk to know what to call her. We at length decided that Dorothea would be most suitable for her, as I had somewhere heard it said that this name signified *a Gift of God;* and surely she had been sent to us by Providence as a gift to comfort us in our misery. She, on the contrary, would not so much as hear Dorothea mentioned; she insisted that, as she had been named Undine by her parents, Undine she ought still to be called.

It now occurred to me, that this was a heathenish name, to be found in no calendar, and I resolved to ask the advice of a priest in the city. He, too, would hear nothing of the name Undine; and yielding to my urgent request, he came with me through the enchanted forest, in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage.

"The little maid stood before us so smart in her finery, and with so winning an air of gracefulness, that the heart of the priest softened at once in her presence; and she had a way of coaxing him so adroitly, and even of braving him at times with so merry a queerness, that he at last remembered nothing of his many objections to the name of Undine.

"Thus, then, was she baptized Undine; and during the holy ceremony she behaved with great propriety and gentleness, wild and wayward as at other times she invariably was. For in this my wife was quite right, when she mentioned what care and anxiety the child has occasioned us. If I should relate to you — "

At this moment the knight interrupted the fisherman, with a view to direct his attention to a deep sound, as of a rushing flood, which had caught his ear, within a few minutes,

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between the words of the old man. And now the waters came pouring on with redoubled fury before the cottage windows. Both sprang to the door. There they saw, by the light of the now risen moon, the brook which issued from the wood rushing wildly over its banks, and whirling onward with it both stones and branches of trees in its rapid course. The storm, as if awakened by the uproar, burst forth from the clouds, whose immense masses of vapor coursed over the moon with the swiftness of thought; the lake roared beneath the wind, that swept the foam from its waves; while the trees of this narrow peninsula groaned from root to topmost branch, as they bowed and swung above the torrent.

"Undine! in God's name, Undine!" cried the two men in an agony. No answer was returned; and now, regardless of everything else, they hurried from the cottage, one in this direction, the other in that, searching and calling.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THEY FOUND UNDINE AGAIN.

The longer Huldbrand sought Undine beneath the shades of night, and failed to find her, the more anxious and confused he became. The impression that she was a mere phantom of the forest gained a new ascendency over him; indeed, amid the howling of the waves and the tempest, the crashing of the trees, and so entire a change of the scene that it bore no resemblance to its former calm beauty, he was tempted to view the whole peninsula, together with the cottage and its inhabitants, as little more than some mockery of his senses; but still he heard afar off the fisherman's anxious and incessant shouting, "Undine! Undine!" and also his aged wife, who, with a loud voice and a strong feeling of awe, was praying and chanting hymns amid the commotion.

At length, when he drew near to the brook which had overflowed its banks, he perceived by the moonlight that it had taken its wild course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the peninsula into an island.

"Merciful God!" he breathed to himself, "if Undine has ventured one step within that fearful wood, what will become of her? Perhaps it was all owing to her sportive and wayward spirit, because I could give her no account of my adventures there. And now the stream is rolling between us, she may be weeping alone on the other side in the midst of spectral horrors!"

A shuddering groan escaped him, and clambering over some stones and trunks of overthrown pines, in order to step into the impetuous current, he resolved, either by wading or swimming, to seek the wanderer on the further shore. He felt, it is true, all the dread and shrinking awe creeping over him which he had already suffered by daylight among the now tossing and roaring branches of the forest. More than all, a tall man in white, whom he knew but too well, met his view, as he stood grinning and nodding on the grass beyond the water; but even monstrous forms, like this, only impelled him to cross over toward them, when the thought rushed upon him that Undine might be there alone, and in the agony of death.

He had already grasped a stout branch of a pine, and stood supporting himself upon it in the whirling current, against which he could with difficulty keep himself erect; but he advanced deeper in, with a courageous spirit. That instant a gentle voice of warning cried near him: "Do not venture, do not venture! — that OLD MAN, the STREAM, is too full of tricks to be trusted!" — He knew the soft tones of the voice; and while he stood as it were entranced, beneath the shadows which now duskily veiled the moon, his head swum with the swell and rolling of the waves, as he every moment saw them foaming and dashing above his knee. Still he disdained the thought of giving up his purpose.

"If you are not really there, if you are merely gambolling round me like a mist, may I too bid farewell to life, and become a shadow like you, dear, dear Undine!"*

* This intensive form of expression is almost as familiar in English as in German, and I have not scrupled occasionally to employ it. The following example from "Thalaba" is one of the most impressive in the language: —

"No sound but the wild, wild wind,
And the snow crunching under his feet."

These lines from the "Ancient Mariner" afford

Thus calling aloud, he again moved deeper into the stream. "Look round you, — ah, pray look round you, beautiful young stranger! why rush on death so madly!" cried the voice a second time close by him; and looking on one side, as the moon by glimpses unveiled its light, he perceived a little island formed by the flood, and, reclined upon its flowery turf beneath the high branches of embowering trees, he saw the smiling and lovely Undine.

O, with what a thrill of delight, compared with the suspense and pause of a moment before, the young man now plied his sturdy staff! A few steps freed him from the flood that was rushing between himself and the maiden, and he stood near her on the little spot of greensward, in secret security, covered by the primeval trees that rustled above them. Undine had partially risen within her tent of verdure, and she now threw her arms around his neck, so that she gently drew him down upon the soft seat by her side.

"Here you shall tell me your story, my handsome friend," she breathed in a low whisper; "here the cross old people cannot disturb us. And, besides, our roof of leaves here will make quite as good a shelter, it may be, as their poor cottage.

"It is heaven itself," cried Huldbrand; and folding her in his arms, he kissed the lovely and affectionate girl with fervor.

The old fisherman, meantime, had come to the margin of the stream, and he shouted across to the young lovers: "Why, how is this, Sir Knight! I received you with the welcome which one true-hearted man gives to another, and now you sit there caressing my foster-child in secret, while you suffer me in my anxiety to go roaming through the night in quest of her."

"Not till this moment did I find her myself, old father," cried the knight across the water.

"So much the better," said the fisherman; "but now make haste and bring her over to me upon firm ground."

To this, however, Undine would by no means consent. She declared that she would rather enter the wild forest itself with the beautiful stranger, than return to the cottage where she was so thwarted in her wishes, and from which the handsome knight would soon or late go away. Then closely embracing Huldbrand, she sung the following verse with the warbling sweetness of a bird: —

"A Rill would leave its misty vale,
And fortunes wild explore;
Weary at length it reached the main,
And sought its vale no more."

The old fisherman wept bitterly at her song, but his emotion seemed to awaken little or no sympathy in her. She kissed and caressed her new friend, whom she called her darling, and who at last said to her: "Undine, if the distress of the old man does not touch your heart, it cannot but move mine. We ought to return to him."

She opened her large blue eyes upon him in perfect amazement, and spoke at last with a slow and lingering accent: "If you think so, — it is well; all is right to me which you think right. But the old man over there must first give me his promise that he will allow you, without objection, to relate what you saw in the wood, and — Well, other things will settle themselves."*

"Come, do only come!" cried the fisherman to her, unable to utter another word. At the same time he stretched his arms wide over the current toward her, and, to give her assurance that he would do what she required, nodded his head; this motion caused his white hair to fall strangely over his face, and Huldbrand could not but remember the nodding white man of the forest. Without allowing anything, however, to produce in him the least confusion, the young knight took the beautiful girl in his arms, and bore her across the narrow channel, which the stream had torn away between her little island and the solid shore. The old man fell upon Undine's neck, and found it impossible either to express his joy or to kiss her enough; even the ancient dame came up and embraced the recovered girl most cordially. Every word of censure was carefully avoided; the more so, indeed, as even Undine, forgetting her waywardness,

another example, and one still more remarkable: —

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

* "Undine evidently meant to have added another condition, but then, thinking it superfluous, only remarks, 'Well, other things will settle themselves.'"

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THE KNIGHT BRINGS UNDINE FROM THE FOREST.

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almost overwhelmed her foster-parents with caresses and the prattle of tenderness.

When at length the excess of their joy at recovering their child had subsided, and they seemed to have come to themselves, morning had already dawned, opening to view and brightening the waters of the lake. The tempest had become hushed, and small birds sung merrily on the moist branches.

As Undine now insisted upon hearing the recital of the knight's promised adventures, the aged couple, smiling with good-humor, yielded to her wish. Breakfast was brought out beneath the trees which stood behind the cottage toward the lake on the north, and they sat down to it with delighted hearts, — Undine lower than the rest (since she would by no means allow it to be otherwise), at the knight's feet on the grass. These arrangements being made, Huldbrand began his story in the following manner.

CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE KNIGHT IN THE FOREST.

"It is now about eight days since I rode into the free imperial city which lies yonder on the farther side of the forest. Soon after my arrival a splendid tournament and running at the ring took place there, and I spared neither my horse nor my lance in the encounters.

"Once, while I was pausing at the lists to rest from the brisk exercise, and was handing back my helmet to one of my attendants, a female figure of extraordinary beauty caught my attention, as, most magnificently attired, she stood looking on at one of the balconies. I learnt, on making inquiry of a person near me, that the name of the gay young lady was Bertalda, and that she was a foster-daughter of one of the powerful dukes of this country. She, too, I observed, was gazing at me, and the consequences were such as we young knights are wont to experience; whatever success in riding I might have had before, I was now favored with still better fortune. That evening I was Bertalda's partner in the dance, and I enjoyed the same distinction during the remainder of the festival."

A sharp pain in his left hand, as it hung carelessly beside him, here interrupted Huldbrand's relation, and drew his eye to the part affected. Undine had fastened her pearly teeth, and not without some keenness, too, upon one of his fingers, appearing at the same time very gloomy and displeased. On a sudden, however, she looked up in his eyes with an expression of tender melancholy, and whispered, almost inaudibly, "You blame me, but it was all your own fault." *

She then covered her face, and the knight, strangely embarrassed and thoughtful, went on with his story.

"This lady, Bertalda, of whom I spoke, is of a proud and wayward spirit. The second day I saw her she pleased me by no means so much as she had the first, and the third day still less. But I continued about her, because she showed me more favor than she did any other knight; and it so happened that I playfully asked her to give me one of her gloves.

"'When you have entered the haunted forest all alone,' said she; 'when you have explored its wonders, and brought me a full account of them, the glove is yours.'

"As to getting her glove, it was of no importance to me whatever; but the word had been spoken, and no honorable knight would permit himself to be urged to such a proof of valor a second time."

"I thought," said Undine, interrupting him, "that she loved you."

"It did appear so," replied Huldbrand.

"Well!" exclaimed the maiden, laughing, "this is beyond belief; she must be very stupid and heartless. To drive from her one who was dear to her! And, worse than all, into that ill-omened wood! The wood and its mysteries, for all I should have cared, might have waited a long while."

"Yesterday morning, then," pursued the knight, smiling brightly upon Undine, "I set out from the city, my enterprise before me. The early light lay rich upon the verdant turf. It shone so rosy on the slender boles of the trees, and there was so merry a whispering among the leaves, that in my heart I could not but laugh at people who

* "That is, you act or speak in such a manner as to make me treat you rudely. Why do you say such provoking things? It is a kind of tender reproof, in self-defence." — C. F.

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feared meeting anything to terrify them in a spot so delicious. 'I shall soon trot through the forest, and as speedily return,' I said to myself, in the overflow of joyous feeling; and ere I was well aware, I had entered deep among the green shades, while of the plain that lay behind me I was no more able to catch a glimpse.

"Then the conviction for the first time impressed me, that in a forest of so great extent I might very easily become bewildered, and that this, perhaps, might be the only danger which was likely to threaten those who explored its recesses. So I made a halt, and turned myself in the direction of the sun, which had meantime risen somewhat higher; and while I was looking up to observe it, I saw something black among the boughs of a lofty oak. My first thought was, 'It is a bear!' and I grasped my weapon of defence; the object then accosted me from above in a human voice, but in a tone most harsh and hideous: 'If I, overhead here, do not gnaw off these dry branches, Sir Wiseacre, what shall we have to roast you with when midnight comes?' And with that it grinned, and made such a rattling with the branches that my courser became mad with affright, and rushed furiously forward with me before I had time to see distinctly what sort of a devil's beast it was."

"You must not name it," said the old fisherman, crossing himself; his wife did the same, without speaking a word; and Undine, while her eye sparkled with glee, looked at her beloved knight, and said: "The best of the story is, however, that as yet they have not actually roasted you. But pray make haste, my handsome young friend. I long to hear more."

The knight then went on with his adventures: "My horse was so wild that he well-nigh rushed with me against limbs and trunks of trees. He was dripping with sweat, through terror, heat, and the violent straining of his muscles. Still he refused to slacken his career. At last, altogether beyond my control, he took his course directly up a stony steep, when suddenly a tall white man flashed before me, and threw himself athwart the way my mad steed was taking. At this apparition he shuddered with new affright, and stopped, trembling. I took this chance of recovering my command of him, and now, for the first time, perceived that my deliverer, so far from being a white MAN, was only a brook of silver brightness, foaming near me in its descent from the hill, while it crossed and arrested my horse's course with its rush of waters."

"Thanks, thanks, dear BROOK," cried Undine, clapping her little hands. But the old man shook his head, and, deeply musing, looked vacantly down before him.

"Hardly had I well settled myself in my saddle, and got the reins in my grasp again," Huldbrand pursued, "when a wizard-like dwarf of a man was already standing at my side, diminutive and ugly beyond conception, his complexion of a brownish yellow, and his nose scarcely of less magnitude than all the rest of him. The fellow's mouth was slit almost from ear to ear, and he showed his teeth with a simpering smile of idiot courtesy, while he overwhelmed me with bows and scrapes innumerable. The farce now becoming excessively irksome, I thanked him in the fewest words I could well use, turned about my still trembling charger, and purposed either to seek another adventure, or, should I meet with none, to pick my way back to the city; for the sun, during my wild chase, had passed the meridian, and was now hastening toward the west. But this villain of a manikin sprung at the same instant, and, with a turn as rapid as lightning, stood before my horse again. 'Clear the way, there!' I fiercely shouted; 'the beast is wild, and will make nothing of running over you.'

"'He will, will he!' cried the imp, with a snarl, and snorting out a laugh still more frightfully idiotic; 'pay me; first pay what you owe me; I stopped your fine little nag for you; without my help both you and he would be now sprawling below there in that stony ravine. Hu! from what a horrible plunge I 've saved you.'

"'Well, pray don't stretch your mouth any wider,' said I; 'but take your drink-money and be off, though every word you say is false. See! it was the kind brook there, you miserable thing, and not you, that saved me.'

"And, at the same time, I dropped a piece of gold into his wizard cap, which he had taken from his head while he was begging before me.

"I then trotted off, and left him; but, to make bad worse, he screamed after me, and,

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on a sudden, with inconceivable quickness, he was close by my side. I started my horse into a gallop; he galloped on with me, impossible for him as it appeared; and with this strange movement, half ludicrous and half horrible, forcing at the same time every limb and feature into distortion, he kept raising the gold piece as high as he could stretch his arm, and screaming at every leap: 'Counterfeit! false! false coin! counterfeit!' and such were the croaking sounds that issued from his hollow breast, you would have supposed that every time he made them he must have tumbled upon the ground dead. All this while his disgusting red tongue hung lolling far out of his mouth.

"Discomposed at the sight, I stopped and asked him: 'What do you mean by your screaming? Take another piece of gold; take two more, — but leave me.'

"He then began to make his hideous salutations of courtesy again, and snarled out as before: 'Not gold; it shall not be gold, my smart young gentleman; I have too much of that trash already, as I will show you in no time.'

"At that moment, and thought itself could not have been more instantaneous, I seemed to have acquired new powers of sight. I could see through the solid green plain as if it were green glass, and the smooth surface of the earth were round as a globe; and within it I saw crowds of goblins, who were pursuing their pastime, and making themselves merry with silver and gold. They were tumbling and rolling about, heads up and heads down: they pelted one another in sport with the precious metals, and with irritating malice blew gold-dust in one another's eyes. My odious companion stood half within and half without; he ordered the others to reach him up a vast quantity of gold; this he showed to me with a laugh, and then flung it again, ringing and chinking, down the measureless abyss.

"After this contemptuous disregard of gold, he held up the piece I had given him, showing it to his brother gnomes below, and they laughed themselves half dead at a bit so worthless, and hissed me. At last, raising their fingers all smutched with ore, they pointed them at me in scorn, and wilder and wilder, and thicker and thicker, and madder and madder, the crowd were clambering up to where I sat gazing at these wonders. Then terror seized me, as it had before seized my horse. I drove my spurs into his sides, and how far he rushed headlong with me through the forest, during this second of my wild heats, it is impossible to say.

"At last, when I had now come to a dead halt again, the cool of evening was around me. I caught the gleam of a white footpath through the branches of the trees; and presuming it would lead me out of the forest toward the city, I was desirous of working my way into it; but a face perfectly white and indistinct, with features forever changing, kept thrusting itself out and peering at me between the leaves. I tried to avoid it; but wherever I went, there too appeared the unearthly face. I was maddened with rage at this interruption, and drove my steed at the appearance full-tilt, when such a cloud of white foam came rushing upon me and my horse, that we were almost blinded and glad to turn about and escape. Thus from step to step it forced us on, and ever aside from the footpath, leaving us, for the most part, only one direction open. But when we advanced in this, although it kept following close behind us, it did not occasion the smallest harm or inconvenience.

"At times, when I looked about me at the form, I perceived that the white face, which had splashed upon us its shower of foam, was resting on a body equally white and of more than gigantic size. Many a time, too, I received the impression that the whole appearance was nothing more than a wandering stream or torrent, but respecting this I could never attain to any certainty. We both of us, horse and rider, became weary, as we shaped our course according to the movements of the white man, who continued nodding his head at us, as if he would say, 'Perfectly right! perfectly right!' And thus, at length, we came out here at the edge of the wood, where I saw the fresh turf, the waters of the lake, and your little cottage, and where the tall white man disappeared."

"Well, Heaven be praised that he is gone!" cried the old fisherman; and he now fell to considering how his guest could most conveniently return to his friends in the city. Upon this, Undine began tittering to herself, but so very low that the sound was hardly perceivable. Huldbrand, observ-

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ing it, said: "I had hoped you would see me remain here with pleasure; why then do you now appear so happy, when our talk turns upon my going away?"

"Because you cannot go away," answered Undine. "Pray, make a single attempt; try with a wherry, with your horse or alone, as you please, to cross that forest stream which has burst its bounds. Or, rather, make no trial at all, for you would be dashed to pieces by the stones and trunks of trees, which you see driven on with such violence. And, as to the lake, I am well acquainted with that; even my father dares not venture out with his wherry far enough to help you."

Huldbrand rose, smiling, in order to look about, and observe whether the state of things were such as Undine had represented it to be; the old man accompanied him, and the maiden, in mockery, went gambolling and playing her antics beside them. They found all, in fact, just as Undine had said, and that the knight, whether willing or not willing, must submit to remain on the island, so lately a peninsula, until the flood should subside.

When the three were now returning to the cottage, after their ramble, the knight whispered in the ear of the little girl: "Well, dear Undine, how is it with you? Are you angry on account of my remaining?"

"Ah," she pettishly made answer, "not a word of that. If I had not bitten you, who knows what fine things you would have put into your story about Bertalda!"

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE KNIGHT LIVED ON THE POINT OF LAND NOW ENCIRCLED BY THE LAKE.

At some period of your life, my dear reader, after being much driven to and fro in the world, you may have reached a situation where all was well with you; that love for the calm security of our own fireside, which we all feel as an affection born with us, again rose within you; you imagined that your home would again bloom forth, as from a cherished grave, with all the flowers of childhood, the purest and most impassioned love; and that, in such a spot, it must be delightful to take up your abode and build your tabernacle for life. Whether you were mistaken in this, and afterward made a severe expiation for your error, it suits not my purpose to inquire, and you would be unwilling yourself, it may be, to be saddened by a recollection so ungrateful. But again awake within you that foretaste of bliss, so inexpressibly sweet, that angelic salutation of peace, and you will be able, perchance, to understand something of the knight Huldbrand's happiness, while he remained on the point of land now surrounded by the lake.

He frequently observed, and no doubt with heartfelt satisfaction, that the forest stream continued every day to swell and roll on with a more impetuous sweep; that, by tearing away the earth, it scooped out a broader and broader channel; and that the time of his seclusion on the island became, in consequence, more and more extended. Part of the day he wandered about with an old cross-bow, which he found in a corner of the cottage, and had repaired, in order to shoot the water-fowl that flew over; and all that he was lucky enough to hit, he brought home for a good roast in the kitchen. When he came in with his booty, Undine seldom failed to greet him with a scolding, because he had cruelly deprived her dear merry friends of life as they were sporting above in the blue ocean of the air; nay, more, she often wept bitterly when she viewed the water-fowl dead in his hand. But at other times, when he returned without having shot any, she gave him a scolding equally serious, since, owing to his indolent strolling and awkward handling of the bow, they must now put up with a dinner of pickerel and crawfish. Her playful taunts ever touched his heart with delight; the more so, as she afterwards strove to make up for her pretended ill-humor with the most endearing of caresses.

In this familiarity of the young people, their aged friends saw a resemblance to the feelings of their own youth; they appeared to look upon them as betrothed, or even as a young married pair that lived with them in their age, to afford them assistance on their island, now torn off from the mainland. The loneliness of his situation strongly impressed also young Huldbrand with the feeling that he was already Undine's bridegroom.

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It seemed to him as if, beyond those encompassing floods, there were no other world in existence, or at any rate as if he could never cross them, and again associate with the world of other men; and when at times his grazing steed raised his head and neighed to him, seemingly inquiring after his knightly achievements and reminding him of them, or when his coat of arms sternly shone upon him from the embroidery of his saddle and the caparisons of his horse, or when his sword happened to fall from the nail on which it was hanging in the cottage, and flashed on his eye as it slipped from the scabbard in its fall, — he quieted the doubts of his mind by saying to himself: "Undine cannot be a fisherman's daughter; she is, in all probability, a native of some remote region, and a member of some illustrious family."

There was one thing, indeed, to which he had a strong aversion: this was to hear the old dame reproving Undine. The wild girl, it is true, commonly laughed at the reproof, making no attempt to conceal the extravagance of her mirth; but it appeared to him like touching his own honor; and still he found it impossible to blame the aged wife of the fisherman, since Undine always deserved at least ten times as many reproofs as she received: so he continued to feel in his heart an affectionate tenderness for them all, even for the ancient mistress of the house, and his whole life flowed on in the calm stream of contentment.

There came, however, an interruption at last. The fisherman and the knight had been accustomed at dinner, and also in the evening, when the wind roared without, as it rarely failed to do toward night, to enjoy together a flask of wine. But now their whole stock, which the fisherman had from time to time brought with him from the city, was at last exhausted, and they were both quite out of humor at the circumstance. That day Undine laughed at them excessively, but they were not disposed to join in her jests with the same gayety as usual. Toward evening she went out of the cottage, to escape, as she said, the sight of two such long and tiresome faces.

While it was yet twilight, some appearances of a tempest seemed to be again mustering in the sky, and the waves already rushed and roared around them; the knight and the fisherman sprung to the door in terror, to bring home the maiden, remembering the anguish of that night when Huldbrand had first entered the cottage. But Undine met them at the same moment, clapping her little hands in high glee.

"What will you give me," she cried, "to provide you with wine? or, rather, you need not give me anything," she continued; "for I am already satisfied if you look more cheerful, and are in better spirits, than throughout this last most wearisome day. Do only come with me one minute; the forest stream has driven ashore a cask; and I will be condemned to sleep a whole week if it is not a wine-cask."

The men followed her, and actually found, in a bushy cove of the shore, a cask, which inspired them with as much joy as if they were sure it contained the generous old wine for which they were thirsting. They first of all, and with as much expedition as possible, rolled it toward the cottage; for heavy clouds were again rising in the west, and they could discern the waves of the lake, in the fading light, lifting their white foaming heads, as if looking out for the rain, which threatened every instant to pour upon them. Undine helped the men as much as she was able; and as the shower, with a roar of wind, came suddenly sweeping on in rapid pursuit, she raised her finger with a merry menace toward the dark mass of clouds, and cried: "You cloud, you cloud, have a care! — beware how you wet us; we are some way from shelter yet."

The old man reproved her for this sally, as a sinful presumption; but she laughed to herself with a low tittering, and no mischief came from her wild behavior. Nay, more, what was beyond their expectation, they all three reached their comfortable hearth unwet, with their prize secured; but the moment the cask had been broached, and proved to contain wine of a remarkably fine flavor, then the rain first poured unrestrained from the black cloud, the tempest raved through the tops of the trees, and swept far over the billows of the deep.

Having immediately filled several bottles from the large cask, which promised them a supply for a long time, they drew round the glowing hearth; and, comfortably secured

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from the violence of the storm, they sat tasting the flavor of their wine, and bandying their quips and pleasantries.

As reflection returned upon him, the old fisherman all at once became very grave, and said: "Ah, great God! here we sit, rejoicing over this rich gift, while he to whom it first belonged, and from whom it was wrested by the fury of the stream, must there also, it is more than probable, have lost his life."

"His fate, I trust, was not quite so melancholy as that," said Undine, while, smiling, she filled the knight's cup to the brim.

But he exclaimed: "By my unsullied honor, old father, if I knew where to find and rescue him, no fear of exposure to the night, nor any peril, should deter me from making the attempt. But I give you all the assurance I am able to give, that if I ever reach an inhabited country again, I will find out the owner of this wine or his heirs, and make double and triple reimbursement."

The old man was gratified with this assurance; he gave the knight a nod of approbation, and now drained his cup with an easier conscience and more relish.

Undine, however, said to Huldbrand: "As to the repayment and your gold, you may do whatever you like. But what you said about your venturing out, and searching, and exposing yourself to danger, appears to me far from wise. I should cry my very eyes out, should you perish there on such a wild jaunt; and is it not true that you would prefer staying here with me and the good wine?"

"Most assuredly," answered Huldbrand, smiling.

"Well, then," replied Undine, "you see you spoke unwisely. For charity begins at home; our neighbor ought not to be our first thought; and whatever is a calamity to him, would be one in our own case also."

The mistress of the house turned away from her, sighing and shaking her head, while the fisherman forgot his wonted indulgence toward the graceful little girl, and thus reproved her: —

"That sounds exactly as if you had been brought up by heathens and Turks"; and he finished his reproof by adding: "May God forgive both me and you, — unfeeling child!"

"Well, say what you will, this is what *I* think and feel," replied Undine, "whoever brought me up, — and how can a thousand of your words help it?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the fisherman, in a voice of stern rebuke; and she, who with all her wild spirit was at the same time extremely alive to fear, shrunk from him, moved close up to Huldbrand, trembling, and said very softly, —

"Are you also angry, dear friend?"

The knight pressed her soft hand, and tenderly stroked her locks. He was unable to utter a word; for his vexation, arising from the old man's severity toward Undine, closed his lips; and thus the two couple sat opposite to each other, at once heated with anger and in embarrassed silence.

CHAPTER VI.

A WEDDING.

In the midst of this painful stillness, a low knocking was heard at the door, which struck all in the cottage with dismay; for there are times when a slight circumstance, coming unexpectedly upon us, startles us like something supernatural. But here it was a further source of alarm, that the enchanted forest lay so near them, and that their place of abode seemed at present inaccessible to the visit of any human being. While they were looking upon one another in doubt, the knocking was again heard, accompanied by a deep groan. The knight sprang to seize his sword. But the old man said in a low whisper: —

"If it be what I fear it is, no weapon of yours can protect us."

Undine, in the mean while, went to the door, and cried with the firm voice of fearless displeasure: "Spirits of the earth! if mischief be your aim, Kühleborn shall teach you better manners."

The terror of the rest was increased by this wild speech; they looked fearfully upon the girl, and Huldbrand was just recovering presence of mind enough to ask what she meant, when a voice reached them from without: —

"I am no spirit of the earth, though a spirit still in its earthly body. You that are within the cottage there, if you fear

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God and would afford me assistance, open your door to me."

By the time these words were spoken, Undine had already opened it; and the lamp throwing a strong light upon the stormy night, they perceived an aged priest without, who stepped back in terror when his eye fell on the unexpected sight of a little damsel of such exquisite beauty. Well might he think there must be magic in the wind, and witchcraft at work, where a form of such surpassing loveliness appeared at the door of so humble a dwelling. So he lifted up his voice in prayer:—

"Let all good spirits praise the Lord God!"

"I am no spectre," said Undine with a smile. "Do you think, indeed, I look so very frightful? And more,—you cannot but bear me witness yourself that I am far from shrinking terrified at your holy words. I too have knowledge of God, and understand the duty of praising him; every one, to be sure, has his own way of doing this, and this privilege he meant we should enjoy when he gave us being. Walk in, father; you will find none but worthy people here."

The holy man came bowing in, and cast round a glance of scrutiny, wearing at the same time a very placid and venerable air. But water was dropping from every fold of his dark garments, from his long white beard, and the white locks of his hair. The fisherman and the knight took him to another apartment, and furnished him with a change of raiment, while they handed his own clothes into the room they had left, for the females to dry. The aged stranger thanked them in a manner the most humble and courteous, but on the knight's offering him his splendid cloak to wrap round him, he could not be persuaded to take it, but chose instead an old gray overcoat that belonged to the fisherman.

They then returned to the common apartment. The mistress of the house immediately offered her great chair to the priest, and continued urging it upon him, till she saw him fairly in possession of it. "You are old and exhausted," said she, "and are moreover a man of God."

Undine shoved under the stranger's feet her little cricket, on which at other times she used to sit near to Huldbrand, and showed herself, in thus promoting the comfort of the worthy old man, in the highest degree gentle and amiable. On her paying him these little attentions, Huldbrand whispered some raillery in her ear, but she replied gravely:—

"He is a minister of that Being who created us all, and holy things are not to be treated with lightness."

The knight and the fisherman now refreshed the priest with food and wine; and when he had somewhat recovered his strength and spirits, he began to relate how he had the day before set out from his cloister, which was situated afar off beyond the great lake, in order to visit the bishop, and acquaint him with the distress into which the cloister and its tributary villages had fallen, owing to the extraordinary floods. After a long and wearisome wandering, on account of the same rise of the waters, he had been this day compelled toward evening to procure the aid of a couple of stout boatmen, and cross over an arm of the lake which had burst its usual boundary.

"But hardly," continued he, "had our small ferry-boat touched the waves, when that furious tempest burst forth, which is still raging over our heads. It seemed as if the billows had been waiting our approach, only to rush upon us with a madness the more wild. The oars were wrested from the grasp of my men in an instant; and shivered by the resistless force, they drove farther and farther out before us upon the waves. Unable to direct our course, we yielded to the blind power of nature, and seemed to fly over the surges toward your remote shore, which we already saw looming through the mist and foam of the deep. Then it was, at last, that our boat turned short from its course, and rocked with a motion that became more and more wild and dizzy: I know not whether it was overset, or the violence of the motion threw me overboard. In my agony and struggle at the thought of a near and terrible death, the waves bore me onward, till one of them cast me ashore here beneath the trees of your island."

"Yes, an island!" cried the fisherman. "A short time ago it was only a point of land. But now, since the forest stream and lake have become all but mad, it appears to be entirely changed."

"I observed something of it," replied the

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priest, "as I stole along the shore in the obscurity; and hearing nothing around me but a sort of wild uproar, I perceived at last that the noise came from a point exactly where a beaten footpath disappeared. I now caught the light in your cottage, and ventured hither, where I cannot sufficiently thank my Father in heaven, that, after preserving me from the waters, he has also conducted me to such pious people as you are; and the more so, as it is difficult to say whether I shall ever behold any other persons in this world except you four."

"What mean you by those words?" asked the fisherman.

"Can you tell me, then, how long this commotion of the elements will last?" returned the holy man. "And the years of my pilgrimage are many. The stream of my life may easily sink into the ground and vanish, before the overflowing of that forest stream shall subside. Indeed, taking a general view of things, it is not impossible, that more and more of the foaming waters may rush in between you and yonder forest, until you are so far removed from the rest of the world, that your small fishing-canoe may be incapable of passing over, and the inhabitants of the continent entirely forget you in your old age, amid the dissipation and diversions of life."

At this melancholy foreboding, the old lady shrunk back with a feeling of alarm, crossed herself, and cried: "May God forbid!"

But the fisherman looked upon her with a smile, and said: "What a strange being is man! Suppose the worst to happen: our state would not be different, at any rate your own would not, dear wife, from what it is at present. For have you, these many years, been farther from home than the border of the forest? And have you seen a single human being besides Undine and myself? It is now only a short time since the coming of the knight and the priest. They will remain with us, even if we do become a forgotten island; so, after all, you will derive the best advantage from the disaster."

"I know not," replied the ancient dame; "it is a dismal thought, when brought fairly home to the mind, that we are forever separated from mankind, even though, in fact, we never do know nor see them."

"Then *you* will remain with us, then you will remain with us!" whispered Undine, in a voice scarcely audible and half singing, while with the intense fervor of the heart she nestled more and more closely to Huldbrand's side. But he was absorbed in the deep and strange musings of his own mind. The region on the other side of the forest river seemed, since the last words of the priest, to have been withdrawing farther and farther, in dim perspective, from his view; and the blooming island on which he lived grew green and smiled more freshly before the eye of his mind. His bride glowed like the fairest rose, — not of this obscure nook only, but even of the whole wide world, and the priest was now present.

Beside these hopes and reveries of love, another circumstance influenced him: the mistress of the family was directing an angry glance at the fair girl, because, even in the presence of the priest, she was leaning so fondly on her darling knight; and it seemed as if she was on the point of breaking out in harsh reproof. Then was the resolution of Huldbrand taken; his heart and mouth were opened; and turning toward the priest, he said, "Father, you here see before you an affianced pair, and if this maiden and these worthy people of the island have no objection, you shall unite us this very evening."

The aged couple were both exceedingly surprised. They had often, it is true, thought of this, but as yet they had never mentioned it; and now, when the knight made the attachment known, it came upon them like something wholly new and unexpected. Undine became suddenly grave, and cast her eyes upon the floor in a deep revery, while the priest made inquiries respecting the circumstances of their acquaintance, and asked the old people whether they gave their consent to the union. After a great number of questions and answers, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all; and the mistress of the house went to prepare the bridal apartment for the young couple, and also, with a view to grace the nuptial solemnity, to seek for two consecrated tapers, which she had for a long time kept by her for this occasion.

The knight in the mean while busied himself about his gold chain, for the purpose of disengaging two of its links, that he might

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make an exchange of rings with his bride. But when she saw his object she started from her trance of musing, and exclaimed : —

"Not so ! my parents were far from sending me into the world so perfectly destitute ; on the contrary, they must have foreseen, even at so early a period, that such a night as this would come."

Thus speaking, she was out of the room in a moment, and a moment after returned with two costly rings, of which she gave one to her bridegroom, and kept the other for herself. The old fisherman was beyond measure astonished at this ; and his wife, who was just re-entering the room, was even more surprised than he, that neither of them had ever seen these jewels in the child's possession.

"My parents," said Undine, "made me sew these trinkets to that beautiful raiment which I wore the very day I came to you. They also charged me on no account whatever to mention them to any one before the evening I should be married. At the time of my coming, therefore, I took them off in secret, and have kept them concealed to the present hour."

The priest now cut short all further questioning and wondering, while he lighted the consecrated tapers, placed them on a table, and ordered the bridal pair to stand directly before him. He then pronounced the few solemn words of the ceremony, and made them one : the elder couple gave the younger their blessing ; and the bride, slightly trembling and thoughtful, leaned upon the knight.

The priest then spoke plainly and at once: "You are strange people, after all ; for why did you tell me you were the only inhabitants of the island ? So far is this from being true, I have seen, the whole time I have been performing the ceremony, a tall, stately man, in a white mantle, stand opposite to me, looking in at the window. He must be still waiting before the door, if peradventure you would invite him to come in."

"God forbid !" cried the old lady, shrinking back ; the fisherman shook his head without opening his lips, and Huldbrand sprang to the window. It appeared to *him* that he could still discern some vestige of a form, white and indistinct as a vapor, but it soon wholly disappeared in the gloom. He convinced the priest that he must have been quite mistaken in his impression ; and now, inspired with the freedom and familiarity of perfect confidence, they all sat down together round a bright and comfortable hearth.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT FURTHER HAPPENED ON THE EVENING OF THE WEDDING.

BEFORE the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve ; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her were foaming and bursting forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks and vagaries ; and when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight, by a few serious and expressive words, imposed silence upon *her* by calling Undine his wife.

The knight was himself, indeed, just as little pleased with Undine's childish behavior as the rest ; but still, all his winking, hemming, and expressions of censure were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband, — and this occasionally happened, — she became more quiet, placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whispered something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements, and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind, although serious tone : "My pleasant young friend, surely no one can witness your playful spirit without being diverted ; but remember, betimes, so to attune your soul that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"SOUL !" cried Undine, with a laugh nearly allied to one of derision ; "what you say has a remarkably pretty sound, and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive

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rule and profitable caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be possible? And this, in truth, is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt, but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She, however, went up to him with the most winning sweetness, and said:—

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to some particulars before you frown upon me in anger; for your frown of anger is painful to me, and you ought not to give pain to a creature that has itself done nothing injurious to you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I meant."

She had come to the resolution, it was evident, to give a full account of herself, when she suddenly faltered, as if seized with an inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings, and with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears, and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said:—

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a SOUL. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stept back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; a fearful curiosity was painted on her features, and this made her emotion appear terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer, "very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And, alas! I have till now been so merry and light-hearted!" And she burst into another flood of tears, and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her in the name of God most holy, if any evil or spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sunk before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting that she wished well to the whole world.

The priest then spoke to the knight: "Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her, whom I have united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover, there is nothing of evil in her, but, of a truth, much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you in domestic life is prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking, he left the apartment, and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees; she uncovered her face, and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand: "Alas, you will now refuse to look upon me as your own; and still I have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child that I am!" She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears, and that smile was like the rosy morning light playing upon a small stream. "You cannot desert me!" she whispered, with a confiding assurance, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He was thus in some degree withdrawn from those terrible apprehensions that still lay lurking in the recesses of his soul, and were persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit-world; but, after all, only this single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips:—

"Dearest Undine, pray tell me this one thing; what was it you meant by 'spirits of the earth' and 'Kühleborn,' when the priest stood knocking at the door?"

"Mere fictions! mere tales of children!" answered Undine, laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gayety. "I first awoke your anxiety with them, and you finally awoke mine. This is the end of the story, and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not exactly that," replied the enamored knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride, while, lighted by the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their bridal apartment.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

The fresh light of morning awoke the young married pair. Undine bashfully hid her face beneath their covering, and Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever during the night he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of spectres had disturbed him; and these shapes, grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without; he looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep, and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When he had now perfectly awoke, and well considered all the circumstances of this connection, he reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error in regard to his lovely wife. He also earnestly begged her to pardon the injustice he had done her, but she only gave him her fair hand, heaved a sigh from the depth of her heart, and remained silent. Yet a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him in undoubting assurance that Undine was innocent of any evil against him whatever.

He then rose with a serene mind, and, leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voice above a low apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, a brighter hope rose within them, and dispelled the cloudy traces that remained upon their brows; yes, the old fisherman began to be facetious with the knight, but in a manner so perfectly becoming, that his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humor.

Undine had in the mean time got ready, and now entered the door, when they were all on the point of rushing to meet her, and yet all remained fixed in perfect admiration, so changed and at the same time so familiar was the young woman's appearance. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her, and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride, trembling with religious awe, sunk on her knees before him; she begged his pardon, in terms both respectful and submissive, for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him, in a very pathetic tone, to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and, after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said: "O, I now feel in my inmost heart, how great, how infinitely great, is what you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood!"

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses; but the moment she saw the good old mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day; calm, kind, attentive, — at the same time a little mistress of a family, and a tender, modest young woman. The three, who had been longest acquainted with her, expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unnecessary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her, and he often said to the bridegroom: —

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, through me its unworthy instrument, intrusted to you last evening an invaluable treasure; regard and cherish it as you ought to do, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass, and upon the high, slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible: the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret seemed

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to hover upon her lips; but sighs, and those scarcely perceptible, were all that made known the wish of her heart. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, it is true there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but yet a whole heaven of love and timid attachment. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful woman, almost weeping; "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing; "for pray remember, even were I disposed to leave you, both the church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm, would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

"All this depends on you, — all depends on you," whispered his little companion, half weeping and half smiling. "But I still feel sure that you will not leave me; I love you too deeply to fear that misery. Now bear me over to that little island, which lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, glide through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so grateful to rest in your arms; and should you determine to put me away, I shall have sweetly rested in them once more, ... for the last time."

Huldbrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his arms and carried her over, now first realizing the fact that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman the first night of his arrival. On the farther side, he placed her upon the soft grass, and was throwing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden; but she said to him, "Not here, but there, opposite to me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lips pronounce it; now listen very attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began: —

"You must know, my own love, that there are beings in the elements, which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which, at the same time, but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and sport amid the flames; deep in the earth the meagre and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers, and streams live the widespread race of water-spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky appears with sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty; lofty coral-trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among infinitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy, — creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver; and now these noble monuments glimmer below,* stately and solemn, and bedewed by the water which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices exquisite moss-flowers and enwreathing tufts of sedge.

"Now the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He then spread to remotest shores the fame of her beauty; and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines. But what need of saying more? You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him with her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever power of words he *said* this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment; a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to

* No reader of English poetry need be reminded of Southey's admirable description of the submarine City of Baly in his "Curse of Kehama": —

> "In sunlight and sea-green,
> The thousand palaces were seen
> Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
> Seemed reared by giants for the immortal gods.
> How silent and how beautiful they stand,
> Like things of nature."

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utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, heaved a sigh from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner: —

"In respect to the circumstances of our life, we should be far superior to yourselves, who are another race of the human family, — for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features, — had we not one great evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements vanish into air at death, and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand and sparks and wind and waves remain. We of course have no souls; the element moves us, and, again, is obedient to our will, while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little goldfishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water-prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now, the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul, and I, the very soul itself, thank you, dear Huldbrand, with a warmth of heart beyond expression, and never shall I cease to thank you, unless you render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not keep you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, ... leave me here, and return to the shore alone. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle, who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to our friends of the lake a light-hearted and laughing child, he will also restore me to the home of my parents a woman, gifted with a soul, full of affection, and heir to suffering."

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand, with the most heartfelt tenderness and love, clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There, amid tears and kisses, he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than the Grecian sculptor, Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and in the sweet confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized with her whole heart how little cause she had for regretting what she had left, — the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE KNIGHT TOOK HIS YOUNG WIFE WITH HIM.

NEXT morning, when Huldbrand awoke from slumber, and perceived that his beautiful wife was not by his side, he began to give way again to his wild imaginations; these represented to him his marriage, and even the charming Undine herself, as only a shadow without substance, a mere illusion of enchantment. But she entered the door at the same moment, kissed him, seated herself on the bed by his side, and said: —

"I have been out somewhat early this morning, to see whether my uncle keeps his word. He has already restored the waters of the flood to his own calm channel, and he now flows through the forest, a rivulet as before, in a lonely and dreamlike current. His friends, too, both of the water and the air, have resumed their usual peaceful tenor; all in this region will again proceed with order and tranquillity; and you can travel homeward without fear of the flood, whenever you choose."

It seemed to the mind of Huldbrand that he must be wrapt in some revery or waking dream, so little was he able to understand the nature of his wife's strange relative. Notwithstanding this, he made no remark upon what she had told him, and the infi-

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nite charm of her beauty, gentleness, and affection soon lulled every misgiving to rest.

Some time afterward, while he was standing with her before the door, and surveying the verdant point of land with its boundary of bright waters, such a feeling of bliss came over him in this cradle of his love, that he exclaimed: —

"Shall we then, so early as to-day, begin our journey? Why should we? It is probable that abroad in the world we shall find no days more delightful than those we have spent in this little green isle, so secret and so secure. Let us remain here, and see the sun go down two or three times more."

"Just as my lord shall command," replied Undine, meekly. "Only we must remember that our aged friends will, at all events, see me depart with pain; and should they now, for the first time, discover the true soul in me, and how fervently I can now love and honor them, their feeble eyes would surely become blind with weeping. As yet, they consider my present calm and exemplary conduct as of no better promise than my former occasional quietness, — merely the calm of the lake, just while the air remains tranquil, — and they will soon learn to cherish a little tree or flower as they have cherished me. Let me not, then, make known to them this newly bestowed, this love-inspired heart, at the very moment they must lose it for this world; and how could I conceal what I have gained if we continued longer together?"

Huldbrand yielded to her representation, and went to the aged couple to confer with them respecting his journey, on which he proposed to set out that very hour. The priest offered himself as a companion of the young married pair; and, after their taking a short farewell, he held the bridle, while the knight lifted his beautiful wife upon his horse; and with rapid step they crossed the dry channel with her toward the forest. Undine wept in silent but intense emotion; the old people, as she moved away, were more clamorous in the expression of their grief. They appeared to feel, at the moment of separation, all that they were losing in their affectionate foster-daughter.

The three travellers reached the thickest shades of the forest without interchanging a word. It must have been a picturesque sight in that hall of leafy verdure, to see this lovely woman's form sitting on the noble and richly ornamented steed, on her right hand the venerable priest in the white garb of his order, on her left the blooming young knight, clad in splendid raiment of scarlet, gold, and violet, girt with a sword that flashed in the sun, and attentively walking beside her. Huldbrand had no eyes but for his fair wife; Undine, who had dried her tears of tenderness, had no eyes but for him; and they soon entered into the still and voiceless converse of looks and gestures, from which after some time they were awakened by the low discourse which the priest was holding with a fourth traveller, who had meanwhile joined them unobserved.

He wore a white gown, resembling in form the dress of the priest's order, except that his hood hung very low over his face, and that the whole drapery floated in such wide folds around him as obliged him every moment to gather it up and throw it over his arm, or by some management of this sort to get it out of his way, and still it did not seem in the least to impede his movement. When the young couple became aware of his presence, he was saying: —

"And so, venerable sir, many as have been the years I have dwelt here in this forest, I have never received the name of hermit in your sense of the word. For, as I said before, I know nothing of penance, and I think, too, that I have no particular need of it. Do you ask me why I am so attached to the forest? It is because its scenery is so peculiarly picturesque, and affords me so much pastime, when, in my floating white garments, I pass through its world of leaves and dusky shadows; — and then a sweet sunbeam glances down upon me, at times, before I think of it."

"You are a very singular man," replied the priest, "and I should like to have a more intimate acquaintance with you."

"And who, then, may you be yourself, to pass from one thing to another?" inquired the stranger.

"I am called Father Heilmann," answered the holy man, "and I am from the cloister of our Lady of the Salutation, beyond the lake."

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "my name is Kühleborn, and were I a stickler for

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the nice distinctions of rank, I might with equal propriety require you to give me the title of noble lord of Kühleborn, or free lord of Kühleborn,* for I am as free as a bird in the forest, and, it may be, a trifle more so. For example, I now have something to tell that young lady there." And before they were aware of his purpose, he was on the other side of the priest, close to Undine, and stretching himself high into the air, in order to whisper something in her ear. But she shrunk from him in terror, and exclaimed: —

"I have nothing more to do with you."

"Ho, ho," cried the stranger, with a laugh, "you have made a grand marriage indeed, since you no longer know your own relations! Have you no recollection of your uncle Kühleborn, who so faithfully bore you on his back to this region?"

"However that may be," replied Undine, "I entreat you never to appear in my presence again. I am now afraid of you; and will not my husband fear and forsake me, if he sees me associate with such strange company and kindred?"

"You must not forget, my little niece," said Kühleborn, "that I am with you here as a guide; otherwise those madcap spirits of the earth, the gnomes that haunt this forest, would play you some of their mischievous pranks. Let me therefore still accompany you in peace; even the old priest there had a better recollection of me than you appear to have; for he just now assured me, that I seemed to be very familiar to him, and that I must have been with him in the ferry-boat, out of which he tumbled into the waves. He certainly did see me there, for I was no other than the water-spout that tore him out of it, and kept him from sinking, while I safely wafted him ashore to your wedding."

Undine and the knight turned their eyes upon Father Heilmann; but he appeared to be moving forward, just as if he were dreaming or walking in his sleep, and no longer to be conscious of a word that was spoken. Undine then said to Kühleborn: "I already see yonder the end of the forest. We have no further need of your assistance, and nothing now gives us alarm but yourself. I therefore beseech you by our mutual love and good-will to vanish, and allow us to proceed in peace."

Kühleborn seemed to be transported with fury at this: he darted a frightful look at Undine, and grinned fiercely upon her. She shrieked aloud, and called her husband to protect her. The knight sprung round the horse as quick as lightning, and, brandishing his sword, struck at Kühleborn's head. But, instead of severing it from his body, the sword merely flashed through a torrent, which rushed foaming near them from a lofty cliff; and with a splash, which much resembled in sound a burst of laughter, the stream all at once poured upon them, and gave them a thorough wetting. The priest, as if suddenly awaking from a trance, coolly observed: "This is what I have been some time expecting, because the brook has descended from the steep so close beside us, — though at first sight, indeed, it appeared to look just like a man, and to possess the power of speech."

As the waterfall came rushing from its crag, it distinctly uttered these words in Huldbrand's ear: "Rash knight! valiant knight! I am not angry with you; I have no quarrel with you; only continue to defend your charming little wife with the same spirit, you bold knight! you rash blade!"

After advancing a few steps farther, the travellers came out upon open ground. The imperial city lay bright before them; and the evening sun, which gilded its towers with gold, kindly dried their garments that had been so completely drenched.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THEY LIVED IN THE CITY.

THE sudden disappearance of the young knight, Huldbrand of Ringstetten, had occasioned much remark in the imperial city, and no small concern among those of the people, who, as well on account of his expertness in tourney and dance as of his mild and amiable manners, had become greatly attached to him. His attendants were unwilling to quit the place without their master although not a soul of them had been

* "Freiherr," baron. There is something peculiarly whimsical in this quiet humor of "Lord or Baron Kühleborn."

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courageous enough to follow him into the fearful recesses of the forest. They remained, therefore, at their public house, idly hoping, as men are wont to do, and, by the expression of their fears, keeping the fate of their lost lord fresh in remembrance.

Now, when the violent storms and floods had been observed, immediately after his departure, the destruction of the handsome stranger became all but certain: even Bertalda had quite openly discovered her sorrow, and detested herself for having induced him to take that fatal excursion into the forest. Her foster-parents, the duke and duchess, had meanwhile come to take her away, but Bertalda persuaded them to remain with her until some certain news of Huldbrand should be obtained, whether he were living or dead. She endeavored, also, to prevail upon several young knights, who were assiduous in courting her favor, to go in quest of the noble adventurer in the forest. But she refused to pledge her hand as the reward of the enterprise, because she still cherished, it might be, a hope of being claimed by the returning knight; and no one would consent, for a glove, a riband, or even a kiss, to expose his life to bring back so very dangerous a rival.

When Huldbrand now made his sudden and unexpected appearance, his attendants, the inhabitants of the city, and almost every one rejoiced: we must acknowledge, indeed, that this was not the case with Bertalda; for, although it might be quite a welcome event to others, that he brought with him a wife of such exquisite loveliness, and Father Heilmann as a witness of their marriage, Bertalda could not but view the affair with grief and vexation. She had, in truth, become attached to the young knight with her whole soul, and then her mourning for his absence, or supposed death, had shown this more than she could now have wished.

But, notwithstanding all this, she conducted herself like a prudent woman in circumstances of such delicacy, and lived on the most friendly terms with Undine, whom the whole city looked upon as a princess that Huldbrand had rescued in the forest from some evil enchantment. Whenever any one questioned either herself or her husband relative to surmises of this nature, they had wisdom enough to remain silent, or wit enough to evade the inquiries. The lips of Father Heilmann had been sealed in regard to idle gossip of every kind; and besides, on Huldbrand's arrival, he had immediately returned to his cloister: so that people were obliged to rest contented with their own wild conjectures, and even Bertalda herself ascertained nothing more of the truth than others.

For the rest, Undine daily regarded this fair girl with increasing fondness. "We must have been heretofore acquainted with each other," she often used to say to her, "or else there must be some mysterious connection between us; for it is incredible that any one so perfectly without cause — I mean without some deep and secret cause — should be so fondly attached to another, as I have been to you from the first moment of our meeting."

Even Bertalda could not deny that she felt a confiding impulse, an attraction of tenderness, toward Undine, much as she deemed this fortunate rival the cause of her bitterest disappointment. Under the influence of this mutual regard, they found means to persuade, the one her foster-parents and the other her husband, to defer the day of separation to a period more and more remote; nay, more, they had already begun to talk of a plan for Bertalda's some time accompanying Undine to Castle Ringstetten, near one of the sources of the Danube.

Once, on a fine evening, while they were promenading the city by starlight, they happened to be talking over their scheme just as they passed the high trees that bordered the public walk. The young married pair, though it was somewhat late, had called upon Bertalda to invite her to share their enjoyment; and all three now proceeded familiarly up and down beneath the dark-blue heaven, not seldom interrupted in their converse by the admiration which they could not but bestow upon the magnificent fountain in the middle of the square, and upon the wonderful rush and shooting upward of its water. All was sweet and soothing to their minds; among the shadows of the trees stole in glimmerings of light from the adjacent houses; a low murmur as of children at play, and of other persons who were enjoying their walk, floated around them; they were so alone, and yet sharing so much of social happiness in the bright and stirring world, that whatever had appeared difficult

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by day, now became smooth and easy of its own accord, and the three friends could no longer see the slightest cause for hesitation in regard to Bertalda's taking the journey.

At that instant, just as they were fixing the day of their departure, a tall man approached them from the middle of the square, bowed respectfully to the company, and spoke something in the young bride's ear. Though displeased with the interruption and its cause, she walked aside a few steps with the stranger, and both began to whisper, as it seemed, in a foreign tongue. Huldbrand thought he recognized the strange man of the forest; and he gazed upon him so fixedly that he neither heard nor answered the astonished inquiries of Bertalda. All at once Undine clapped her hands with delight, and turned back from the stranger, laughing: he, frequently shaking his head, retired with a hasty step and discontented air, and descended into the fountain. Huldbrand now felt perfectly certain that his conjecture was correct. But Bertalda asked: "And what, my dear Undine, did the master of the fountain wish to say to you?"

The young wife laughed within herself, and made answer: "The day after to-morrow, my dear child, when the anniversary of your name-day * returns, you shall be informed." And this was all she could be prevailed upon to disclose. She merely asked Bertalda to dinner on the appointed day, and requested her to invite her foster-parents; and soon afterward they separated.

"Kühleborn?" said Huldbrand to his lovely wife, with an inward shudder, when they had taken leave of Bertalda, and were now going home through the darkening streets.

"Yes, it was he," answered Undine, "and he would have wearied me with foolish warnings without end. But in the midst of them, quite contrary to his intention, he delighted me with a most welcome piece of news. If you, my dear lord and husband, wish me to acquaint you with it now, you need only command me, and I will freely and from my heart tell you all without reserve. But would you confer upon your Undine a very, very great pleasure, only wait till the day after to-morrow, and then you too shall have your share of the surprise."

The knight was quite willing to gratify his wife in regard to what she had asked with so beautiful a spirit; and this spirit she discovered yet more, for while she was that night falling asleep, she murmured to herself, with a smile, "How she will rejoice and be astonished at what her master of the fountain has told me, — the dear, happy Bertalda!"

CHAPTER XI.

FESTIVAL OF BERTALDA'S NAME-DAY.

THE company were sitting at dinner; Bertalda, adorned with jewels and flowers without number, the presents of her foster-parents and friends, and looking like some goddess of Spring, sat beside Undine and Huldbrand at the head of the table. When the sumptuous repast was ended, and the dessert was placed before them, permission was given that the doors should be left open; this was in accordance with the good old custom in Germany, that the common people might see and rejoice in the festivity of their superiors. Among these spectators the servants carried round cake and wine.

Huldbrand and Bertalda waited with secret impatience for the promised explanation, and never, except when they could not well help it, moved their eyes from Undine. But she still continued silent, and merely smiled to herself with secret and heartfelt satisfaction. All who were made acquainted with the promise she had given could perceive that she was every moment on the point of revealing a happy secret; and yet, as children sometimes delay tasting their choicest dainties, she still withheld the communication with a denial that made it the more desired. Bertalda and Huldbrand shared the same delightful feeling, while in anxious hope they were expecting the unknown disclosure which they were to receive from the lips of their friend.

* Or saint's day. A literary friend, from whose kindness I have derived the best aid in revising and correcting my version, informs me that this term "refers to a German custom of celebrating, not only the birthday, but also the name-day, that is, the day which in the almanac bears the person's Christian name. The old almanacs contained a name for each day in the year, being either the name of a saint or some other remarkable personage in history."

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At this moment several of the company pressed Undine to give them a song. This appeared to her to be quite a well-timed request, and, immediately ordering her lute to be brought, she sung the following words: —

"Morning so bright,*
Wild-flowers so gay,
Where high grass so dewy
Crowns the wavy lake's border.

"On the meadow's verdant bosom,
What glimmers there so white?
Have wreaths of snowy blossoms,
Soft-floating, fallen from heaven?

"Ah, see! a tender infant! —
It plays with flowers, unwitting;
It strives to grasp morn's golden beams. —
O where, sweet stranger, where 's your home?
Afar from unknown shores,
The waves have wafted hither
This helpless little one.

"Nay, clasp not, tender darling,
With tiny hand the flowers;
No hand returns the pressure,
The flowers are strange and mute.
They clothe themselves in beauty,
They breathe a rich perfume,
But cannot fold around you
A mother's loving arms;
Far, far away that mother's fond embrace.

"Life's early dawn just opening faint,
Your eye yet beaming Heaven's own smile,
So soon your first, best guardian 's gone;
Severe, poor child, your fate, —
All, all to you unknown.

* In reading some of the verses of Fouqué, we cannot but remember the question of Hamlet to the player, "Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?" As one example, among many, we may take the original of his miniature picture here: —

"Morgen so hell,
Blumen so bunt,
Gräser so duftig und hoch
An wallenden See's Gestade."

These four little lines, descriptive of the scene of Undine's songs, simple as they are, cost me more trouble in trying to mould them into a fit English form than I well like to acknowledge. I made several attempts, without much success, to translate them to my mind. Among these versions the following had the merit of not being the worst: —

"The morning beams in glory,
Where wild-flowers gayly bloom,
Where dewy grass is waving
The lake's fresh marge along."

But after all, the more verbal rendering, as it now stands, seemed to be preferable.

"A noble duke has crossed the mead,
And near you checked his steed's career:
Wonder and pity touch his heart;
With knowledge high and manners pure
He rears you, makes his castle home your own.

"How great, how infinite, your gain!
Of all the land you bloom the loveliest,
Yet, ah! that first, best blessing,
The bliss of parents' fondness,
You left on strands unknown."

Undine let fall her lute, and paused with a melancholy smile; the eyes of Bertalda's noble foster-parents were filled with tears.

"Ah, yes, it was so; such *was* the morning on which I found you, poor orphan," cried the Duke, with deep emotion; "the beautiful singer is certainly right; still

"That first, best blessing,
The bliss of parents' fondness,"

it was beyond our power to give you."

"But we must hear also what happened to the poor parents," said Undine, as she struck the chords, and sung: —

"Through her chambers roams the mother,
Searching, searching everywhere;
Seeks, and knows not what, with yearning,
Childless home still finding there.

"Childless home! — O sound of anguish,
She alone the anguish knows,
There by day who led her dear one,
There who rocked its night repose.

"Beechen buds again are swelling,*
Sunshine warms again the shore,
Ah, fond mother, cease your searching,
Comes the loved and lost no more.

"Then, when airs of eve are freshening,
Home the father wends his way,
While with smiles his woe he 's veiling,
Gushing tears his heart betray.

"Well he knows, within his dwelling,
Still as death he 'll find the gloom,
Only hear the mother moaning, —
No sweet babe to *smile* him home."

"O tell me, in the name of Heaven, tell me, Undine, where are my parents?" cried the weeping Bertalda. "You certainly know; you must have discovered them, all wonderful as you are, for otherwise you would never have thus torn my heart. Can they be already here? May I believe it possible?"

* For the epithet "swelling," I should prefer to read "greening," as "grünen" is the more picturesque expression of the original, had I found any authority to justify me in its use.

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Her eye glanced rapidly over the brilliant company, and rested upon a lady of high rank, who was sitting next to her foster-father.

Then, inclining her head, Undine beckoned toward the door, while her eyes overflowed with the sweetest emotion. "Where are the poor parents waiting?" she asked; and the old fisherman, diffident and hesitating, advanced with his wife from the crowd of spectators. Swift as the rush of hope within them they threw a look of inquiry, now at Undine, and now at the beautiful lady who was said to be their daughter.

"It is she! it is she there before you!" exclaimed the restorer of their child, her voice half choked with rapture; and both the aged parents embraced their recovered daughter, weeping aloud and praising God.

But, shocked and indignant, Bertalda tore herself from their arms. Such a discovery was too much for her proud spirit to bear, especially at the moment when she had doubtless expected to see her former splendor increased, and when hope was picturing to her nothing less brilliant than a royal canopy and a crown. It seemed to her as if her rival had contrived all this, and with the special view to humble her before Huldbrand and the whole world. She reproached Undine; she reviled the old people; and even such offensive words as "deceiver, bribed and perjured impostors," burst from her lips.

The aged wife of the fisherman then said to herself, but in a very low voice, "Ah, my God! what a wicked vixen of a woman she has grown! And yet I feel in my heart that she is my child."

The old fisherman, however, had meanwhile folded his hands, and offered up a silent prayer that she might *not* be his daughter.

Undine, faint and pale as death, turned from the parents to Bertalda, from Bertalda to the parents; she was suddenly cast down from all that heaven of happiness of which she had been dreaming, and plunged into an agony of terror and disappointment which she had never known even in dreams.

"Have you a soul? Can you really have a soul, Bertalda?" she cried again and again to her angry friend, as if with vehement effort she would rouse her from a sudden delirium or some distracting dream, and restore her to recollection.

But when Bertalda became every moment only more and more enraged, as the disappointed parents began to weep aloud, and the company, with much warmth of dispute, were espousing opposite sides, she begged with such earnestness and dignity for the liberty of speaking in this her husband's dining-hall, that all around her were in an instant hushed to silence. She then advanced to the upper end of the table, where, both humbled and haughty, Bertalda had seated herself, and, while every eye was fastened upon her, spoke in the following manner:—

"My friends, you appear dissatisfied and disturbed; and you are interrupting with your strife a festivity that I had hoped would bring joy both to you and myself. Ah, my God! I knew nothing of these your heartless maxims, these your unnatural ways of thinking, and never so long as I live, I fear, shall I become reconciled to them. The disclosure I have made, it seems, is unwelcome to you; but I am not to blame for such a result. Believe me, little as you may imagine this to be the case, it is wholly owing to yourselves. One word more, therefore, is all I have to add, but this is one that must be spoken: I have uttered nothing but truth. Of the certainty of the fact I give you the strongest assurance; no other proof can I or will I produce; but this I will affirm in the presence of God. The person who gave me this information was the very same who decoyed the infant Bertalda into the water, and who, after thus taking her from her parents, placed her on the green grass of the meadow, where he knew the Duke was to pass."

"She is an enchantress," cried Bertalda, "a witch, that has intercourse with evil spirits. This she acknowledges herself."

"Never! I deny it," replied Undine, while a whole heaven of innocence and truth beamed from her eyes. "I am no witch; look upon me, and say if I am."

"Then she utters both falsehood and folly," cried Bertalda, "and she is unable to prove that I am the child of these low people. My noble parents, I entreat you to take me from this company, and out of this city, where they do nothing but expose me to shame."

But the aged duke, a man of honorable

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feeling, remained unmoved, and his lady remarked: "We must thoroughly examine into this matter. God forbid that we should move a step from this hall before we do so."

Encouraged by this kind word, the aged wife of the fisherman drew near, made a low obeisance to the duchess, and said: "Exalted and pious lady, you have opened my heart. Permit me to tell you, that if this evil-disposed maiden is my daughter, she has a mark, like a violet, between her shoulders, and another of the same kind on the instep of her left foot. If she will only consent to go out of the hall with me —"

"I will not consent to uncover myself before the peasant woman," interrupted Bertalda, haughtily turning her back upon her.

"But before me you certainly will," replied the duchess, gravely. "You will follow me into that room, young woman, and the worthy old lady shall go with us."

The three disappeared, and the rest continued where they were, in the hush of breathless expectation. In a few minutes the females returned, Bertalda pale as death, and the duchess said: "Justice must be done; I therefore declare, that our lady hostess has spoken the exact truth. Bertalda is the fisherman's daughter; no further proof is required; and this is all of which, on the present occasion, you need to be informed."

The princely pair went out with their adopted daughter; the fisherman, at a sign from the duke, followed them with his wife. The other guests retired in silence, or but half suppressing their murmurs, while Undine, weeping as if her heart would break, sunk into the arms of Huldbrand.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THEY DEPARTED FROM THE CITY.

The lord of Ringstetten would certainly have been more gratified, had the events of this day been different; but even such as they now were, he could by no means look upon them as unwelcome, since his fair wife had discovered so much natural feeling, kindness of spirit, and cordial affection.

"If I have given her a soul," he could not help saying to himself, "I have assuredly given her a better one than my own"; and now what chiefly occupied his mind was to soothe and comfort his weeping wife, and even so early as the morrow to remove her from a place, which, after this cross accident, could not fail to be distasteful to her. Yet it is certain that the opinion of the public concerning her was not changed. As something extraordinary had long before been expected of her, the mysterious discovery of Bertalda's parentage had occasioned little or no surprise; and every one who became acquainted with Bertalda's story, and with the violence of her behavior on that occasion, was only disgusted and set against her. Of this state of things, however, the knight and his lady were as yet ignorant; besides, whether the public condemned Bertalda or herself, the one view of the affair would have been as distressing to Undine as the other; and thus they came to the conclusion that the wisest course they could take was to leave behind them the walls of the old city with all the speed in their power.

With the earliest beams of morning, a brilliant carriage, for Undine, drove up to the door of the inn; the horses of Huldbrand and his attendants stood near stamping the pavement, impatient to proceed. The knight was leading his beautiful wife from the door, when a fisher-girl came up and met them in the way.

"We have no occasion for your fish," said Huldbrand, accosting her; "we are this moment setting out on a journey."

Upon this the fisher-girl began to weep bitterly, and then it was that the young couple first knew her to be Bertalda. They immediately returned with her to their apartment, where she informed them, that, owing to her unfeeling and violent conduct of the preceding day, the duke and duchess had been so displeased with her as entirely to withdraw from her their protection, though not before giving her a generous portion. The fisherman, too, had received a handsome gift, and had, the evening before, set out with his wife for their peninsula.

"I would have gone with them," she pursued, "but the old fisherman, who is said to be my father, —"

"He certainly is your father, Bertalda," said Undine, interrupting her. "Pray, consider what I tell you: the stranger, whom

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you took for the master of the water-works, gave me all the particulars. He wished to dissuade me from taking you with me to Castle Ringstetten, and therefore disclosed to me the whole mystery."

"Well, then," continued Bertalda, "my father, — if it must needs be so, — my father said: 'I will not take you with me until you are changed. If you will leave your home here in the city, and venture to come to us alone through the ill-omened forest, that shall be a proof of your having some regard for us. But come not to me as a lady; come merely as a fisher-girl.' I will do, therefore, just what he commanded me; for since I am abandoned by all the world, I will live and die in solitude, a poor fisher-girl with parents equally poor. The forest, indeed, appears very terrible to me. Horrible spectres make it their haunt, and I am so timorous. But how can I help it? I have only come here at this early hour, to beg the noble lady of Ringstetten to pardon my unbecoming behavior of yesterday. Dear madam, I have the fullest persuasion that you meant to do me a kindness, but you were not aware how severely you would wound and injure me; and this was the reason that, in my agony and surprise, so many rash and frantic expressions burst from my lips. Forgive me, ah, forgive me! I am in truth so unhappy already. Do but consider what I was only yesterday morning, what I was even at the beginning of your yesterday's festival, and what I am at the present moment!"

Her words now became inarticulate, lost in a passionate flow of tears, while Undine, bitterly weeping with her, fell upon her neck. So powerful was her emotion, that it was a long time before she could utter a word. But at length she said: —

"You shall still go with us to Ringstetten; all shall remain just as we lately arranged it, only, in speaking to me, pray continue to use the familiar and affectionate terms * that we have been wont to use, and do not pain me with the sound of 'madam' and 'noble lady' any more. Consider, we were changed for each other when we were children; even then we were united by a like fate, and we will strengthen this union with such close affection as no human power shall dissolve. Only, first of all, you must go with us to Ringstetten. In what manner we shall share our sisterly enjoyments there, we will leave to be talked over after we arrive."

Bertalda looked up to Huldbrand with timid inquiry. He pitied the fair girl in her affliction, took her hand, and begged her tenderly to intrust herself to him and his wife.

"We will send a message to your parents," continued he, "giving them the reason why you have not come"; and he would have added much more about his worthy friends of the peninsula, when, perceiving that Bertalda shrunk in distress at the mention of them, he refrained. Then, taking her under the arm, as they left the room, he lifted her first into the carriage, after her Undine, and was soon riding blithely beside them; so persevering was he, too, in urging forward their driver, that in a short time they had left behind them the limits of the city, and with these a crowd of painful recollections; and now the ladies experienced a satisfaction, more and more exquisite, as their carriage rolled on through the picturesque scenes which their progress was continually presenting.

After a journey of some days, they arrived, on a fine evening, at Castle Ringstetten. The young knight being much engaged with the overseers and menials of his establishment, Undine and Bertalda were left alone. Eager for novelty, they took a walk upon the high rampart of the fortress, and were charmed with the delightful landscape which fertile Suabia spread around them. While they were viewing the scene, a tall man drew near, who greeted them with respectful civility, and who seemed to Bertalda much to resemble the director of the city fountain. Still less was the resemblance to be mistaken, when Undine, indignant at his intrusion, waved him off with an air of menace; while he, shaking his head, retreated with rapid strides, as he had formerly done, then glided among the trees of a neighboring grove, and disappeared.

* The words of the original are, "nur nenne mich wieder DU," "*only do call me* THOU again." The use of the personal pronouns, *thou* and *thee*, so familiar and endearing in the German idiom, gives an entirely different impression in English. In the conversations of this tale examples of this peculiarity occur on almost every page. The translator has, of course, avoided a mode of expression which most of his readers would feel to be stiff, strange, and unsuitable.

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"Do not be terrified, dear Bertalda," said Undine; "the hateful master of the fountain shall do you no harm this time." And then she related to her the particulars of her history, and who she was herself, — how Bertalda had been taken away from the people of the peninsula, and Undine left in her place. This relation at first filled the young maiden with amazement and alarm; she imagined her friend must be seized with a sudden madness. But, from the consistency of her story, she became more and more convinced that all was true, it so well agreed with former occurrences, and still more convinced from that inward feeling with which truth never fails to make itself known to us. She could not but view it as an extraordinary circumstance that she was herself now living, as it were, in the midst of one of those wild fictions of romance which she had formerly heard related for mere amusement. She gazed upon Undine with awe, but could not avoid feeling a shudder which seemed to separate her from her friend; and she could not but wonder when the knight, at their evening repast, showed himself so kind and full of love toward a being who appeared, after the discoveries just made, more like a phantom of the spirit-world than one of the human race.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THEY LIVED AT CASTLE RINGSTETTEN.

THE writer of this history, because it moves his own heart, and he wishes it may equally move the hearts of others, begs you, dear reader, to grant him a single favor. Excuse him, if he now passes over a considerable period of time, and gives you only a general account of its events. He is well aware that, perfectly conforming to the rules of art, and step by step, he might delineate the process by which Huldbrand's warmth of attachment for Undine began to decline and to be transferred to Bertalda; how Bertalda gradually became more and more attached, and met the young man's glance with the glow of love; how they both seemed rather to fear the poor wife, as a being of another species, than to sympathize with her; how Undine wept, and her tears produced remorse in the knight's heart, yet without awakening his former tenderness, so that his treatment of her would discover occasional impulses of kindness, but a cold shuddering would soon drive him from her side, and he would hasten to the society of Bertalda, as a more congenial being of his own race; — all this the writer is aware he could describe with the minute touches of truth, and perhaps this is the course that he ought to pursue. But his heart would feel the task to be too melancholy; for, having suffered calamities of this nature, he is impressed with terror even at the remembrance of their shadows.

You have probably experienced a similar feeling yourself, my dear reader, for such is the inevitable allotment of mortal man. Happy are you if you have rather endured than inflicted this misery, since, in matters of this kind, more blessed is he that receives than he that gives. For when *you* have been the suffering party, and such remembrances come over the mind, only a soft pensiveness steals into the soul, and perhaps a tender tear trickles down your cheek, while you regret the fading of the flowers in which you once took a delight so exquisite. But of this no more; we would not linger over the evil, and pierce our hearts with pangs a thousandfold repeated, but just briefly hint the course of events, as I said before.

Poor Undine was extremely distressed, and the other two were far from being happy; Bertalda in particular, whenever she was in the slightest degree opposed in her wishes, attributed the cause to the jealousy and oppression of the injured wife. In consequence of this suspicious temper, she was daily in the habit of discovering a haughty and imperious demeanor, to which Undine submitted in sad and painful self-denial; and such was the blind delusion of Huldbrand, he usually supported the impropriety in the most decisive terms.

What disturbed the inmates of the castle still more was the endless variety of wonderful apparitions which assailed Huldbrand and Bertalda in the vaulted passages of the building, and of which nothing had ever been heard before within the memory of man. The tall white man, in whom Huldbrand but too well recognized Undine's uncle Kühleborn, and Bertalda the spectral master of the water-works, often passed before them with threatening aspect and gestures; more

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especially, however, before Bertalda, so that she had already several times fainted or fallen ill through terror, and had, in consequence, frequently thought of quitting the castle. But, partly owing to her excessive fondness for Huldbrand, as well as to a reliance on what she termed her innocence, since no declaration of mutual attachment had ever been distinctly made, and partly also because she knew not whither to direct her steps, she lingered where she was.

The old fisherman, on receiving the message from the lord of Ringstetten that Bertalda was his guest, returned answer in some lines almost too illegible to be deciphered, but still the best his advanced life and long disuse of writing permitted him to form.

"I have now become," he wrote, "a poor old widower, for my beloved and faithful wife is dead. But, lonely as I now sit in my cottage, I prefer Bertalda's remaining where she is to her living with me. Only let her do nothing to hurt my dear Undine; otherwise she will have my curse."

The last words of this letter Bertalda flung to the winds; but the permission to remain from home, which her father had granted her, she remembered and clung to, just as we are all of us wont to do in like circumstances.

One day, a few moments after Huldbrand had ridden out, Undine called together the domestics of the family and ordered them to bring a large stone, and carefully to cover with it a magnificent fountain that was situated in the middle of the castle court. The servants ventured to hint as an objection that it would oblige them to bring their water from the valley below, which was at an inconvenient distance. Undine smiled with an expression of melancholy.

"I am sorry, dear children," replied she, "to increase your labor; I would rather bring up the water-vessels myself; but this fountain must indeed be closed. Believe me when I say that it must be done, and that only by doing it can we avoid a greater evil."

The domestics were all rejoiced to gratify their gentle mistress; and, making no further inquiry, they seized the enormous stone. While they were raising it in their hands, and were now on the point of adjusting it over the fountain, Bertalda came running to the place, and cried with an air of command, that they must stop; that the water she used, so improving to her complexion, she was wont to have brought from this fountain, and that she would by no means allow it to be closed.

This time, however, while Undine showed her usual gentleness, she showed more than her usual resolution, and remained firm to her purpose; she said it belonged to her, as mistress of the castle, to direct the regulations of the household according to her own best judgment, and that she was accountable in this to no one but her lord and husband.

"See, O pray, see!" exclaimed the dissatisfied and indignant Bertalda, "how the beautiful water is curling and curving, winding and waving there, as if disturbed at being shut out from the bright sunshine, and from the cheerful view of the human countenance, for whose mirror it was created."

In truth, the water of the fountain was agitated, and foaming and hissing in a surprising manner; it seemed as if there were something within, possessing life and will, that was struggling to free itself from confinement. But Undine only the more earnestly urged on the accomplishment of her commands. This earnestness was scarcely required. The servants of the castle were as happy in obeying their sweet-tempered lady, as in opposing the haughty spirit of Bertalda; and with whatever rudeness the latter might scold and threaten, still the stone was in a few minutes lying firm over the opening of the fountain. Undine leaned thoughtfully over it, and wrote with her beautiful fingers on the flat surface. She must, however, have had something very acrid and corrosive in her hand; for when she retired, and the domestics went up to examine the stone, they discovered various strange characters upon it, which none of them had seen there before.

When the knight returned home toward evening, Bertalda received him with tears and complaints of Undine's conduct. He threw a severe look at his poor wife, and she cast down her eyes in distress. Still she spoke with great firmness: "My lord and husband, you never reprove even a bond-slave before you hear his defence, — how much less, then, your wedded wife!"

"Speak, what moved you to this singular conduct?" said the knight, with a gloomy countenance.

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"I could wish to tell you when we are entirely alone," said Undine, with a sigh.

"You can tell me equally well in the presence of Bertalda," he replied.

"Yes, if you command me," said Undine; "but do not command me. Pray, pray, do not!"

She looked so humble, affectionate, and obedient, that the heart of the knight was touched and softened, as if he felt the influence of a ray from better times. He kindly took her arm within his, and led her to his apartment, where she spoke as follows: —

"You already know something, my beloved lord, of Kühleborn, my evil-disposed uncle, and have often felt displeasure at meeting him in the passages of this castle. Several times has he terrified Bertalda even to swooning. He does this because he possesses no soul, being a mere elementary mirror of the outward world, while of the world within he can give no reflection. Then, too, he sometimes observes that you are displeased with me; that in my childish weakness I weep at this, and that Bertalda, it may be, is laughing at the same moment. Hence it is that he conceives every sort of wrong and unkindness to exist, and in various ways mixes with our circle unbidden. What do I gain by reproving him? by showing displeasure, and sending him away? He does not believe a word I say. His poor imperfect nature affords him no conception that the pains and pleasures of love have so mysterious a resemblance and are so intimately connected, that no power on earth is able to separate them. Even in the midst of tears, a smile is dawning on the cheek, and smiles call forth tears from their secret recesses."

She looked up at Huldbrand, smiling and weeping; and he again felt within his heart all the magic of his former love. She perceived it, and pressed him more tenderly to her, while with tears of joy she went on thus: —

"When the disturber of our peace would not be dismissed with words, I was obliged to shut the door upon him; and the only entrance by which he has access to us is that fountain. His connection with the other water-spirits, here in this region, is cut off by the valleys that border upon us, and his kingdom first commences farther off on the Danube, in whose tributary streams some of his good friends have their abode. For this reason I caused the stone to be placed over the opening of the fountain, and inscribed characters upon it which baffle all the efforts of my suspicious and passionate uncle, so that he now has no power of intruding either upon you or me or Bertalda. Human beings, it is true, notwithstanding the characters I have inscribed there, are able to raise the stone without any extraordinary trouble; there is nothing to prevent them. If you choose, therefore, remove it according to Bertalda's desire, but she assuredly knows not what she asks. The rude Kühleborn looks with peculiar ill-will upon her; and should much come to pass that he has imperfectly predicted to me, and which may well happen without your meaning any evil, — I fear, I fear, my dear husband, that you yourself would be exposed to peril."

Huldbrand felt the generosity of his amiable wife in the depth of his heart, since she had been so active in confining her formidable defender, and even at the very moment she was reproached for it by Bertalda. Influenced by this feeling, he pressed her in his arms with the tenderest affection, and said with emotion: "The stone shall remain unmoved; all remains and ever shall remain just as you choose to have it, my dear, very dear Undine!"

At these long-withheld expressions of tenderness, she returned his caresses with lowly delight, and at length said: "My dearest husband, since you are so very kind and indulgent to-day, may I venture to ask a favor of you? Pray observe, it is with you as with summer. Even amid its highest splendor, summer puts on the flaming and thundering crown of glorious tempests, in which it strongly resembles a king and god on earth. You, too, are sometimes terrible in your rebukes; your eyes flash lightning, while thunder resounds in your voice; and although this may be quite becoming to you, I in my folly cannot but sometimes weep at it. But never, I entreat you, behave thus toward me on a river, or even when we are near a piece of water. For if you should, pray consider what the consequences will be: my relations would acquire a right to exercise authority over me. They would tear me from you in their fury with inexorable force, because they would conceive that one of their race was injured; and I should be compelled, as long

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as I lived, to dwell below in the crystal palaces, and never dare ascend to you again ; or should *they send* me up to you, — O God ! that would be infinitely more deplorable still. No, no, my beloved husband, let it not come to that, if your poor Undine is dear to you."

He solemnly promised to do as she desired, and, inexpressibly happy and full of affection, the married pair returned from the apartment. At this very moment Bertalda came with some work-people, whom she had meanwhile ordered to attend her, and said with a fretful air, which she had assumed of late : —

" Well, now the secret consultation is at an end, it is to be hoped the stone may come down. Go out, workmen, and execute your business."

The knight, however, highly resenting her impertinence, said in brief and very decisive terms : " The stone remains where it is." He reproved Bertalda also for the vehemence that she had shown toward his wife. Whereupon the workmen, smiling with secret satisfaction, withdrew ; while Bertalda, pale with rage, hurried away to her room.

When the hour of supper came, Bertalda was waited for in vain. They sent for her ; but the domestic found her apartments empty, and brought back with him only a sealed billet, addressed to the knight. Trembling with alarm, he tore it open, and read : —

" I feel with shame that I am only the daughter of a poor fisherman. That I for one moment forgot this, I will make expiation in the miserable hut of my parents. Farewell to you and your beautiful wife ! "

Undine was troubled at heart. Most earnestly she entreated Huldbrand to hasten after their friend, who had flown, and bring her back with him. Alas ! she had no occasion to urge him. His passion for Bertalda again burst forth with vehemence. He hurried round the castle, inquiring whether any one had seen which way the fair fugitive had gone. He could gain no information, and was already in the court on his horse, determining to take at a venture the road by which he had conducted Bertalda to the castle ; when there appeared a shield-boy, who assured him that he had met the lady on the path to the Black Valley. Swift as an arrow, the knight sprung through the gate in the direction pointed out, without hearing Undine's voice of agony, as she cried after him from the window : —

" To the Black Valley ! O, not there ! Huldbrand, not there ! or if you will go, for Heaven's sake take me with you ! "

But when she perceived that all her calling was of no avail, she ordered her white palfrey to be instantly saddled, and followed the knight, without permitting a single servant to accompany her.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW BERTALDA RETURNED WITH THE KNIGHT.

THE Black Valley lies secluded far among the mountains. What its present name may be I am unable to say. At the time of which I am speaking, the country people gave it this appellation from the deep obscurity produced by the shadows of lofty trees, more especially by a crowded growth of firs, that covered this region of moorland. Even the brook, which gushed out among the crags, and wound its way down a ravine into the valley, assumed there the same dark hue, and showed nothing of that cheerful aspect which streams are wont to wear that have the blue sky immediately over them.

It was now the dusk of evening, and the view between the heights had become extremely wild and gloomy. The knight, in great anxiety, skirted the border of the brook ; he was at one time fearful that by delay he should allow the fugitive to advance too far before him ; and then, again, in his too eager rapidity, he was afraid he might somewhere overlook and pass by her, should she be desirous of concealing herself from his search. He had in the mean time penetrated pretty far into the valley, and might hope soon to overtake the maiden, provided he were pursuing the right track, The fear, indeed, that he might not as yet have gained this track made his heart beat with more and more of anxiety. In the stormy night, which was now impending, and which always hovered more fearfully over this valley, where would the delicate Bertalda shelter herself, should he fail to find her ? At last while these thoughts were darting across his mind, he saw some-

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thing white glimmer through the branches on the ascent of the mountain. He felt quite certain that the object he discerned was Bertalda's robe, and he directed his course toward it. But his horse refused to go forward; he reared with a fury so uncontrollable, and his master was so unwilling to lose a moment, that (especially as he saw the thickets were altogether impassable on horseback) he dismounted, and, having fastened his snorting steed to an elm, worked his way with caution through the matted underwood. The branches, moistened by the cold drops of the evening dew, keenly smote his forehead and cheeks; thunder muttered remotely from the farther side of the mountain; and everything put on so strange and mystic an appearance, that he began to feel a dread of the white figure, which now lay only a short distance from him upon the ground. Still, he could see with perfect clearness that it was a female, either asleep or in a swoon, and dressed in long white garments such as Bertalda had worn the past day. Approaching quite near to her, he made a rustling with the branches and a ringing with his sword, — but she did not move.

"Bertalda!" he cried, at first low, then louder and louder; still she heard him not. At last, when he uttered the dear name with an energy yet more powerful, a hollow echo, from the mountain summits around the valley, returned the deadened sound, "BERTALDA!" Still the sleeper continued insensible. He stooped low, with a view to examine her countenance, but the duskiness of the valley and the obscurity of twilight would not allow him to distinguish her features. While with painful uncertainty he was bending over her, a flash of lightning suddenly shot across the valley. By this stream of light, he saw a frightfully distorted visage close to his own, and a hoarse voice struck him with startling abruptness: "You enamored shepherd, give me a kiss!"

Huldbrand sprang upon his feet with a cry of horror, and the hideous figure rose with him.

"Home!" it cried with a deep murmur; "the fiends are abroad. Home! or I have you!" And it stretched toward him its long white arms.

"Malicious Kühleborn," exclaimed the knight with restored energy, "if Kühleborn you are, what business have you here? — what's your will, you goblin! There, take your kiss!" And in fury he flashed his sword at the form. But the form vanished like vapor; and a rush of water, giving the knight as good a drenching as wetting him to the skin could make it, left him in no doubt with what foe he had been engaged.

"He wishes to frighten me back from my pursuit of Bertalda," said he to himself; "he imagines that I shall be terrified at his senseless enchantments, and resign the poor distressed girl to his power, so that he can wreak his vengeance upon her at will. But, impotent spirit of the flood! he shall find himself mistaken. What the heart of man can do, when it exerts the full force of its will, the strong energy of its noblest powers, of this the feeble enchanter has no comprehension."

He felt the truth of his words, and that, in thus giving utterance to his thoughts, he had inspired his heart with fresh courage. Fortune too appeared to favor him; for, before reaching his fastened steed, he distinctly heard the voice of Bertalda, where she was now weeping and now moaning not far before him, amid the roar of the thunder and the tempest, which every moment increased. He flew swiftly toward the sound, and found the trembling maiden, just as she was attempting to climb the steep, and striving, to the extent of her power, to escape from the dreadful darkness of this valley. He stepped before her, while he spoke in tones of the most soothing tenderness; and bold and proud as her resolution had so lately been, she now felt nothing but the liveliest joy that the man whom she so passionately loved would rescue her from this frightful solitude, and, extending to her his arms of welcome, would still cast a brightness over her existence in their reunion at the castle. She followed almost unresisting, but so spent with fatigue, that the knight was glad to support her to his horse, which he now hastily unfastened from the elm; his intention was to lift the fair wanderer upon him, and then to lead him carefully by the reins through the uncertain shades of this lowland tract.

But, owing to the mad appearance of Kühleborn, the horse had become altogether unmanageable. Rearing and wildly snorting

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as he was, the knight must have used uncommon effort to mount the beast himself; to place the trembling Bertalda upon him was impossible. They were compelled, therefore, to return home on foot. While with one hand the knight drew the steed after him by the bridle, he supported the tottering Bertalda with the other. She exerted all the strength she had remaining, in order to escape from this vale of terrors as speedily as possible; but weariness weighed her down like lead, and a universal trembling seized her limbs, partly in consequence of what she had suffered from the extreme harassment with which Kühleborn had pursued her, and in part from her continual fear, arising from the roar of the tempest and thunder amid the mountain forest.

At last she slid from the arm of her conductor, and, sinking upon the moss, she said: "I can no more; let me lie here, my noble lord. I suffer the punishment due to my folly, and nothing can save me now; I must perish here through faintness and dismay."

"Never, my sweet friend, will I leave you," cried Huldbrand, vainly trying to restrain the furious animal he was leading; for the horse was all in a foam, and began to chafe more ungovernably than before, till the knight was glad merely to keep him at such a distance from the exhausted maiden as would secure her from still greater fear and alarm. But hardly had he withdrawn five steps with the frantic steed, when she began to call after him in the most sorrowful accents, fearful that he would actually leave her in this horrible wilderness. He was wholly at a loss what course to take. Gladly would he have given the enraged beast his liberty, — he would have let him rush away amid the night, and exhaust his fury, — had he not shuddered at the thought that in this narrow defile his iron-shod hoofs might come tramping and thundering over the very spot where Bertalda lay.

While he was in this extreme peril and embarrassment, a feeling of delight, not to be expressed, shot through him, when he heard the rumbling wheels of a wagon, as it came slowly descending the stony slope behind them. He called out for help: answer was returned in the deep voice of a man, bidding them have patience, but promising assistance; and two horses of grayish white soon after shone through the bushes, and near them their driver in the white frock of a carter; and next appeared a great sheet of white linen, with which the goods he seemed to be conveying were covered. The whitish grays, in obedience to a shout from their master, stood still. He came up to the knight, and aided him in checking the fury of the foaming charger.

"I know well enough," said he, "what is the matter with the brute. The first time I travelled this way my horses were just as wilful and headstrong as yours. The reason is, there is a water-spirit haunts this valley, and a wicked wight they say he is, who takes delight in mischief and witcheries of this sort. But I have learned a charm; and if you will let me whisper it in your horse's ear, he will stand just as quiet as my silver-grays there."

"Try your luck, then, and help us as quick as possible!" said the impatient knight.

Upon this the wagoner drew down the head of the rearing courser close to his own, and spoke some half-dozen words in his ear. The animal instantly stood still and subdued; only his quick panting and smoking sweat showed his recent violence.

Huldbrand had little time to inquire by what means this had been effected. He agreed with the man, that he should take Bertalda in his wagon, where, as he said, a quantity of soft cotton was stowed, and he might in this way convey her to Castle Ringstetten; the knight could accompany them on horseback. But the horse appeared to be too much exhausted to carry his master so far. Seeing this, the man advised him to mount the wagon with Bertalda. The horse could be tied to it behind.

"It is down hill," said he, "and the load for my grays will therefore be light."

The knight accepted his offer, and entered the wagon with Bertalda; the horse followed quietly after, while the wagoner, sturdy and attentive, walked beside them.

Amid the silence and deepening obscurity of the night, the tempest became more and more remote and hushed; in the comfortable feeling of their security and their commodious passage, a confidential conversation arose between Huldbrand and Bertalda. He reproved her in the most gentle and affectionate terms

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for her resentful flight; she excused herself with humility and feeling; and from every tone of her voice it was evident, — just as a lamp guides a lover amid the secrecy of night to his waiting mistress, — that she still cherished her former affection for him. The knight felt the *sense* of what she said far more than the *words* themselves, and he answered simply to this sense, — to the feeling and not the confession of love.

In the midst of this interchange of murmured feelings, the wagoner suddenly shouted with a startling voice: "Up, my grays, up with your feet! Hey, my hearts, now together, show your spirit! Do it handsomely! remember who you are!"

The knight bent over the side of the wagon, and saw that the horses had dashed into the midst of a foaming stream, and were, indeed, almost swimming, while the wheels of the wagon were rushing round and flashing like mill-wheels, and the teamster had got on before to avoid the swell of the flood.

"What sort of a road is this? It leads into the middle of the stream!" cried Huldbrand to his guide.

"Not at all, sir," returned he with a laugh; "it is just the contrary. The stream is running in the middle of our road. Only look about you, and see how all is overflowed."

The whole valley, in fact, was covered and in commotion, as the waters, suddenly raised and visibly rising, swept over it.

"It is Kühleborn, that devil of a water-spirit, who wishes to drown us!" exclaimed the knight. "Have you no charm of protection against him, companion?"

"Chram! to be sure I have one," answered the wagoner, "but I cannot and must not make use of it before you know who I am."

"Is this a time for riddles?" cried the knight. "The flood is every moment rising higher and higher, and what does it concern *me* to know who *you* are?"

"But mayhap it does concern you, though," said the guide, "for I AM KÜHLEBORN."

Thus speaking, he thrust his face into the wagon, and laughed with every feature distorted; but the wagon remained a wagon no longer, the grayish-white horses were horses no longer; all was transformed to foam, — all sunk into the waves that rushed and hissed around them, — while the wagoner himself, rising in the form of a gigantic surge, dragged the vainly struggling courser under the waters, then rose again huge as a liquid tower, burst over the heads of the floating pair, and was on the point of burying them irrecoverably beneath it.

At that instant the soft voice of Undine was heard through the uproar; the moon emerged through the clouds, and by its light Undine became visible on the heights above the valley. She rebuked, she threatened, the flood below her: the menacing and tower-like billow vanished muttering and murmuring; the waters gently flowed away under the beams of the moon; while Undine, like a hovering white dove, came sweeping down from the hill, raised the knight and Bertalda, and supported them to a green spot of turf, where, by her earnest efforts, she soon restored them, and dispelled their terrors. She then assisted Bertalda to mount the white palfrey on which she had herself been borne to the valley, and thus all three returned homeward to Castle Ringstetten.

CHAPTER XV.

PASSAGE DOWN THE DANUBE TO VIENNA.

AFTER this last adventure, they lived at the castle undisturbed and in peaceful enjoyment. The knight was more and more impressed with the heavenly goodness of his wife, which she had so nobly shown by her instant pursuit, and by the rescue she had effected in the Black Valley, where the power of Kühleborn again commenced. Undine herself felt that peace and security which the mind never fails to experience so long as it has the consciousness of being in the path of rectitude; and she had this additional comfort, that, in the newly awakened love and regard of her husband, Hope and Joy were rising upon her with their myriad beams of promise.

Bertalda, on the other hand, showed herself grateful, humble, and timid, without taking to herself any merit for so doing. Whenever Huldbrand or Undine began to explain to her their reason for covering the fountain, or their adventures in the Black

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Valley, she would earnestly entreat them to spare her the recital, since the fountain had occasioned her too much shame, and the Black Valley too much terror, to be made topics of conversation. With respect to these, therefore, she learnt nothing further from either of them; and why was it necessary that she should be informed? Peace and Happiness had visibly taken up their abode at Castle Ringstetten. They enjoyed their present blessings in perfect security; and in relation to the future, they now imagined it impossible that life could produce anything but pleasant flowers and fruits.

In this grateful union of friendship and affection, winter came and passed away; and spring, with its foliage of tender green and its heaven of softest blue, succeeded to gladden the hearts of the inmates of the castle. The season was in harmony with their minds, and their minds imparted their own hue and tone to the season. What wonder, then, that its storks and swallows inspired them also with a disposition to travel! On a bright morning, while they were taking a walk down to one of the sources of the Danube, Huldbrand spoke of the magnificence of this noble stream, how it continued swelling as it flowed through countries enriched by its waters, with what splendor Vienna rose and sparkled on its banks, and how it grew lovelier and more imposing almost the whole of its progress.

"It must be glorious to trace its course down to Vienna!" Bertalda exclaimed, with warmth; but, immediately resuming the humble and modest demeanor she had recently shown, she paused and blushed in silence.

This slight circumstance was extremely touching to Undine; and with the liveliest wish to gratify her friend, she said: "And who or what shall prevent our taking this little voyage?"

Bertalda leapt up with delight, and the two females the same moment began painting this enchanting trip on the Danube in the most brilliant colors. Huldbrand, too, agreed to the project with pleasure; only he once whispered with something of alarm in Undine's ear: "But, at that distance, Kühleborn becomes possessed of his power again?"

"Let him come, let him come," she answered, with a laugh; "I shall be there, and he dares do none of his mischief in my presence."

Thus was the last impediment removed; they prepared for the expedition, and soon set out upon it with lively spirits and the brightest hopes.

But be not surprised, O man, if events almost always happen very differently from what you expect. That malign power, which lies in ambush for our destruction, delights to lull its chosen victim asleep with sweet songs and golden delusions; while, on the other hand, the messenger of Heaven, sent to rescue us from peril, often thunders at our door with the violence of alarm and terror.

During the first days of their passage down the Danube, they were unusually gratified. The farther they advanced upon the waters of this proud river, the views became more and more picturesque and attractive. But here, amid scenes otherwise most delicious, and from which they had promised themselves the purest delight, here again the stubborn Kühleborn, dropping all disguise, began to show his power of annoying them. He had no other means of doing this, indeed, than mere tricks and illusions, for Undine often rebuked the swelling waves or the contrary winds, and then the insolence of the enemy was instantly humbled and subdued; but his attacks were renewed, and Undine's reproofs again became necessary; so that the pleasure of this little water-party was completely destroyed. The boatmen, too, were continually whispering to one another in dismay, and eying their three superiors with distrust; while even the servants began more and more to form dismal surmises, and to watch their master and mistress with looks of suspicion.

Huldbrand often said to himself, in the silence of his soul: "This comes to pass when like marries not like, — when a man forms an unnatural union with a female of the sea." Still, excusing himself, as we are most of us so fond of doing, he frequently pursued a train of thought like this: "I did not, in fact, know that she *was* a maid of the sea. It is my misfortune that all my steps are haunted and disturbed by the wild humors of her kindred, but it is not my crime."

Making reflections like these, he felt himself in some measure strengthened; but, on

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the other hand, he only the more entertained a feeling of ill-humor against Undine, almost amounting to malevolence. He cast upon her glances of fretfulness and ill-nature, and the unhappy wife but too well understood their meaning.

One day, grieved by this unkindness, as well as exhausted by her continual exertions to foil the artifices of Kühleborn, while rocked and soothed by the gentle motion of the bark, she, toward evening, fell into a deep slumber. But hardly had she closed her eyes, when every person in the boat, in whatever direction he might look upon the water, saw the head of a man, beyond imagination frightful: each head rose out of the waves, not like that of a person swimming, but quite perpendicular, as if firmly fastened to the watery mirror, and yet moving on with the bark. Every one wished to show to his companion what terrified himself, and each perceived the same expression of horror on the face of the other, only his hand and eye were directed to a different quarter, as if to a point where the monster, half laughing and half threatening, rose opposite to himself.

When, however, they wished to make one another understand the sight, and all cried out, "Look there!" "No, there!" the frightful heads all became visible to each, and the whole river around the boat swarmed with the most horrible faces. All raised a scream of terror at the sight, and Undine started from sleep. The moment she opened her eyes upon the mad group the deformed visages disappeared. But Huldbrand was made furious by so many hideous visions. He would have burst out in wild imprecations, had not Undine, with the most submissive air, and in the gentlest tone of supplication, thus entreated him: —

"For God's sake, my husband, do not express displeasure against me here, — we are on the water."

The knight was silent, and sat down, absorbed in deep thought. Undine whispered in his ear: "Would it not be better, my love, to give up this foolish voyage, and return to Castle Ringstetten in peace?"

But Huldbrand murmured wrathfully: "So I must become a prisoner in my own castle? and not be allowed to breathe a moment but while the fountain is covered? Would to Heaven that your cursed kindred —"

At these fatal words, Undine pressed her fair hand on his lips with the most touching tenderness. He said no more, but, assuming an air of composure, pondered on all that Undine had lately warned him to avoid.

Bertalda, meanwhile, had given herself up to a crowd of wild and wandering thoughts. Of Undine's origin she knew a good deal, but not the whole; and the terrible Kühleborn especially remained to her an awful, an impenetrable mystery; never, indeed, had she once heard his name. Musing upon this series of wonders, she unclasped, without being fully conscious of what she was doing, a gold necklace which Huldbrand, on one of the preceding days of their passage, had bought for her of a travelling trader; and she was now letting it swing in sport just over the surface of the stream, while, in her dreamy mood, she enjoyed the bright reflection it threw on the water, so clear beneath the glow of evening. That instant a huge hand flashed suddenly up from the Danube, seized the necklace in its grasp, and vanished with it beneath the flood. Bertalda shrieked aloud, and a laugh of mockery and contempt came pealing up from the depth of the river.*

The knight could now restrain his wrath no longer. He started up, gazed fiercely upon the deep, poured forth a torrent of reproaches, heaped curses upon all who interfered with his friends or troubled his life,

* This fine passage of Fouqué bears a strong resemblance to a finer one in Southey's "Thalaba," Book V.: —

"And he drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the gulf.
A skinny hand came up,
And caught it as it fell,
And peals of devilish laughter shook the cave."

The reader, if he take any interest in the coincidences of genius, may like to compare with these passages the following verse from King Arthur's death, in Percy's "Reliques": —

"A hande and an arme did meet the sworde,
And flourish'd three times in the air;
Then sunke beneathe the renninge streme,
And of the duke was seene noe mair."

See, also, this same incident of the Hand very strongly pictured in Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur." The whole poem, indeed, is so full of power, beauty, and tenderness, that we hope the author will take a hint from it, as a suggestion of his good genius, relative to his talent in this style of composition.

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and dared them all, water-spirits or mermaids, to come within the sweep of his sword.

Bertalda, meantime, wept for the loss of the ornament so very dear to her heart, and her tears were to Huldbrand as oil poured upon the flame of his fury; while Undine held her hand over the side of the boat, dipping it in the waves, softly murmuring to herself, and only at times interrupting her strange, mysterious whisper, when she addressed her husband in a voice of entreaty: "Do not reprove me here, beloved; blame all others as you will, but here, do not reprove me *here*. Surely you know the reason!" And, in truth, though he was trembling with excess of passion, he, with strong effort, kept himself from uttering a single word against her.

She then brought up in her wet hand, which she had been holding under the waves, a coral necklace of such exquisite beauty, such sparkling brilliancy, as dazzled the eyes of all who beheld it. "Take this," said she, holding it out kindly to Bertalda; "I have ordered it to be brought, to make some amends for your loss, and do not, dear heart, be troubled any more."

But the knight rushed between them, and, snatching the beautiful ornament out of Undine's hand, hurled it back into the flood, and in a flame of rage exclaimed: "So, then, you have a connection with them forever? In the name of all witches and enchanters, go and remain among them with your presents, you sorceress, and leave us human beings in peace!"

But poor Undine, with a look of mute amazement and eyes streaming with tears, gazed on him, her hand still stretched out, just as it was when she had so lovingly offered her brilliant gift to Bertalda. She then began to weep more and more, as if her heart would break, like a tender, innocent child, very bitterly grieved. At last, all wearied out, she said:—

"Alas, dearest, all is over now,—farewell! They shall do you no harm; only remain true, that I may have power to keep them from you. But I, alas, must go away, I must go away, even in this early dawn of youth and bliss. O woe, woe, what have you done! O woe, woe!"

And she vanished over the side of the boat. Whether she plunged into the stream, or whether, like water melting into water, she flowed away with it, they knew not, her disappearance so much resembled both united, and neither by itself. But she was gone, gliding on with the Danube, instantly and completely; only little waves were yet whispering and sobbing around the boat,* and they seemed almost distinctly to say, "O woe, woe! Ah, remain true! O woe!"

But Huldbrand, in a passion of burning tears, threw himself upon the deck of the bark, and a deep swoon soon wrapped the wretched man in a blessed forgetfulness of misery.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT FURTHER HAPPENED TO HULDBRAND.

The brief period of our mourning,—ought we to view it as a misfortune or as a blessing? I mean that deep mourning of the heart which gushes up from the very well-springs of our being; that mourning, which becomes so perfectly one with the lost object of our affection, that this even ceases to be a lost thing to the sorrowing heart; and which desires to make the whole life a holy office dedicated to the image of the departed, until we, too, pass that bourne which separates it from our view.

Some men there are, indeed, who have this profound tenderness of spirit, and who thus consecrate their affections to the memory of the departed; but still their mourning softens into an emotion of gentle melancholy, having none of the intenseness of the first agony of separation. Other and foreign images intervene, and impress themselves upon the mind; we learn at last the transitory nature of everything earthly, even from that of our affliction; and I cannot, therefore, but view it as a misfortune that the period of our mourning is so brief.

The lord of Ringstetten learnt the truth of this by experience; but whether he derived any advantage from the knowledge, we shall

* The original of this clause is, "nur flüsterten noch kleine Wellchen schluchzend um den Kahn." If the translator may be allowed to express his admiration, without being considered intrusive, he would say that nothing could have been more exquisitely conceived than this circumstance.

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discover in the sequel of this history. At first he could do nothing but weep, weep as bitterly as the poor amiable Undine had wept, when he snatched out of her hand that brilliant ornament, with which she so beautifully wished to make amends for Bertalda's loss. And then he stretched his hand out as she had done, and wept again like her with renewed violence. He cherished a secret hope that even the springs of life would at last become exhausted by weeping; and, when we have been severely afflicted, has not a similar thought passed through the minds of many of us with a painful pleasure? Bertalda wept with him; and they lived together a long while at Castle Ringstetten in undisturbed quiet, honoring the memory of Undine, and having almost wholly forgotten their former attachment.

Owing to this tender remembrance of Huldbrand, and to encourage him in conduct so exemplary, the good Undine, about this time, often visited his dreams; she soothed him with soft and affectionate caresses, and then went away again, weeping in silence; so that when he awoke he sometimes knew not how his cheeks came to be so wet, — whether it was caused by *her* tears, or only by his own.

But as time advanced, these visions became less frequent, and the severity of the knight's sorrow was softened; still, he might never while he lived, it may be, have entertained any other wish than thus to think of Undine in silence, and to speak of her in conversation, had not the old fisherman arrived unexpectedly at the castle, and earnestly insisted on Bertalda's returning with him, as his child. He had received information of Undine's disappearance, and he was not willing to allow Bertalda to continue longer at the castle with the now unmarried knight. "For," said he, "whether my daughter loves me or not, is at present what I care not to know; but her good name is at stake, and where that commands or forbids, not a word more need be said."

This resolution of the old fisherman, and the fearful solitude that, on Bertalda's departure, threatened to oppress the knight in every hall and passage of the deserted castle, brought a circumstance into distinct consciousness, which, owing to his sorrow for Undine, had of late been slumbering and completely forgotten, — I mean his attachment for the fair Bertalda; and this he made known to her father.

The fisherman had many objections to make to the proposed marriage. The old man had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was doubtful to his mind whether the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death. But, were it even granted that her corse were lying stiff and cold at the bottom of the Danube, or swept away by the current to the ocean, still Bertalda would not be guiltless in her death; and it was unfitting for her to step into the place of the poor banished wife. The fisherman, however, had felt a strong regard also for the knight: this, and the entreaties of his daughter, who had become much more gentle and respectful, as well as her tears for Undine, all exerted their influence; and he must at last have been forced to give up his opposition, for he remained at the castle without objection, and a courier was sent off express to Father Heilmann, who, in former and happier days, had united Undine and Huldbrand, requesting him to come and perform the ceremony at the knight's second marriage.

But hardly had the holy man read through the letter from the lord of Ringstetten ere he set out upon the journey, and made much greater despatch on his way to the castle than the messenger from there had made in reaching him. Whenever his breath failed him in his rapid progress, or his old limbs ached with fatigue, he would say to himself: "Perhaps I may still be in season to prevent a sin; then sink not, weak and withered body, before I arrive at the end of my journey!" And with renewed vigor he pressed forward, hurrying on without rest or repose, until, late one evening, he entered the embowered court-yard of Castle Ringstetten.

The betrothed pair were sitting arm in arm under the trees, and the aged fisherman, in a thoughtful mood, sat near them. The moment they saw Father Heilmann they rose with a spring of joy, and pressed round him with eager welcome. But he, in few words, urged the bridegroom* to accompany him into the castle; and when Huldbrand stood mute with surprise, and delayed complying with

* The *betrothed* are called *bride* and *bridegroom* in Germany.

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his earnest request, the pious priest said to him :—

"Why do I then defer speaking, my lord of Ringstetten, until I can address you in private? There is no occasion for the delay of a moment. What I have to say as much concerns Bertalda and the fisherman as yourself; and what we cannot avoid hearing at some time, it is best to hear as soon as possible. Are you then so very *certain*, Knight Huldbrand, that your first wife is actually dead? It hardly appears so to me. I will say nothing, indeed, of the mysterious state in which she may be now existing; in truth, I know nothing of it with certainty. But that she was a most devoted and faithful wife, so much is beyond all dispute. And for fourteen nights past she has appeared to me in a dream, standing at my bedside, wringing her tender hands in anguish, and imploring me with deep sighs: 'Ah, prevent him, dear father! I am still living! Ah! save his life! ah! save his soul!'

"What this vision of the night could mean, I was at first unable to divine; then came your messenger, and I have now hastened hither, not to unite, but, as I hope, to separate, what ought not to be joined together. Leave her, Huldbrand! Leave him, Bertalda! He still belongs to another; and do you not see on his pale cheek the traces of that grief which the disappearance of his wife has produced there? That is not the look of a bridegroom, and the spirit breathes the presage on my soul: 'If you do not leave him, you will never, never be happy.'"

The three felt in their inmost hearts that Father Heilmann spoke the truth; but still they affected not to believe him, or they strove rather to resist their conviction. Even the old fisherman had become so infatuated, that he conceived the marriage to be now indispensable, as they had so often, during the time he had been with them, mutually agreed to the arrangement. They all, therefore, with a determined and gloomy eagerness, struggled against the representations and warnings of the holy man, until, shaking his head and oppressed with sorrow, he finally quitted the castle, not choosing to accept their offered shelter even for a single night, or indeed so much as to taste a morsel of the refreshment they brought him. Huldbrand persuaded himself, however, that the priest was a mere visionary, and sent at daybreak to a monk of the nearest monastery, who, without scruple, promised to perform the ceremony in a few days.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE KNIGHT'S DREAM.

It was at the earliest moment of dawn, when night begins faintly to brighten into morning twilight, that Huldbrand was lying on his couch, half waking and half sleeping. Whenever he attempted to compose himself to sleep, he was seized with an undefined terror, that made him shrink back from the enjoyment, as if his slumber were crowded with spectres. But whenever he made an effort to rouse himself, the wings of a swan seemed to be waving around him, and soothing him with the music of their motion, and thus in a soft delusion of the senses he sunk back into his state of imperfect repose.

At last, however, he must have fallen perfectly asleep; for, while the sound of the swan-wings was murmuring around him, he seemed to be lifted by their regular strokes, and to be wafted far away over land and sea, and still their music swelled on his ear most sweetly. "The music of the swan! the song of the swan!" he could not but repeat to himself every moment; "is it not a sure foreboding of death?" Probably, however, it had yet another meaning. All at once he seemed to be hovering over the Mediterranean Sea. A swan with her loud melody sung in his ear, that this *was* the Mediterranean Sea; and while he was looking down upon the waves, they became transparent as crystal, so that he could see through them to the very bottom.

At this a thrill of delight shot through him, for he could see Undine, where she was sitting beneath the clear domes of crystal. It is true, she was weeping very bitterly, and such was the excess of her grief that she bore only a faint resemblance to the bright and joyous being she had been during those happy days they had lived together at Castle Ringstetten, both on their arrival there and afterward, a short time before they set out upon their fatal passage down the Danube.

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The knight could not avoid dwelling upon all this with deep emotion, but it did not appear that Undine was aware of his presence.

Kühleborn had meanwhile approached her, and was about to reprove her for weeping, when she assumed the boldness of superiority, and looked upon him with an air so majestic and commanding, that he was wellnigh terrified and confounded by it.

"Although I too now dwell here beneath the waters," said she, "yet I have brought my soul with me; and therefore I may well be allowed to weep, little as you may conceive the meaning of such tears. They are even a blessed privilege, as everything is such a privilege to one gifted with the true soul."

He shook his head with disbelief of what she said, and, after musing a moment or two, replied: "And yet, niece, you are subject to our laws of the element, as a being of the same nature with ourselves; and, should HE prove unfaithful to you and marry again, you are obliged to take away his life."

"He remains a widower to this very hour," replied Undine, "and he still loves me with the passion of a sorrowful heart."

"He is, however, a bridegroom withal," said Kühleborn, with a chuckle of scorn; "and let only a few days wear away, and anon comes the priest with his nuptial blessing, and then you must go up and execute your share of the business, the death of the husband with two wives."

"I have not the power," returned Undine, with a smile. "Do you not remember? I have sealed up the fountain securely, not only against myself but all of the same race."

"Still, should he leave his castle," said Kühleborn, "or should he once allow the fountain to be uncovered, what then? for doubtless he thinks there is no great murder in such trifles." *

"For that very reason," said Undine, still smiling amid her tears, "for that very reason he is this moment hovering in spirit here over the Mediterranean Sea, and dreaming of this voice of warning which our conversation affords him. With a view to give him this warning I have studiously disposed the whole vision."

That instant Kühleborn, inflamed with rage, looked up at the knight, wrathfully threatened him, stamped upon the ground, and then, swift as the passion that possessed him, sprang up from beneath the waves. He seemed to swell in his fury to the size of a whale. Again the swans began to sing, to wave their wings, to fly; the knight seemed to be soaring away over mountains and streams, and at last to alight at Castle Ringstetten, where he awoke upon his couch.

Upon his couch he actually did awake, and his attendant, entering at the same moment, informed him that Father Heilmann was still lingering in the neighborhood; that he had, the evening before, met with him in the forest, where he was sheltering, himself under a booth, which he had formed by interweaving the branches of trees, and covering them with moss and fine brushwood; and that to the question, 'What he was doing there, since he had so firmly refused to perform the nuptial ceremony?' his answer was:—

"There are yet other ceremonies to perform, besides those at the altar of marriage; and though I did not come to officiate at the wedding, I can still officiate at a very different solemnity. All things have their season, and we must be ready for them all. Besides, marrying and mourning are by no means very far from each other, as every one, not wilfully blinded, must know full well."

In consequence of these words and of his dream, the knight made a variety of reflections, some wild and some not unmixed with alarm. But a man is apt to consider it very disagreeable to give over an affair which he has once settled in his mind as certain, and therefore all went on just according to the old arrangement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE KNIGHT HULDBRAND SOLEMNIZED HIS MARRIAGE.

SHOULD I relate to you the events of the marriage festival at Castle Ringstetten, it would seem as if you were viewing a crowded assemblage of bright and joyous things, but

* "Denn er denkt gewiss *blutwenig* an alle diese Dinge." "For he surely thinks *very little* of all these things." The temptation to render this odd idiom, *blutwenig*, by some equivalent phrase in English was a whim too strong to be resisted.

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all overspread with a black mourning crape, through whose darkening veil the whole splendor appeared less to resemble pleasure than a mockery of the nothingness of all earthly joys.

It was not that any spectral visitation disturbed the scene of festivity; for the castle, as we well know, had been secured against the mischief and menaces of water-spirits. But the knight, the fisherman, and all the guests, were unable to banish the feeling that the chief personage of the feast was still wanting, and that this chief personage could be no other than the amiable Undine, so dear to them all.

Whenever a door was heard to open, all eyes were involuntarily turned in that direction; and if it was nothing but the steward with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a supply of wine of higher flavor than the last, they again looked down in sadness and disappointment; while the flashes of wit and merriment that had been passing at times from one to another ceased, and were succeeded by tears of mournful remembrance.

The bride was the least thoughtful of the company, and therefore the most happy; but even she, occasionally, found it difficult to realize the fact that she was sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green garland and gold-embroidered garments, while Undine was lying a corse, stiff and cold, at the bottom of the Danube, or carried out by the current into the ocean. For, ever since her father had suggested something of this sort, his words were continually sounding in her ear; and this day, in particular, they would neither fade from her memory nor yield to other thoughts.

Evening had scarcely arrived, when the company returned to their homes; not dismissed by the impatience of the bridegroom, as wedding-parties are sometimes broken up, but constrained solely by painful associations, joyless melancholy, and forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants, to undress; but these young bridemaids and bridemen, such was the gloomy tenor of this festival, made no attempt to amuse bride or bridegroom with the usual pleasantry and frolicsome good-humor of the occasion.

Bertalda wished to awake a livelier spirit; she ordered them to spread before her a brilliant set of jewels, a present from Huldbrand, together with rich apparel and veils, that she might select from among them the brightest and most beautiful for her dress in the morning. The attendants rejoiced at this opportunity of pouring forth good wishes and promises of happiness to their young mistress, and failed not to extol the beauty of the bride with their liveliest eloquence. They became more and more absorbed in this admiration and flattery, until Bertalda at last, looking in a mirror, said with a sigh:—

"Ah, but do you not see plainly how freckled I am growing? Look here on the side of my neck."

They looked at the place, and found the freckles, indeed, as their fair mistress had said; but they called them mere beauty-spots, the faintest touches of the sun, such as would only heighten the whiteness of her delicate complexion. Bertalda shook her head, and still viewed them as a blemish.

"And I could remove them," she said at last, sighing. "But the castle-fountain is covered, from which I formerly used to have that precious water, so purifying to the skin. O, had I this evening only a single flagon of it!"

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, laughing, as she glided out of the apartment.

"She will not be so frantic," said Bertalda, in a voice of inquiry and agreeably surprised, "as to cause the stone cover of the fountain to be taken off this very evening?"

That instant they heard the tread of men already passing along the court-yard, and could see from the window where the officious girl was leading them directly up to the fountain, and that they carried levers and other instruments on their shoulders.

"It is certainly my will," said Bertalda with a smile, "if it does not take them too long." And, pleased with the thought that the merest hint from her was now sufficient to accomplish what had formerly been refused with a painful reproof, she looked down upon their operations in the bright moonlight of the castle court.

The men seized the enormous stone, as if they must exert all their strength in raising it; some one of their number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected they were destroying the work of their former

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beloved mistress. Their labor, however, was much lighter than they had expected. It seemed as if some power from within the fountain itself aided them in raising the stone.

"It certainly appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water were become a jet or spouting fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and, almost without the assistance of the work-people, rolled slowly away upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance, from the opening of the fountain, filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water: at first they imagined it to be a spouting fountain in good earnest, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, and wrung them with anguish, as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrunk back, and fled from the fountain; while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window from which she had been viewing what passed without. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them and uttered the low moaning of misery, and Bertalda thought she recognized through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on, as sad, reluctant, and lingering as if going to the place of execution. Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight: not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, overpowered with terror and motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, her tears ever flowing in silent woe. Alas, with what different emotions had she once passed through these rooms!

The knight had, in the mean time, dismissed his attendants. Half undressed, and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror; a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment he heard a low tapping at his door; the least perceptible touch of a finger. Undine had formerly tapped in this way when she wished to amuse him with her endearing sportiveness.

"It is all illusion! a mere freak of fancy!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must, indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then he saw, in the mirror, that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white wanderer entered, and gently secured it behind her.

"They have opened the fountain," said she, in a low tone; "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt in the shock and death-pause of his heart that this must, indeed, be his doom; but, covering his eyes with his hands, he cried: "Do not, in my death-hour, do not drive me to distraction with terror. If you have a visage of horror behind that veil, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied the wanderer, "will you not, then, look upon me once more? I am as beautiful now as when you wooed me on the peninsula!"

"O, would to God it were so!" sighed Huldbrand; "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly do I grant your wish, my dearest love," said she. And as she threw back her veil, her dear face met his view, smiling with celestial beauty. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight stooped to give and receive the embrace. She kissed him with the holy kiss of heaven; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more passionately in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill, both of bliss and agony,* shot through his heart, until he at last expired, sinking softly back from her fair arms, and resting upon the pillow of his couch, a corse.

"I have wept him to death!" said she to some domestics, who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the terrified group, she went slowly out and disappeared in the fountain.

* The expression of the original is, "Heblichen Wehe," *a blissful agony* or *pang*. This union of opposite qualities, however bold the conception producing it, and however suited to express the death-pang under such circumstances, forms a *curious felicity*, rather too violent to be often admitted in English. Phrases of this kind are more familiar in German.

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THE FOUNTAIN UNSEALED.

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CHAPTER XIX.

HOW THE KNIGHT HULDBRAND WAS BURIED.

FATHER HEILMANN had returned to the castle as soon as the death of the lord of Ringstetten was made known in the neighborhood; and he arrived at the very hour when the monk, who had married the unfortunate couple, was hurrying from the door, overcome with dismay and horror.

When Father Heilmann was informed of this, he replied: "It is all well; and now come the duties of my office, in which I have no need of an assistant."

He then began to console the bride, now become a widow, small as was the advantage her worldly and light-minded spirit derived from his kindness.

The old fisherman, on the other hand, though severely afflicted, was far more resigned in regard to the fate of his son-in-law and the calamity of his daughter; and while Bertalda could not refrain from accusing Undine as a murderess and sorceress, the old man calmly said: "The event, after all, could not have happened otherwise. I see nothing in it but the judgment of God; and no one, I am sure, could have his heart more pierced by the death of Huldbrand, than she who was obliged to accomplish his doom, — the poor forsaken Undine!"

He then assisted in arranging the funeral solemnities as suited the rank of the deceased. The knight was to be interred in a village churchyard, in whose consecrated ground were the graves of his ancestors; a place which they, as well as himself, had endowed with rich privileges and gifts. His shield and helmet lay upon his coffin, ready to be lowered with it into the grave, for Lord Huldbrand, of Ringstetten, had died the last of his race; the mourners began their sorrowful march, lifting the melancholy wail of their dirges amid the calm, unclouded heaven; Father Heilmann preceded the procession, bearing a lofty crucifix, while Bertalda followed in her misery, supported by her aged father.

While proceeding in this manner, they suddenly saw, in the midst of the dark-habited mourning females in the widow's train, a snow-white figure, closely veiled, and wringing its hands in the wild vehemence of sorrow. Those next to whom it moved, seized with a secret dread, started back, or on one side; and, owing to their movements, the others, next to whom the white stranger now came, were terrified still more, so as to produce almost a complete disarrangement of the funeral train. Some of the military escort ventured to address the figure, and attempt to remove it from the procession, but it seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again, with slow and solemn step, among the followers of the body. At last, in consequence of the shrinking away of the attendants, it came close behind Bertalda. It now moved so slowly that the widow was not aware of its presence, and it walked meekly on behind, neither suffering nor creating disturbance.

This continued until they came to the churchyard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then it was that Bertalda perceived her unbidden companion, and prompted half by anger and half by terror, she commanded her to depart from the knight's place of final rest. But the veiled female, shaking her head with a gentle refusal, raised her hands toward Bertalda, in lowly supplication, by which she was greatly moved, and could not but remember with tears how Undine had shown such sweetness of spirit on the Danube, when she held out to her the coral necklace.

Father Heilmann now motioned with his hand, and gave order for all to observe perfect stillness, that over the body, whose mound was wellnigh formed, they might breathe a prayer of silent devotion. Bertalda knelt, without speaking; and all knelt, even the grave-diggers, who had now finished their work. But when they rose from this breathing of the heart, the white stranger had disappeared. On the spot where she had kneeled, a little spring of silver brightness was gushing out from the green turf, and it kept swelling and flowing onward, with a low murmur, till it almost encircled the mound of the knight's grave; it then continued its course, and emptied itself into a calm lake, which lay by the side of the consecrated ground. Even to this day the inhabitants of the village point out the spring; and they cannot but cherish the belief that it is the poor deserted Undine, who in this manner still fondly encircles her beloved in her arms.

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TALES

FROM THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. EDWARD FORSTER.

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INTRODUCTION.

COLONEL CAPPER, in his "Observations on the Passage to India," observes: "'The Arabian Nights' contain much curious and useful observation. They are universally read and admired throughout Asia by all ranks of men, both old and young. Considered, therefore, as an original work, descriptive as they are of the manners and customs of the East in general, and of the Arabians in particular, they surely must be thought to merit the attention of the curious. Nor are they, in my opinion, destitute of merit in other respects; for, although the extravagance of some of the stories is carried too far, yet on the whole one cannot help admiring the fancy and invention of the author in striking out such a variety of pleasing incidents, — pleasing I will call them, because they have frequently afforded me much amusement; nor do I envy any man his feelings who is above being pleased with them. But before any person decides upon the merit of these books he should be an eyewitness of the effect they produce on those who best understand them. I have more than once seen the Arabians in the desert, sitting round a fire, listening to these stories with such attention and pleasure as totally to forget the fatigue and hardship with which an instant before they were entirely overcome."

The great Orientalist, Silvester de Sacy, in his essay on the "Thousand and One Nights," says: —

"The literature of the East possesses no other works which could have obtained in Europe such celebrity and favor as has been accorded to 'Pilpay's Fables' and the stories of 'The Thousand and One Nights.' They have been translated into almost every language, and their readers have been legion. Their unequalled popularity is not, however, surprising, for they are at once calculated to charm and instruct: they possess for the youthful reader an indescribable fascination, and even the reader of riper years may turn to them at times to find relaxation and amusement. The vaunted antiquity and wisdom of the laws of Menoo, the oracular and sententious obscurity of the sacred books of the Chinese, the majestic and almost inspired eloquence of the Koran, the lofty epic of Valmiki, the sublime songs of Homer himself, or the transcendent meditations of Plato, — all these grand monuments of the human mind cannot rival in the foregoing respect these two books, which have, moreover, occasioned no revolution in the world, and have neither caused blood to flow, nor armed sect against sect and nation against nation. . . . . .

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"Its success, each day increasing, has suffered nothing from the caprices of fashion or the change of manners. The drama of Schiller has supplanted the obsolete tragedy of Sophocles and Corneille. A deluge of crude recollections, vain and frivolous, not to give it a harsher designation, collected under the influence of interested views and personal passions, has put to silence the severe muse of history, — the science of Bodin and Montesquieu, the art of Sully and Colbert, have become the possession of all; and, no longer folded in mystery, supply in our writings, as well as in our *salons*, entertainment and amusement. Still the 'Thousand and One Nights' have always found editors, and expectation has been incessantly turned to the East for the completion of that long and wonderful succession of tales." . . . .

"It appears to me to have been originally written in Syria, and in the common language; that it was never finished by its author, whether from death or any other cause; that subsequently others have endeavored to complete it, either by adding tales which were already known, though not belonging to the collection, or embodying their own original productions, more or less ingenious, which would account for the extreme dissimilarity to be remarked between many of the tales in the collection; — that this is also the reason why there is a want of unity as to the *dénouement*, of which there are two different accounts; that the additional stories were appended at different periods, perhaps in different countries, though probably chiefly in Egypt; and, finally, that all that can be asserted with any degree of probability relative to the date of the composition of this book is, that it is *not* ancient, — as is proved by the language in which it is written. This observation will therefore give the date of the composition of the collection somewhere in the middle of the ninth century of the Hegira, which makes its age to be about four hundred years."

Whatever doubt, however, may exist as to the particular country to which the "Arabian Nights" belong, it is generally admitted that they have been derived from the East. The Venetians, in whose hands the trade of the East almost exclusively rested in the Middle Ages, brought home and naturalized in Europe many of the Arabian fictions; and the Crusaders and the minstrels who accompanied them introduced many more. It is to the East, indeed, that we are indebted for many of our popular stories, more especially our nursery tales. The story of "Jack the Giant-Killer" has been traced by Sir John Malcolm to Persia. Mr. Morier and Sir William Ouseley found among the same people the tradition of "Whittington and his Cat," where the descendants of the old woman who was Puss's owner became sovereigns of the country. Mr. Keightley, an author of considerable research and ability, conceives that the story of "Sindbad the Sailor" was originally derived by the Arabs from the "Odyssey" of Homer, and that it has travelled back to Europe in the new shape into which Oriental imagination has moulded it. Some of the adventures, it cannot be denied, have great similarity to those of Ulysses; but there appears to have been some other and more generally accessible Oriental source for the tale in question. It has been also supposed to be Chinese. The other tales are involved in similar obscurities; but their great fascination and attractiveness are elements that have never been questioned.

In the present translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," or, as it is

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generally known, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the division into *nights* was omitted, and the conversation which is supposed to pass between Schahriar, Scheherazade, and Dinarzade, whenever daylight appears, interrupting the progress of the narration, was inserted only rarely, in order to avoid weakening the unity and sequence of the stories.

Lacking the space to give more than a standard illustration of this charming collection of tales, the present work contains in full the three most famous of the entire series, — "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," "The Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor," and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

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TALES

FROM THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

IN the capital of one of the richest and most extensive kingdoms of Cathay, the name of which does not at this moment occur, there lived a tailor named Mustafa, who had no other distinction than that of his trade. This tailor was very poor, the profits of his trade barely producing enough for himself, his wife, and a son, with whom God had blessed him, to subsist upon.

Mustafa's son, whose name was Aladdin, had been brought up in a very negligent manner, and had been left so much to himself that he had contracted the most vicious habits of idleness and mischief, and had no reverence for the commands of his father or mother. Before he had passed the years of childhood, his parents could no longer keep him in the house. He generally went out early in the morning, and spent the whole day in playing in the public streets with boys who were as idle as himself.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father, being unable to have him taught any other than that he himself followed, took him to his shop, and began to show him how he should use his needle. But neither kindness nor the fear of punishment could restrain his volatile and restless disposition. No sooner was Mustafa's back turned, than Aladdin was off, and returned no more during the whole day. His father continually chastised him; still Aladdin remained incorrigible, and Mustafa, to his great sorrow, was obliged to abandon him to his idle, vagabond kind of life. This conduct of his son gave him great pain, and the vexation of not being able to induce him to pursue a proper and reputable course of life brought on so obstinate and fatal a disease, that at the end of a few months it put an end to his existence.

As Aladdin's mother saw that her son never would follow the trade of his father, she shut up his shop, and converted all his stock and implements of trade into money, upon which, added to what she could earn by spinning cotton, she and her son subsisted.

Aladdin now, no longer restrained by dread of his father, and regarding his mother so little that he even threatened her with violence whenever she attempted to remonstrate with him, gave himself completely up to a life of indolence and licentiousness. He continued to associate with persons of his own age, and was fonder than ever of entering into all their tricks and fun. He pursued this course of life till he was fifteen years old, without showing the least spark of understanding of any sort, and without making the least reflection on what was to be his future lot. He was in this state, when, as he was one day playing with his companions in one of the public places, as was his usual custom, a stranger, who was going by, stopped and looked at him.

This stranger was, in fact, a noted and learned magician, called, for distinction, the African magician. And indeed he was so styled with the greater propriety, as he was a native of Africa, and had arrived from that part of the world only two days before.

Whether this magician, who was well skilled in physiognomy, had remarked in the countenance of Aladdin the signs of such a disposition as was best adapted to the purpose for which he had undertaken so long a journey, or not, is uncertain; but he very

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adroitly made himself acquainted with his family, discovered who he was, and the sort of character and disposition he possessed. He was no sooner informed of what he wished, than he went up to the young man, and, taking him apart from his companions, he asked him if his father's name was not Mustafa, and whether he was not a tailor by trade. "Yes, sir," replied Aladdin, "but he has been dead this long time."

At this speech the African magician threw his arms around Aladdin's neck, embraced and kissed him for some time, while the tears seemed to run from his eyes, and his bosom to heave with sighs. Aladdin asked him what reason he had to weep. "Alas! my child," replied the magician, "how can I do otherwise? I am your uncle; your father was my most excellent brother. I have been several years upon my journey, and at the very instant of my arrival in this place, and when I was congratulating myself in the hopes of seeing him, and giving him joy on my return, you inform me of his death. Can I then be so unfeeling as not to evince my grief, when I thus find myself deprived of my expected consolation? What, however, alleviates my affliction is, that, as far as my recollection carries me, I discover many traces of your father in your countenance, and that I have not been deceived in addressing myself to you." He then asked Aladdin, putting at the same time his hand into his purse, where his mother lived, and as soon as he was answered, the African magician gave him a handful of small money, and said to him: "My son, go to your mother, and make my respects to her; tell her that I will come and see her to-morrow, if I have an opportunity, in order to afford myself the consolation of seeing the spot where my good brother lived so many years, and where he at last finished his career."

The African magician had no sooner quitted his new-created nephew, than Aladdin ran to his mother, highly delighted with the money his supposed uncle had given him. "Pray, tell me, mother," he cried, the instant of his arrival, "whether I have not an uncle?" "No, my child," replied she; "you have no uncle, either on your poor father's side or mine." "I have, however, just left a man," answered the boy, "who told me he was my father's brother, and my uncle. He even cried and embraced me, when I told him of my father's death. And to prove to you that he spoke the truth," added he, showing her the money which he had received, "see what he has given me. He bid me also give his kindest remembrances to you, and to say that he would, if he had time, come and see you to-morrow, as he was desirous of beholding the house where my father lived and died." "It is true, indeed, my son," replied Aladdin's mother, "that your father had a brother, but he has been dead a long time, and I never heard him mention any other." After this conversation, they said no more on the subject.

The next day the African magician again accosted Aladdin, while he was playing in another part of the city with three other boys. He embraced him as before, and putting two pieces of gold into his hand, "Take this, my boy," said he, "and carry it to your mother. Tell her that I intend to sup with her this evening, and to purchase what is necessary for us to regale ourselves; but first inform me in what quarter of the city I shall find your house." Aladdin gave him the necessary information, and the magician departed.

Aladdin carried the two pieces of gold to his mother, and when he had told her of his supposed uncle's intentions, she went out and procured a supply of good provisions; and as she was unprovided with a sufficient quantity of china or earthenware, she borrowed what she might want from her neighbors. She was busily employed during the whole day in preparing for night; and in the evening, when everything was ready, she desired Aladdin, as his uncle might not know where to find the house, to go into the street, and if he saw him to show him the way.

Although Aladdin had pointed out to the magician the exact situation of his mother's house, he was nevertheless ready to go; but at the very moment that he reached the door he heard some person knock. Aladdin instantly opened it, and saw the African, bringing several bottles of wine and various sorts of fruit for them to regale with.

When he had given Aladdin all the things that he had brought, he paid his respects to his mother, and requested her to show him the place where his brother Mustafa was accustomed to sit upon the sofa. She had no

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sooner pointed it out than he prostrated himself before it; kissed the place several times, while the tears seemed to run in abundance from his eyes. "My poor brother," he exclaimed, "how unfortunate am I not to have arrived time enough to receive your embraces once more before you died!" The mother of Aladdin begged this pretended brother to sit in the place her husband used to occupy, but he would by no means hear of it. "No," he cried, "I will not do that: give me leave, however, to seat myself opposite; that if I am deprived of the pleasure of seeing him here in person, sitting like the father of a family that is so dear to me, I may at least look at the spot as if he were present." Aladdin's mother pressed him no further, but permitted him to take whatever seat he chose.

When the magician had taken the seat which he had chosen, he began to enter into a conversation with Aladdin's mother. "Do not be surprised, my good sister," he said, "at never having seen me during the whole of the time you have been married to my late brother Mustafa. It is full forty years since I left this country, of which I am a native, as well as himself. In the course of this long period, I first travelled through India, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt; and after passing a considerable time in all the finest and most remarkable cities in those countries, I went into Africa, where I resided for a great length of time. At last, as it is the natural disposition of man, how distant soever he may be from the place of his birth, never to forget his native country, nor lose the recollection of his family, his friends, and the companions of his youth, the desire of seeing mine, and of once more embracing my dear brother, took so powerful a hold of my mind, that I felt myself sufficiently strong again to undergo the fatigue of so long a journey. I therefore set about all the necessary preparations, and began my travels. It is useless to mention the length of time I was thus employed, the various obstacles I had to encounter, and all the fatigue I suffered before I arrived at the end of my labors. Nothing, however, so much mortified me, or gave me so much pain, in all my travels, as the intelligence of the death of my poor brother, whom I so tenderly loved, and whose memory I must ever respect. I have traced almost every feature of his countenance in the face of my nephew; and it was this that enabled me to distinguish him from the other young persons with whom he was. He can inform you in what manner I received the melancholy news that my brother no longer lived. We must, however, praise God for all things; and I console myself in finding him again alive in his son."

The magician, perceiving that Aladdin's mother was very much affected at this conversation about her husband, and that the recollection of him renewed her grief, changed the subject; and, turning towards Aladdin, he asked him his name. "I am called Aladdin," he answered. "Well, then, Aladdin," said the magician, "how do you employ yourself? Are you acquainted with any trade?"

At this speech Aladdin hung down his head, and was much disconcerted; but his mother answered for him. "Aladdin," she said, "is a very idle boy. His father did all he could to make him learn his business, but he could not accomplish it; and since his death, in spite of everything I can say, he will learn nothing, but leads the idle life of a vagabond, though I talk to him on the subject every day of my life. He spends all his time at play with other boys, as you saw him, without considering that he is no longer a child; and if you cannot make him ashamed of himself, and profit by your advice, I shall utterly despair that he will ever be good for anything. He knows very well that his father has left us nothing to live upon, and sees that, though I pass the whole day in spinning cotton, I can hardly get bread for us to eat. In short, I am resolved soon to shut my doors against him, and make him seek his own livelihood."

Saying this, the good woman burst into tears. "This is not right, Aladdin," said the magician; "you must, nephew, think of supporting yourself and working for your bread. There is a variety of trades; consider if there is not one you have an inclination for in preference to another. Perhaps that which your father followed displeases you, and you would rather be brought up to some other? Come, come, don't conceal your opinion; give it freely, and I may perhaps assist you." As he found that Aladdin made him no answer, he went on thus: "If you have an ob-

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jection to learning any trade, and yet wish to be a respectable and honest character, I will procure you a shop, and furnish it with rich stuffs and fine sorts of linens; you shall sell the goods, and with the money you make you shall buy other merchandise; and in this manner your life will pass respectably. Consult your own inclinations, and tell me candidly what you think of the plan. You will always find me ready to perform my promise."

This offer flattered the vanity of Aladdin very much; and he was the more averse to any manual occupation because he knew well enough that the shops which contained goods of this sort were much frequented, and the merchants themselves well dressed and highly esteemed. He hinted, therefore, to the magician, whom he considered as his uncle, that he was much more inclined to the latter plan, and that he should all his life continue sensible of the obligation he was under to him. "Since, then, this employment is agreeable to you," replied the magician, "I will take you with me to-morrow, and have you properly and handsomely dressed, as becomes one of the richest merchants of this city, and then we will procure a shop in the way I propose."

The mother of Aladdin, who had not hitherto been convinced that the magician was in fact the brother of her husband, no longer doubted it when he promised to do so much good for her son. She thanked him sincerely for his kind intentions, and, after having charged Aladdin to conduct himself so as to prove worthy of the good fortune his uncle had led him to expect, she served up the supper. The conversation during the whole time the supper lasted turned on the same subject, and continued till the magician, who perceived that the night was far advanced, took leave of Aladdin and his mother, and retired.

The magician did not fail to return the next morning to the widow of Mustafa the tailor, as he had promised. He took Aladdin with him, and conducted him to a merchant's where clothes made of the finest stuffs were sold. He made Aladdin try on such as seemed to fit him, and, after selecting those he liked best, "My nephew," said the magician, "choose such as you are most pleased with out of this number." Delighted with the liberality of his new uncle, Aladdin made choice of one. The magician bought it, together with everything that was necessary to complete the dress, and paid for the whole without asking the merchant to make any abatement.

When Aladdin saw himself thus magnificently dressed from head to foot, he returned his uncle a thousand thanks; the magician, on his part, again promised never to forsake him, but to have him always with him. He then conducted Aladdin to the most frequented parts of the city, particularly where the shops of the most opulent merchants were; and when he was come to the street where the shops of stuffs and fine linens were, he said to Aladdin, "You will soon become a merchant such as one of these. It is proper that you should frequent this place, and become acquainted with them." After this he took him to the largest and most noted mosques, to the khans where all the foreign merchants lived, and through every part of the sultan's palace, where he had leave to enter. Having at length gone with him over every part of the city worth seeing, they came to the khan where the magician had hired an apartment. They found several merchants with whom he had made some slight acquaintance since his arrival, and whom he had now invited to partake of a repast, in order to introduce his pretended nephew to them.

The entertainment was not over till the evening. Aladdin then wished to take leave of his uncle, and go home; the magician, however, would not suffer him to go alone, but conducted him back to his mother's. When she saw her son so handsomely dressed, she was transported with joy, and bestowed a thousand blessings on the magician, who had been at so great an expense on her dear child's account. "Generous relation," she exclaimed, "I know not how to thank you enough for your great liberality. My son, I am aware, is not worthy of so much generosity; and he will be wicked indeed if he ever prove ungrateful to you, or does not conduct himself so as to deserve, and be an ornament to, the excellent situation you are about to place him in. For my part," added she, "I thank you with my whole soul; may you live many happy years, and witness my son's gratitude, who cannot prove his good intentions better than by following your advice."

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"Aladdin," replied the magician, "is a good boy. He seems to pay attention to what I say. I have no doubt but we shall make him what we wish. I am sorry for one thing, and that is, that I am not able to perform all my promises to-morrow. It is Friday, and on that day the shops are shut; and it is impossible either to hire one or furnish it with goods, because all the merchants are absent and engaged in their several amusements. We will, however, settle this business on Saturday; and I will come here to-morrow to take Aladdin and show him the public gardens, in which people of reputation constantly walk and amuse themselves. He has probably hitherto been ignorant of the way in which they pass their time there. He has associated only with boys, but he must now learn to live with men." The magician then took his leave, and departed. In the mean time Aladdin, who was delighted at seeing himself so well dressed, was still more pleased at the idea of going to the gardens in the environs of the city. He had never been outside of the gates, nor seen the neighboring country, which was very beautiful.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, in order to be ready to set out at the moment his uncle called for him. After waiting some time, and which he thought an age, he became so impatient that he opened the door, and stood on the outside to watch for his uncle. The moment he saw him coming he went and informed his mother of it, took leave of her, shut the door, and ran to meet him.

The magician behaved in the most affectionate manner to Aladdin. "Come, my good boy," said he, with a smile, "I will to-day show you some very fine things." He conducted him out at a gate that led to some large and handsome houses, or rather magnificent palaces, each having a beautiful garden, in which they had the liberty of walking. At each palace they came to he asked Aladdin if it were not very beautiful; while the latter often prevented this question by exclaiming, when a new one presented itself, "O uncle, here is one much more beautiful than those we have before seen!" In the mean time they kept going on into the country, and the cunning magician, who wanted to go still farther for the purpose of putting a design which he had in his head into execution, went into one of these gardens and sat down by the side of a large basin of pure water, which received its supplies through the jaws of a bronze lion. He then pretended to be very tired, in order to give Aladdin an opportunity of resting. "My dear nephew," he said, "you must be fatigued as well as myself. Let us rest ourselves here a little while, and get fresh strength to pursue our walk."

When they were seated, the magician took out from a piece of linen cloth which was attached to his girdle various sorts of fruits and some cakes with which he had provided himself, and spread them on the bank before them. He divided a cake between himself and Aladdin, and gave him leave to eat whatever fruit he liked best. While they were eating he gave his pretended nephew much good advice, desiring him to leave off playing with boys, and to associate with intelligent and prudent men; to pay every attention to them, and to profit from their conversation. "You will very soon," said he, "be a man yourself, and you cannot too soon accustom yourself to their manners and behavior." When they had finished their slight repast, they got up and pursued their way by the side of gardens, which were separated from each other by a small fosse, that served chiefly to mark the limits of each, and not to prevent the communication between them, the honesty of the inhabitants of this city making it unnecessary for them to take other means of preventing any injury. The magician insensibly led Aladdin much farther than the gardens extended; and they walked on through the country till they came into the neighborhood of the mountain.

Aladdin, who had never before taken so long a walk, felt himself very much tired. "Where are we going, my dear uncle?" said he. "We have got much farther than the gardens, and I can see nothing but hills and mountains before us. And if we go on any farther, I know not whether I shall have strength enough to walk back to the city." "Take courage, nephew," replied his pretended uncle; "I wish to show you another garden that far surpasses all you have hitherto seen. It is not far from hence; and after your arrival you will readily own how sorry you would have been to have come

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thus near it and not gone on to see." Aladdin was persuaded to proceed, and the magician led him on considerably farther, amusing him all the time with entertaining stories, to beguile the way, and make it less fatiguing and unpleasant.

They at length came to a narrow valley, situated between two moderately sized mountains of nearly the same height. This was the particular spot to which the magician wished to bring Aladdin, in order to put in execution the grand project that was the sole cause of his coming from the extremity of Africa to Cathay. "We shall now," said he to Aladdin, "go no farther; and I shall here unfold to your view some extraordinary things hitherto unknown to mortals; and which, when you shall have seen, you will thank me a thousand times for having made you an eyewitness of. They are indeed such wonders as no one besides yourself will ever have seen. I am now going to strike a light, and do you, in the mean time, collect all the dry sticks and leaves that you can find, in order to make a fire."

There were so many pieces of dry sticks scattered about, that Aladdin had collected more than was sufficient for his purpose by the time the magician had lighted his match. He then set them on fire; and, as soon as they were in a blaze, the magician threw a certain perfume, which he had ready in his hand, upon them. A thick and dense smoke immediately arose, which seemed to unfold itself in consequence of some mysterious words pronounced by the magician, and which Aladdin did not in the least comprehend. At the same instant the ground slightly shook, and, opening in the spot where they stood, discovered a square stone about a foot and a half broad, placed horizontally, with a brass ring in the centre for the purpose of lifting it up.

Aladdin was dreadfully alarmed at these things, and was about to run away, when the magician, to whom his presence in this mysterious affair was absolutely necessary, stopped him in an angry manner, and gave him at the same moment a blow which not only beat him down, but nearly knocked some of his teeth out. Poor Aladdin, with tears in his eyes, and the blood streaming from his mouth, and trembling in every limb, got up. "My dear uncle," he cried, "what have I done to deserve such severity?" "I have my reasons for it," replied the magician; "I am your uncle, and consider myself as your father, and you ought not to make me any answer. Do not, however, my boy," added he, in a milder tone of voice, "be at all afraid; I desire nothing of you but that you obey me most implicitly; and this you must do, if you wish to render yourself worthy of the great advantages I mean to afford you." These fine speeches of the magician in some measure lessened the fright of Aladdin; and when the former saw him less alarmed, "You have observed," he said, "what I have done by virtue of my perfumes and the words that I pronounced. You are now to be informed that under the stone which you see here there is a concealed treasure destined for you; and which will one day render you richer than any of the most powerful potentates of the earth. It is, moreover, the fact, that no one in the world but you can be permitted to touch or lift up this stone and go beneath it. Even I myself am not able to approach it, and to take possession of the treasure which is under it. And, in order to insure your success, you must observe and execute in every respect, even to the minutest point, what I am now going to instruct you in. This is a matter of the greatest consequence both to you and to myself."

Wrapped in astonishment at everything he had seen and heard, and full of the idea of this treasure, which the magician said was to make him forever happy, Aladdin forgot everything else that had passed. "Well, my dear uncle," he exclaimed, as he got up, "what must I do? Tell me; I am ready to obey you in everything." "I heartily rejoice, my boy," replied the magician, embracing Aladdin, "that you have made so good a resolution. Come to me; take hold of this ring, and lift up the stone." "I am not strong enough, uncle," said Aladdin; "you must help me." "No, no," answered the magician; "you have no occasion for my assistance; we shall neither of us do any good, if I attempt to help you; you must lift it up entirely by yourself. Pronounce only the name of your father and your grandfather, take hold of the ring, and lift it; it will come without any difficulty." Aladdin did exactly as the magician told him; he

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raised the stone without any trouble, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was taken away, a small cavern was visible, between three and four feet deep, at the bottom of which there appeared a door, with steps to go down still lower. "You must now, my good boy," said the magician to Aladdin, "observe very exactly everything I am going to tell you. Go down into this cavern, and when you have come to the bottom of the steps which you see, you will perceive an open door, leading into a large vaulted space, divided into three successive halls. In each of these you will perceive, on both sides of you, four bronze vases, as large as tubs, full of gold and silver; but you must take particular care not to touch any of it. When you get into the first hall, take up your robe and bind it round you. Then observe, and go on to the second without stopping, and thence, in the same manner, to the third. Above all, however, be very particular not to go near the walls, nor even to touch them with your robe; for if any part of your dress comes in contact with them, your instant death will be the inevitable consequence. This is the reason of my having desired you to fasten your robe closely round you. At the extremity of the third hall there is a door, leading to a garden planted with beautiful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Go on straight forward, and pursue a path which you will perceive, and which will bring you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which is a terrace. When you shall have ascended the terrace, you will observe a niche before you, in which there is a lighted lamp. Take the lamp, and extinguish it. Then throw out the wick, and the liquid that is within, and put it in your bosom. When you have done this, bring it to me. Do not be afraid of staining your dress, as what is within the lamp is not oil; and when you have thrown it out, the lamp will dry directly. If you should feel yourself very desirous of gathering any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so; and there is nothing to prevent your taking as much as you please."

When the magician had given these directions to Aladdin, he took a ring from his finger, and gave it to his pretended nephew; telling him, at the same time, that it was a preservative against every evil that might otherwise happen to him, and again bade him be mindful of everything he had said to him. "Go, my child," added he, "descend boldly; we shall now both of us become immensely rich for the rest of our lives."

Aladdin gave a spring, jumped into the opening with a willing mind, and went down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly answering the description the magician had given of them. He passed through them with the greatest precaution possible, as he was fearful he might be killed if he did not most strictly observe all the directions he had received. He went on to the garden, and ascended to the terrace without stopping. He took the lamp, as it stood lighted in the niche, threw out its contents, and, observing that it was, as the magician had said, quite dry, he put it into his bosom. He then came down the terrace, and stopped in the garden to examine the fruit, which he had only seen for an instant, as he passed along. The trees of this garden were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. Each tree bore a sort of a different color. Some were white, others sparkling and transparent, like crystal; some were red, and of different shades, others green, blue, violet; some of a yellowish hue, — in short, of almost every color. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the paler, a particular sort of ruby, called balass; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires; in the same way, all the other colored fruits were varieties of precious stones; and the whole of them were of the largest size, and more perfect than were ever seen in the world. Aladdin, who knew neither their beauty nor their value, was not at all struck with the appearance of them, which did not the least suit his taste, like the figs, grapes, and other excellent fruits, common in Cathay. As he was not yet of an age to be acquainted with their value, he thought they were all only pieces of colored glass, and did not therefore attach any value to them. The variety, however, and contrast of so many beautiful colors, as well as the brilliancy and extraordinary size of each sort, nevertheless tempted him to gather some of each. And he took so many of every color that he filled both his pockets, as well as his two new

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purses that the magician had bought for him at the time he made him a present of his new dress, that everything he wore might be equally new; and as his pockets, which were already full, could not hold his two purses, he fastened them on each side of his girdle, or sash, and also wrapped some in its folds, as it was of silk, and made very full. In this manner he carried them so as they could not fall out. He did not even neglect to fill his bosom quite full, between his robe and shirt.

Laden in this manner with the most immense treasure, though ignorant of its value, Aladdin made haste through the three halls, in order that he might not make the magician wait too long. Having proceeded through them with the same caution as before, he began to ascend the steps he had come down, and presented himself at the entrance of the cave, where the magician was impatiently waiting for him. As soon as Aladdin had perceived him, he called out, "Give me your hand, uncle, to help me up." "You had better, my dear boy," replied the magician, "first give me the lamp, as that will only embarrass you." "It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it to you when I am out." The magician still persevered in wishing to get the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave; but the latter had in fact so covered it with the fruit of the trees, that he absolutely refused to give it till he had got out of the cave. The African magician was in the greatest despair at the obstinate resistance the boy made; he put himself into the most violent rage; he threw a little perfume upon the fire which he had taken care to keep up, and he had hardly pronounced two magic words before the stone, which served to shut up the entrance to the cavern, returned of its own accord to the place, with all the earth over it, exactly in the same state it was when the magician and Aladdin arrived there.

There is no doubt that this African magician was not the brother of Mustafa the tailor, as he had boasted, and consequently not the uncle of Aladdin. He was most probably originally of Africa, being born there; as that is a country where magic is more studied than in any other, he had given himself up to it from his earliest youth; and after nearly forty years spent in enchantments, experiments in geomancy, fumigations, and reading books of magic, he had at length discovered that there was in the world a certain wonderful lamp, the possession of which would make him the most powerful monarch in the universe, if he were so fortunate as to obtain it. By a late experiment in geomancy he had discovered that this lamp was in a subterraneous place in the middle of Cathay, in the very spot and under the very circumstances that have just been detailed. Thoroughly persuaded of the truth of this discovery, he had come from the remotest part of Africa, and after a long and painful journey had arrived in the city that was nearest this treasure. But though the lamp was certainly in the place which he had found out, he was nevertheless not permitted to take it away himself, nor to go in person to the very spot where it was. It was absolutely necessary that another person should go down to take it, and then put it into his hands. It was for this reason that he had addressed himself to Aladdin, who seemed to him to be an artless youth, and well adapted to perform the service he expected from him; and he had resolved, as soon as he had got the lamp from him, to raise the last fumigation, pronounce the two magic words which produced the effect already seen, and sacrifice poor Aladdin to his avarice and wickedness, that he might not have an existing witness of his being in possession of the lamp. The blow he had given Aladdin, as well as the authority he exercised over him, were only for the purpose of accustoming him to fear him and obey all his orders without hesitation; that when Aladdin had got possession of the wonderful lamp he might instantly deliver it to him. The reverse, however, of what he both wished and expected, came to pass; for he was so much in a hurry to put an end to poor Aladdin, only because he was afraid that, while he was contesting the matter with him, some person might come and make that public which he wished to be kept secret, that he completely failed in his object.

When the magician found all his hopes and expectations forever blasted, he had only one method to pursue, and that was to return to Africa, which he in fact did the very same day. He pursued his journey along the most private roads, in order to avoid the

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city where he had met with Aladdin. He was also afraid to meet any person who might have seen him walk out with him and come back without him.

To judge from all these circumstances, it might naturally be supposed that Aladdin was gone forever; and indeed the magician himself, who thought he had thus destroyed him, had not paid any attention to the ring which he had placed on his finger, and which was now about to render Aladdin the most essential service, and to save him. Aladdin knew not the wonderful qualities either of that or the lamp; and it is indeed astonishing that the loss of both of them did not drive the magician to absolute despair; but persons of his profession are so accustomed to defeat, and so many events happen to them contrary to their wishes, that they never cease from endeavoring to conquer every misfortune by charms, visions, and enchantments.

Aladdin, who did not expect this wicked action from his pretended uncle, after all the kindness and generosity which the latter had evinced towards him, experienced a degree of surprise and astonishment easier to conceive than explain. When he found himself as it were buried alive, he called aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp. But all his cries were useless, and having no other means of making himself heard, he remained in perfect darkness. Giving, at length, a little cessation to his tears, he went down to the bottom of the flight of stairs, intending to look for the light in the garden where he had been before. But the walls, which had been opened by enchantment, were now shut by the same means. He felt all around him, to the right and left, several times, but could not discover the least opening. He then redoubled his cries and tears, sat down upon the step of his dungeon, without hoping ever again to see the light of day, and with the melancholy conviction that he should only pass from the darkness which now encompassed him to the shades of an inevitable and speedy death.

Aladdin remained two days in this state, without either eating or drinking. On the third day, regarding his death as certain, he lifted up his hands, and, joining them as in the act of prayer, he wholly resigned himself to the will of God, and uttered in a loud tone of voice: "There is no strength or power but in the high and great God." In this action of joining his hands, he happened to rub the ring which the African magician had put upon his finger, and of the virtue of which he was as yet ignorant. Upon its being thus rubbed, a genie of an enormous figure and most horrid countenance instantly appeared before him; he was so tall, that his head touched the vaulted roof, and he addressed these words to Aladdin: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave; as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger; I and the other slaves of the ring."

At any other moment, and on any other occasion, Aladdin, who was totally unaccustomed to such appearances, would have been so frightened at the sight of such a wonderful figure, he would have been unable to speak; but he was so entirely preoccupied with the danger and peril of his situation, that he answered without the least hesitation: "Whoever you are, take me, if you are able, out of this place." He had scarcely pronounced these words when the earth opened, and he found himself on the outside of the cave, and at the very spot to which the magician had brought him. It is easy to be conceived that after having remained in complete darkness for so long a time, Aladdin had at first some difficulty in supporting the brightness of open day. By degrees, however, his eyes became accustomed to the light, and on looking round him he was surprised to find not the least opening in the earth. He could not comprehend in what manner he had so suddenly come out of it. There was only the place where the fire had been made, which he recollected was close to the entrance of the cave. Looking round towards the city, he perceived it surrounded by the gardens, and thus knew the road he had come with the magician. He returned the same way, thanking God for having again permitted him to behold and revisit the face of the earth, which he had quite despaired of doing.

He arrived at the city, but it was with great difficulty that he got home. When he was within the door, the joy he experienced at again seeing his mother, added to the weak state he was in from not having eaten

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anything for the space of three days, made him faint, and it was some time before he came to himself. His mother, who had already wept for him as lost or dead, seeing him in this state, did not omit anything that could tend to restore him. At length he recovered, and the first thing he said was: "Bring me something, my dear mother, to eat, before you do anything else. I have tasted nothing these three days." His mother instantly set what she had before him. "My dear child," said she, "do not hurry yourself, it is dangerous: eat but little, and at your leisure; you must take great care how you indulge the pressing appetite you have. Do not even speak to me; you will have plenty of time to relate to me everything that has happened to you when you shall have regained your strength. I am sufficiently satisfied at seeing you once more, after all the affliction I have suffered since Friday, and all the trouble I have also taken to learn what was become of you, when I found the night approach and you did not return home."

Aladdin followed his mother's advice; he ate but little and slowly, and drank sparingly. "I have great reason, my dear mother," said he, when he had done, "to complain of you for putting me in the power of a man whose object was to destroy me, and who, at this very moment, supposes my death sure, or at least that I should not live another day. But you took him to be my uncle, and I was also equally deceived. Indeed, how could we suppose him to be anything else, as he almost overwhelmed me with his kindness and generosity, and made me so many promises of future advantage. But I must tell you, mother, that he was a traitor, a wicked man, a cheat. He was good and kind to me only that he might, after answering his own purpose, destroy me, as I have already told you, without either of us being able to know the reason. I can assure you I have not given him the least cause for the bad treatment I have received; and you will yourself be convinced of it by the faithful and true account I am going to give you of everything that has passed from the moment that I left you till he put his wicked design in execution."

Aladdin then related to his mother everything that had happened to him and the magician on the day when the latter came and took him away to see the palaces and gardens round the city; what had befallen him on the road, and at the place between the two mountains, where the magician worked such prodigies; how upon throwing the perfume into the fire and uttering some magical words the earth instantly opened, and discovered the entrance to a cave that led to most inestimable treasures. Neither did he forget the blow that the magician had given him, nor how, after having first coaxed him, he had persuaded him, by the means of the greatest promises, and by putting a ring upon his finger, to descend into the cave. He omitted no circumstance of what passed, or what he had seen in going backwards and forwards through the three halls, in the garden, or on the terrace whence he had taken the wonderful lamp. This he now drew from his bosom, and showed it to his mother, as well as the transparent and different colored fruits that he had gathered as he returned through the garden, and the two purses, quite full, all of which he gave her; she, however, did not set much value upon them. The fruits were, in fact, precious stones; and the lustre which they threw round, by means of a lamp that hung in the chamber, and which almost equalled the sun in brightness ought to have informed her they were of the greatest value; but the mother of Aladdin had no more knowledge of their worth than her son. She had been brought up in a middle station in life, and her husband had never been rich enough to bestow any jewels upon her, nor had she ever seen any among her relations or neighbors; consequently it was not at all surprising that she considered them as things of no value, and only fit to please the eye by the variety of their colors. Aladdin, therefore, put them all behind one of the cushions of the sofa on which they were sitting.

He finished the recital of his adventure by telling her that when he came back and presented himself at the mouth of the cave to get out, upon refusing to give the lamp to the magician, the entrance to the cave was instantly closed by means of the perfume thrown by the magician on the fire, which he had kept alight, and of some words that he pronounced. He could not then proceed any further without shedding tears, and representing the miserable state he found him-

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self in, buried, as it were, alive in this fatal cave, till the moment he got out by means of the ring, of which he did not even now know the virtues. When he had finished his account, he said to his mother: "I need not tell you more; the rest is known to you. This is the whole of my adventures, and of the danger I have been in since I left you."

Wonderful and surprising as this relation was, distressing, too, as it must have been for a mother, who, in spite of his defects, tenderly loved her son, she had the patience to hear it to the end, without giving him the least interruption. In the most affecting parts, however, particularly those that unfolded the wicked intentions of the African magician, she could not help showing by her actions how much she detested him, and how much he excited her indignation. But Aladdin had no sooner concluded, than she began to abuse the impostor in the strongest terms. She called him a traitor, a barbarian, a cheat, an assassin, a magician, the enemy and destroyer of the human race. "Yes, my child," she exclaimed, "he is a magician; and magicians are public evils. They hold communication with demons by means of their sorceries and enchantments. Blessed be God that he has not suffered the wickedness of this wretch to have its full effect upon you. You ought to return him many thanks for his kindness to you. Your death would have been inevitable if God had not come to your assistance, and you had not implored his aid." She added many more things of the same sort; showing, at the same time, her complete detestation of the treachery with which the magician had treated her son; but as she was proceeding in this manner, she perceived that Aladdin, who had not slept for three days, wanted rest. She made him, therefore, retire to bed, and soon afterwards went thither herself.

As Aladdin had not been able to take any repose in the subterranean vault in which he had been, as it were, buried, with the idea of his certain destruction, it is no wonder that he passed the whole of that night in the most profound sleep, and that it was even late the next morning before he awoke. He at last got up, and the first thing he said to his mother was that he was very hungry, and told her she could not oblige him more than by giving him something for breakfast. "Alas! my child," replied his mother, "I have not a morsel of bread to give you. You ate last night all the trifling remains of food there was in the house. Have a little patience, however, and it shall not be long before I will bring you some. I have a little cotton of my own spinning which I will go and sell, and purchase something for our dinner." "Keep your cotton, mother," said Aladdin, "for another time, and give me the lamp which I brought with me yesterday. I will go and sell that, and the money it will fetch will serve us for breakfast and dinner, too, and perhaps also for supper."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the place she had put it in. "Here it is," she said to her son, "but it is, I think, very dirty. If I were to clean it a little perhaps it might sell for something more." She then took some water and a little fine sand to clean it with. But she had scarcely begun to rub the lamp, when instantly, and while her son was present, a hideous and gigantic genie rose out of the ground before her, and cried with a voice as loud as thunder: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp." The mother of Aladdin was not in a condition to answer this address. She was unable to endure the sight of a figure so hideous and alarming as that of the genie; and her fears were so great that he had no sooner begun to speak than she fell down in a fainting fit.

As Aladdin had once before seen a similar appearance in the cavern, and did not either lose his presence of mind or his judgment, he instantly seized the lamp, and supplied his mother's place by answering for her in a firm tone of voice, "I am hungry, bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and returned in a moment with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head, and twelve covered dishes of the same material, filled with the choicest meat, properly arranged, and six loaves, as white as snow, upon as many plates; and having two bottles of excellent wine and two silver cups in his hand. He placed them all upon the sofa, and instantly vanished.

All this passed in so short a time, that Aladdin's mother had not recovered from fainting before the genie had disappeared

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the second time. Aladdin, who had thrown some water over her without any effect, again endeavored to bring her to herself; but whether her scattered spirits returned of themselves, or that the smell of the dishes which the genie had brought produced the effect, she quite recovered. "My dear mother," cried Aladdin, "there is nothing the matter. Get up, and come and eat; here is what will put you in good spirits again, and at the same time satisfy my violent appetite. Come, do not let us suffer these good things to get cold before we begin."

His mother was extremely astonished when she beheld the large basin, the twelve dishes, the six loaves, the two bottles of wine and two cups, and perceived the delicious odor that exhaled from them. "My child," she said, "how came all this abundance here, and to whom are we obliged for such liberality? The sultan surely cannot have become acquainted with our poverty and have taken compassion on us?" "My good mother," replied Aladdin, "come and sit down, and begin to eat; you are as much in want of something as I am. I will tell you of everything when we have broken our fast." They then sat down, and both of them ate with the greater appetite, as neither mother nor son had before ever seen a table so well covered.

During the repast, the mother of Aladdin could not help stopping frequently to look at and admire the basin and dishes; although she was not quite sure whether they were silver or any other material, so little was she accustomed to things of this sort; and, in fact, without regarding their value, of which she was ignorant, it was only the novelty of their appearance that attracted her admiration. Nor, indeed, was her son better informed than herself. Although they both merely intended to make a simple breakfast, yet they sat so long, that the hour of dining came before they had risen; the dishes were so excellent, they almost increased their appetites; and as they were still hot, they thought it no bad plan to join the two meals together, and therefore they dined before they got up from breakfast. When they had made an end of their double repast, they found enough remaining, not only for supper, but even for two as good meals the next day.

When Aladdin's mother had taken away the things, and put aside what they had not consumed, she seated herself on the sofa, near her son. "I am waiting, my boy," she said, "for you to satisfy my impatient curiosity, and to hear the account you have promised me." Aladdin then related to her everything that had passed between him and the genie, from the time her alarm had made her faint till she again came to herself. At this relation of her son, and the account of the appearance of the genie, his mother was in the greatest astonishment. "But what do you tell me, child, about your genie? Never since I was born have I heard of any person of my acquaintance that has seen one. How comes it then that this villanous genie should have presented himself to me? Why did he not rather address himself to you, to whom he had before appeared in the subterraneous cavern?"

"Mother," replied Aladdin, "the genie who appeared just now to you is not the same that appeared to me. In some things, indeed, they resemble each other, being both as large as giants; but they are very different both in their countenance and dress, and they belong to different masters. If you recollect he whom I saw called himself the slave of the ring which I had on my finger; and the one who appeared to you was the slave of the lamp you had in your hand; but I believe you did not hear him, as you seemed to faint the instant he began to speak. "What," cried his mother, "is it then your lamp that was the reason why this cursed genie addressed himself to me rather than to you? Ah, child, take the lamp out of my sight, and put it where you please, so that I never touch it again. Indeed, I would rather that you should throw it away or sell it, than I should run the risk of almost dying with fright by again touching it. And if you would also follow my advice, you would put away the ring as well. We ought to have no commerce with genii; they are demons, and our prophet has told us so."

"With your permission, however, my dear mother," replied Aladdin, "I shall take care not to sell this lamp in a hurry, which has already been so useful to us both. I have, indeed, been once very near it. Do you not see what it has procured us, and that it will also continue to furnish us with enough for

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our entire support? You may easily judge, as well as myself, that it was not for nothing my pretended wicked uncle gave himself so much trouble, and undertook so long and fatiguing a journey, since it was merely to get possession of this wonderful lamp, which he preferred to all the gold and silver which he knew was in the three halls, and which I myself saw, as he said I should. He was too well acquainted with the worth and qualities of this lamp to wish for any other part of that immense treasure. Since chance then has discovered its virtues to us, let us profit by them, but in such a manner that we shall not make any bustle to draw down the envy and jealousy of our neighbors. I will take it indeed out of your sight, and put it where I shall be able to find it whenever I shall have occasion for it, since you are so much alarmed at the appearance of the genie. Neither can I resolve to throw the ring away. Without this ring you would have never seen me again; and even if I should now have been alive, it would have been almost the last moment of my existence. You must permit me, then, to keep it and to wear it always carefully on my finger. Who can tell if some danger may not one day or other again happen to me, which neither you nor I can now foresee, and from which it may deliver me?" As the arguments of Aladdin appeared very just and reasonable, his mother had nothing to say in reply. "Do as you like, my son," she cried; "as for me, I wish to have nothing at all to do with genii; and I declare to you that I entirely wash my hands of them, and will never mention them to you again."

After supper the next evening, nothing remained of the good provisions which the genie had brought. The following morning, Aladdin, who did not like to wait till hunger approached, took one of the silver plates under his robe, and went out early, in order to sell it. He addressed himself to a Jew whom he happened to meet. Aladdin took him aside, and, showing him the plate, asked him if he would buy it.

The Jew, who was both clever and cunning, took the plate and examined it. He had no sooner ascertained that it was good silver, than he desired to know how much he expected for it. Aladdin, who knew not its value nor had ever had any dealings of the sort before, was satisfied with saying that he supposed the Jew knew what the plate was worth, and that he would depend upon his honor. Being uncertain whether Aladdin was acquainted with its real value or not, he took out of his purse a piece of gold equal to one seventy-second part of the value of the plate, and offered it to Aladdin. The latter eagerly took the money, and went away so quickly, that the Jew, not satisfied with the exorbitant profit he had made by this bargain, was very sorry he had not foreseen Aladdin's ignorance of the value of the plate, and offered him much less for it. He was upon the point of running after him, to get something back out of the piece of gold; but Aladdin himself ran very fast, and was already got so far that he would have found it impossible to overtake him.

In his way home, Aladdin bought enough bread for his mother and himself, which he paid for out of his piece of gold. When he got back, he gave the change to his mother, who went to the market, and purchased as much provision as would last them for several days.

Thus they continued to live till Aladdin had sold the twelve dishes, one after the other, to the same Jew, exactly as he had done the first, when they found they wanted more money. The Jew having given him a piece of gold for the first, durst not offer him less for the other dishes, for fear of losing so good a bargain. He bought them all, therefore, at the same rate. When the money for the last plate was expended, Aladdin had recourse to the basin, which was at least ten times as heavy as any of the dishes. He wished to carry this to the same merchant, but its great weight prevented him; he was obliged, therefore, to bring the Jew to his mother's. After having ascertained the weight of the basin, the Jew counted out ten pieces of gold, with which Aladdin was satisfied.

While these ten pieces lasted, they were employed in the daily expense of the house. In the mean time, Aladdin, thus accustomed to lead an idle life, abstained from going to play with boys of his own age from the time of his adventure with the African magician. He now passed his days in walking about, or conversing with such men as he got acquainted with. Sometimes he stopped in the shops belonging to large and extensive

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merchants, where he listened to the conversation of such people of distinction and education as came there, and who made these shops a sort of meeting-place. The information he thus acquired gave him a slight knowledge of the world.

When nothing remained of his ten pieces of gold, Aladdin had recourse to the lamp. He took it up, and looked for the particular spot that his mother had rubbed. As he easily perceived the place where the sand had touched it, he applied his hand to the same place, and the same genie whom he had before seen instantly appeared. But, as Aladdin had rubbed the lamp in a more gentle manner than his mother had done, the genie spoke to him also in a more softened tone. "What do you wish?" said he to him, in the same words as before: "I am ready to obey you, as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp." "I am hungry," cried Aladdin; "bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and in a short time returned, loaded with a similar service to that he had brought before, which he placed upon the sofa, and vanished in an instant.

As Aladdin's mother was aware of the intention of her son, she had gone out on some business, that she might not be in the house when the genie again made his appearance. She soon after came in, and saw the table and sideboard well set out; nor was she less surprised at the effect of the lamp this time than she had been the first. Aladdin and his mother immediately placed themselves at the table; and after they had finished their repast, there still remained sufficient food to last them two whole days.

When Aladdin again found that all his provisions were gone, and that he had no money to purchase any, he took one of the silver dishes, and went to look for the Jew, in order to sell it him. As he walked along, he happened to pass a goldsmith's shop, belonging to a respectable old man, whose probity and general honesty were unimpeachable. The goldsmith, who perceived him, called to him to come into the shop. "My son," said he, "I have often seen you pass, loaded as you are at present, and join such a Jew; and then, in a short time, come back empty-handed. I have thought that you sold him what you carried. But perhaps you are ignorant that this Jew is a very great cheat; nay, that he will even deceive his own brethren, and that no one who knows him will have any dealings with him. Now what I have more to say to you is only this, — and I wish you to act exactly as you like in the matter, — if you will show me what you are now carrying, and are going to sell it, I will faithfully give you what it is worth, if it be anything in my way of business; if not, I will introduce you to other merchants, who will not deceive you."

The hope of making a little more of his silver dish induced Aladdin to take it from under his robe and show it to the goldsmith. The old man, who knew at first sight that the dish was of the finest silver, asked him if he had sold any like it to the Jew, and how much he had received. Aladdin ingenuously told him that he had sold twelve, and that the Jew had given him a piece of gold for each. "Ah, the thief!" cried the merchant; "but, my son, what is done cannot be undone, and let us, therefore, think of it no more; but, in letting you see what your dish, which is made of the finest silver we ever use in our shops, is really worth, we shall know to what extent the Jew has cheated you."

The goldsmith took his scales, weighed the dish, and after explaining to Aladdin how much a mark of silver was worth, and the different divisions of it, he said, that, according to the weight of the dish, it was worth seventy-two pieces of gold, which he immediately counted out to him. "This," said he, "is the exact value of your dish; if you doubt it, you may go to any one of our goldsmiths you please; and if you find that he will give you more for it, I promise to forfeit to you double the sum. All we get is by the fashion or workmanship of the goods we buy in this manner; and with this even the most equitable Jews are not satisfied." Aladdin thanked the goldsmith for the good advice he had given him, from which, too, he derived so much advantage. And for the future he carried his dishes to no one else. He took the basin also to his shop, and always received the value, according to its weight.

Although Aladdin and his mother had an inexhaustible source for money in their

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lamp, by which they could procure what they wished, they nevertheless continued to live with the same frugality as before, except that Aladdin put a little apart for some innocent amusements, and to procure some things that were necessary in the house. His mother took the care of her dress upon herself, and supplied it from the cotton she spun. From such a quiet mode of living, it is easy to conjecture how long the money arising from the sale of the twelve dishes and the basin, at the rate Aladdin had sold them at, must have lasted them. They lived in this manner for some years, with the profitable assistance which Aladdin occasionally procured from the lamp.

During this interval, Aladdin did not fail to resort frequently to the places where persons of distinction were to be met; such as the shops of the most considerable merchants in gold and silver, in silks, fine linens, and jewelry; and by sometimes taking a part in their conversations he insensibly acquired the style and manners of the best company. It was at the jewellers' more particularly that he became undeceived in the idea he had formed, that the transparent fruits he had gathered in the garden which contained the lamp were only colored glass, and that he learnt they were jewels of inestimable price. By observing all kinds of precious stones that were bought and sold in these shops, he acquired a knowledge of their value; and as he did not see any that could be compared with those he possessed, either in brilliancy or in size, he concluded that instead of bits of common glass, which he had considered as trifles of no worth, he was in fact possessed of an invaluable treasure. He had, however, the prudence not to mention it to any one, not even to his mother; and there is no doubt that it was in consequence of his silence that he afterwards rose to the great good fortune to which we shall in the end see him elevated.

One day, as he was walking in the city, Aladdin heard a proclamation of the sultan, ordering all persons to shut up their shops and retire into their houses, until the princess Badroul Boudour, his daughter, had passed to the bath and returned.

This public order created in Aladdin a curiosity to see the princess unveiled; which, however, he could not accomplish but by going to some house where he was acquainted, and by looking through the lattices. Yet this by no means satisfied him, because the princess usually wore a veil as she went to the bath. He thought at last of a plan which by its success completely gratified his curiosity. He went and placed himself behind the door of the bath, which was so constructed that he could not fail to see her face.

Aladdin did not wait long in his place of concealment before the princess made her appearance; and he saw her through a crevice perfectly well without being at all seen. A great crowd of females and eunuchs walked on each side of her, and others followed behind. When she had come within three or four paces of the door of the bath, she lifted up the veil, which not only concealed her face but encumbered her, and thus gave Aladdin an opportunity of seeing her as she approached the door.

Till that moment Aladdin had never seen any other female without her veil, except his mother, who was rather old, and who even in her youth had not possessed any beauty; and he was, therefore, incapable of comparing the beauty of women. He had indeed heard that there were some females who were possessed of surprising beauty; but the expressions people use in commenting upon beauty never make the same impression which the examples themselves afford.

Aladdin had no sooner beheld the princess Badroul Boudour, than he forgot that he had ever supposed all women similar to his mother. His opinions were now very different, and he could not help surrendering his heart to the lovely being who had so charmed him. The princess was, in fact, the most beautiful brunette that ever was seen. Her eyes were large, well placed, and full of fire; yet the expression of her countenance was sweet and modest; her nose was properly proportioned, and pretty; her mouth small; her lips like vermilion, and beautifully formed; in short, every feature of her face was perfect and regular. It is therefore by no means wonderful that Aladdin was dazzled and almost out of his senses at beholding such a combination of charms, to which he had been hitherto a stranger. Besides all these perfections, the figure of the princess was elegant, and her air majestic; and merely

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the sight of her could attract the respect that was due to her rank.

Even after she had entered the bath, Aladdin stood for some time like one distracted, retracing and endeavoring to impress more strongly on his mind the image of her by whom he had been so charmed, and whose beauty had penetrated the inmost recesses of his heart. He at last came to himself, and recollecting that the princess had gone by, and that it would be perfectly useless for him to keep his station in order to see her come out, as her back would then be towards him, and she would also be veiled, he determined to quit his post and retire.

When Aladdin reached home, he was unable to conceal his disquietude and distress from his mother. She was much surprised to see him appear so melancholy, and with such an unusually confused manner, and asked him if anything had happened to him, or if he were not well. He gave her, however, no answer whatever, and continued sitting on the sofa in a negligent manner, retracing in his imagination the lovely image of the princess Badroul Boudour. His mother, who was employed in preparing supper, forbore to trouble him. As soon as it was ready, she served it up close to him on the sofa, and sat down to table. But as she perceived that Aladdin was too much absorbed to attend to it, she invited him to partake of the cheer; but it was with great difficulty she could get him even to change his position. He at length ate, but in a much more sparing manner than usual; casting down his eyes all the time, and keeping such a profound silence that his mother could not obtain a single word in answer to all the questions she put to him, in order to learn the cause of so extraordinary a change.

After supper she renewed the subject, and inquired the cause of his great melancholy; but she could get no intelligible information from him; and he determined to go to bed rather than afford his mother the least satisfaction.

It is not necessary to inquire how Aladdin passed the night, struck as he was with the beauty and charms of the princess Badroul Boudour; but the next morning, as he was sitting upon the sofa opposite his mother, who was spinning her cotton as usual, he addressed her as follows: "Mother, I will now break the silence I have kept since my return from the city yesterday morning. I have perceived that it has pained you. I was not ill, as you seemed to think, nor is anything the matter with me now; yet I can assure you, that what I at this moment feel, and what I shall ever continue to feel, is much worse than any disease. I am myself ignorant of the nature of my feelings; but, doubtless, when I have explained myself, you will understand them.

"It was not known in this quarter of the city," continued Aladdin, "and therefore you of course are ignorant of it, that the princess Badroul Boudour, the daughter of our sultan, went after dinner yesterday to the bath; I learnt this intelligence during my walk in the city. An order was consequently published that all the shops should be shut up, and every one keep at home, that due honor and respect might be paid to the princess; and that the streets through which she had to pass might be clear. As I was not far from the bath at the time, the desire I felt to see the princess unveiled made me take it into my head to place myself behind the door of the bath, supposing, as indeed it happened, that she might take off her veil just before she went into it. You recollect the situation of this door, and can therefore very well judge with what ease I could obtain a full sight of her, if what I conjectured should take place. She did, in fact, take off her veil in going in, and I had the happiness and supreme satisfaction of seeing this beautiful princess. This, my dear mother, is the true cause of the state you saw me in yesterday, and the reason of the silence I have hitherto kept. I feel such a violent passion for this princess, that I know not terms strong enough to express it; and as my ardent desire increases every instant, I am convinced it can only be satisfied by the possession of the lovely princess Badroul Boudour, whom I have resolved to ask in marriage of the sultan."

Aladdin's mother listened with the greatest attention to the whole account of her son, till he came to the last sentence; but when she heard that it was his intention to demand the princess Badroul Boudour in marriage, she could not help interrupting him with a violent fit of laughter. Aladdin wished to resume his speech, but she prevented him.

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"Alas! my son," she cried, "what are you thinking of? You must surely have lost your senses to talk thus." "Mother," replied Aladdin, "I assure you I have not lost my senses; I am perfectly in my right mind. I foresaw that you would reproach me with folly and extravagance, even more than you have already done; but, whatever you may say, nothing will prevent me from again declaring to you that my resolution to demand the princess Badroul Boudour of the sultan her father, in marriage, is unalterably fixed."

"Truly, my son," replied his mother, very seriously, "I cannot help telling you that you seem entirely to have forgotten who you are; and even if you are determined to put this resolution in practice, I do not know who will have the audacity to make this request to the sultan." "You yourself must," answered he, without the least hesitation. "I!" cried his mother, in a tone of the greatest surprise; "I go to the sultan! Not I, indeed; I will take care how I engage in such an enterprise. And pray, son, who do you suppose you are," she continued, "to have the impudence to aspire to the daughter of the sultan? Have you forgotten that you are the son of one of the poorest tailors in his capital, and that your mother's family cannot boast of anything better? Are you ignorant that sultans do not deign to bestow their daughters even upon the sons of other sultans, unless they have some chance of coming to the throne?"

"My dear mother," replied Aladdin, "I have already told you that I perfectly foresaw everything you have said, and am aware of all that you can add more; but neither your reasons nor your remonstrances will in in the least change my sentiments. I have told you that I would demand the princess Badroul Boudour in marriage, and that you must make the request. It is a favor which I require of you, and ask with all the respect I owe to you; and I entreat you not to refuse me, unless you would rather see me die than, by granting it, give me life, as it were, a second time."

Aladdin's mother was very much embarrassed when she saw with what obstinacy her son persisted in his mad design. "My dear son," she said, "I am your mother, and, like a good mother, I am ready to do anything that is reasonable and proper for your situation in life and my own. If this business were merely to ask the daughter of one of our neighbors, in a condition of life similar to yours, I would omit nothing, but willingly employ all my abilities in the cause. And to hope for success, even in such a case, you ought to possess some little fortune, or at least be master of some business. When poor people like us wish to marry, the first thing we ought to think about is how to live. While you, not to mention the lowness of your birth, and the little merit or fortune you have, at once aspire to the highest degree of fortune, and pretend to nothing less than to ask in marriage the daughter of your sovereign, who need only open his lips to blast all your designs, and destroy you at once.

"I will omit," continued Aladdin's mother, "what will be the consequence of this business to you, who ought to reflect upon that, if you have any reason left; and I will only consider what regards myself. How such an extraordinary design as that of wishing me to go and propose to the sultan that he would bestow the princess his daughter upon you, came into your head, I cannot think. Now suppose that I have, I will not say the courage, but the impudence, to go and present myself before his majesty, and to make such a mad request of him, to whom should I in the first place address myself for an introduction? Do you not suppose that the very first person I spoke to would treat me as a mad woman, and drive me back with all the indignity and abuse I should so justly merit? But even if I should overcome this difficulty and procure an audience of the sultan, — as indeed I know he readily grants it to all his subjects when they demand it of him for the purpose of obtaining justice, and that he even grants it with pleasure when you have to ask a favor of him, if he thinks you are worthy of it,— what should I do then? Are you in either of these situations? Do you think that you deserve the favor which you wish me to ask for you? Are you worthy of it? What have you done for your prince or for your country? How have you ever distinguished yourself? If, then, you have done nothing to deserve so great a favor, and if, moreover, you are not worthy of it, with what face can I make the demand? How can I even open my lips to propose such a thing to the sultan? His

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illustrious presence and the magnificence of his whole court will instantly stop my mouth. How shall I, who trembled before your poor father, my husband, even attempt such a thing? But there is also another reason, my son, which you have not yet thought of, and that is, that no one ever appears before the sultan without offering him some present, when any favor is required. Presents have at least this advantage, that if, for any reason of their own, the persons solicited refuse your request, they listen to the demand that is made without any repugnance. But what present have you to offer? And when should you ever have anything that might be at all worthy the attention of so mighty a monarch? what proportion can your present possibly have with the demand you wish to make? Recollect yourself, and think that you aspire to a thing which it is impossible to obtain."

Aladdin listened with great patience to everything his mother said in order to dissuade him from his purpose; and having reflected for some time upon every part of her remonstrance, he addressed her as follows: "I readily acknowledge, my dear mother, that it is a great piece of rashness in me to dare to carry my pretensions so high as I do; and that it must also appear very inconsiderate to request you with so much earnestness and warmth to propose this marriage to the sultan, without first having taken the proper means of procuring an audience and a favorable reception. I earnestly ask your pardon for doing so; but you must not wonder if the violence of the passion that possesses me has prevented me from thinking about everything that was necessary to procure me the gratification I seek. I love the princess Badroul Boudour far beyond what you can possibly conceive; or rather I adore her, and shall persevere in my wish and intention of marrying her. This is a matter on which my mind is irrevocably fixed. I am much obliged to you for the hints which you have thrown out in what you have said; and I look upon this beginning as an earnest of the complete success which I flatter myself will attend my proposals.

"You say that it is customary for him who seeks an audience of the sultan to bear a present in his hand, and that I have nothing worthy to offer him. I agree with you about the present, and also that I never once thought of it. But with regard to what you say about my having nothing worthy of his acceptance, that is a different matter. Do you not suppose, mother, that what I brought home with me on the day that I was saved in so wonderful a manner as I have before told you, from an almost inevitable death, would be an acceptable present to the sultan? I mean what I brought home in the two purses, in my sash, and in my vest, and which we have both hitherto taken for colored glass; but I am now undeceived, and can inform you, that they are precious stones of almost inestimable value, and exactly suitable to the state and dignity of a great sovereign. I became acquainted with their value by frequenting the shops of jewellers; and you may, I assure you, depend upon the truth of what I say. None of those which I have seen at our jewellers are to be compared with those we have, either for size or beauty; and yet the dealers set a very high price upon them. In fact, we are both of us ignorant of the value of ours; although that is the case, however, as far as I can judge from the little experience I have had, I am persuaded the present cannot but be very agreeable to the sultan. You have a porcelain dish sufficiently large, and of a very good shape, for holding them. Bring it here, and let us see the effect it will produce when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

Aladdin's mother brought the dish, and he took the precious stones out of the two purses and arranged them. The effect they produced in broad daylight by the variety of their colors, by their lustre and brilliancy, was so great, that both mother and son were absolutely dazzled, and were in the greatest astonishment, they having previously seen them only by the light of a lamp. It is true that Aladdin had seen them on the trees, hanging like fruit, where they afforded a most brilliant sight; but as he was then, as it were, a child, he looked upon these jewels only as things proper to play with.

After having for some time admired their beauty, "You cannot now," said Aladdin, resuming the conversation, "excuse yourself any longer from presenting yourself to the sultan, under the pretence that you have nothing to offer him. Here is a present

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which, in my opinion, will procure for you the most favorable reception."

Although the mother of Aladdin, notwithstanding its great beauty and brilliancy, did not think this present near so valuable as her son did, yet she nevertheless supposed it would be very acceptable; and had, therefore, nothing to answer on that point. She then recurred to the nature of the request which Aladdin wished her to make to the sultan: this was a constant source of disquietude to her. "I cannot, my son," she said, "possibly conceive that this present will produce the effect you wish, or that the sultan will look upon you with a favorable eye. And it becomes necessary for me to acquit myself with propriety in the business you wish me to undertake. I feel convinced I shall not have courage enough to carry me through, but be struck quite dumb; and thus not only lose all my labor, but the present also, which, according to what you say, is most uncommonly rich and valuable. If I should fail in this manner, how painful will it be for me to come back and inform you of the destruction of all your hopes and expectations! I have thus told you what I know will happen, and you ought to believe it. But," added she, "if I should act so contrary to my opinion as to submit to your wishes, and shall have sufficient courage to make the request you desire, be assured that the sultan will either ridicule me, and send me back as a mad woman, or that he will be in such a passion, and with reason too, that both you and I shall most infallibly become the victims of his anger."

Aladdin's mother continued to give her son many other reasons, in order to prevail upon him to change his mind; but the charms of the princess Badroul Boudour had made too strong an impression upon the heart of Aladdin to suffer his intentions to be altered. He persisted in requiring his mother to perform her part of what he had resolved upon; and the regard she had for him, as well as the dread lest he should give himself up to some horrid excess, at length conquered her repugnance, and she acceded to his wishes.

As it was now very late, and the time of going to the palace to be presented to the sultan was past for that day, they let the matter rest till the next. Aladdin and his mother talked of nothing else during the rest of the day, and he said all he could think of to confirm her resolution of presenting herself to the sultan. But, notwithstanding all that he could say, his mother could not be persuaded that she should ever succeed in this affair; and, indeed, she had every reason to be doubtful of it. "My dear child," said she, "even should the sultan receive me as favorably as my regard for you would lead me to wish, and should listen with the greatest patience to the proposal you request me to make, will he not inquire what property you possess, and where your estates are, — for he will, of course, in the first instance, rather ask about this matter than about your personal appearance, — if, I say, he should ask me this question, what answer do you wish me to make?"

"Do not, mother, let us distress ourselves," replied Aladdin, "about a thing that may never happen. Let us first see how the sultan will receive you, and what answer he will give to your request. If he should wish to be informed of what you mention, I will find out some answer to make him. I put the greatest confidence in my lamp, by means of which we have been able for some years past to live in the manner we have done. It will not desert me when I have most need of it."

His mother had not a word to say to this speech of Aladdin. She might naturally suppose that the lamp would be able to perform much more astonishing things than simply to procure them the means of subsistence. This satisfied her; and at the same time smoothed all the difficulties which seemed to oppose themselves to the business she had promised to undertake for her son. Aladdin, who easily penetrated his mother's thoughts, said to her: "Above all things, keep this matter secret; for upon that depends all the success we may either of us expect." They then retired for the night: but love, joined to the great schemes of aggrandizement which the son had in view, prevented him from passing the night so tranquilly as he wished. He got up at daybreak and went immediately to call his mother. He was anxious that she should dress herself as soon as possible, in order that she might repair to the gate of the sultan's palace, and enter at the same time that the grand vizier, the subordinate viziers, and the

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other officers of state went into the divan, or hall of audience, where the sultan always held his council in person.

Aladdin's mother did everything as her son wished. She took the porcelain dish in which the jewels were deposited, and folded it up in a very fine and white linen cloth. She then took another cloth, which was not so fine, and tied the four corners of it together, that she might carry it with less trouble. She afterwards set out, to the great joy of Aladdin, towards the palace of the sultan. The grand vizier, accompanied by the other viziers and the proper officers of the court, had already gone in before she arrived at the gate. The crowd of persons who had business at the divan was very great. The doors were opened, and the mother of Aladdin went into the divan with the rest. It was a beautiful saloon, very spacious, and with a magnificent entrance. She placed herself opposite to the throne of the sultan, near the grand vizier and other officers who formed the council on both sides. The different parties who had suits to press were called up one after the other, according to the order in which their petitions had been presented; and their affairs were heard, pleaded, and determined, till the usual hour of breaking up the council. The sultan then rose, took leave of the members, and went back to his apartment, into which he was followed by the grand vizier. The other viziers and officers who formed the council then went away: as also did all those whose private business had brought them there, some being delighted at having gained their cause, while others were but ill satisfied with the decisions pronounced against them; in addition to whom was a third party, they who were anxious to have their business come on as early as possible.

Aladdin's mother, who saw the sultan arise and retire, rightly imagined that he would not appear any more that day, as she observed that every one was going away: she therefore determined to return home. When Aladdin saw her come back with the present in her hand, he knew not at first what to think of the success of her journey. He could hardly open his mouth to inquire what intelligence she brought him, from the fear that she had something unfortunate to announce. The good woman, who had never before set her foot within the walls of a palace, and of course knew not in the least the customs of the place, very soon relieved her son from his anxiety by saying, with an air of gayety, "I have seen the sultan, my son, and I am persuaded he has seen me also. I placed myself directly opposite to him, and there was no person in the way to prevent his seeing me: but he was so much engaged in speaking with those on each side of him, that I really felt compassion to see the trouble he had, and the patience with which he listened to them. This lasted so long, that I believe at length he was quite worn out, for he got up before any one expected it, and retired suddenly, without staying to hear a great many others who were ranged in readiness to address him in their turn: and, indeed, this gave me great pleasure, for I began to lose all patience, and was extremely tired with standing so long. There was, however, no other restraint; and I will not fail to return to-morrow; the sultan will not then, perhaps, be so much engaged."

However desperate Aladdin's passion was, he was obliged to be satisfied with this excuse, and to summon up all his patience. He had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that his mother had got over the most difficult part of the business, which was to obtain an interview with the sultan; and therefore hoped that, like those who had spoken to him in her presence, she would not hesitate to acquit herself of the commission with which she was intrusted when the favorable moment of addressing him should arrive.

The next morning, quite as early as on the preceding day, Aladdin's mother set out for the sultan's palace with the present of jewels; but her journey was useless. She found the gate of the divan shut, and learned that the council never sat two days together, but alternately, and that she must come again on the following morning. She went back with this intelligence to her son, who was again obliged to exert his patience. She returned again to the palace six different times on the appointed days, always placing herself opposite to the sultan, but she was every time as unsuccessful as at first, and would probably have gone a hundred times as uselessly if the sultan, who constantly saw her standing opposite to him every day the divan sat, had not taken notice of her. This is the

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more probable. as it was only those who had petitions to present or causes to be heard that approached the sultan, each in his turn pleading his cause according to his rank; and Aladdin's mother was not in this situation.

One day, however, when the council was broken up and the sultan had retired to his apartment, he said to the grand vizier: "For some time past I have observed a woman who has come regularly every day I hold my council, and who carries something in her hand wrapped up in a linen cloth. She remains standing from the beginning of the audience till it is concluded, and always takes care to place herself opposite to me. Do you know what she wants?"

The grand vizier, who did not wish to appear ignorant of the matter, though in fact he knew no more about it than the sultan himself, replied: "Your majesty, sire, is not ignorant that women often make complaints upon the most trivial subjects; she appears to have come to your majesty with some complaint, that they have sold her some bad meat, or something else of equal insignificance." This answer, however, did not satisfy the sultan. "The very next day the council sits," said he to the grand vizier, "if this woman returns, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say." The grand vizier only answered by kissing his hand and placing it on his head, to show that he would rather lose it than fail in his duty.

The mother of Aladdin had already been so much in the habit of going to the palace on the days the council met, that she now thought it no trouble, provided she by these means proved to her son that she neglected nothing that depended upon her, and that he had, therefore, no reason to complain of her. She consequently returned to the palace the next day the council met, and placed herself near the entrance of the divan, opposite to the sultan, as had been her usual practice.

The grand vizier had not made his report of any business before the sultan perceived Aladdin's mother. Touched with compassion at the excessive patience she had shown, "In the first place," said he to the grand vizier, "and for fear you should forget it, do you not observe the woman whom I mentioned to you? Order her to come here, and we will begin by hearing what she has to say, and expedite her business." The grand vizier immediately pointed out the woman to the chief of the ushers, who was standing near him ready to receive his orders, and desired him to bring her before the sultan. The officer went directly to the mother of Aladdin and, having made a sign to her, she followed him to the foot of the throne, where he left her, and went back to his place near the grand vizier.

Aladdin's mother, following the example that so many others whom she had seen approach the sultan had set her, prostrated herself, with her face towards the carpet which covered the steps of the throne, and she remained in that situation till the sultan commanded her to rise. She did so; and the sultan then addressed her in these words: "For a long time past, my good woman, I have seen you regularly attend my divan, and remain near the entrance from the time it assembled till it broke up. What is the business that brings you here?" On hearing this she prostrated herself a second time, and, on rising, thus answered: "High monarch, mightier than all the monarchs of the world, before I inform your majesty of the extraordinary and almost incredible cause that compels me to appear before your sublime throne, I entreat you to pardon the boldness — nay, I might say the impudence — of the request I am going to make to you. It is of so uncommon a nature that I tremble, and feel almost overcome with shame to propose it to my sultan." In order, however, that she might have full liberty to explain herself, the sultan commanded every one to leave the divan, and remained with only his grand vizier in attendance; he then told her that she might speak and discover everything without fear.

The goodness of the sultan, however, did not perfectly satisfy Aladdin's mother, although he had thus prevented her from being obliged to explain her wishes before the whole assembly. She was still anxious to screen herself from the indignation which she could not but dread that the proposal she had to make to him would excite, and from which she could not otherwise defend herself. "Sire," said she, again addressing the sultan, "I once more entreat your majesty to assure me of your pardon beforehand, in case you should think my request at all injurious or

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offensive." "Whatever it may be," replied the sultan, "I pardon you; no harm shall happen to you from anything you may say; speak, therefore, with confidence."

When Aladdin's mother had thus taken every precaution against the possible anger of the sultan at the very delicate proposal she was about to make to him, she faithfully related by what means Aladdin had seen the princess Badroul Boudour, and with what a violent passion the fatal sight had inspired him. The declaration that he had made concerning her, and the mission with which he had charged his mother, together with all the remonstrances the latter had urged, in order to avert his thoughts from this passion, "a passion," added she, "as injurious to your majesty as it is to the princess your daughter; but my son would not profit by anything I could say, nor would he acknowledge his temerity; he obstinately persevered, and even threatened to commit some rash action in his despair, if I refused to come and demand of your majesty the princess in marriage. I have been obliged, therefore, to comply with his wishes, although this compliance was very much against my will. And once more I entreat your majesty to pardon not only me for making such a request, but also my son Aladdin for having conceived the rash and daring design of aspiring to so illustrious an alliance."

The sultan listened to this speech with the greatest patience and good-humor, and showed not the least mark of either anger or indignation at the request; nor did he even turn it into ridicule. Before he returned any answer to the good woman, he asked her what she had got tied up in a cloth. Upon this she immediately took up the porcelain dish, which she had at first set down at the foot of the throne, and, having uncovered it, she presented it to the sultan.

It is impossible to express the surprise and astonishment which the monarch felt when he saw such a quantity of the most precious, perfect, and brilliant jewels, the size of every one of which was greater than any he had before seen. His admiration for some time was so great, that it rendered him absolutely motionless. When, however, he began to recollect himself, he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed in a transport of joy, "Ah, how very beautiful, how extremely rich!" And then, having admired them all one after another, and put each again in the same place, he turned to his grand vizier, and showing him the dish, asked him if it was not also his opinion that he had never before seen any jewels so perfect and valuable. The vizier was himself delighted with them. "Well," added the sultan, "what do you say to such a present? Is not the donor worthy of the princess my daughter, and must I not give her to him who comes and demands her at such a price?"

This speech of the sultan very much agitated the grand vizier; because the former had some time before given him to understand that he had an intention of bestowing the hand of the princess upon his only son. He was afraid, therefore, and his fears were not without foundation, that the sultan would be dazzled by so rich and extraordinary a present, and alter his mind. He approached the sultan, and, whispering in his ear, "Sire," said he, "every one must allow that this present is not unworthy of the princess; but I entreat you to grant me three months before you determine absolutely. I hope that long before that time my son, for whom you have had the condescension to express that you feel a great inclination, will be able to offer you a much more considerable present than that of Aladdin, whom your majesty does not know." Although the sultan was quite persuaded that it was impossible for his grand vizier to enable his son to make so valuable a present to the princess, he nevertheless granted him this favor. He therefore turned towards Aladdin's mother, and said to her: "Go, my good woman, return home; and tell your son that I agree to the proposal he has made through you; but that I cannot bestow the princess my daughter in marriage until I have ordered and prepared a variety of furniture and ornaments, which will not be ready for three months. At the end of that time come hither again."

The mother of Aladdin went back, and felt the greater joy because she had, in the first place, conceived even access to the sultan for a person of her condition as absolutely impossible; and because, also, she had received so favorable an answer, when she had expected a rebuke that would have overwhelmed her with confusion. When Aladdin saw his mother enter the house, there were

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two circumstances that led him to suppose she brought him good news: one was, that she had returned that morning much sooner than usual; and the other that her countenance expressed pleasure and good-humor. "Well, mother," said Aladdin, "what have I to hope? Am I doomed to die with despair?" When she had taken off her veil, and sat down on the sofa by his side, "My son," she said, "that I may not hold you any longer in suspense, I will, in the first place, tell you that, so far from thinking of dying, you have every reason to be satisfied." She then went on with her narrative, and told him that she had obtained an audience before every other person, which was the reason that she had come back so soon; the precautions she had taken to make her request to the sultan in such a way that he should not be offended when he came to know that it was to demand of him the princess Badroul Boudour in marriage for her son; and the very favorable answer the sultan had given her from his own lips. She then added that, as far as she could judge from everything the sultan did, it was the present that had had such a powerful effect upon his mind as to induce him to return so favorable an answer. "At least, I think so," added she, "because before the sultan returned me any answer at all, the grand vizier whispered something in his ear, and I was afraid that it would tend to lessen the good intentions he seemed to have towards you."

When Aladdin heard this, he thought himself the happiest of mortals. He thanked his mother for all the pains she had taken in the transaction, and for the happy success which was so important to his repose. So impatient was he, however, to possess the object of his affection, that three months seemed to him to be an age; he nevertheless endeavored to wait with patience, considering the word of the sultan as irrevocable. In the mean time, he not only reckoned the hours, the days, and the weeks, but even every moment, till the period should elapse.

It happened one evening, when about two months of the time were passed, that as Aladdin's mother was going to light her lamp she found she had no oil in the house. She therefore went out to buy some; and on going into the city she found that there was some festivity going forward. All the shops were ornamented with branches and decorations, and every preparation making for an illumination, each person endeavoring to excel his neighbor in splendor and magnificence, in order to show his zeal. Every one was giving marks of his pleasure and rejoicing. The streets were crowded with officers in their dresses of ceremony, mounted upon horses, most richly caparisoned, and surrounded with a great number of attendants and domestics on foot, who were traversing the city in every direction. Upon seeing all this, she asked the merchant of whom she bought the oil what it all meant. "Where do you come from, my good woman," said he, "not to know that the son of the grand vizier is this evening to be married to the princess Badroul Boudour, the daughter of our sultan? She is just now coming from the bath, and the officers whom you see have assembled here in order to escort her back to the palace, where the ceremony is to be performed."

Aladdin's mother did not wait to hear any more. She returned home with all possible speed, and arrived quite out of breath. Her son was not in the least prepared for the bad news she brought him. "Everything, my son," she exclaimed, "is lost. You depended upon the fair promises of the sultan, and it will all come to nothing." Aladdin was alarmed at these words, and instantly inquired, "On what account, mother, will not the sultan keep his word? How do you know anything about it?" "This very evening," answered she, "the son of the grand vizier is to marry the princess Badroul Boudour at the palace." She then related to him in what way she had learned the news, and informed him of all the circumstances which prevented her from having the least doubt of its truth.

Aladdin received this intelligence like a thunder-stroke. Any person but himself would have been quite overwhelmed by it; but a sort of secret jealousy prevented him from remaining long in this state. He instantly brought the lamp to his recollection, — that lamp which had hitherto been so useful to him; and then, without venting his rage in vain reproaches against the sultan, or the grand vizier, or the son of that officer, he only said: "This minister's son, mother, shall not be so happy to-night as he expects;

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while I am gone for a few moments into my chamber, do you prepare supper."

His mother easily comprehended that Aladdin intended to make use of the lamp, in order, if possible, to prevent the marriage of the grand vizier's son with the princess Badroul Boudour from being completed. Nor did she deceive herself; for he was no sooner in his own room, than he took the wonderful lamp, which he kept there, that his mother might never again be alarmed at it, as she had been when the genie had put her into so great a fright. He had no sooner taken the lamp, and rubbed it in the usual place, than the genie instantly appeared before him. "What do you wish?" said he to Aladdin. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "Attend to me then," answered Aladdin: "you have hitherto brought me only what I wanted to eat and drink. I have now a business for you of more importance. I have demanded of the sultan the princess Badroul Boudour, his daughter, in marriage. He promised her to me; and only requested a delay of three months. Instead, however, of keeping his word, he has this very evening, before that period has elapsed, given his daughter in marriage to the son of his grand vizier. I have just now been informed of it, and the thing is certain. What, therefore, I have to order you to do, is this; as soon as the bride and bridegroom shall be placed by each other's side, take them up, and bring them both instantly here in their bed." "Master," replied the genie, "I will obey you; have you anything else to command?" "Nothing at present," added Aladdin. The genie instantly disappeared.

Aladdin then went back to his mother, and supped with her in the same tranquil manner as usual. After supper he entered into conversation with her for some time respecting the marriage of the princess, as of a thing that did not in the least embarrass him. He afterwards returned to his chamber, and left his mother to repose whenever she pleased. He, of course, did not retire to rest; but waited in expectation of the return of the genie, and the execution of the orders he had given him.

In the mean time everything was prepared in the sultan's palace to celebrate the nuptials of the princess, and the time was spent in ceremonies and rejoicings till the night was far advanced. When all this was concluded, the son of the grand vizier, at a sign that the chief of the eunuchs belonging to the princess privately gave him, retired unperceived; and this officer then introduced him into the apartment belonging to the princess, his wife, and conducted him to the chamber where the nuptial couch was prepared. He retired to bed first; and in a short time after the sultana, accompanied by her own women and those of her daughter, brought the bride into the room; and, after she had embraced her and wished her a good night, she retired with all the other females.

Scarcely had this taken place, before the genie, like a faithful slave of the lamp, took up the bed in which were the bride and the bridegroom, and, to the great astonishment of both, transported them in an instant to Aladdin's chamber, where he set them down.

Aladdin, who was waiting for this event with the greatest impatience, did not long suffer the son of the grand vizier to remain in bed with the princess. "Take this bridegroom," said he to the genie, "and shut him up in the closet above the sewer, and return again in the morning, just at daybreak." The genie instantly took the grand vizier's son out of bed, and transported him to the place Aladdin had commanded, where he left him; having first breathed upon him in such a way that the effects of it in every limb were felt in a lassitude that prevented him from stirring from his place.

How violent soever the passion was which Aladdin felt for the princess, he did not enter into any long conversation with her, when he was with her alone. "Fear nothing, most adorable princess," he exclaimed, with an impassioned air; "you are here in safety; and however violent the love which I feel for you may be, with whatever ardor I adore your beauty and your charms, be assured that I will never exceed the limits of the profound respect I have for you. If I have been forced," he added, "to proceed to this extremity, it has not been with the intention of offending you, but to prevent an unjust rival from possessing you, contrary to the promise which the sultan your father had made in my favor."

The princess, who knew nothing of all

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these particulars, paid very little attention to what Aladdin said. She was indeed no longer in a condition to answer him. The alarm and astonishment into which this surprising and unexpected adventure had thrown her, had such an effect upon her, that Aladdin could not get a single word from her. He did not, however, remain long in this state, but immediately laid down in the place of the grand vizier's son, with his back turned towards the princess, having first taken the precaution to place a sabre between the princess and himself.

Aladdin was satisfied with having thus deprived his rival of the happiness with the enjoyment of which he had this night flattered himself, and slept very tranquilly. But how different was the case with the princess! — never in her whole life did she pass so unpleasant and disagreeable a night. And it is only necessary to reflect for an instant on the place and situation in which the genie had left the son of the grand vizier, to judge that the bridegroom spent the hours of darkness in a still more afflicting manner.

Aladdin had no occasion to rub his lamp the next morning to call the genie. He returned at the appointed hour, and while Aladdin was dressing himself. "Here I am," said he to Aladdin, "what commands have you for me?" "Go," answered Aladdin, "and bring back the son of the grand vizier from the place where you have put him, place him again in his bed, and transport it back to the palace of the sultan, whence you brought it." The genie instantly went to relieve the grand vizier's son from his post, and as soon as he appeared Aladdin took away his sabre. He placed the bridegroom by the side of the princess, and in a moment replaced the bed in the very same chamber of the sultan's palace whence he had before taken it.

It is necessary to remark that during all these transactions the genie was invisible to the princess and the son of the grand vizier; the sight of his hideous form would have killed them with fright. They did not even hear a single word of the conversation that passed between Aladdin and him, and perceived only the agitation of the bed and the transporting of it from one place to another; and indeed it is easy to imagine that this frightened them quite enough.

The genie had no sooner put the nuptial couch in its place, than the sultan entered the chamber and wished the princess a good morning. The son of the grand vizier, half dead with the cold he had suffered all night, jumped out of bed as soon as he heard some person opening the door, and went into the dressing-room where he had undressed himself in the evening.

The sultan came up to the bedside of the princess, and kissed her between her eyes, as is the usual custom in wishing any one a good morning. He asked her, with a smile upon his face, how she had passed the night; but when he lifted up his head and looked at her with greater attention, he was extremely surprised to observe her in a most dejected and melancholy state. She cast upon him the most sorrowful looks, and showed, by her whole manner, that she labored either under the most severe affliction or the greatest degree of discontent. The sultan again spoke to her, but as he found he was unable to get a word from her, he thought it might arise from a becoming modesty, and therefore retired. He could not, however, but suspect from her continued silence that something very extraordinary had happened. He went immediately to the apartment of the sultana, to whom he mentioned the state in which he had found the princess, and the reception she had given him. "Sire," replied the sultana, "do not let this surprise your majesty; there is not a single newly married woman who would not act in the same way the day after her nuptials. It will be a very different thing in two or three days. She will then receive the sultan her father as becomes her. I will go and see her," added the sultana; "I am very much deceived if she will receive me in the same manner."

As soon as the sultana was dressed, she went to the apartment of the princess, who was not yet risen. She approached the bed, and, wishing her a good morning, embraced her; but her surprise was excessive, when she found that the princess was not only silent, but was in the greatest distress. She therefore concluded that something which she could not yet comprehend had happened to her. "My dear daughter," said the sultana to her, "what is the reason that you so ill repay the caresses I bestow upon you?

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You ought not to act thus towards your mother. Something surely has occurred which I do not understand. Tell me, then, candidly; and do not suffer me to remain so long in an uncertainty that distresses me beyond measure."

At length, fetching a deep sigh, the princess Badroul Boudour broke silence. "Alas! my most honored mother," she cried, "pardon me if I have failed in any respect that is due to you. My mind is so entirely absorbed by the strange and extraordinary things that have happened to me this night, that I have not yet recovered my astonishment and fears, and have some difficulty to collect myself." She then related how, the instant after she and her husband were retired, the bed had been taken up and transported into an ill-furnished and dismal chamber, where she found herself quite alone and separated from her husband, without in the least knowing what was become of him; and that she found in this apartment a young man, who, after having addressed a few words to her, which her terror prevented her from understanding, lay down in her husband's place, having first put his sabre between them; and that when morning approached, her husband was restored to her, and the bed again brought back to its place in an instant of time. The whole of this transaction," she added, "was but just completed, when the sultan my father came into my chamber. I was then so absorbed in grief and distress, that I could not answer him a single word; and I am afraid that he was very angry at the manner in which I received the honor he did me. I hope, however, that he will pardon me, when he shall have become acquainted with my melancholy adventure, and the lamentable state in which I even now find myself."

The sultana listened with great attention to everything the princess had to relate; but she could not give full credit to the account. "You have done well, my child," she said to the princess, "not to inform the sultan, your father, of this matter. Take care that you mention it to no one, unless you wish to be taken for one who has lost her reason, which will certainly be the case, if you should talk in this way to any other person." "Madam," replied the princess, "I assure you that I am in my right senses, and know what I say; you may ask my husband, and he will tell you the same thing." "I will take care and inform myself of it," answered the sultana; "but even if he gives me the same account you have done, I shall not be more persuaded of the truth of it; in the mean time, however, arise, and drive this phantasy from your mind. It would be indeed a curious thing to see you under such a delusion during the feasts that have been ordered on account of your nuptials, and which will last for many days, not only in the palace but all over the kingdom. Do you not already hear the trumpets, tymbals, and other instruments? All this ought to inspire you with joy and pleasure, and make you forget the fanciful dream which you have related to me." The sultana then called her women; and after she had made her get up, and seen her at her toilet, she went to the sultan's apartment, and told him that a strange fancy possessed his daughter, but that it was a mere trifle. She then ordered the son of the grand vizier to be called, in order to inquire of him about what the princess had told her. But he felt himself so highly honored by his alliance with the sultan, that he determined to feign ignorance of everything. "Tell me, son-in-law," said the sultana, "have you got the same strange ideas in your head as your wife?" "Madam," he replied, "may I be permitted to ask you for what reason you put this question to me?" "This is sufficient," answered the sultana; "I do not wish to know more; you have more sense than she has."

The festivities in the palace continued throughout the day; and the sultan forgot nothing that he thought might inspire the princess with joy. He endeavored to make her partake of the diversions and various exhibitions that were going on; but the recollection of what had passed on the preceding night made such a strong impression on her mind that it was very evident something occupied her whole attention. The son of the grand vizier was not less afflicted at the wretched night he had passed, but his ambitious views made him dissemble; and therefore, if any persons had judged from his appearance, they would have thought him the happiest bridegroom in the world.

Aladdin, who was well informed of everything that passed in the palace, did not doubt but that the newly married pair would again

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sleep together, notwithstanding the distressing adventure that happened to them the night before. He did not choose, however, to leave them to repose in quiet. A short time before night came on he again had recourse to his lamp. The genie instantly appeared, and addressed Aladdin with the accustomed speech in offering his services. "The grand vizier's son and the princess Badroul Boudour," replied he, "are again to sleep together this night. Go, and as soon as they have lain down, bring the bed hither, as you did yesternight."

The genie obeyed Aladdin with equal punctuality as on the night before; and the vizier's son passed this night in as cold and unpleasant a situation as he did the former; while the princess had the mortification of having Aladdin for her bedfellow, with the sabre, as before, placed between them. In the morning the genie came, according to Aladdin's orders, replaced the bridegroom in the bed, and took it back to the chamber of the palace whence he had taken it.

After the extraordinary reception which the princess Badroul Boudour had given the sultan on the preceding morning, he was very anxious to learn how she passed the second night, and whether she would again receive him in the manner she had before done. He went, therefore, to her apartment early in the morning, that he might satisfy himself. The grand vizier's son, still more mortified and distressed at his bad treatment the second night than he had been on the first, no sooner heard the sultan than he got up as fast as possible, and ran into the dressing-room. The sultan came to her bedside, and wished the princess a good morning, after having caressed her in the same manner as he had done the day before. "Well, my daughter," he said, "are you in as bad humor this morning as you were yesterday? Tell me how you have passed the night." The princess preserved the same silence, and the sultan perceived that she was still more dejected and distressed than she had been the morning before. He could therefore but infer that something very extraordinary had happened to her. Irritated at the mystery she made of it to him, "Daughter," said he, in an angry tone, and at the same time drawing his sabre, "either tell me what you thus conceal, or I will instantly strike off your head."

The princess, terrified at the manner in which the sultan menaced her, and at the sight of the drawn sabre, at length broke silence. "My dear father," she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "if I have offended your majesty, I earnestly entreat your pardon. From your known goodness and clemency I trust I shall change your anger into compassion when I shall have related in a full and faithful manner the occasion of the distressing and melancholy situation in which I have been placed, both last night and the night before." This preamble appeased and softened the sultan. She then related at length what had happened to her on both these horrible nights, and in a manner so affecting that he was penetrated with grief for the suffering of his beloved daughter. She thus concluded her narrative: "If your majesty has the least doubt of any part of what I have said, you can easily inquire of the husband you have bestowed upon me; I am very well persuaded that he will prove to you the truth of everything I have related."

The sultan entered very fully into the distressing feelings this surprising adventure must have excited in his daughter's mind. "My child," said he, "you were wrong not to explain to me yesterday the strange business which you have just related, and in which I am not less interested than yourself. I have not bestowed you in marriage with the view to render you unhappy, but, on the contrary, to increase your happiness, and to afford you every enjoyment you so well deserve, and which you might reasonably expect from a husband who seemed to be very proper for you. Drive away, then, from your memory the melancholy ideas of what you have been relating to me. I will take care that you shall experience no more nights so disagreeable, nay, so insupportable, as those which you have now suffered."

When the sultan got back to his apartment, he immediately sent for the grand vizier. "Have you seen your son?" he asked him; "and has he mentioned anything in particular to you?" When the latter replied that he had not seen him, the sultan reported to him everything he had heard from the princess Badroul Boudour. He then added, "I have no doubt but that

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my daughter has told me the truth. I wish, nevertheless, to have this matter confirmed by the testimony of your son. Go, therefore, and ask him what has happened to him."

The grand vizier instantly went to his son; he informed him of what the sultan had said, and commanded him not to disguise the truth, and to tell him everything that had passed. "I will conceal nothing from you, my father," replied his son, "and everything the princess has told the sultan is true; but she was unable to give an account of the bad treatment which I in particular have experienced. Since my marriage I have spent two of the most dreadful nights you can possibly conceive; and I cannot describe to you all the various evils I have gone through. I do not mention the fright I was in at finding myself lifted up in my bed four different times without being able to see any one, and being transported from one place to another without being able to conceive in what way it was brought about. But you can yourself judge of the dreadful state I was in, when I tell you that I passed both nights standing upright in a narrow and loathsome closet, without having the power of moving from the spot where I was placed, or making the least motion, although there seemed to be no obstacle whatever to prevent me. After having said this, I have no occasion to enter into a greater detail of my sufferings. Let me, however, add that all this has by no means lessened my respect and affection for the princess, my wife; though I confess to you most sincerely that, with all the honor and splendor that I derive from having the daughter of my sovereign for my wife, I would much sooner die than enjoy this high alliance, if I must continue to undergo the severe and horrible treatment I have already suffered. I am sure the princess must be of the same opinion as myself; and there is no doubt but that our separation is as necessary for her comfort as for my own. I entreat you, therefore, my dear father, by all the affection which led you to obtain this great honor for me, to induce the sultan to decree our marriage null and void."

However great might be the ambition of the grand vizier to have his son so nearly allied to the sultan, yet the fixed resolution which he found he had formed of dissolving his marriage with the princess made him think it necessary to request his son to have patience for a few days before it was finally settled, in order to see whether this unpleasant business might not have an end. He then left his son, and returned to the sultan, to whom he acknowledged that everything was true, as he had himself learned from his son. And then, without waiting till the sultan himself spoke to him about annulling the marriage, to which he observed that the latter was very much inclined, he requested permission for his son to leave the palace and return to him, under the pretext that it was not just that the princess should be exposed an instant longer to so terrible a persecution through regard for his son.

The grand vizier had no difficulty in obtaining his request. The sultan, who had already determined on the matter in his own mind, immediately gave orders for the rejoicings to be put a stop to, not only in his own palace, but in the city and throughout the whole extent of his dominions; and in a short time every mark of public joy and festivity within the kingdom ceased. This sudden and unexpected change gave rise to a variety of different conjectures. Every one was inquiring why these contrary orders were issued; and all affirmed that the grand vizier had been seen to come out of the palace and go towards his own house, accompanied by his son, and that they both seemed very much dejected. Aladdin was the only person who was acquainted with the actual reason; and he rejoiced most sincerely at the happy success arising from the use of the lamp. And having now learnt for a certainty that his rival had left the palace, and that the marriage between the princess and him was annulled, he had no further occasion to rub his lamp and have recourse to the genie, in order to prevent his rival's happiness. What, however, was most singular, was that neither the sultan nor the grand vizier, who had completely forgotten Aladdin and the request he had made, entertained the least idea that he had any part in the enchantment which had been the occasion of the dissolution of the marriage of the princess.

Aladdin suffered the three months which the sultan wished to elapse before the marriage of the princess Badroul Boudour and himself, to pass without making any application. He kept, however, an exact account

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of every day; and when the period was expired, he sent his mother on the very next morning to the palace to remind the sultan of his promise. She went to the palace, and stood at her usual place, near the entrance of the divan. The sultan no sooner cast his eyes that way than he recollected her, and she instantly brought to his mind the request she had made and the exact time to which he had deferred it. As the grand vizier approached to make some report to him, the sultan stopped him by saying: "I perceive that good woman who presented us with the beautiful collection of jewels some time since; order her to come forward, and you can make your report after I have heard what she has to say." The grand vizier immediately called to the chief of the ushers, and, pointing her out to him, desired him to bring her forward.

Aladdin's mother advanced to the foot of the throne, where she prostrated herself in the usual manner. After she had risen, the sultan asked her what she wished. "Sire," she replied, "I again present myself before the throne of your majesty to represent to you, in the name of my son Aladdin, that the three months which you had desired him to wait, in consequence of the request I had to make to your majesty, are expired, and to entreat you to have the goodness to recall the circumstance to your remembrance."

When the sultan had desired a delay of three months before he answered the request of this good woman the first time he saw her, he thought he should hear no more of a marriage which, from the apparent poverty and low situation of Aladdin's mother, who always presented herself before him in a very coarse and common dress, appeared so little suited to the princess his daughter. The application, therefore, which she now made to him to keep his word, embarrassed him very much, and he did not think it prudent to give her at the moment a direct answer. He consulted his grand vizier, and told him the repugnance he felt at concluding a marriage between the princess and an unknown person whom fortune, he conjectured, had not raised much above the condition of a common subject.

"Sire," replied the vizier, "it seems to me that there is a very easy and yet certain method to avoid this unequal marriage; and of which this Aladdin, even if he were known to your majesty, could not complain: it is to set so high a price upon the princess, your daughter, that all his riches, however great they may be, cannot amount to the value. This will be a way to make him desist from so bold, not to say arrogant an attempt, and which he certainly does not seem to have considered well before he engaged in it."

The sultan approved of the advice of his grand vizier, and after some little reflection, he said to Aladdin's mother: "Sultans, my good woman, ought always to keep their words; and I am ready to adhere to mine, and render your son happy by marrying him to the princess, my daughter; but as I cannot bestow her in marriage till I am better acquainted how she will be provided for, tell your son that I will fulfil my promise as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of massive gold, quite full of the same kind of jewels which you have already presented to me from him, brought by an equal number of black slaves, each of whom shall be conducted by a white slave, young, well made, of good appearance, and richly dressed. These are the conditions upon which I am ready to bestow upon him the princess, my daughter. Go, my good woman; and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Aladdin's mother again prostrated herself at the foot of the throne, and retired. In her way home, she smiled within herself at the foolish thoughts of her son. "Where, indeed," said she, "is he to find so many golden basins, and such a great quantity of colored glass to fill them? Will he attempt to go back to the subterraneous cavern, the entrance of which is shut up, in order to gather them off the trees? And where can he procure all these handsome slaves which the sultan demands? He is far enough from having his pretensions fulfilled; and I believe he will not be very well satisfied with my embassy." When she entered the house, with her mind occupied by these thoughts, from which she judged Aladdin had nothing more to hope, "My son," said she, "I advise you to think no more of your marriage with the princess Badroul Boudour. The sultan, indeed, received me with great kindness, and I believe that he was well inclined towards you; the grand vizier, however, if I am not mistaken, made him alter his opinion, as

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you will yourself think when you have heard the account I am going to give you. After I had represented to his majesty that the three months were expired, and requested him, as from you, to recollect his promise, I observed that he did not answer me until he had spoken for some time in a low tone of voice to the grand vizier." Aladdin's mother then gave him an exact detail of everything the sultan had said, and of the conditions upon which he consented to the marriage of the princess, his daughter. "He is even now, my son," added she, "waiting for your answer; but between ourselves," she continued, with a smile, "he may wait long enough." "Not so long as you may think, mother," replied Aladdin; "and the sultan deceives himself, if he supposes, by such exorbitant demands, to prevent me thinking any more of the princess Badroul Boudour. I expected to have had much greater difficulties to surmount, and that he would have put a much higher price upon my incomparable princess. But I am now very well satisfied, and what he requires of me is trifling in comparison to what I would give him to possess such a treasure. While I am considering how to comply with his demands, do you go and see about something for dinner, and leave me to myself."

As soon as his mother was gone out to purchase some provisions, Aladdin took the lamp, and, having rubbed it, the genie instantly appeared, and demanded of him, in the usual terms, what it was that he wanted, for he was ready to obey him. "The sultan agrees to give me the princess, his daughter, in marriage," said Aladdin; "but he first demands of me forty large, heavy basins of massive gold, filled to the very top with the various fruits of the garden from which I took the lamp, of which you are the slave. He requires also that these forty basins should be carried by as many black slaves, preceded by an equal number of young, handsome, and elegant white slaves, very richly dressed. Go, and procure me this present, as soon as possible, that I may send it to the sultan before the sitting of the divan is over." The genie merely said that his commands should be instantly executed, and disappeared.

In a very short time the genie returned with forty black slaves, each carrying upon his head a large golden basin of great weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, equally valuable, for their brilliancy and size, with those which had already been presented to the sultan. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. All these slaves, with their golden basins, together with the white ones, entirely filled the house, which was but small, as well as the court in front, and a garden behind it. The genie asked Aladdin if he were contented, and whether he had any further commands for him: and, on being told he had not, he immediately disappeared.

Aladdin's mother now returned from market, and was in the greatest surprise on coming home to see so many persons and so much riches. When she had set down the provisions which she had brought with her, she was going to take off her veil, but Aladdin prevented her. "My dear mother," he cried, "there is no time to lose. It is of consequence that you should return to the palace before the divan breaks up, and should immediately conduct there the present and dowry which the sultan demands for the princess Badroul Boudour, that he may judge, from my diligence and exactness, of the ardent and sincere zeal I have to procure for myself the honor of an alliance with him."

Without waiting for his mother's answer, Aladdin opened the door that led into the street, and ordered all the slaves to go out, one after the other. He then placed a white slave before each of the black ones, who carried the golden basins on their heads. When his mother, who followed the last black slave, was gone out, he shut the door, and remained quietly in his chamber, with the full expectation that the sultan, after receiving such a present as he had required, would now readily consent to accept him for a son-in-law.

The first white slave that went out of Aladdin's house occasioned every one who was going past to stop, and before all the eighty slaves, alternately a black and a white one, had finished going out, the street was filled with a great crowd of people, who collected from all parts to see so grand and extraordinary a sight. The dress of each slave was made of a rich stuff, and so studded with precious stones, that persons who

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thought themselves the best judges reckoned each of them worth more than a million.* Each dress was also very appropriate, and well adapted to the wearer. The graceful manner, elegant form, and great similarity of each slave, together with their marching at regular distances from each other, and the dazzling lustre constantly shed by the different jewels that were set in their girdles of massive gold, added to the branches of precious stones, fastened to their head-dresses, which were all of a particular make, produced in the multitude of spectators who were assembled such excessive admiration that they could not take their eyes from them so long as any one of them remained in sight. But all the streets were so thronged with people, that every one was obliged to remain in the spot where he happened to be.

As it was necessary to pass through several streets before they could arrive at the palace, the procession went through a great part of the city; and most of the inhabitants, of every rank and quality, were witnesses to this splendid spectacle. As soon as the porters at the gate of the first court of the palace perceived this astonishing procession approaching, they made the greatest haste to open it, as they took the first for a king, so richly and magnificently was he dressed. They were advancing to kiss the hem of his robe, when the slave, instructed by the genie, stopped them, and, in a grave tone of voice, said, "Our master will appear when the time shall be proper."

The first slave, followed by all the rest, advanced as far as the second court, which was very spacious, and contained the apartments inhabited by the sultan when the divan sat. The officers, who were at the head of the sultan's guards, were very handsomely clothed; but they were completely eclipsed by the eighty slaves who were the bearers of Aladdin's present, and who themselves formed part of it. Nothing, in short, throughout the sultan's whole palace appeared so beautiful and brilliant; and however magnificently dressed the different nobles of the court might be, they dwindled to nothing in comparison with what was now to be seen.

* This, from the French translation of M. Galland, alludes to francs; reduced to American currency, the value of each dress would be more than two hundred thousand dollars.

As the sultan had been informed of the march and arrival of these slaves, he had given orders to have them admitted. As soon, therefore, as they presented themselves before the door of the divan, they found it open. They entered in regular order, one part going to the right and the other to the left. After they were all within the hall, and had formed a large semicircle before the throne of the sultan, each of the black slaves placed the basin which he carried upon the carpet. They then all prostrated themselves so low that their foreheads touched the ground. The white slaves also, at the same time, performed the same ceremony. They then all got up, and in doing so, the black slaves skilfully uncovered the basins, which were before them, and then remained standing, with their hands crossed upon their breasts, in a very modest attitude.

The mother of Aladdin, who had in the mean time advanced to the foot of the throne, having first prostrated herself, thus addressed the sultan: "My son Aladdin, sire, is not ignorant that this present which he has sent your majesty is very much beneath the inestimable worth of the princess Badroul Boudour. He nevertheless hopes that your majesty will favorably accept it, and that you will endeavor to make his alliance agreeable to the princess. He has the greater reliance that his expectations will be fulfilled, because he has tried to conform himself to the conditions which it pleased you to point out."

The sultan was unable to pay the least attention to the complimentary address of Aladdin's mother. The very first look he cast upon the forty golden basins, heaped up with jewels of the most brilliant lustre, finest water, and greatest value he had ever seen, as well as the eighty slaves, who seemed like so many kings, both from the magnificence of their dress and their fine appearance, made such an impression upon him that he could not restrain his admiration. Instead, therefore, of making any answer to the compliments of Aladdin's mother, he addressed himself to the grand vizier, who could not himself conceive where such an immense profusion of riches could possibly come from. "Well, vizier," he exclaimed, in the hearing of all, "what do you think of the person, whoever he may be, who has now sent me so

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rich and wonderful a present; a person of whom neither I nor you have the least knowledge? Do you not think that he is worthy of the princess, my daughter?"

Whatever jealousy or pain the grand vizier might feel at thus seeing an unknown person become the son-in-law of the sultan in preference to his own son, he was nevertheless afraid to dissemble his real opinion on the present occasion. It was very evident that Aladdin had by these means become, in the eyes of the sultan, deserving of being honored with so high an alliance. He therefore answered the sultan in these terms: "Far be it from me, sire, to suppose that he who makes your majesty so worthy a present should himself be undeserving the honor you wish to bestow upon him. I would even say that he deserved still more, if indeed all the treasures of the universe could be put in competition with the princess, your daughter." All the nobles who attended and formed the divan showed, by their applause, that their opinion was the same as that of the grand vizier.

The sultan hesitated no longer. He did not even think of informing himself whether Aladdin possessed any other qualification that would render him worthy of aspiring to the honor of becoming his son-in-law. The sight alone of such immense riches, and the wonderful celerity with which Aladdin had fulfilled his request, without making the least difficulty about the conditions, however exorbitant, for which he had stipulated, easily persuaded him that Aladdin would not be deficient in anything that could render him as accomplished and deserving as he could wish. That he might, therefore, send back Aladdin's mother as well satisfied as she could possibly expect, he said to her: "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to receive and embrace him; and that the greater diligence he makes to come and receive from my hands the gift I am ready to bestow upon him in the princess, my daughter, the greater pleasure he will afford me."

Aladdin's mother had no sooner departed, as happy as a woman of her condition could be in seeing her son exalted to a situation beyond her greatest expectations, than the sultan put an end to the audience; and, coming down from his throne, he ordered the eunuchs belonging to the princess to be called, and to take up the basins and carry them to the apartment of their mistress, where he himself went in order to examine them with her at their leisure. The chief of the eunuchs immediately caused this order to be complied with.

The eighty slaves were not forgotten; they were conducted into the interior of the palace, and when, some time after, he was speaking of their splendor to the princess, he ordered them to come opposite to her apartment, that she might see them through the lattices, and be convinced that, so far from having given an exaggerated account of them, he had said much less than they deserved.

In the mean time Aladdin's mother reached home, and instantly showed by her manner that she was the bearer of most excellent news. "You have every reason, my dear son," she said, "to be satisfied. You have accomplished your wishes, contrary to my expectations, and what I have hitherto declared. But not to keep you any longer in suspense, I must inform you that the sultan, with the applause of his whole court, has announced that you are worthy to possess the princess Badroul Boudour; and he is now waiting to embrace you, and to conclude the marriage. It is, therefore, time for you to think of making some preparations for this interview, that you may endeavor to equal the high opinion he has formed of your person. After what I have seen of the wonders you have brought about, however, I am sure you will not fail in anything. I ought not, moreover, to forget to tell you that the sultan waits for you with the greatest impatience; and, therefore, that you must lose no time in making your appearance before him."

Aladdin was so delighted with this intelligence, and so taken up with the thoughts of the enchanting object of his love, that he hardly answered his mother, but instantly retired to his chamber. He then took up the lamp that had thus far been so friendly to him, by supplying all his wants and fulfilling all his wishes, and had no sooner rubbed it than the genie again showed his ready obedience to its power, by instantly appearing to execute his commands. "Genie," said Aladdin to him, "I have called you to take me immediately to a bath; and when I shall

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have finished bathing, I wish you to have in readiness for me a richer, and, if possible, more magnificent dress than was ever worn by any monarch." Aladdin had no sooner concluded his speech than the genie rendered him invisible, like himself, took him in his arms, and transported him to a bath formed of the finest marble, of the most beautiful and diversified colors. Without being able to see any one who waited upon him, Aladdin was undressed in a large and handsome saloon. From thence he was conducted into the bath, moderately heated, and was here washed and rubbed with various sorts of perfumed waters. After having passed through the different chambers by which the various degrees of heat in the bath were regulated, he went out, but quite a different person, as it were, from what he was before. His skin was white and fresh, his countenance blooming, and his whole body felt lighter and more active. He then went back to the saloon, where, instead of the dress he had left, he found the one he had desired the genie to procure. By his assistance he dressed himself, showing the greatest admiration at every part of it as he put it on; and the whole of it was far beyond what he could possibly have conceived. This business was no sooner over, than the genie transported him back into the same chamber of his own house whence he had brought him; he then inquired if he had any other commands. "Yes," replied Aladdin; "I am waiting till you bring me a horse, as quickly as possible, which shall surpass in beauty and excellence the most valuable horse in the sultan's stables; the housings, saddle, bridle, and other furniture of which shall be worth more than a million of money. I also order you to get me, at the same time, twenty slaves, as well and richly clothed as those who carried the present, to attend on each side and behind my person, and twenty more to march in two ranks before me. You must also procure six female slaves to attend upon my mother, all as well and richly clothed as those of the princess Badroul Boudour, each of whom must carry a complete dress, fit in point of splendor and magnificence for any sultana. I want, also, ten thousand pieces of gold, in ten separate purses. These are all my commands at present. Go, and be diligent."

Aladdin had no sooner given his orders to the genie than he disappeared, and a moment after returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten of whom had each a purse with ten thousand pieces of gold in every one, and the six female slaves, each carrying a different dress for Aladdin's mother, wrapped in silver tissue, and presented the whole to him.

Aladdin took only four of the purses, and presented them to his mother, for any purpose, as he said, for which she might want them. He left the other six in the hands of the slaves who carried them, desiring them to throw them out by handfuls to the populace, as they went along the streets in the way to the palace of the sultan. He ordered them, also, to march before him with the others, three on one side and three on the other. He then presented the six female slaves to his mother, telling her that they would for the future consider her as their mistress, and that the dresses they had in their hands were for her use.

When Aladdin had arranged everything as he wished, he told the genie that he would call him when he had any further occasion for his service. The latter instantly vanished. Aladdin than hastened to fulfil the wish the sultan had expressed, to see him as soon as possible. He sent one of the forty slaves — whom it is useless to call the best made or most handsome, for they were all equally so — to the palace, directing him to address himself to the chief of the ushers, and inquire when his master, Aladdin, might have the honor of throwing himself at the feet of the sultan. The slave was not long in performing his errand, and brought word back that the sultan was waiting for him with the greatest impatience.

Aladdin instantly mounted his horse, and began his march in the order that has been mentioned. Although he had never been on horseback in his life, he nevertheless appeared perfectly at ease, and the best judges of horsemanship would never have taken him for a novice. The streets through which he passed were, in an instant, filled with crowds of people, who made the air resound with their acclamations, their shouts of admiration, and benedictions, particularly when the six slaves, who carried the purses, threw handfuls of gold on all sides. These expressions of joy and applause, however, did not only come from the crowd, who were employed in

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picking up the money, but also from those of a superior rank in life, who thus publicly bestowed all the praise that such liberality as Aladdin's deserved. Not only they who remembered to have seen him playing about the streets like a vagabond could not now recognize him, but even those who had seen and known him very lately had great difficulty to recollect him, so much were his features and appearance changed. This all arose from the power possessed by the wonderful lamp of acquiring for those who had it in their keeping every perfection adapted to the situation which such persons arrived at, by making a good and proper use of its virtues. More attention was, therefore, paid by every one to the person of Aladdin than to the magnificence with which he was surrounded, and which most of them had before seen, when the slaves who carried, and those who accompanied the present, went to the palace. The horse, however, was extremely admired by those who were judges, and were able to appreciate its beauty and excellence, without being dazzled by the richness and brilliancy of the diamonds and other precious stones with which it was covered. When the report spread about that the sultan had bestowed upon Aladdin the hand of the princess Badroul Boudour, — and this was soon universally known, — no one ever thought about his birth, or even envied him his good fortune, because he appeared so well to deserve it.

He at length arrived at the palace, where everything was ready for his reception. When he came to the second gate, he wished to alight, agreeably to the custom observed by the grand vizier, the generals of the army, and the governors of the superior provinces; but the chief of the ushers, who attended him by the sultan's orders, prevented him, and accompanied him to the hall of audience, where he assisted him in dismounting from his horse, though Aladdin opposed it as much as possible, not wishing to receive such a distinction: all his efforts were, however, vain. In the mean time all the ushers formed a double row at the entrance into the hall; and their chief, placing Aladdin on his right, went up through the midst of them, and conducted him quite to the foot of the throne.

As soon as the sultan perceived Aladdin, he was not more surprised at seeing him more richly and magnificently clothed than himself, than he was astonished at the propriety of his manner, his noble figure, and a certain air of grandeur very far removed from the degraded state in which his mother had appeared in his presence. His astonishment, however, did not prevent him from rising, and quickly descending two or three steps of his throne, in order to prevent Aladdin from throwing himself at his feet, and embracing him with the most evident marks of friendship and affection. After this civility, Aladdin again endeavored to cast himself at the sultan's feet; but he held his hand, and compelled him to ascend and sit between him and his grand vizier.

Aladdin then addressed the sultan in these words: "I receive the honors which your majesty has the goodness to bestow upon me, because it is your pleasure; but you must permit me to say that I have not forgotten that I was born your slave, that I am well aware of the greatness of your power, and that I am not ignorant how much my birth places me beneath the splendor and brilliancy of that superior rank to which you are elevated. If there can be the shadow of a reason," he continued, "from which I can in the least merit so favorable a reception, I candidly avow that I am indebted for it to a boldness which chance alone brought about; and in consequence of which I have raised my eyes, my thoughts, and my desires, to the divine princess, who is the sole object of my wishes. I request your majesty's pardon for my rashness, but I cannot dissemble that grief would occasion my death should I lose the hope of seeing my desires accomplished."

"My son," replied the sultan, again embracing him, "you would do me injustice to doubt, even for an instant, the sincerity of my word; your life is too dear to me not to endeavor to preserve it by presenting you with the princess, my daughter. I prefer the pleasure I derive from seeing and hearing you to all our united treasures."

As he concluded this speech, the sultan made a sign, and the air was immediately filled with the sound of trumpets, hautboys, and tymbals; and the sultan then conducted Aladdin into a magnificent saloon, where a great feast was served up. The sultan and Aladdin ate by themselves; the grand vizier and the nobles of the court, each according

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to their dignity and rank, waited upon them during their repast. The sultan fixed his eyes constantly upon Aladdin, so great was the pleasure he derived from seeing him. They entered into conversation on a variety of topics; and, whatever the subject of their discourse happened to be, Aladdin spoke with so much information and knowledge, that he completely confirmed the sultan in the good opinion which he had at first formed of him.

When the repast was over, the sultan ordered the grand judge of his capital to attend, and commanded him instantly to prepare a contract of marriage between the princess Badroul Boudour and Aladdin. While this was doing, the sultan conversed with Aladdin upon indifferent subjects, in the presence of the grand vizier and the nobles of the court, who all equally admired the solidity of his understanding, the great facility and fluency of his language, and the purity and delicacy of his metaphors.

When the judge had drawn up the contract with all the requisite forms, the sultan asked Aladdin whether he wished to remain in the palace and conclude all the ceremonies that day? "Sire," he replied, "however impatient I may be to have entire possession of all your majesty's bounties, I request you to permit me to defer my happiness until I have built a palace for the reception of the princess that shall be worthy of her merit and dignity. And for this purpose I request that you will have the goodness to point out a suitable situation near your own palace, that I may always be able to pay my court to your majesty. I will then neglect nothing to get it finished with all possible diligence." "My son," answered the sultan, "take whatever spot you think proper. There is a large open space before my palace, and I have thought for some time about filling it up; but remember, that to have my happiness complete, I cannot too soon see you united to my daughter." Having said this, he again embraced Aladdin, who took leave of the sultan in as polished a manner as if he had been brought up and spent all his life at court.

Aladdin then mounted his horse, and returned home with his suite in the same order in which they came, going back through the same crowd, and receiving similar acclamations from the people, who wished him all happiness and prosperity. As soon as he had entered the court, and alighted from his horse, he retired to his own chamber. He instantly rubbed the lamp and called the genie as usual. He had not to wait; the genie appeared directly, and offered his services. "Genie," said Aladdin to him, "I have hitherto had every reason to praise the precision and promptitude with which you have executed whatever I have required of you, by means of the power of your mistress, this lamp. You must now, through your regard for her, appear, if possible, more zealous, and make greater despatch than you have yet done. I command you, therefore, to build me a palace, in as short a time as you possibly can, opposite to that belonging to the sultan, and at a proper distance; and let this palace be every way worthy to receive the princess Badroul Boudour, my bride. I leave the choice of the materials to yourself, that is to say, whether it shall be of porphyry, of jaspar, of agate, of lapis lazuli, or of the finest marble; and also the form of the palace: I only expect that at the top there shall be erected a large saloon, with a dome in the centre, and four equal sides, the walls of which shall be formed of massive gold and silver, in alternate layers, with twenty-four windows, six on each side; that the lattices of each window, except one, which is to be purposely left unfinished, shall be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, set with the greatest taste and symmetry, and in such a style that nothing in the whole world can equal it. I also wish this palace to have a large court in the front, another behind, and a garden. But, above everything else, be sure that there is a place, which you will point out to me, well supplied with money, both in gold and silver. There must also be kitchens, offices, magazines, receptacles for rich and valuable furniture, suited to the different seasons, and all appropriate to the magnificence of such a palace. And also stables filled with the most beautiful horses, with the grooms and attendants for the kitchen and offices, and female slaves for the service of the princess. In short, you understand what I mean. Go, and return as soon as it is completed."

The sun had retired into the west by the time Aladdin had finished giving his orders to the genie respecting the construction of

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the palace. The very next morning, when the day first broke, Aladdin, whose love for the princess prevented him from sleeping in tranquillity, had scarcely risen before the genie presented himself. "Sir," said he, "your palace is finished; come and see if it be according to your wish." Aladdin signified his assent, and the genie transported him to it in an instant. He found it to exceed his utmost expectation, and he could not sufficiently admire it. The genie conducted him through every part of it, and he everywhere found the greatest riches, applied with the utmost propriety. There were, also, the proper officers and slaves, all dressed according to their rank, and suited to their different employments. Amongst other things, he did not omit to show him the treasury, the door of which was opened by a treasurer, of whose fidelity the genie assured him. He here observed large vases, filled to the very top with purses of different sizes, according to the sums they contained, and so nicely arranged that it was quite a pleasure to behold them. The genie then carried Aladdin to the stables, in which were the most beautiful horses in the world, with all the officers and grooms busily employed about them. He then led him into the different magazines, filled with everything necessary for them, both useful and ornamental, as well as for their support.

When Aladdin had examined the whole palace, without omitting a single part, from the top to the bottom, and more particularly the saloon with the four-and-twenty windows, and had seen all the riches and magnificence it contained, as well as every other thing even in greater abundance and with greater propriety than he had ordered, "Genie," said he, "no one can possibly be better satisfied than I am. There is one thing only which I did not mention to you, because it escaped my recollection; it is to have a carpet of the finest velvet laid from the gate of the sultan's palace to the door of the apartment in this palace which is to be appropriated to the princess, that she may walk upon it when she leaves the sultan's palace." "I will return in an instant," replied the genie; and he had not been gone a moment before Aladdin saw his wish accomplished. The genie again made his appearance, and carried Aladdin back to his own house just as the gates of the sultan's palace were about to be opened.

The porters who came to open the gates, and who were accustomed to see an open space where Aladdin's palace now stood, were much astonished at observing it filled up, and at seeing a velvet carpet, which came from that part directly opposite to the gate of the palace. They could not at first make out what it was; but their astonishment increased when they beheld the superb palace of Aladdin. The news of this wonderful event soon spread throughout the palace, and the grand vizier, who had arrived just as the gates were open, was not less astonished than the rest. He instantly went to the sultan, and wished to make the whole business pass for enchantment. "Why do you endeavor, vizier," said the sultan, "to make this appear the effect of enchantment? You know as well as I do that this is the palace of Aladdin, which I, in your presence yesterday, gave him permission to build for the reception of the princess, my daughter. After the immense display of riches which we have seen, can you think it so very extraordinary that he should be able to build a palace in so short a time? He wished, no doubt, to surprise us, and we every day see what miracles riches can perform. Confess that it is through motives of jealousy you wish to make this appear an enchantment." The hour for entering the council-hall prevented a continuation of this conversation.

When Aladdin had returned and dismissed the genie, he found that his mother was up, and had put on one of the dresses which he had ordered for her the day before. About the time that the sultan left the council, Aladdin requested his mother to go to the palace, attended by the female slaves that the genie had procured for her use. He desired her also, if she saw the sultan, to inform him that she came for the purpose of having the honor of accompanying the princess in the evening, when it was proper for her to go to her own palace. She then set out; but although she and her slaves were dressed as richly as any sultanas, there was much less crowd to see them, as they were veiled, and the richness and magnificence of their habits were hidden by a sort of cloak that quite covered them. Aladdin himself mounted his horse, and left his paternal house

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nevermore to return; but he did not forget his wonderful lamp, whose assistance had been so highly advantageous to him, and had, in fact, been the cause of all his happiness. He went to his own palace in the same public manner, and surrounded with all the pomp with which he had presented himself to the sultan on the preceding day.

As soon as the porters of the sultan's palace perceived the mother of Aladdin, they gave notice of it through the proper officer to the sultan himself. He immediately sent orders to the bands, who played upon trumpets, tymbals, tabors, fifes, and hautboys, and who were already placed in different parts of the terrace, and in a moment the air echoed with their joyful sounds, and spread pleasure throughout the city. The merchants began to dress out their shops with rich carpets and seats, adorned with foliage, and to prepare illuminations for the night. The artificers quitted their work, and all the people thronged to the great square that still was left between the palaces of the sultan and Aladdin. That of the latter first attracted their admiration, not merely because they had been accustomed to see only the sultan's, which could not be put in comparison with Aladdin's, but their great surprise arose from not being able to comprehend by what unheard-of means they beheld so magnificent a palace in a spot where the day before there were neither materials brought nor foundations laid.

Aladdin's mother met with the most honorable reception, and was introduced by the chief of the eunuchs into the apartment of the princess Badroul Boudour. As soon as the latter perceived her she ran and embraced her, and made her take a place upon her own sofa. And while her women were dressing her, and adorning her person with the most valuable of the jewels with which Aladdin had presented her, she entertained her with a magnificent collation. The sultan, who wished to be as much as possible with the princess, his daughter, before she left him to go to the palace of Aladdin, paid great honor and respect to his mother. She had very often seen the sultan in public, but he had never yet seen her without her veil, as she then was. And although she was of rather an advanced age, there were still to be observed some traces from which it might be concluded she had in her youth been handsome. The sultan, too, had always seen her very plainly, and indeed indifferently, dressed; and he was, therefore, the more struck at finding her now as magnificent as the princess, his daughter.

When the evening approached, the princess took leave of the sultan her father. Their parting was tender, and accompanied by tears, and they embraced each other several times without uttering a word. The princess at last left her apartment and proceeded towards her new residence, with Aladdin's mother on her left hand, followed by a hundred female slaves magnificently dressed. All the bands of instruments, which had been incessantly heard since the arrival of Aladdin's mother, united at once, and marched with them. These were followed by a hundred chiaous,* an equal number of black eunuchs in two rows, with their proper officers at their head; and four hundred young pages belonging to the sultan marched in two troops on each side, with flambeaux in their hands. The brilliancy of these, joined to the illuminations in both palaces, made the loss of day unnoticed.

In this order did the princess proceed, walking upon the carpet which was spread from Aladdin's palace to that of the sultan. And as she continued to advance, the musicians, who were at the head of the procession, went on and mixed with those who were placed on the terrace of Aladdin's palace; thus forming a concert which, confused and extraordinary as it was, augmented the general joy, not only amongst those in the open square, but in the two palaces, in all the city, and even to a considerable distance around.

The princess at length arrived at the new palace, and Aladdin ran with every expression of joy to the entrance of the apartments appropriated to her, in order to welcome her. His mother had taken care to point out to the princess her son in the midst of the officers and attendants who surrounded him; and when she perceived him, her joy at finding him so handsome was excessive. "Adorable princess," cried Aladdin, accosting her in

* Chiaous, so called by M. Galland, are officers attached to the magnificence of Eastern courts. Their particular employments were unknown to the translators from both the Arabic and the French.

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the most respectful manner, "if I should have the misfortune to have displeased you by the temerity with which I have aspired to possess so amiable a person, and the daughter of my sultan, I must confess that it was to your beautiful eyes and to your charms alone that you must attribute it, and not to myself." "Prince, for it is thus that I must now call you," replied the princess, "I obey the will of the sultan, my father; and it is enough to have seen you, to own that I obey him without reluctance."

Aladdin was delighted at so satisfactory and charming an answer, and did not suffer the princess to remain long standing, after having walked so far, which she was not in the habit of doing. He took her by the hand, which he kissed with the greatest demonstrations of joy, and conducted her into a large saloon, illuminated by an immense number of tapers, where, through the attention of the genie, there was a table spread with everything that was rare and excellent. The dishes were of massive gold, and filled with the most delicious viands. The vases, the basins, and the goblets, with which the sideboard was amply furnished, were also of gold, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The other ornaments which embellished the saloon exactly corresponded with the richness of the other parts. The princess, enchanted at the sight of such an assemblage of riches in one place, said to Aladdin, "Nothing, I thought, prince, in the whole world, was more beautiful than the palace of the sultan, my father; but the sight of this saloon alone tells me I was deceived." "My princess," replied Aladdin, placing her at the table in the seat he had destined for her, "I am very sensible of your politeness, but at the same time know how to appropriate the compliment."

The princess Badroul Boudour, Aladdin, and his mother sat down, and instantly a band of the most harmonious instruments, played upon by females of great beauty, to whose voices they formed an accompaniment, began a concert which lasted till the repast was finished. The princess was delighted with it, and said she had never heard anything to equal it in the palace of her father. But she knew not that these musicians were fairies, chosen by the genie, the slave of the lamp.

When the supper was concluded, and everything had been removed, a troop of dancers of both sexes took the place of the musicians. They performed dances of various figures, as was the custom of the country, and concluded by one executed by a male and female, who danced with the most surprising activity and agility, each of whom gave the other in turn an opportunity of showing all the grace and address they were master of. It was near midnight, when, according to the custom observed at that time in Cathay, Aladdin rose, and presented his hand to the princess Badroul Boudour, in order to dance together, and thus finish the ceremony of their nuptials. They both danced with so good a grace that they were the admiration of all present. When it was over, Aladdin, who still held the princess by the hand, led her into the chamber in which the nuptial bed had been prepared. The women of the princess attended to undress her, while the attendants of Aladdin did the same, and then every one retired. In this manner did the ceremonies and rejoicings on account of the marriage of Aladdin and the princess Badroul Boudour conclude.

The next morning, when Aladdin awoke, his chamberlains presented themselves to dress him. They clothed him in a different habit from that which he wore on the day of his marriage, but one equally rich and magnificent. They then brought him one of the horses that were appropriated to his use. He mounted it, and, surrounded by a large troop of slaves, rode to the palace of the sultan. The sultan received him with the same honors he had done before. He embraced him, and, after having placed him on the throne by his side, ordered breakfast to be served up. "Sire," said Aladdin to the sultan, "I beseech your majesty to dispense with conferring this honor upon me to-day; I come for the express purpose of entreating you to partake of a repast in the palace of the princess, together with your grand vizier and the nobles of your court." The sultan readily granted his request. He rose immediately, and as the distance was not great, he proceeded on foot with Aladdin on his right hand and the grand vizier on his left, followed by the nobles, the chiaous and principal officers of his palace going before them.

The nearer the sultan came to the palace

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of Aladdin, the more was he struck with its beauty; yet this was but little to what he felt on entering. His expressions of surprise and pleasure continued in all the apartments through which he passed; but when they came to the saloon with twenty-four windows, to which Aladdin had requested them to ascend, — when the sultan had seen its ornaments, and had above all things cast his eyes on the lattices, enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, all of the finest sort and most appropriate size, and when Aladdin had made him observe that the outside was equally rich and superb as the other, — he was so much astonished that he stood absolutely motionless. After remaining some time in an ecstasy of wonder, "Vizier," he at length said to that minister, who was near him, "is it possible that there should be in my kingdom, and so near my own, so superb a palace, and yet that I should, till this moment, be ignorant of it?" "Your majesty," replied the grand vizier, "may remember, that the day before yesterday you gave Aladdin, whom you then acknowledged for your son-in-law, permission to build a palace opposite to your own; on the same day, when the sun went down, not the smallest part of this palace was on this spot, and yesterday I had the honor to announce to your majesty that the palace was built and finished." "I remember it," replied the sultan, "but I never imagined that this palace would be one of the wonders of the world. Where, throughout the universe, will you find the walls built with alternate layers of massive gold and silver, instead of stone or marble, and the windows having the lattices studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds? Never in the whole world has there been anything similar heard of."

The sultan wished to see more closely, and observe the beauty of the twenty-four lattices; when, in reckoning them, he only found twenty-three that were equally rich, and he was, therefore, in the greatest astonishment that the twenty-fourth should remain imperfect. "Vizier," said he, for that minister made it a point not to leave him, "I am very much surprised that such a magnificent saloon should remain unfinished in this particular." "Sire," replied the grand vizier, "Aladdin apparently was pressed for time, and therefore was unable to finish this window like the rest. But it must readily be granted, that he has jewels fit for the purpose, and that it will be finished the first opportunity."

Aladdin, who had left the sultan, to give some orders, joined them during this conversation. "My son," said the sultan, "this truly is a saloon worthy the admiration of all the world. There is, however, one thing I am astonished at; and that is to observe this lattice unfinished. Is it through forgetfulness or neglect," added he, "or because the workmen had not time to put the finishing stroke to such a beautiful specimen of architecture?" "Sire," answered Aladdin, "it is not for any of these reasons that this lattice remains in the state your majesty now sees it. It has been done on purpose; and it was by my orders that the workmen have not touched it. I wish that your majesty should have the glory of finishing this saloon and palace at the same time. And I entreat you to think well of my intention, that I may ever remember the favor I have thus received from you." "If you have done it with that view," replied the sultan, "I take it in good part; I will this instant give the necessary orders about it." So saying, he ordered the jewellers who were best furnished with precious stones, and the most skilful goldsmiths in his capital, to be sent for.

When the sultan came down from the saloon, Aladdin conducted him into that where he had entertained the princess Badroul Boudour on the evening of their nuptials. The princess herself entered the moment after, and received the sultan her father in such a manner as made it very evident that she was quite satisfied with her marriage. In this saloon there were two tables set out with the most delicious viands, all served up in services of gold. The sultan sat down at the first, and ate with his daughter, Aladdin, and the grand vizier. All the nobles of the court were regaled at the second, which was of great length. The repast highly pleased the sultan's taste; and he confessed that he had never partaken of anything more excellent. He said the same of the wine, which was, in fact, very delicious. But what excited his admiration most of all, were four large sideboards, furnished and set out with a profusion of flagons, vases, and cups of solid gold, enriched throughout with

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precious stones. He was also delighted with the different bands of music, placed in different parts of the saloon, while the trumpets, accompanied by tymbals and drums, were heard at a distance, at proper intervals joining with the music within.

When the sultan rose from table, he was informed that the jewellers and goldsmiths whom he had ordered to be sent for were come. He then went up to the saloon with twenty-four windows, and pointed out to the jewellers and goldsmiths the window which was imperfect. "I have ordered you to come here," said the sultan, "to finish this window, and make it perfect like the rest. Examine them, and lose no time in completing it."

The jewellers and goldsmiths examined all the twenty-three lattices with great attention; and after having consulted together about what they could each contribute towards its completion, they presented themselves to the sultan, and the jeweller in ordinary to the palace thus addressed him: "We are ready, sire, to employ all our care and diligence to obey your majesty, but amongst all our profession we have no jewels either sufficiently valuable or numerous to complete so great a work." "I have, then," cried the sultan, "and more than you want. Come to my palace, I will show you them, and you shall choose which you like best."

When the sultan had returned to his palace, he directed all his jewels to be brought to the jewellers; and they took a great quantity of them, particularly of those which had been presented by Aladdin. They used all these, without appearing to have made much progress. They went back for more several times, and in the course of more than a month they had not finished more than half their work. They exhausted all the sultan's jewels, with as many of the grand vizier's as he could spare, and with all these they could not do more than finish half the window.

Aladdin was well aware that the sultan's endeavors to make the lattice of this window like the others were vain, and that he would never arrive at that honor: he went up, therefore, to the workmen, and not only made them stop working, but even undo all they had finished, and carry back the jewels to the sultan and the grand vizier.

All the work which the jewellers had been six weeks in performing was destroyed in a few hours. They then went away, and left Aladdin alone in the saloon. He took out the lamp, which he had with him, and rubbed it. The genie instantly appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin to him, "I ordered you to leave one of the twenty-four lattices of this saloon imperfect, and you obeyed me. I now wish it to be made like the rest." The genie disappeared, and Aladdin went out of the saloon. He entered it again in a few moments, and found the lattice as he wished, and similar to the others.

In the mean time the jewellers and goldsmiths arrived at the palace, and were introduced to the sultan in his own apartment. The first jeweller then produced the precious stones he had brought with him, and said in the name of the rest: "Your majesty, sire, knows for what length of time and how diligently we have worked in order to finish the business your majesty employed us upon. It was already very far advanced, when Aladdin obliged us not only to leave off, but even to destroy what we had already done, and to bring back these jewels as well as those that belonged to the grand vizier." The sultan then asked them whether Aladdin had given them any reason; and when they told the sultan that he had said nothing on the subject, the former ordered his horse to be brought, and, without any other attendants than those who happened to be about his person, and who accompanied him on foot, proceeded to Aladdin's palace. He dismounted at the foot of the flight of stairs that led to the saloon with twenty-four windows, and went up without letting Aladdin know of his arrival; but the latter happened luckily to be in the saloon, and had barely time to receive the sultan at the door.

The sultan, without giving Aladdin time to chide him for not sending word of his intention to pay him a visit, and thus making him seem deficient in the respect he owed him, said: "I am come, my son, to ask the reason why you wished to leave this very magnificent and singular saloon in an unfinished state?"

Aladdin dissembled the true reason, which was, that the sultan was not sufficiently rich in jewels to go to so great an expense. But to let him see how the palace itself surpassed not only his, but also every other palace in the whole world, since he was unable to fin-

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ish even a very small part of it, he replied: "It is true, sire, that your majesty did behold this saloon unfinished, but I entreat you to examine if at this moment there be anything wanting?"

The sultan immediately went to the window where he had observed the lattice imperfect; but when he saw that it was like the rest, he thought he was mistaken. He not only examined the window on each side of it, but looked at them all one after the other; and when he was convinced that the lattice upon which his people had so long employed themselves, and had cost the jewellers and goldsmiths so many days, was finished in such an incredibly short period, he embraced Aladdin, and kissed him between his eyes. "My dear son," said he, filled with astonishment, "what a man are you, who can do such wonderful things, and almost, as it were, instantaneously? There is not your equal in the world; and the more I know you, the more I find to admire in you."

Aladdin received the sultan's praises with great modesty, and replied to them in these terms: "It is, sire, my greatest glory to deserve the kindness and approbation of your majesty, and I can assure you that I will never neglect anything that will tend to make me still more worthy of your good opinion."

The sultan returned to his palace in the same way he came, and would not permit Aladdin to accompany him. When he got back, he found the grand vizier waiting his arrival. Still full of admiration at the wonder to which he had been witness, the sultan related everything to him in such terms that the vizier did not doubt for a moment that the matter was exactly as the sultan told it. But this still more confirmed that minister in the belief which he already entertained, that the palace of Aladdin was built by enchantment; which opinion he had expressed to the sultan on the very morning that the palace was first seen. He again repeated his belief. "Vizier," said the sultan, suddenly interrupting him, "you have before said the same thing: but I very plainly perceive you have not forgotten my daughter's marriage with your son."

The grand vizier clearly saw that the sultan was prejudiced; he did not, therefore, wish to enter into any dispute with him, but suffered him to remain in his own opinion. Every morning, as soon as he rose, the sultan went regularly to the apartment whence he could see the palace of Aladdin: and indeed he often went during the day to contemplate and admire it.

Aladdin himself in the mean time did not remain shut up in his palace, but took care to go through different parts of the city at least once every week; sometimes to attend prayers at various mosques; at others to visit the grand vizier, who regularly came on stated days to pay his unwilling court; and sometimes he honored with his presence the houses of the principal nobles, whom he frequently entertained at his own palace. Every time he went out he ordered two of the slaves who attended him as he rode to throw handfuls of gold in the streets and public places through which he passed, and where the people always collected in crowds to see him. Besides this, a poor person never presented himself before the gate of his palace but went away well satisfied with Aladdin's liberality.

Aladdin also so arranged his different occupations that there was not a week in which he did not once, at least, enjoy the diversion of the chase; sometimes hunting in the neighborhood of the city, and at others going to a greater distance; and he gave proofs of the same liberality in the roads and villages through which he passed. This generous disposition made the people load him with blessings; and it became the common custom to swear by his head. In short, without giving the least cause of displeasure to the sultan, to whom he very regularly paid his court, it may be asserted that Aladdin had attracted, by the affability of his manners and the liberality of his conduct, the regard and affection of every one; and that, generally speaking, he was even more beloved than the sultan himself. To all these good qualities he joined a great degree of valor, and an ardent zeal for the good of the state. He had an opportunity of giving the strongest proofs of it in a revolt that took place on the confines of the kingdom. He no sooner became apprised that the sultan meant to levy an army to quell it, than he requested to have the command of it. This he had no difficulty in obtaining. He instantly put himself at its head, marched against the rebels, and conducted the whole expedition with so much

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judgment and activity, that the sultan heard of their defeat, punishment, and dispersion quite as soon as of the arrival of the army at its point of destination. This action, which made his name celebrated throughout the whole extent of the empire, did not in the least alter his disposition. He returned victorious, but he returned as affable and modest as ever.

Many years passed, and Aladdin continued to conduct himself in the way we have described, when the African magician who had procured for him, but without intending it, the means by which he was raised to so exalted a situation, frequently thought of him while he was in Africa, whither he had returned. Although he was well persuaded that Aladdin had pined out a miserable existence in the subterraneous cavern where he had left him, he nevertheless thought he might as well learn precisely his end. As he had a complete knowledge of the science of geomancy, he took out of a drawer a sort of square, covered box, such as he used when he made any observations in this science. He then sat down on the sofa, and placed the square instrument before him. He uncovered it, and after making the sand with which it was filled quite smooth and even, with the view of discovering whether Aladdin died in the subterraneous cave, he arranged the points, drew the figures, and formed his horoscope. When he examined it, in order to form his judgment, instead of finding Aladdin dead in the cave, he discovered that he had got out of it, that he lived in the greatest splendor, was immensely rich, highly respected and honored, and was the husband of a princess.

No sooner had the African magician learnt by his diabolical art that Aladdin was in the enjoyment of these honors, than the blood rushed into his face.

"This miserable son of a tailor," he exclaimed in a rage, "has discovered the secret and virtues of the lamp! I thought his death certain; and now he enjoys the fruits of my long and laborious exertions. I will either prevent his enjoying them, or perish in the attempt." He did not deliberate long as to the method he should pursue. Early the next morning he mounted a horse from Barbary, which he had in his stable, and began his journey. Travelling from city to city, and from province to province, without stopping anywhere longer than was necessary to rest his horse, he at last arrived in Cathay, and very soon reached the capital where the sultan lived, whose daughter Aladdin had married. He alighted at a public khan, where he ordered an apartment for himself. He remained there the rest of the day and following night, in order to recover from the fatigue of his journey.

The first thing the African magician did the next morning was to inquire what was the general opinion that was formed of Aladdin, and how the people spoke of him. In walking about the city, he went into the most frequented place, where people of the greatest consequence and distinction assembled to drink a warm liquor, of a particular kind, which he recollected to have done when he was there before. He took his seat, and they poured some out into a cup, and presented it to him. As he took it he heard, as he was listening to what was said on every side, some person speaking of Aladdin's palace. When he had finished his cup, he approached those who were conversing on this subject, and taking his opportunity, he inquired what there was in particular about this palace of which they spoke so highly. "Where do you come from?" said one of those to whom he addressed himself. "You must surely be but lately arrived in this city if you have not seen or heard of the palace of Prince Aladdin." It was thus that Aladdin, since his union with the princess Badroul Boudour, was always called. "I do not say," continued the same person, "that it is one of the wonders of the world, but that it is the only wonder in the world. Nothing has ever been seen so rich, so grand, or so magnificent. You must have come from a great distance, since you seem never even to have heard of it. In fact, it ought to be spoken of everywhere since it has been erected. But see it, and you will then know if I have said anything but the truth." "Pardon my ignorance, I beg of you," replied the African magician; "I arrived here only yesterday, and I have come from a great distance, even from the farthest part of Africa, and the fame of it had not reached that country when I left it. And, as it was a business of great importance that brought me, and required the utmost haste,

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I had no other view during my journey than to get to the end of it as soon as possible, without stopping anywhere or acquiring any information, as I came along. I was, therefore, quite ignorant of what you have been telling me. I shall, however, go and see it. My impatience, indeed, is so great that I would this moment go and satisfy my curiosity, if you would do me the favor to show me the way."

The person to whom the African magician addressed himself took a pleasure in directing him the way to Aladdin's palace, and he immediately set out. When he arrived, and had accurately examined the palace on all sides, he had not the least doubt but that Aladdin had availed himself of the power of the lamp in building it; he well knew it was in the power of the genii who were the slaves of the lamp to produce such wonders. Stung to the very soul by the happiness and greatness of Aladdin, between whom and the sultan there seemed not the shadow of a difference, he returned to his khan.

The great thing to discover was whether Aladdin carried the lamp about with him, or where he kept it; and this discovery he was able to make by a certain operation in geomancy. As soon, therefore, as he got back to his lodgings, he took his square box and his sand, which he always carried with him wherever he went. Having completed the operation, he found that the lamp was in Aladdin's palace, and his joy was so great on learning this, that he could hardly contain himself. "I shall get this lamp," he cried, "and I defy Aladdin to prevent my obtaining it; and I will compel him to sink into the obscurity and poverty from which he has taken so high a leap."

It happened most unfortunately for Aladdin that he was absent upon a hunting expedition that was to last eight days, and only three of them were yet elapsed. Of this the African magician got information in the following way. When he had finished the operation which had afforded him so much joy, he went to see the master of the khan, under the pretence of conversing with him, and he had no difficulty in finding a proper subject. He told him that he was just returned from the palace of Aladdin; and after giving him an exaggerated account of all the most remarkable and surprising things he saw, and such as generally attracted the attention of every one, "My curiosity," he added, "goes still further; and I shall not be satisfied till I have seen the master to whom so wonderful a building belongs." "That will not be at all a difficult matter," replied the keeper of the khan, "for hardly a day passes that will not afford you an opportunity, when he is at home; but he has been gone these three days on a grand hunting-party, which is to last at least eight."

The African magician did not want to know more; he took leave of the master of the khan, and returned to his own apartment. "This is the time for action," said he to himself, "nor must I let it escape." He then went to the shop of a person who made and sold lamps. "I want," said he to the master, "a dozen copper lamps; can you supply me with them?" The man replied that he had not quite so many finished, but that if he would wait till the next day he would have them ready for him. The magician agreed to wait, and desired him to take care and have them well polished; and, having first promised to give a good price for them, he returned to the khan.

The next morning the African magician received the twelve lamps, and paid the money asked for them. He put them into a basket which he had provided for the purpose, and went with this on his arm towards Aladdin's palace; and when he was near it he began to cry with a loud voice, "Who will change old lamps for new?" As he went on, the children who were at play in the open square ran and collected round him, hooting and shouting at him, as they took him for a fool or a madman. Every one who passed laughed at his folly, as they thought it. "That man," said they, "must surely have lost his senses, to offer to change new lamps for old ones."

The African magician was not at all surprised at the shouts of the children, nor at anything that was said of him; and continued to cry, "Who will change old lamps for new?" He repeated this so often, while he walked backwards and forwards in front of the palace, that at last the princess Badroul Boudour, who was in the saloon with twenty-four windows, heard him; but as she could not distinguish what he said, on account of

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the shouting of the children who followed him, and whose number increased every instant, she sent one of her female slaves to learn what was the reason of all the noise and bustle.

It was not long before the slave returned, and entered the saloon laughing very heartily; indeed, so much so, that the princess herself, in looking at her, could not help laughing also. "Well, silly one," said the princess, "why do you not tell me what it is you are laughing at?" "Princess," replied the slave, still laughing, "who can possibly help laughing at seeing that fool with a basket on his arm, full of beautiful new lamps, which he does not wish to sell, but exchange for old ones? It is the crowd of children who surround him that make all the noise we hear, in mocking him."

Hearing this account, another of the female slaves said, "Now you speak of old lamps, I know not whether the princess has taken notice of one that lies upon the cornice; whoever it belongs to, he will not be very much displeased in finding a new one instead of that old one. If the princess will give me leave, she may have the pleasure of trying whether this fellow is fool enough to give a new lamp for an old one, without asking anything for the exchange."

The lamp of which the slave spoke was the identical wonderful lamp which had been the cause of Aladdin's great success and happiness, and he had himself placed it upon the cornice before he went to the chase, from the fear of losing it. It was the usual precaution which he took every time he hunted. But neither the female slaves, the eunuchs, nor the princess herself, had paid the least attention to it during his absence, till this moment. Except when he hunted, Aladdin always carried it about him. His precaution, it may be said, was certainly very proper, but he should at least have locked the lamp up; but every one is liable to similar neglects, and always will be liable to them.

The princess, who was ignorant of the value of this lamp, and that Aladdin, not to say herself, was so much interested in its preservation, consented to the joke, and ordered a eunuch to go and get it exchanged. The eunuch obeyed: he went down from the saloon, and close to the palace gate he perceived the African magician. He immediately called to him, and when he came, he showed him the old lamp, and said, "Give me a new lamp for this."

The magician did not doubt but that this was the lamp he was seeking; because he thought there would not, of course, be any other lamp in Aladdin's palace, where everything that could be was of gold or silver. He eagerly took the lamp from the eunuch, and after having thrust it into his bosom, he presented his basket, and bid him take which he liked best. The eunuch chose one, and, leaving the magician, he carried the new lamp to the princess. The exchange had no sooner been effected than the children made the whole square resound with their noise, in ridiculing and mocking the folly, as they thought, of the magician.

The African magician let them shout as much as they pleased, and without staying any longer near Aladdin's palace, he quickly went to a distance, and no longer invited people to change old lamps for new. He wished for no other than the one which he had got. His silence, therefore, soon induced the children to go no farther with him.

Leaving the square between the two palaces, he went along the most unfrequented streets; and as he had no further occasion either for the remainder of his lamps or his basket, he set them both down in the middle of a street where he thought no one would see him. He then turned down another street, and made all the haste he could to get to one of the gates of the city. As he continued his walk through the suburb, which was very extensive, he bought some provisions; and when he was in the open country, he turned down a by-road, where there was no probability of seeing any person, and here he remained till he thought a good opportunity occurred to execute the design he had in coming there. He did not regret the horse he left at the khan where he had lodged; but thought himself well recompensed by the treasure he had acquired.

The African magician continued in this retired place until the night was far advanced. He then drew the lamp from his bosom, and rubbed it. The genie instantly obeyed the summons. "What do you wish?" cried the genie. "I am ready to obey you, as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands; I and the

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ALADDIN'S PALACE TRANSPORTED BY GENII

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other slaves of the lamp." "I command you," replied the African magician, "instantly to take the palace which you and the other slaves of the lamp have erected in this city, exactly as it is, with everything in it, both dead and alive, and transport it, with me at the same time, into the farthest part of Africa." Without making any answer, the genie, assisted by the other slaves of the lamp, took him and the whole palace, and transported it in a very short time to the spot he had pointed out.

It is now necessary to leave the African magician, the princess Badroul Boudour, and the palace in Africa, and notice the effect of this change upon the sultan.

The sultan no sooner rose the next morning than he went, as usual, to the cabinet, that thence he might have the pleasure of contemplating and admiring Aladdin's palace. He cast his eyes towards the side where he was accustomed to see this palace, but discovered only an open space, such as it was before the palace had been built. He thought he must be deceived; he rubbed his eyes, but still he could see nothing more than at first, though the air was so serene, the sky so clear, and the sun so near rising that every object was distinct and plain. He looked on both sides, and out of both windows, but could not perceive what he had been accustomed to. His astonishment was so great that he remained for some time with his eyes turned to the spot where the palace had stood, but where he could no longer see it, endeavoring to comprehend how so large a palace as that of Aladdin, which he had seen every day since he had given permission to have it erected, and even so lately as the day before, should so suddenly and completely vanish, that not the smallest vestige remained. "I cannot be deceived," he said to himself; "it was in this very place that I beheld it. If it had fallen down, the materials at least would appear; and if the earth had swallowed it, we would perceive some marks of it." In whatever way this had come to pass, and however satisfied he was that the palace was no longer there, he nevertheless waited some time longer, to see if in reality he was not deceived. He at length retired, after looking once more behind him as he left the place. He returned to his apartment, and ordered his grand vizier to be instantly sent for. In the mean time he sat down, his mind agitated with so many different thoughts that he knew not how to act.

The grand vizier came in so much haste, that neither he nor his attendants observed, as they passed, that the palace of Aladdin was no longer in the same place. Even the porters, when they opened the gates, did not perceive the difference.

"Sire," said the grand vizier the moment he entered, "the eagerness and haste with which your majesty has sent for me leads me to suppose that something very extraordinary has happened, since your majesty is not ignorant that this is the day when the council meets, and that I should therefore, of course, have been here on my duty in a very short time." "What has happened is indeed very extraordinary, as you have said; and you will soon agree it is so. Tell me, where is Aladdin's palace?" "I have just now passed it, sire," replied the vizier with the utmost surprise; "and it seemed to me to be in the same spot. A building so solid as that is cannot easily change its situation." "Go into my cabinet," answered the sultan, "and come and tell me if you can see it."

The grand vizier went as he was ordered, and the very same thing happened to him as to the sultan. When he was quite sure that the palace of Aladdin did not stand in the place where it was, and that not the smallest part of it seemed to remain, he went back to the sultan. "Well," demanded the latter, "have you seen Aladdin's palace?" "Your majesty, sire, may remember," replied the grand vizier, "that I had the honor to tell you that this palace, which was so much and so deservedly admired for its beauty and immense riches, was the work of magic; but your majesty did not then pay any attention to what was said."

The sultan, who could not deny the former representations of the grand vizier, was in the greater rage because he was also unable to disavow his own incredulity. "Where is this impostor," he exclaimed, — "this wretch, that I may strike off his head?" "It is some days," answered the grand vizier, "since he came to take leave of your majesty; we must send to him to inquire about his palace; he cannot be ignorant where it is." "This would be to treat him with too great indulgence," exclaimed the monarch; "go

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and order thirty of my horsemen to bring him before me in chains." The grand vizier instantly gave the orders, and instructed the officer how they might take him and prevent his escape. They set out, and met Aladdin, who was returning from the chase, about five or six leagues from the city. The officer, when he first accosted him, said that the sultan was so impatient to see him again that he had sent them to inform him of it, and to accompany him on his return.

Aladdin had not the least suspicion of the true cause that had brought this detachment of the sultan's guard. He continued hunting on his way home; but when he was within half a league of the city the detachment surrounded him, and the officer then said, "Prince Aladdin, it is with the greatest regret that I must inform you of the orders we have received from the sultan to arrest you, and conduct you like a state criminal. We entreat you not to take it ill in us that we do our duty, but on the contrary that you will pardon us." This declaration astonished Aladdin to the greatest degree. He felt himself innocent, and asked the officer if he knew of what crime he was accused; but he replied that neither he nor his men were acquainted with it.

As Aladdin perceived that his own attendants were much inferior to the detachment, and even that they were at some distance, he dismounted and said to the officer, "Execute whatever orders you have received. I must, however, aver, that I am guilty of no crime, either towards the person of the sultan or the state." They immediately put a large and long chain about his neck, which they then bound round his body, so that he had not the use of his arms. When the officer had put himself at the head of the troop, one of the horsemen took hold of the end of the chain, and going on behind the officer, he led Aladdin, who was obliged to follow on foot; and in this state he was conducted through the city.

When the guards entered the suburbs, the first person who saw Aladdin conducted in this way, like a state criminal, did not doubt but that he was going to lose his head. As he was generally beloved, some seized a sabre, others whatever arms they could, and those who had none took up stones, and in this manner followed the guards. Some of those who were in the rear wheeled about, as if they wished to disperse them; but the people increased so fast that the guards thought it better to dissemble, well satisfied if they could conduct Aladdin safe to the palace without his being rescued. In order to succeed the better, they took great care, as the streets happened to be more or less wide, to occupy the whole space, sometimes extending and at others compressing themselves. In this manner they arrived in the open square before the palace, where they all formed into one line, and faced about towards the armed multitude, while the officer and guard who led Aladdin entered the palace, and the porters shut the gates to prevent any one from entering.

Aladdin was conducted before the sultan, who waited for him, accompanied by the grand vizier, in a balcony. He no sooner saw him than he commanded the executioner, who was already present by his orders, to strike off his head, as he wished not to hear a word, or any explanation whatever.

The executioner seized Aladdin, took off the chain that was round his neck and body, and after laying down on the ground a large piece of leather, stained with the blood of the many criminals he had executed, he desired him to place himself on his knees, and then tied a bandage over his eyes. Having drawn his sabre, he was about to give the fatal stroke, only making the three usual flourishes in the air, and waiting for the sultan's signal to separate Aladdin's head from his body, when at this very instant the grand vizier perceived that the populace, who had forced the guards and filled the square, were in fact scaling the walls of the palace in many places, and even began to pull them down in order to open a passage. Before, therefore, the sultan could give the signal, he said to him, "I beseech your majesty to think maturely of what you are going to do; you will run the risk, sire, of having your palace forced; and if this misfortune should happen, the event cannot but be dreadful." "My palace forced!" replied the sultan; "who can dare attempt it?" "If your majesty, sire, will cast your eyes towards the walls, you will acknowledge the truth of what I say."

When the sultan saw the violent commotion of the people, his fear was very great.

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He instantly ordered the executioner to put up his sabre, to take the bandage off Aladdin's eyes, and set him at liberty. He also commanded an officer to proclaim that he pardoned Aladdin, and that every one might retire.

As all those who had mounted on the walls of the palace were witnesses of what passed, they gave over their design, and almost directly got down: and, highly delighted at having thus been the means of saving the life of one whom they really loved, they instantly published the news to those who were near them, thence it spread through all the populace who were in the neighborhood of the palace; officers also ascended the terraced roof, and proclaimed it publicly. The justice the sultan had thus rendered Aladdin by pardoning him disarmed the populace, quieted the tumult, and every one by degrees returned home.

When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he lifted up his head towards the balcony, and perceiving the sultan, he raised his voice, and addressed him in the most pathetic manner. "I entreat your majesty," he said, "to add a new favor to the pardon you have just granted me; and that is to inform me of my crime." "What thy crime is, perfidious wretch!" replied the sultan; "dost thou not know it? Come up here, and I will show thee."

Aladdin ascended, and when he presented himself, "Follow me," said the sultan, walking on before, without taking any other notice of him. He led the way to the cabinet that opened towards the place where Aladdin's palace stood. When they came to the door, "Go in," said the sultan; "you ought to know where your own palace is. Look on all sides, and tell me what is become of it." Aladdin looked, but saw nothing. He perceived the space upon which his palace had stood; but as he could not conceive how it should have disappeared, this extraordinary and wonderful event so confused and astonished him, that he could not answer the sultan a single word. "Tell me," said the latter, impatient at his silence, "where is your palace, and what is become of my daughter?" "Sire," replied Aladdin, at last breaking silence, "I plainly see and must own that the palace which I built is no longer in the place where it was. I see it has disappeared; but I can assure your majesty that I have no concern whatever in this event."

"I care not what is become of your palace; that gives me no pain," replied the sultan. "I esteem my daughter a million times beyond it; unless, therefore, you discover and bring her again to me, no consideration shall yet prevent my taking off your head." "Sire," said Aladdin, "I entreat your majesty to grant me forty days to make the most diligent inquiries, and if I do not, during this period, succeed in my search, I give you my word that I will lay my head at the foot of your throne, that you may dispose of me according to your pleasure." "I grant your request," answered the sultan; "but do not think to abuse my favor, and endeavor to escape my resentment. In whatever part of the world you are, I will take care to discover you."

Aladdin then left the sultan's presence in the deepest humiliation, and in a state truly deserving of pity. He passed through the courts of the palace with downcast eyes, not even daring to look about him, so great was his confusion; and the principal officers of the court, not one of whom he had ever disobliged, instead of coming to console him, or offer him a retreat at their houses, turned their backs upon him, both that they might not be supposed to see him, nor he be able to recognize them. But even if they had approached him in order to console him, or offer him an asylum, they themselves would not have known him: he did not even know himself. His mind seemed deranged, of which he gave evident proofs, when he was out of the palace, for without thinking of what he did, he demanded at every door, and of all he met, if they had seen his palace, or could give him any intelligence of it.

These questions made every one think that Aladdin had lost his senses. Some even laughed at him; but the more serious, and especially all those who had been on friendly terms, or ever had any business with him, most sincerely compassionated him. He remained three days in the city, walking through every part, eating only what was given him in charity, without being able to form any resolution.

At length, as he could not in his wretched state remain any longer in the city, where

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he had hitherto lived in such splendor, he departed towards the country. He soon turned out of the high road, and after walking over a great deal of ground in the most dreadful state of mind, he arrived towards the close of day on the bank of a river. He now gave himself up entirely to despair. "Where shall I go to seek my palace?" he exclaimed. "In what country, in what part of the world, shall I find either that or my dear princess, whom the sultan demands of me? Never shall I be able to succeed! It is much better, then, that I at once free myself from labors which must end in nothing, and from feelings that distract me." He was then going to throw himself into the river, but being a good mussulman, and faithful to his religion, he thought he ought not to do it without first repeating his prayers. In order to perform this ceremony, he went close to the bank to wash his face and hands, as was the custom of his country, but as this spot was rather steep, and the ground moist from the water that had washed against it, he slipped down, and would have fallen into the river if he had not been stopped by a piece of stone or rock that projected about two feet from the surface. Happy was it for him, too, that he still had with him the ring which the African magician had put upon his finger when he made him go down into the subterraneous cavern to bring away the precious lamp. In holding against the piece of rock, he rubbed the ring so strongly that the same genie instantly appeared whom he had before seen in the subterraneous cavern. "What do you wish?" cried the genie: "I am ready to obey you, as your slave, and as the slave of him who has that ring on his finger; I and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin was most agreeably surprised by a sight he so little expected in the despair he was in; and directly replied, "Save my life, genie, a second time, by informing me where the palace is which I built, or again place it where it was." "What you require of me," answered the genie, "is beyond my ability: I am only the slave of the ring; you must address yourself to the slave of the lamp." "If that be the case, then," added Aladdin, "at least transport me to the spot where my palace is, in whatever part of the world it may be; and place me under the window of the princess Badroul Boudour." He had barely said this, before the genie transported him to Africa, near a large city, and in the midst of a large meadow, in which the palace stood, and set him down directly under the windows of the apartment of the princess, and there left him. All this was the work of an instant.

Notwithstanding the obscurity, Aladdin readily recognized both his own palace and the apartment of the princess; but as the night was far advanced, and everything in the palace was quiet, he retired, and seated himself at the foot of a tree. Full of hope, and reflecting on the good fortune which chance alone had procured him, he here felt himself in a much more tranquil state than since he had been arrested by the sultan's order, brought before him, and delivered from the danger of losing his head. He amused himself for some time with these agreeable thoughts; but as he had for five or six days enjoyed hardly any rest, he could not prevent himself being overcome by sleep, and he resigned himself to its influence in the spot where he was.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, Aladdin was most agreeably awakened by the notes of the birds which had perched upon the tree under which he lay, and among the other thick trees in the garden of his palace. He cast his eyes upon this beautiful building, and felt an inexpressible joy at the thought of being again master of it, and once more possessing his dear princess. He got up, and approached the apartment of the princess. He walked for some time under the window, waiting till she rose, in hopes that she might observe him. While in expectation of this, he considered within himself what could have been the cause of his misfortune; and after meditating some time, he entertained no doubt but that it arose from his having left his lamp. He accused himself of negligence and carelessness in having suffered the lamp to be out of his possession a single moment. He was, however, embarrassed to discover who could be so jealous of his happiness. He would at once have comprehended it, if he had known that both he and his palace were in Africa; but of this the genie, who was the slave of the ring, had not informed him. The name alone of Africa would have brought his declared enemy, the magician, to his recollection.

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The princess Badroul Boudour rose this morning much earlier than she had done since she had been transported into Africa by the artifice of the magician, whose sight she was compelled to endure once every day, as he was master of the palace; but she constantly treated him so ill, that he had never yet had the boldness to sleep there. When she was dressed, one of her women, looking through the lattice, perceived Aladdin, and ran and informed her mistress. The princess, who could scarcely believe this news, immediately went to the window, and saw him herself. She opened the lattice, the noise of which made Aladdin raise his head. He instantly recognized her, and saluted her in a manner highly expressive of his joy. "Lose not a moment," cried the princess; "they are gone to open the secret door; ascend quickly." She then shut the lattice.

This secret door was directly below the apartment of the princess. It was open, and Aladdin entered her apartment. It is impossible to express the joy they both felt in again seeing each other, after having concluded that their separation was eternal. They embraced each other with tears of joy, and gave all imaginable proofs of the tenderest affection, after so cruel and so unforeseen a separation. "Before you mention anything else, my princess," said Aladdin, "tell me in the name of God, as well for your own sake, and for that of the sultan, your ever-respected father, as for mine, what has become of that old lamp, which I placed upon the cornice of the saloon with twenty-four windows, before I went on the hunting party?" "Ah, my dear husband!" replied the princess, "I doubt very much whether our mutual misfortunes have not arisen from that lamp: and what the more distresses me is that I am myself the cause of it." "Do not, princess," resumed Aladdin, "attribute the matter to yourself; I only am to blame, for I ought to have been more careful in its preservation. But let us now only think of repairing that loss; and for this purpose, inform me, I beg of you, of everything that has happened, and into whose hands this lamp has fallen."

The princess then related to Aladdin everything that had passed relative to the exchange of the old lamp for a new one, which she showed him; and how on the morning following the night of the removal of the palace she found herself in the unknown country where the palace now stood, and that this country was Africa, — a fact she had learned from the traitor who by his magic art had transported her thither.

"Princess," replied Aladdin, interrupting her, "by informing me that we are in Africa, you have at once unmasked the traitor. He is the most infamous of men. But this is neither a proper time nor place to enter into a detail of his crimes. I entreat you only to tell me what he has done with the lamp, and where he has put it." "He constantly," rejoined the princess, "carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom. I am sure of this, because he once took it out in my presence, showing it as a sort of trophy."

"Do not be offended, my princess," continued Aladdin, "at all the questions I put to you; they are of equal importance to us both. But to come at once to what most interests me; tell me, I conjure you, how you have been treated by so infamous and perfidious a wretch." "Since I have been in this place," answered the princess, "he has presented himself before me only once during the day; and I am persuaded that the little satisfaction he has derived from his visits makes him repeat them less often. All that he has ever said to me has only been for the purpose of persuading me to be faithless to you, and to take him for my husband; wishing to convince me that I ought never to expect to see you again; that you are no longer alive, and that the sultan, my father, has ordered your head to be cut off. And to prove to me that you were an ungrateful wretch, he said that you owed all your good fortune to him, with a thousand other injurious expressions that I cannot repeat. And as he never had any other answer than my complaints and tears afforded him, he was obliged to retire with as little satisfaction as he came. I have, nevertheless, no doubt but that he means to suffer the more violent effects of my affliction to subside, with the hope and expectation that I shall change my mind; and if, in the end, I should persevere in my resistance, to make use of violent methods; but your presence, my dear husband, at once dissipates all my fears."

"Princess," interrupted Aladdin, "I trust you will not be deceived, as I think I have

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discovered the means of delivering you from our common enemy. For this purpose, however, I must go into the town; I will return about noon, and communicate to you the nature of my design, for you must yourself contribute towards its success. Let me, however, apprise you not to be astonished if you see me return in a different dress; and be sure you give orders that I may not be obliged to wait at the private door, but be admitted the instant I knock." The princess promised that somebody should be ready to open it on his arrival.

Aladdin left the apartment by the same door he had entered; and when outside of the palace, he looked about on all sides, and at last discovered a peasant, who was going into the country. As this peasant had got to some distance beyond the palace, Aladdin hastened to overtake him; and as soon as he joined him, he proposed to change clothes, and made him such an offer that the peasant readily agreed to it. This was effected behind a small bush; and when the exchange was completed, they separated, and Aladdin took the road that led to the town. When he got there, he turned down a street which led from the gate, and then getting into those streets which were most frequented, he came to that part where each street was occupied by a particular profession or trade. He went into that appropriated to druggists, and going to the shop which appeared the largest and best supplied, he asked the owner if he had a certain powder, the name of which he mentioned.

The merchant, who, from looking at Aladdin's dress, did not conceive that he had money enough to pay for it, replied that he had it, but that it was very dear. Aladdin readily entered into the merchant's thoughts, and therefore took out his purse, and, showing him the gold, desired to have half a drachm of the powder. The merchant weighed it, wrapped it up, and, giving it to Aladdin, demanded one piece of gold for it; the latter immediately paid him, and without staying in the town any longer than was necessary to take some nourishment, returned to the palace. He had no occasion to wait at the street door; it was instantly opened, and he went up to the apartment of the princess Badroul Boudour. "The aversion, my princess," said Aladdin to her as soon as he came in, "which you have expressed for your ravisher, may probably occasion you some pain in complying with the instructions I am about to give you. But permit me, in the first place, to tell you that it is necessary for you to dissemble, and even to offer some violence to your own feelings, if you wish to be delivered from his persecution, and afford to the sultan, your father, and my sovereign, the satisfaction of again beholding you."

"If you will follow my advice," continued Aladdin, "you will this moment adorn yourself in one of your most elegant dresses, and when the African magician shall come, make no difficulty in receiving him with all the affability you can assume, without appearing affected, or under any constraint, in a kind of open manner; yet still with some remains of grief, which he may easily conceive will soon be entirely dissipated. In your conversation with him give him to understand that you are making the greatest efforts to forget me; and, that he may be still more convinced of your sincerity, invite him even to sup with you, and tell him that you are desirous of tasting some of the best wine this country can produce. On this he will not fail to leave you in order to procure some. While he is gone, do you go to the sideboard, which will of course be set out, and put this powder into one of the cups you usually drink out of; set the cup on one side, and tell one of your women to fill it, and bring it to you at a certain signal, which you must explain to her, warning her not to make any mistake. When the magician shall be returned, and you shall again have sat down to table, make them bring you the particular goblet in which the powder was put, and then do you make an exchange with him. He will find the flavor of that which you give him so excellent, that he will drink it up to the last drop. Scarcely shall he have emptied the cup, but you will see him fall backwards. If you should feel any repugnance at drinking out of his cup, you need only pretend to do so; and you can very easily manage this, for the effect of the powder will be so sudden, that he will not have time to pay any attention to what you do, or notice whether you drink or not."

When Aladdin had finished his instructions, the princess answered: "I must con-

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fess that I shall violently shock my own feelings in agreeing to make these advances to the magician, although I am aware they are absolutely necessary. But what cannot I resolve to undertake against such a cruel enemy? I will then do as you direct, since your happiness depends upon it as well as mine." When these matters were all arranged with the princess, Aladdin took his leave: he passed the remainder of the day in the neighborhood of the palace; and as the night came on, he approached the secret door.

The princess Badroul Boudour, being inconsolable not only at her separation from her dear husband Aladdin, whom from the first she loved more through inclination than duty, but also at being separated from the sultan, her father, between whom and herself there was an equal degree of affection, had completely neglected her person from the very moment of their distressful separation. She had even neglected the neatness so becoming to her sex, particularly since the first visit of the magician, when she had learnt from her women that he was the person who had exchanged the old lamp for a new one; after this infamous trick, therefore, she could not look upon him without horror. The opportunity, however, of taking that vengeance upon him he so justly deserved so much sooner than she could ever hope to have the means of accomplishing, made her resolve to satisfy Aladdin.

As soon, therefore, as he was gone, she went to her toilet, and made her women dress her in the most becoming manner. She put on one of her richest habits, and that which she thought best adapted to the purpose. Her girdle was of gold, set with diamonds of the largest size, and the best chosen. She put on only a necklace of pearls, six of which, on each side the centre one, which was the largest and most valuable, were so beautifully proportioned, that the proudest sultanas and greatest queens would have thought themselves happy in possessing a necklace equal to the two smallest. Her bracelets, which were formed of diamonds and rubies mixed, admirably answered to the richness of her girdle and necklace.

When the princess was completely dressed, she consulted her mirror, and asked the opinion of her women upon her appearance; and finding she was not deficient in any of those charms that might flatter the foolish passion of the African magician, she seated herself upon the sofa, in expectation of his arrival.

The magician did not fail to make his appearance at the usual hour. As soon as the princess saw him come into the saloon of the twenty-four windows, where she was waiting to receive him, she got up in all the splendor of her beauty and charms. She pointed with her hand to the most honorable seat, and remained standing till he had reached it, that she might sit down at the same time. This distinguished civility she had never before shown him.

The African magician, more dazzled by the lustre of her eyes than the brilliancy of the jewels she wore, was greatly struck. Her majestic air, the gracious manner she had put on, so opposite to the rebuffs he had hitherto met with from her, absolutely confused him. He at first wished to sit at the very end of the sofa; but as he saw that the princess declined taking her seat until he was seated where she wished, he at last obeyed.

The princess, then, in order to free him from the embarrassment in which she saw he was, looked at him in such a manner as to make him suppose she no longer beheld him in an odious point of view, and then said to him, "You are doubtless astonished at seeing me appear to-day quite like a different person from what I have been hitherto; but you will no longer be surprised at it, when I tell you that I am naturally of a disposition so much the reverse of grief, melancholy, vexation, or distress, that I endeavor to drive them from me by every means in my power, as soon as the cause of them has been a short time over. I have reflected upon what you have said respecting the destiny of Aladdin, and from the disposition of the sultan, my father, which I well know, I am persuaded, like yourself, that the former could not possibly avoid the terrible effects of his rage. I concluded, therefore, that even if I were to weep and lament all the remainder of my life, that my tears would not revive him; it is then on this account, that, after having paid him, even to the tomb, every respect and duty which my affection required, I thought I ought at length to search for the means of

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consoling myself. These are the motives which have produced the change you see. In order, then, to begin to drive away all sorrow, which I have now resolved to banish from my mind, and being persuaded that you will assist me in the endeavor, I have ordered a supper to be prepared; but as I have only some wine which is the produce of Cathay, and am now in Africa, I have a great desire to taste what is made here, and I thought if there were any, that you would be most likely to have the best."

The African magician, who had conceived it impossible to have so soon and so easily acquired the good graces of the princess Badroul Boudour, replied that he was unable sufficiently to express how sensible he was of her goodness; and, to put an end to a conversation from which he would find it difficult to disengage himself if it continued any longer, he adverted to the wine of Africa which she had mentioned, and told her that among the many advantages which that country boasted of possessing, that of producing most excellent wine was the principal, particularly in the part where she then was; and that he had some seven years old that was yet untouched, and it was not saying too much to aver that it surpassed all other wine in the whole world. "If my princess," added he, "will permit me, I will bring two bottles, and will return in an instant." "I should be sorry to give you that trouble," replied the princess; "it would be better, surely, to send some one." "It is necessary for me to go myself," resumed the magician; "no one but myself has the key of the cellar; nor does any one else know the secret of opening it." "The longer you are gone, the more impatient I shall be to see you again; remember, we sit down to table on your return."

Full of the ideas of his expected happiness, the African magician not only ran, but absolutely flew, to fetch the wine, and was back almost instantly. The princess did not doubt but that he would make haste, and therefore threw the powder which Aladdin had given her into a goblet, and set it aside until she should call for it. They then sat down opposite to each other, so that the magician's back was towards the sideboard. The princess, helping him to what appeared the best, said to him, "If you have any inclination, I will give you some music; but as we are only by ourselves, I think that conversation will afford us much pleasure." The magician regarded this choice as a fresh mark of her favor.

After they had eaten for some little time, the princess asked for some wine, and drank to the magician's health. "You are right," she cried, when she had drank, "in praising your wine; I have never tasted any so delicious." "Charming princess," replied he, holding the goblet they had given him in his hand, "my wine acquires a fresh flavor by the approbation you have bestowed upon it." "Drink to my health," resumed the princess; "you must confess I understand it." He did as she requested him, and in returning the goblet, he added: "I esteem myself very happy, princess, to have reserved this wine for so good an occasion: and I confess I have never in my whole life drank any in so agreeable a manner."

They continued eating some time longer, and had taken three cups each, when the princess, who had completely fascinated the African magician by her kind and obliging manners, at length gave the signal to her woman to bring some wine, at the same time desiring her to bring a goblet full, and also to fill that of the magician, which they presented to him. When they each held their goblet in their hands, "I know not," said she to the African magician, "what is your custom when those who are fond of each other drink together as we do. With us in Cathay each person presents his own goblet to the other, and the lovers then drink to each other's health." At the same time she presented the goblet she held, and extended her other hand to receive his. The African magician hastened to make this change, with which he was the more delighted, as he looked upon this favor as the surest mark of having made an entire conquest of the heart of the princess; and this completed his happiness. "Princess," he exclaimed before he drank, and holding the goblet in his hand, "we Africans ought to become as much refined in the art of giving a zest to love by every delightful accompaniment as the people of Cathay; by instructing me, therefore, in a matter of which I am ignorant, I should learn how sensible I ought to be of the favor I receive. Never shall I

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forget, most amiable princess, that in drinking out of your goblet I have regained that life which your cruelty, had it continued, would most infallibly have destroyed."

The princess Badroul Boudour was almost worn out with this ridiculous and troublesome discourse. "Drink," she cried, interrupting him, "you may then say what you please to me." At the same time she appeared to carry the goblet she held to her mouth, but barely suffered it to touch her lips, while the African magician did not leave a single drop in his. Wishing to drain the cup, he held his head quite back, and remained so long in that position that the princess, who kept the goblet to her lips, observed that his eyes were turned up; and he, in fact, fell upon his back without the least struggle.

The princess had no occasion to order them to open the street door and admit Aladdin. Her women, who were stationed at different parts, gave the word, one to the other, from the saloon to the bottom of the staircase, so that the African magician had no sooner fallen backwards than the door was opened.

Aladdin went up to the saloon, and as soon as he saw the African magician extended on the sofa he stopped Badroul Boudour, who had risen to congratulate him on the joyful event. "My princess," he cried, "there is at this moment no time for rejoicing; do me the favor to retire to your apartment and to suffer me to be alone, while I prepare for our return to Cathay as quickly as you went from it." The princess, her women, and the eunuchs, were no sooner out of the hall than Aladdin shut the door; and then, going up to the body of the African magician, which was lying lifeless on the sofa, he opened his vest and took out the lamp, which was wrapped up exactly in the manner the princess had described. He took it out and rubbed it. The genie instantly presented himself, and made the usual speech. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I have called you to command you, in the name of this lamp, your good mistress, immediately to transport this palace to the same spot in Cathay whence it was brought here." The genie first showed by an inclination of his head that he would obey, and vanished. The journey was instantly made, and only two slight shocks were perceptible: one when the palace was taken up from the place where it stood in Africa, and the other when it was set down in Cathay, opposite to the sultan's palace.

Aladdin then went down to the apartment of Badroul Boudour. "Our joy, my princess," exclaimed Aladdin, embracing her, "will be complete by to-morrow morning." As the princess had not finished her supper, and as Aladdin was much in want of food, she ordered them to bring the things from the saloon of twenty-four windows, where the supper had been served, and which had not yet been removed. The princess and Aladdin drank together, and found the old wine of the magician most excellent; and, after enjoying themselves at table for some time, they retired to their apartment.

Since the removal of Aladdin's palace and the loss of the princess Badroul Boudour, his daughter, as he thought forever, the sultan had been inconsolable. He slept neither night nor day; and, instead of avoiding everything that could increase his affliction, he, on the contrary, cherished every thought that was likely to add to it. Thus, instead of going only every morning to the cabinet to satisfy himself, as it were, only with the recollection of what he was now unable to perceive, he went several times during the day to renew his tears, and overwhelm himself with the most painful thoughts of never again seeing what had afforded him so much delight, and for the loss of her whom he esteemed more than all the world. The sun had not yet risen, when the sultan entered this cabinet as usual on the very morning after Aladdin's palace had been brought back to its place. When he first came in, he was so much absorbed in his own feelings, and so penetrated with sorrow, that he threw his eyes over the accustomed spot in the most melancholy manner, with the expectation of beholding, as he thought, only the vacant space that had been occupied by the palace. But when he found the void filled up, he conjectured that it was only a mist. He then looked with greater attention, and could not at last doubt but it was the palace of Aladdin which he saw. Chagrin and sorrow were succeeded by the most delightful sensations of joy. He hastened back to his apartment, and instantly ordered them to saddle and bring him a horse. It was no sooner brought than he mounted it and set out, thinking he

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could not arrive soon enough at Aladdin's palace.

Aladdin, who had conjectured what might be the consequence, had risen at daybreak; and, as soon as he had dressed himself in one of his most magnificent robes, he went up to the saloon of twenty-four windows, from which he perceived the sultan as he was coming along. He then descended, and was exactly in time to receive him at the bottom of the grand staircase, and assist him in dismounting. "Aladdin," cried the sultan, "I cannot speak to you till I have seen and embraced my daughter."

He then conducted the sultan to the apartment of the princess Badroul Boudour, whom Aladdin had informed when he got up that she was no longer in Africa, but in Cathay, at the capital of the sultan, her father, and close to his palace. She had just finished dressing. The sultan eagerly embraced her, bathing her face with his tears, while the princess on her part showed the greatest marks of delight at again beholding him. For some time the sultan could not utter a syllable, so much was he affected at finding his daughter after having lamented her loss as inevitable, while the princess shed tears of joy at the sight of him. "My dear daughter," exclaimed the sultan, at length recovering his speech, "I would fain believe that the joy you feel at again seeing me makes you appear so little changed as though not even an unpleasant circumstance had happened to you. I am sure, however, that you must have suffered a great deal. No one can have been suddenly transported as you have been, and with a whole palace at the same time, without the greatest alarm and most dreadful feelings. Relate to me, I beg of you, everything as it happened, and do not conceal the least circumstance."

The princess felt a pleasure in giving the sultan all the satisfaction he wished. "Sire," said she, "if I appear so little altered, I beg your majesty to consider that my expectations were raised so long ago as yesterday morning by the presence of my dear husband and liberator, Aladdin, whom I had till then regarded and lamented as forever lost to me, and that the happiness I experienced in again embracing him restored me nearly to my former self. Strictly speaking, my whole sorrow arose from finding myself torn from your majesty and my dear husband; not only out of my affection for him, but from the anxiety I suffered for fear of the dreadful effects of your majesty's rage, to which I did not doubt that he would be exposed, however innocent he might be; and no one could be more so. I have suffered less from the insolence of my ravisher, who continually held a conversation that gave me pain, but which I as often put an end to by the ascendency I knew how to maintain over him. I was not also under more restraint than I am at present. Aladdin himself had not the least concern in my removal: I was alone the cause, although the innocent one."

In order to convince the sultan that she spoke the truth, she gave him a detailed account of how the African magician had disguised himself like a seller of lamps, and offered to change new ones for old, and of the joke she amused herself with in changing Aladdin's lamp, the important and secret qualities of which she was ignorant of; of the instant removal of the palace and herself in consequence of this exchange, and their being transported into Africa, with the magician himself, whom two of her women, and also the eunuch who had made the exchange, recollected, when he had the audacity to come and present himself before her the first time after his daring enterprise, and of the proposal he made to marry her. She then informed him of the persecution she continued to suffer until the arrival of Aladdin; of the measures which they mutually took to get the lamp, which the magician constantly carried about him; in what manner they succeeded, particularly by her having the courage to dissemble her feelings and invite him to sup with her; with everything that passed till she presented the goblet to him in which she had privately put the powder Aladdin had given her. "With respect to what remains," added she, "I leave to Aladdin to inform you of it."

The latter had but little to add to this account. "When they opened the private door," he said, "I immediately went up to the saloon of twenty-four windows, and saw the traitor lying dead on the sofa, from the strength of the powder. As it was not proper for the princess to remain there any longer, I requested her to go to her apartment with her women and eunuchs. When I was alone,

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after taking the lamp out of the magician's bosom, I made use of the same secret he had done to remove the palace and steal away the princess. I have brought the palace back to its place, and have had the happiness of restoring the princess to your majesty, as you commanded me. I have not deceived your majesty in this account; and if you will take the trouble to go up to the saloon, you will see the magician punished as he deserved."

In order to be more fully convinced, the sultan rose and went up; and when he had seen the dead body of the magician, whose face was already become livid by the strength of the poison, he embraced Aladdin with the greatest tenderness. "Do not think ill of me, my son," cried he, "for having used you in the manner I have done; paternal affection forced me to do so, and I deserve to be pardoned for the excess to which it carried me." "Sire," replied Aladdin, "I have not the least reason to complain of your majesty's conduct: you have done only what was your duty. This magician, this infamous wretch, the most detestable of men, was the sole cause of my disgrace. When your majesty shall have leisure, I will give you an account of another piece of treachery which he was guilty of towards me, not less infamous than this, from which the peculiar providence of God has preserved me." "I will take care to find an opportunity," said the sultan, "and that very soon. But let us now only think of making ourselves happy, and having this odious object removed."

Aladdin ordered the magician's body to be thrown away, that it might serve for the beasts and birds to prey upon. In the mean time the sultan, after having commanded the drums, trumpets, tymbals, and other instruments, to announce a public rejoicing, had a festival proclaimed, of ten days' continuance, in honor of the return of the princess Badroul Boudour, of Aladdin, and his palace.

It was in this manner that Aladdin a second time escaped an almost inevitable death; but even this was not the last: he was in danger a third time, the circumstances attending which will now be related.

The African magician had a younger brother, who was not inferior to him in his knowledge of magic; and it may be said that he surpassed him in wicked intentions and diabolical machinations. As they did not always live together, nor even in the same city, one sometimes being at the eastern extremity, while the other travelled in the most western part of the world, they did not fail once every year to inform themselves, by means of their knowledge of geomancy, in what part of the world the other was, how he was going on, and whether either wanted the assistance of the other.

Some time after the African magician had failed in his attempt against Aladdin, his younger brother, who had not received any intelligence of him for a year, and who was not in Africa, wished to know where he was, whether he was well, and what he was about. Into whatever place he travelled, he never went without his square geomantic box, as well as his brother. He took, then, this box, and having arranged the sand, he cast the points, drew the figures, and formed his horoscope. In examining each part, he discovered that his brother was no longer alive, that he had been poisoned, and that his death was sudden. On searching further, he found that this took place in a capital situated in such a particular part of Cathay; and that he by whom he had been poisoned was a man of low birth, but was married to a princess, the daughter of the sultan.

When the magician was thus apprised of the melancholy fate of his brother, he did not waste his time in useless regrets, which could not again restore him to life; but he took the instant resolution to avenge his death: he mounted his horse, and directly began his journey towards Cathay. He traversed plains, rivers, mountains, and deserts; and after a long journey of almost incredible fatigue and difficulty, he at length reached Cathay, and in a short time afterwards arrived at the capital which his experiment in geomancy had pointed out. Certain of not being deceived, nor of having mistaken one kingdom for another, he took up his abode there.

The very next morning the magician went out, and in walking through the city, not so much for the purpose of seeing its beauties, which did not at all interest him, as with the intention of planning his measures in order to put his pernicious design into execution, he introduced himself into the most frequented places, and was very attentive to the conversation that passed. At a place where many people spent their time in playing a

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variety of games, and where, while some are playing, others entertain themselves with the news of the day, or with talking over their own private affairs, he observed that they spoke much of and highly praised the virtues and piety of a woman called Fatima, who led a retired life, and even of the miracles she performed. As he thought that this woman might perhaps be in some way useful in the business he was about, he took one of the persons aside, and begged him to give a more particular account of this holy woman, and what sort of miracles she performed.

"What," exclaimed this man, "have you never seen nor even heard of her? She is the admiration of the whole city, by her fasting and austere life, and by the good example she sets. Except on Mondays and Fridays, she never leaves her hermitage; but on these days she comes into the city, and she does an infinite deal of good, for there is no one who is afflicted even with a pain in the head, whom she does not cure by laying her hands upon them."

The magician did not want to know more on this subject; he only inquired of the same person in what quarter of the city the hermitage of this holy woman was. He informed him: upon which, after first forming the horrible design about to be mentioned, and that he might be the more sure of its success, he observed all her conduct the first time she went out after this inquiry, and did not lose sight of her the whole day, till she returned in the evening to her cell. When he had accurately remarked the spot, he returned to one of those places where, as has been said, a certain warm liquor is prepared and sold, and where if you choose you may pass the night, particularly during the hot weather, when the inhabitants of Cathay prefer sleeping upon a mat rather than a bed.

The magician having first paid the owner for what he had, which did not amount to much, went out about midnight, and took the road to the hermitage of Fatima, the holy woman, the name by which she was distinguished throughout the city. He had no difficulty in opening the door, as it was only fastened by a latch. As soon as he entered, he shut it again without making any noise. He then perceived Fatima, by the light of the moon, lying almost in the open air, upon a couch with a ragged mat, close to the side of her cell. He approached, and after taking out a poniard he had by his side, he awoke her.

On opening her eyes, poor Fatima was very much astonished at seeing a man on the point of plunging a poniard into her. Holding the point of the dagger against her breast, ready in an instant to plunge it into her heart, "If you cry out," said he, "or make the least noise, I will murder you. Get up, and do what I bid you." Fatima, who always slept in her clothes, got up, trembling with fear. "Fear nothing," said the magician, "I only want your habit; give it me, and take mine." When this was done, and the magician was dressed in Fatima's clothes, he said to her, "Paint my face like yours, so that I shall resemble you, and the color will not come off." As he saw that she still trembled, he added, in order to give her courage, and that she might do what he wanted of her the better, "Fear nothing, I tell you again; I swear, in the name of God, that I will spare your life." Fatima then conducted him into the interior of her cell, lighted her lamp, and taking a certain liquid in a basin, with a pencil, she rubbed it over his face; assuring him it would not change, and that there was no difference between her color and his. She then put upon him her own head-dress, with a veil, and instructed him how she concealed her face with it in walking through the city. She finished by hanging a large necklace or chaplet round his neck, which came down nearly to his waist; she then put the stick she was accustomed to walk with into his hand, and giving him a mirror, "Look," she said, "and you will find that you cannot possibly resemble me more." The magician found everything as he wished; but he did not keep the oath he had so solemnly taken in her presence. But that no one might see the blood, which would fall if he stabbed her with his poniard, he strangled her, and when he found that she was dead, he drew the body by the feet to the cistern of the hermitage, and threw it in.

The magician, thus disguised like the holy woman, passed the remainder of the night in the hermitage, after having defiled it by so detestable a murder. Very early the next morning, although it was not the usual day for Fatima's appearance in the city, he did not hesitate to go out, because he was very

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well aware that no one would ask him about it, or if they did, he might easily answer the question. As the first thing he did on his arrival in the city had been to inspect the palace of Aladdin, and as it was there he meant to put his scheme in execution, he took the road towards it.

As soon as the people saw the holy woman, as every one imagined him to be, the magician was surrounded by a great crowd of people. Some recommended themselves to his prayers, others kissed his hand; some, still more respectful, kissed the hem of his robe; while others, either because they had the headache, or wished to be preserved from it, bent down before him, that he might lay his hands upon them; he did so, muttering at the same time a sort of prayer. In short, he so well imitated the holy woman, that every one was deceived, and took him for her. After stopping very often to satisfy these people, who, in fact, received neither good nor harm from this imposition of hands, he at last arrived in the square before Aladdin's palace, where, as the crowd increased, the difficulty to get near him was also greater. The strongest and most zealous beat off the crowd to get a place for themselves, and hence several quarrels arose, the noise of which reached the ears of the princess Badroul Boudour, who was sitting in the saloon with twenty-four windows.

The princess demanded the occasion of the noise; and as no person could inform her, she ordered some one to go and see, and bring her an account. One of her women, however, looked through the lattice, and told her that it arose from a crowd of people, who were collected round the holy woman to be cured of their maladies by the laying of her hands upon them.

The princess, who for some time had heard every one speak in praise of this holy woman, but who had never yet beheld her, felt a desire to see and converse with her. Having mentioned something to this effect, the chief of the eunuchs, who was present, said that if she wished it, he was sure he could get her to come, and that she had only to give her orders. The princess consented to it, and he instantly despatched four eunuchs, with an order to bring back this pretended old woman with them.

As soon as the eunuchs were observed to issue from the gate of the palace, and make towards the holy woman, or rather the magician disguised as such, the crowd began to disperse, and when he was thus more at liberty, and saw that they were coming towards him, he went part of the way to meet them, and with the greater glee, as he saw that his cunning scheme was in a prosperous state. One of the eunuchs addressed him in these words: "Holy woman, the princess wishes to see you; follow us." "The princess honors me very much," replied the pretended Fatima. "I am ready to obey her commands." And he then followed the eunuchs, who immediately went back to the palace.

When the magician, clothed in this sanctified dress, but with a heart the most diabolical, was introduced into the saloon with twenty-four windows, and perceived the princess, he began a prayer containing a long catalogue of exhortations to piety, and wishes for her prosperity, and the accomplishment of everything she could desire. He then displayed all his hypocritical and deceitful rhetoric, in order to insinuate himself, under the cloak of great piety, into the good opinion of the princess. And in this it was so much the easier for him to succeed, as the princess, who was naturally of the best disposition, was persuaded that all the world were at least as good as herself; particularly all those who professed to serve God in a retired life.

When the false Fatima had finished her long harangue, "My good mother," replied the princess, "I am much obliged to you for your kind prayers; I have the greatest confidence in them, and trust God will hear them. Approach, and sit down near me." The pretended Fatima sat down with the greatest appearance of modesty; and the princess continued: "My good mother, I have a request to make to you, which you must not refuse me; and that is that you come and live with me, that I may have you constantly to converse with, and may learn from your advice and good example how I ought to serve God."

"Princess," replied the false Fatima, "I entreat you not to require my compliance in that to which I cannot agree without breaking in upon my prayers and devotions." "Do not let that give you any pain," resumed the princess. "I have many apart-

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ments which are not occupied; you shall choose that which you like best," and you may attend to your devotions with as much liberty there as if you were in your own hermitage."

The magician, who had no other object than to introduce himself into Aladdin's palace, where it would be much easier for him to execute the wicked design he meditated by remaining under the auspices and protection of the princess than if he were obliged to go to and fro from the palace to the hermitage, did not make much difficulty in acceding to the obliging offer of Badroul Boudour. "Princess," he replied, "whatever resolution a poor and miserable woman like myself may have made to renounce the world, its pomps and vanities, I nevertheless dare not resist either the wish or the command of so pious and charitable a princess."

Upon this answer the princess rose, and said to the magician: "Come with me, that I may show you all the apartments that are unoccupied; you may then make your choice." He followed the princess through all the apartments she showed him, which were very large, and handsomely furnished. He chose the one which appeared to be the least so, saying at the same time that it was much too good for him, and that he only made choice of it to oblige her.

The princess wished to take this impostor back with her to the saloon with twenty-four windows, to dine with her; but as it was necessary in the act of eating to uncover his face, which he had hitherto kept concealed by the veil, and as he was afraid she might not then suppose him to be Fatima, the holy woman, he begged her so earnestly to excuse him, saying that he never ate anything but bread and dried fruits, and to permit him to take his trifling meal in his own apartment, that she readily complied with his wishes. "My good mother," she said, "you are quite at liberty; do as you would in the hermitage; I will order them to carry you in some food; but remember that I shall expect you as soon as you have finished your repast."

The princess then dined, and the false Fatima did not fail to return to her as soon as she was informed by an eunuch, whom she ordered to acquaint her when she rose from table. "My good mother," said the princess, "I am delighted at enjoying the society of such a holy woman as you are, and who will, by your presence, bring down blessings upon the whole palace. And now I mention this palace, pray tell me how you like it? But before I show you other portions, tell me how you like this saloon."

At this inquiry the pretended Fatima who — in order to act her part with more appearance of truth — had till now kept her head cast down towards the ground, at length raised it, and looked at everything in the saloon from one end to the other; and when she had thoroughly examined it, she said: "Indeed, princess, this saloon is truly beautiful and worthy of admiration. But as far as a recluse can judge, who knows nothing of what is reckoned beautiful by the world in general, I think only one thing is wanting." "What is that, my good mother?" inquired Badroul Boudour; "I entreat you to tell it me. For my part, I thought, and had also heard it said, that nothing was wanting; but whatever may be deficient I will have supplied."

"Pardon me this liberty, princess," replied the still-dissembling magician; "my opinion, if it can be of any value, is, that if the egg of a roc were suspended from the centre of the dome, this saloon would not have its equal in either of the four quarters of the globe, and your palace would be the whole wonder of the universe."

"My good mother," resumed the princess, "what kind of bird is a roc, and where could the egg of one be found?" "Princess," answered the feigned Fatima, "the roc is a bird of prodigious size, which inhabits the summit of Mount Caucasus, and the architect who designed your palace can procure you one."

After having thanked the pretended Fatima for her kind information and good advice, as she deemed it, the princess Badroul Boudour continued the conversation upon various other subjects; but she by no means forgot the egg of the roc, of which she fully intended to inform Aladdin when he returned from hunting. He had already been absent six days, and the magician, who was well aware of this circumstance, wished to take every advantage of his absence. Aladdin returned on the same evening, after the

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false Fatima had taken leave of the princess and retired to the apartment allotted to her. As soon as he entered the palace, he went to the apartment of the princess, to which she had already retired. He saluted and embraced her, but she seemed to him to receive him with rather less affection than usual. "I do not find you, my princess," said he, "in your usual good spirits. Has anything happened during my absence that has displeased or vexed you? Do not, in the name of God, conceal it from me, for there is nothing in my power that I will not do to endeavor to dispel it." "It is a mere trifle," replied the princess, "and it really gives me so little anxiety that I did not suppose it would be so apparent in my face and manner that you could have perceived it. But since you have observed some alteration in me, which I by no means intended, I will not conceal the cause, inconsiderable as it is.

"I thought, as well as you did," the princess went on, "that our palace was the most superb, the most beautiful, and most ornamented of any in the whole world. I will tell you, however, what has come into my head after having thoroughly examined the saloon with twenty-four windows. Do not you think with me that if the egg of a roc were suspended from the centre of the dome we should have nothing to wish for?" "It is enough, princess," replied Aladdin, "that you think the want of a roc's egg is a defect. You shall find, by the diligence with which I will repair it, that there is nothing I will not do for love of you.

Aladdin instantly left the princess and went up to the saloon with twenty-four windows; and then, taking the lamp, which he now always carried about him since the danger he had experienced from the neglect of that precaution, out of his bosom, he rubbed it. The genie immediately appeared before him. "Genie," said Aladdin, "there requires the egg of a roc to be suspended from the centre of this dome in order to make it perfect; I command you, in the name of the lamp which I hold, to get this defect rectified."

Aladdin had scarcely pronounced these words before the genie uttered so loud and dreadful a scream that the very room shook, and Aladdin trembled so violently that he was ready to fall. "What! wretch," exclaimed the genie, in a voice that would have made the most courageous man tremble, "is it not enough that I and my companions have done everything thou hast chosen to command, but that thou repayest our services by an ingratitude that is unequalled, and commandest me to bring thee my master and hang him up in the midst of this vaulted dome? Thou art deserving, for this crime, of being instantly torn to atoms, with thy wife and palace with thee. But thou art fortunate that the request did not originate with thee, and that the command is not in any way thine. Learn who is the true author. It is no other than the brother of thy enemy, the African magician, whom thou hast destroyed, as he deserved. He is in thy palace, disguised under the appearance of Fatima, the holy woman, whom he has murdered; and it is he who has suggested the idea to thy wife to make this horrible and destructive request. His design is to kill thee; therefore take care of thyself." As the genie said this, he vanished.

Aladdin lost not a syllable of the words of the genie. He had before heard of the holy woman Fatima, and was not ignorant of the manner in which she could cure a pain in the head, at least, as they pretended. He then returned to the apartment of the princess, but did not mention what had happened to him. He sat down, and, holding his hand up to his forehead, complained of a violent pain that had suddenly seized his head. The princess directly ordered the holy woman to be called, and in the mean time related to Aladdin the manner in which she had induced her to come to the palace, where she had given her an apartment.

The pretended Fatima came; and, as soon as she entered, Aladdin said to her, "I am very happy, my good mother, to see you, and it is for my advantage to have you here just now. I am tormented with a violent headache, which has suddenly attacked me. I request your assistance; and from the reliance I place on your good prayers, I hope you will not refuse me the favor which you grant to all who are thus afflicted." He then bent his head forward, and the false Fatima advanced, putting, at the same time, her hand upon a poniard which was concealed in her girdle, under her robe. Aladdin, who watched what she did, seized her hand before she could

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draw it, and piercing her to the heart with her own weapon, he threw her dead upon the floor.

"What have you done, my dear husband!" exclaimed the princess, in the greatest surprise; "you have killed the holy woman." "No, no, my princess," answered Aladdin, without the least emotion; "I have not killed Fatima, but a villain who was going to assassinate me, if I had not prevented him. It is this wretch, whom you behold," added he, showing his face, "who has strangled Fatima, whom you thought I had destroyed, and therefore regretted, and who has disguised himself in her clothes in order to murder me. And to convince you still further, I must inform you that he is the brother of the African magician who carried you off." Aladdin then related to her in what manner he had learnt these particulars, and he then ordered the body to be removed.

It was in this manner that Aladdin was delivered from the persecution of the two magicians. A few years after, the sultan, being very old, died. As he left no male issue, the princess Badroul Boudour, as his legitimate heir, succeeded to the throne, and, of course, transferred the supreme power to Aladdin. They reigned together many years, and left an illustrious and numerous progeny.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

IN the reign of the caliph Haroun Alraschid, there lived in Bagdad a poor porter, who was named Hindbad. One day, during the excessive heat of summer, he was carrying a heavy load from one extremity of the city to the other; and, being much fatigued by the length of the way he had already come, and having still much ground to traverse, he arrived in a street where the pavement was sprinkled with rose-water, and a gentle breeze refreshed the air. Delighted with this cool and pleasant situation, he placed his load on the ground, and took his station near a large mansion. The delicious scent of aloes and frankincense, issuing from the windows and mixing with the rose-water, perfumed the air, together with a charming concert within, which was accompanied by the melody of the nightingales and other birds peculiar to the climate of Bagdad; and the smell of different sorts of viands led him to suppose that some grand feast was given there. He wished to know whose residence it was; for, not having frequent occasion to pass that way, he was unacquainted with the names of the inhabitants. To satisfy his curiosity, therefore, he approached some servants magnificently dressed, who were standing at the door, and inquired who was the master of that mansion. "What," replied the servant, "are you an inhabitant of Bagdad, and do not know that this is the residence of Sindbad, the sailor, that famous voyager who has sailed over all the seas under the sun?" The porter, who had heard of the immense riches of Sindbad, could not help comparing his situation, which appeared so enviable, with his own, which was so deplorable; and, distressed by the reflection, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Almighty Creator of all things, be pleased to consider the difference between Sindbad and myself; I daily suffer a thousand ills, and find the greatest difficulty to supply my wretched family with bad barley bread, whilst the fortunate Sindbad expends his riches with profusion, and enjoys every pleasure. What has he done to obtain so happy a destiny, or I to merit one so rigorous?" Saying this, he struck the ground with his foot as if entirely given up to despair, when, still musing on his fate, a servant came towards him from the house, and, taking him by the arm, said: "Come, follow me; my master, Sindbad, wishes to speak with you."

It may easily be imagined that Hindbad was not a little surprised at the compliment that was paid him. After the words he had uttered, he began to fear that Sindbad had sent for him in order to reprimand him, and therefore he tried to excuse himself from going, saying that he could not leave his load in the middle of the street; but the servant,

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assuring him that it should be taken care of, pressed him so much to go that the porter could no longer refuse.

He led him into a spacious room, where a number of persons were seated round a table covered with all kinds of delicate viands. In the principal seat was a grave and venerable personage, whose long white beard hung down to his breast, behind whom were standing a crowd of officers and servants to wait on him. This person was Sindbad. The porter, quite confused by the number of the company and the magnificence of the entertainment, made his obeisance with fear and trembling. Sindbad desired him to approach, and, seating him at his right hand, helped him with his own hands to the choicest dishes, and gave him some excellent wine, with which the sideboard was plentifully stocked, to drink.

Towards the end of the repast, Sindbad, perceiving that his guests had done eating, began to speak, and, addressing Hindbad by the title of brother, according to the custom amongst the Arabians when they converse familiarly, he inquired his name and profession. "My name, sir," he replied, "is Hindbad." "I am rejoiced at your presence," replied his entertainer, "and my pleasure is shared by all who are now assembled; but I sent for you hither to learn from your own lips what it was you said just now in the street"; for Sindbad, before he went to dinner, had heard from the window the complaint of the porter, and that was the reason he sent for him. At this request Hindbad hung down his head in confusion, and replied, "Sir, I must confess that my fatigue had put me out of humor, and caused me to utter some indiscreet words, for which I entreat your pardon." "Nay, do not imagine," resumed Sindbad, "that I am so unjust as to harbor resentment, or wish to reproach you on that account. I feel for your situation, and pity you heartily; I would undeceive you, however, on one point respecting myself, since you seem to be in error. You, no doubt, imagine that the riches and comforts I enjoy have been got without labor or trouble; this is the mistake I desire to rectify. To arrive at the state in which you see me, I have endured, for many years, much mental as well as bodily suffering, of such a description as you can have no conception of. Yes, gentlemen," continued he, addressing himself to the whole company, "my sufferings, I assure you, have been sufficiently great and extraordinary to deprive the most avaricious miser of his love of riches. You may have heard a confused account of my adventures in the seven voyages I have made on different seas; now that an opportunity offers, I will, with your leave, relate the dangers I have encountered, which I think will not be uninteresting to you."

As it was chiefly on the porter's account that Sindbad was going to relate his history, before he began it he gave orders that his burden, which had been left in the street, should be brought in; which done, he proceeded in these words:—

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

I DISSIPATED the greatest part of my paternal inheritance in youthful debaucheries; but, seeing my folly, I at length became convinced that riches applied to such purposes as I had employed them in were of little avail; and I reflected, moreover, that time properly husbanded was of greater value than gold, nothing being more deplorable than an old age of poverty. I remembered the words of the wise Solomon, often repeated to me by my father, that it is better to be in the grave than poor. Feeling the truth of all these reflections, I resolved to collect the fragments of my patrimony, and publicly to dispose of all my goods. I consulted those who appeared best able to give me advice; and, in short, I determined to employ as profitably as possible the small sum I had remaining. No sooner was this resolution formed than I put it into execution. I repaired to Balsora, where I embarked with several merchants in a vessel equipped at our joint expense.

We set sail, and steered by the Persian Gulf, which washes the coast of Arabia Felix on the right and that of Persia on the left towards the East Indies, and is commonly supposed in the widest part to be seventy leagues in breadth; beyond this gulf the Western Sea, or Indian Ocean, is very spacious, being bounded by the coast of Abyssinia, extending in length four thousand five

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hundred leagues to the island of Vakvak. I was rather incommoded at first with what is termed sea-sickness, but I soon recovered my health, and from that period the same malady has never recurred. In the course of our voyage we touched at several islands, selling and exchanging our merchandise. One day, when in full sail, we were unexpectedly becalmed before a small island appearing just above the water, and which, from its verdure, resembled a beautiful meadow. The captain ordered the crew to lower the sails, and gave permission to all who wished it to go ashore, an opportunity which I embraced among the first. But during the time we were eating and drinking and regaling ourselves, by way of relaxation from the fatigues we had endured at sea, the island suddenly trembled, and we felt a severe shock.

Those who were in the ship, perceiving the earthquake in the island, called to us to re-embark as speedily as possible, for that what we supposed to be an island was the back of an enormous whale, and that unless we acted upon their injunctions we should all assuredly perish. The most active of the party at once jumped into the boat, while others threw themselves into the water to swim to the ship; as for me, I had not been able to quit the island, or, more properly speaking, the whale, ere it plunged into the sea. I seized hold of a piece of wood which had been brought to make a fire with, and was the only thing within my reach which offered the remotest chance of escape.

Meantime the captain, willing to avail himself of a fair breeze which had just sprung up, hoisted sail with those who had reached his vessel, and put to sea, leaving me to the mercy of the waves. In this situation I remained the whole of that day and the following night; and when daylight appeared the next morning, I had neither strength nor hope left. At length, when I was beginning to sink, a breaker happily cast me upon an unknown island. The shore was high and steep, and on recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown by pain and exhaustion, I should have found great difficulty in landing, had not a branch of a tree, which fortune seemed to have furnished for my preservation, assisted me. I threw myself on the ground, where I continued more than half dead till the sun arose.

Although extremely enfeebled, I tried to creep along in search of some herbs or fruit to satisfy my hunger; and having found some, I had next the good luck to light upon a stream of excellent water, which contributed not a little to refresh me. I soon recovered sufficient strength to enable me to explore the island; and proceeding a short distance beyond the rocky boundary of the coast, I entered a beautful plain, where I perceived at some distance a horse grazing. I bent my steps that way, trembling between fear and joy, for I could not yet ascertain whether I was advancing to safety or about to incur further danger. As I approached the steed, I remarked that it was a mare of exceeding beauty, and tied to a stake. Whilst I was admiring her, however, I heard the voice of a man under-ground, who shortly after appeared, and, coming to me, asked civilly who I was. I recounted to him my adventure, when he took me by the hand and led me into a cave in which were some other persons, who appeared to be not less astonished to see me than I was to find them there.

I ate of the food which they offered me; and having asked what they did in a place which appeared so barren, they replied that they were grooms to Mihrage, the sovereign of the isle, and that they came at the same period every year with some mares belonging to the king, for the purpose of procuring a breed between them and a sea-horse which came on shore at that spot. As soon as the mares were with foal they carried them back, and the sea-colts thus obtained were set apart for the king's use. "To-morrow," said they, "is the day fixed for our departure, and had you been one day later you must certainly have perished, since the city where we dwell is so far off that it would have been impossible for you to reach it without a guide."

Whilst they were talking to me the horse rose out of the sea, as they had described, and immediately proceeded towards the mares. He would afterwards have torn them to pieces, but the grooms began to make such a noise that he let go his prey and again plunged into the ocean.

The following day they returned with the mares to the capital of the island, whither I also accompanied them. On our arrival, King Mihrage, to whom I was presented, asked me

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who I was, and by what chance I had reached his dominions; and when I had satisfied his curiosity, he expressed pity at my misfortune. At the same time he gave orders that I should be taken care of, and be furnished with everything I might want; which directions were executed in a manner which proved the king's generosity as well as the obedience of his officers.

Being a merchant, I associated chiefly with persons of my own profession. I sought in particular such as were foreigners, hoping to hear some intelligence from Bagdad, and, if possible, to meet with a person in whose company I might return; for the capital of King Mihrage is situated on the sea-coast, and has a beautiful port, where vessels from all parts of the world daily arrive. I also sought the society of the Indian sages, in whose conversation I found great pleasure; but that did not prevent me from attending at court very regularly, nor from conversing with governors, and even with kings, who were about the person of Mihrage, being less powerful than he, and his tributaries, each of whom asked me a thousand questions about my country, which I, being scarcely less inquisitive about the laws and customs and whatever appeared to merit my curiosity in their different states, was not slow to answer.

In the dominions of King Mihrage is an island called Cassel. I had been told that in that island was heard every night the sound of tymbals, which had given rise to the sailors' opinion that Degial had chosen that spot for his residence. I felt a great desire to witness some of the wonders of which I had heard such extraordinary rumors; and during my voyage which I undertook for that purpose, I saw some fish a hundred and even two hundred cubits in length, which cause much fear to the mariners, but do no harm; they are so timid, indeed, as to be frightened away by beating on a board. I remarked also some other fish that were not above a cubit long, and whose heads resembled those of owls.

After my return, as I was standing one day near the port, I saw a ship come towards the land; and, having cast anchor, the sailors began to unload its cargo, and the merchants to whom all the various goods belonged took them away to their warehouses. Happening to cast my eyes on some of the packages, I saw my name written, and, on attentively examining them, I concluded them to be the same with which I had embarked in the ship that brought me from Balsora. I also remembered the captain, but as I was persuaded he thought me dead, I went up to him, and asked him to whom those parcels belonged. "I had on board with me," replied he, "a merchant of Bagdad, named Sindbad; one day, when we were near an island, — or at least what appeared to be such, though it was no other than an enormous whale which had fallen asleep on the surface of the water, — he, with other passengers, went ashore; and kindling a fire on the back of the fish, to cook the provisions they had carried with them, the supposed island began to move, and at last sank into the sea. The greater number of the persons who were on it were drowned, and along with them the unfortunate Sindbad. These parcels belonged to him, and I have resolved to sell them, that, should I meet with any of his family, I may be able to return them the profit I shall have made of the principal." "Captain," said I, when he had concluded, "I am that Sindbad whom you suppose dead; these parcels are therefore my merchandise."

When the captain of the vessel heard me speak thus, he exclaimed: "Great God! who shall I trust? There is no longer truth in man. I with my own eyes saw Sindbad perish; the passengers I had on board were also witnesses of it; and you have the assurance to say that you are the same Sindbad? At first sight I took you to be a man of probity and honor, and yet you assert an impious falsehood in order to possess yourself of property which cannot belong to you." "Have patience," replied I, "and listen to what I have to say." "Well," said he, "what have you to say? Speak, and I will attend." I then related in what manner I had been saved, and by what accident I had met with King Mihrage's grooms, who had brought me to his court.

He was at first rather staggered at what I told him, but soon became convinced that I was not an impostor; for some people who just then arrived from his ship knew me, and congratulated me on my fortunate escape. At last, recollecting me himself, he embraced me, and said, "Heaven be praised that you have survived so great a danger! Here are your goods; take them and do with

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them what you please." I thanked him, and praising his honorable conduct, begged him, by way of recompense, to accept part of my recovered merchandise; which, however, he persisted in refusing.

I selected the most precious and valuable things in my bales as presents for King Mihrage, who, having been informed of my misfortunes, asked me where I had gotten such rare curiosities. I related to him the manner in which my property had been restored, and he expressed his joy on the occasion; and, accepting my presents, gave me others of far greater value. After that I took my leave of him, and re-embarked in the same vessel, having first exchanged what merchandise remained for that of the country, consisting of aloes and sandal-wood, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger, in order to trade with in other ports. We touched at several islands, and at last landed at Balsora, whence I came hither, having realized about a hundred thousand sequins. My return to my family was hailed by them with the joy which a true and sincere friendship inspires. I purchased slaves of both sexes, and bought a magnificent house and grounds. Having thus established myself, I determined to forget the hardships I had endured, and to enjoy the pleasures of life.

Sindbad here ceased, and ordered the musicians to go on with their concert, which he had interrupted by the recital of his history. The company continued to eat and drink till night approached; and, when it was time to retire, Sindbad ordered a purse containing a hundred sequins to be brought him, and giving it to the porter, he said, "Take this, Hindbad; return to your home, and come again to-morrow to hear the continuation of my adventures." The porter retired, quite confounded at the honor conferred on him and the present he had received. The account he gave of this occurrence to his wife and children rejoiced them very much, and they did not fail to return thanks to Providence for the bounties bestowed on them through Sindbad's means.

On the following day, Hindbad dressed himself in his best clothes and returned to the house of his patron, who again received him with smiling looks and a friendly air. As soon as all the guests were arrived, the table was served, and they sat down to eat. When the repast was finished, Sindbad thus addressed his guests: "Gentlemen, I request you to listen to me while I relate the adventures of my second voyage. They are more worthy of your attention than were those of the first." The company were silent, and Sindbad began as follows: —

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

After my first voyage I had resolved, as I told you yesterday, to pass the rest of my days in tranquillity at Bagdad. But soon growing weary of an idle life, the desire of seeing foreign countries and engaging in commerce by sea returned. I therefore bought such merchandise as I thought most likely to succeed in the traffic I meditated, and set off a second time with some merchants whose probity I could rely on. We embarked in a good vessel, and recommending ourselves to the care of the Almighty, set out on our voyage.

We went from island to island, making some very advantageous exchanges; till one day, landing on one which was covered with a variety of fruit trees, we found it so deserted that we were unable to discover any habitation or trace of a human being. We walked in the meadows and along the brooks that watered them, and whilst some of my companions were amusing themselves with gathering fruit and flowers, I took out some of the wine and provisions I had brought with me, and seated myself by a little stream under some trees which afforded a delightful shade. I made a good meal of the provisions I had with me, and having satisfied my hunger, sleep gradually stole over my senses. I cannot say how long I slept, but when I awoke, I saw that the ship had quitted her anchorage. I was much surprised at this circumstance, and got up to seek for my companions, but they were all gone; and I could only perceive the vessel in full sail, at a great distance; and it soon vanished entirely from my sight.

You may imagine the reflections that occurred to me in this dismal state. I thought I should have died with grief; I groaned and

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cried aloud, beating my head, and throwing myself on the ground, where I remained a long time, overwhelmed with conflicting thoughts, each more distressing than the other, and utterly confounded. A thousand times I reproached myself for my folly in not being contented with my first voyage, which ought to have satisfied my desire of seeking adventures; but all my regrets were unavailing, and my repentance came too late. At length I resigned myself to the will of Heaven; and not knowing what would become of me, I ascended a high tree, and looked on all sides to see if I could not discover some object that might inspire me with hope. Casting my eyes toward the sea, I could discern nothing but water and sky; but perceiving something white on the land side, I descended from the tree, and taking with me the remainder of my provisions, I walked towards the object, which, however, was so distant that I could not distinguish what it was. As I approached, I perceived it to be a large white ball of prodigious size, and when I got near enough to touch it, I found it was soft. I walked round it to see if there was an opening, but could find none, and it appeared so even that it was impossible to climb it. The circumference might be about fifty paces.

It was then near sunset; and the air grew suddenly dark, as if obscured by a thick cloud. I was surprised at this change, but much more so when I perceived it to be occasioned by a bird of extraordinary size, which was flying towards me. In my youth I had heard sailors speak of a bird called a roc; and I conceived that the great white ball which had drawn my attention must be the egg of this bird; nor was I mistaken; for shortly after it lighted on the spot, and assumed the attitude of a sitting bird. When I saw it coming I drew near to the egg, so that I had one of the claws of the bird close by me; this claw was as big as the trunk of a large tree. In my despair I tied myself to the talon with the linen of my turban, in hopes that the roc, when it took its flight next morning, would carry me with it out of the desert island. My project succeeded, for at daybreak the roc flew away, and carried me to such a height that I could not distinguish the earth, and after some time descended with such rapidity that I almost lost my senses. When the roc had alighted, I quickly untied the knot that confined me to its foot, and had scarcely loosed myself, when it darted on a serpent of immeasurable length, and seizing it in its beak, flew away.

The place in which the roc left me was a deep valley, surrounded on all sides by mountains, of such a height that the tops of them were lost in the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of climbing them. This embarrassed me afresh: when I compared it with the island I had left, I soon found that I had no reason to be satisfied with my change of situation.

In walking along this valley I remarked that it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of an astonishing size. For some time I amused myself with examining them, but I soon perceived from afar some objects which converted my sensations of pleasure into fear; these were a great number of serpents, so long and large that the smallest of them would have swallowed an elephant with ease. They hid themselves in caves during the day on account of the roc, their mortal enemy, and only came out during the night. I passed the day, therefore, in walking about the valley, resting myself occasionally where an opportunity offered, and when the sun set, I retired into a small cave, where I thought I should be in safety. I closed the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a stone large enough to secure me from the serpents, but which yet admitted a glimmering of light. I supped on part of my provisions, during which I heard the fearful hissings of the serpents, which now began to make their appearance. These sounds continued during the night, and, as you may suppose, struck me with great apprehension. On the reappearance of day, the serpents retired; but with such awe had they inspired me that I left my cave with trembling, and though I walked upon a path of diamonds, I may truly say it was without feeling the least desire for them. At last I sat down; and, after having made another hearty meal on my provisions, notwithstanding the agitation I was in, as I had not closed my eyes during the whole night, I fell asleep. I had scarcely begun to doze, when something falling, with a dull heavy sound, awoke me. It was a large piece of fresh meat, and on looking up, I saw a number of

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similar pieces rolling down the rocks from above.

I had always supposed the accounts which I had heard related by seamen and others of the valley of diamonds, and of the means by which merchants procured them, to be fictitious; but I now knew it to be true. The method adopted is this: the merchants go to the mountains which surround the valley about the time that the eagles hatch their young. They cut large pieces of meat, which they throw into the valley; and to these the diamonds, on which they fall, adhere. The eagles, which are larger and stronger in that country than in any other, seize these pieces of meat to carry them to their young at the top of the rocks. The merchants then run to their nests, and by various noises oblige the eagles to retreat; they then take the diamonds that have stuck to the pieces of meat, which, as the valley is inaccessible on every side, they could not otherwise procure. I had supposed it impossible ever to leave this valley, and began to look upon it as my tomb; but this sight changed my opinion, and turned my thoughts to some device for the preservation of my life. Having conceived a project of rescue, I began to collect the largest diamonds I could find, and with them filled the leathern bag in which I carried my provisions; next I took one of the largest pieces of meat, and tied it tight round me with the linen of my turban; and in this state I laid myself on the ground, having first fastened my leathern bag around my body.

I had not lain long before the eagles began to descend, and each seizing a piece of meat flew away with it. One of the strongest, having darted on the piece to which I had attached myself, carried me up with it to its nest; and when the merchants by their cries had frightened away the eagles, and obliged them to quit their prey, one of them approached me. On seeing me, however, he was seized with apprehension, but soon recovering from his fear, instead of inquiring by what means I came there, began to quarrel with me for trespassing on what he considered his property. "You will speak to me with pity instead of anger," said I, "when you learn by what means I reached this place. Console yourself, for I have diamonds enough for you and myself, of more value than those of all the other merchants added together; I have myself chosen a number of the finest from the bottom of the valley, and have them here in this bag." On saying this I showed him the bag, and had scarcely finished speaking, when the other merchants, perceiving me, flocked round me with great astonishment, which I augmented not a little by the recital of my history. They were all no less surprised at the stratagem I had conceived to save myself than at my courage in putting it in execution.

Having conducted me to the place where they lived together, I showed them my diamonds, upon seeing which they all expressed their admiration, and declared they had never seen any equal to them either in size or quality. I entreated the merchant to whom the nest belonged into which I had been transported, for each merchant has his own, to chose for himself as many as he pleased. He contented himself with taking only one, and that, too, of the smallest size. I pressed him to take more, and not be afraid of depriving me. "No," replied he, "I am perfectly satisfied with this, which is sufficiently valuable to spare me the trouble of making any more voyages to complete my little fortune."

I passed the night with these merchants, to whom I recounted my history a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it before; and when I reflected on the perils I had gone through, I could scarcely moderate my joy; it appeared to me as if the security in which I then found myself was merely a dream, and I could not for a time believe that I had nothing more to fear.

The merchants had been for some days in that spot, and as they now appeared to be contented with the diamonds they had collected, we set off on the following day together, travelling over high mountains, where there were a great number of prodigious serpents, which, however, we had the good fortune entirely to avoid. We reached the nearest port in safety, and thence embarked for the island of Roha, which produces the camphor-tree, the foliage of which is so large and thick that a hundred men may be shaded by it with ease. The gum which forms the camphor runs out at a wound made at the top of the trunk, and is received into a vase,

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where it acquires consistency, and assumes the form in which it is disposed of as a drug. The juice being thus extracted, the tree withers and dies.

The rhinoceros, too, which is a smaller animal than the elephant, though larger than the buffalo, is a native of this island. On its nose it has a horn about a cubit in length, and cut through the middle from one extremity to the other, on which are some white lines, which represent the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, and piercing him in his belly with his horn, carries him off on his head; but as the fat and blood of the elephant run down on his eyes and blind him, he falls to the ground; and what will astonish you, the roc comes and seizes them both in its claws, and carries them off together to feed its young.

I will pass over several other peculiarities related of this island, lest I should tire you. Exchanging, therefore, some of my diamonds for other merchandise, I went thence to more distant islands, and at last, after having touched at several ports, reached Balsora, whence I again returned to Bagdad. Afterwards I distributed much money amongst the poor, and enjoyed with credit and honor the rest of my immense riches, which I had acquired with so much labor and difficulty.

Sindbad, having completed the relation of his second voyage, again ordered a hundred sequins to be given to Hindbad, whom he once more invited to come on the morrow to hear the history of the third.

The guests returned home, and on the following day repaired at the same hour to the house of Sindbad, where the porter, who had almost forgotten his misery, also made his appearance. They sat down to table, and when the meal was ended Sindbad requested the company to give him their attention while he should detail the adventures of his third voyage.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

The comfortable life into which I had settled soon obliterated the remembrance of the dangers I had experienced in my two voyages; and as I was in the prime of life, I grew tired of passing my days in slothful repose; and, banishing all thoughts of the perils I might encounter, I once more quitted Bagdad, with some rich merchandise of the country, which I conveyed to Balsora. There I embarked with other merchants, bound for a long voyage, during which we touched at several ports, and transacted very advantageous commercial business.

One day, when we were in the open sea, we were overtaken by a violent tempest, which continued for several days, and drove us near an island, which the captain would gladly have been excused from touching at, but we were under the necessity of casting anchor there. When the sails were furled, the captain told us that this, as well as some of the neighboring isles, was inhabited by savages, who would attack us, and that although they were but dwarfs, we must not attempt to make any resistance; for, as their number was inconceivable, if we should happen to kill one, they would infest us like locusts, and destroy us. This account put the whole crew in terrible consternation, and we were too soon convinced that the captain had spoken the truth. We saw coming towards us an innumerable multitude of hideous savages about two feet high, and entirely covered with red hair. Throwing themselves into the sea, they swam to the ship, which they soon completely encompassed, and as they approached they spoke to us, but we could not understand their language. On reaching the vessel, they clambered up the sides with so much swiftness and agility that their feet scarcely seemed to touch them ere they were upon deck.

You may imagine the situation we were in, not daring to defend ourselves, nor even to speak to them, to endeavor to avert the impending danger. They unfurled the sails, cut the cable from the anchor, and after dragging the ship to shore, obliged us to disembark: after this they conveyed us to another island whence they had come. All voyagers carefully avoided this island, for the dismal reason you are going to hear; but our ill-fortune having led us there, we were obliged to submit.

Leaving the shore and advancing farther into the island, we found some fruits and herbs, of which we ate, to prolong our lives as much as possible, for we all expected to be

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sacrificed. As we walked we perceived at some distance a large edifice, towards which we bent our way. It was a large and high palace, with a folding door of ebony, which we opened. We entered the court-yard, and facing us saw a vast apartment with a vestibule, on one side of which was a heap of human bones, and on the opposite one a number of spits for roasting. We trembled at this spectacle; and as we were fatigued with walking, our legs failed us, and we fell on the earth, where we remained a considerable time unable to move from fear.

The sun was setting, and while we were in the piteous state I have described, the door of the apartment suddenly opened with a loud noise, and a hideous black man, as tall as a palm-tree, came forward. In the middle of his forehead, one eye, red and fiery as a burning coal, stood alone; his front teeth were long and sharp, and projected from his mouth, which was as wide as that of a horse, with the under lip hanging on his breast; his ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders; and his long and curved nails were like the talons of an immense bird. At the sight of this frightful being we all fainted, and remained a long time like dead men.

At last our senses returned, and we saw him seated under the vestibule examining us with his piercing eye. When he had viewed us well, he advanced towards us, and extending his hand to me, he took me up by the hair, and turned me round all ways to examine me, as a butcher would the head of a sheep. After having well considered the matter, he released me, finding me so meagre and little more than skin and bones. He took up each of the others in their turn, and inspected them in the same manner, and the captain, being the fattest of the party, was held up in one hand, as I should hold a sparrow, while the monster with the other ran a spit through his body. Then kindling a large fire, he roasted and ate him for his supper, in the apartment whither he retired. Having finished his repast, he returned to the vestibule, where he laid down to sleep, and snored louder than thunder. As may be readily conceived, we passed the night in the most agonizing suspense; and when daylight returned the ogre awoke and went abroad, leaving us in the palace.

When we supposed him at some distance, we gave vent to our lamentations, for the fear of disturbing the ogre had kept us silent during the night. The palace resounded with groans. Although we amounted to a considerable number, and had but one common enemy, yet the idea of delivering ourselves by his death never occurred. This enterprise, however difficult to accomplish, was nevertheless the first we ought to have attempted.

We deliberated on various methods, but could not determine on any; and submitting ourselves to the will of God, we passed the day in walking over the island, and eating what plants and fruit we could meet with, as on the preceding one. Towards evening we sought for some sheltered place in which to pass the night, but finding none, were obliged to return to the palace.

The ogre did not fail to return to sup on one of our companions, after which he again fell asleep and snored till daybreak, when he arose and went out as before. Our situation appeared to be so helpless that some of my comrades were on the point of throwing themselves into the sea rather than be sacrificed in so dreadful a manner, and advised the rest to follow their example; but one of the company thus addressed them: "We are forbidden," said he, "to kill ourselves; and even were that permitted, would it not be more rational to endeavor to destroy the barbarous monster who has destined us to such a cruel death?"

As I had already formed a project of that nature, I now communicated it to my fellow-sufferers, who approved of it. "My friends," said I, "you know that there is a great deal of wood on the sea-shore; if you will take my advice, we can make some rafts, and when they are finished we will leave them in a proper place till we can find an opportunity to make use of them. In the mean time we can put into execution the design I proposed to you to deliver ourselves from the ogre; if it succeeds, we may wait here with patience till some vessel passes, by means of which we may quit this fatal isle; if, on the contrary, we miss our aim, we shall have recourse to our rafts, and put to sea. I own that, in exposing ourselves to the fury of the waves on such fragile barks, we run a great hazard of losing our lives; but if we are destined

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to perish, is it not preferable to meet with a watery grave than to be buried in the entrails of the monster who has already devoured two of our companions?" My advice was approved by all, and we immediately built some rafts, large enough to contain three persons on each.

We returned to the palace towards evening, and the ogre arrived a short time after us. Again one of our party was sacrificed to his inhuman appetite. But we were soon revenged of his cruelty: after he had finished his horrible meal, he as usual laid himself down to sleep; and as soon as we heard him snore, nine of the most courageous of us, and myself, took each a spit, and heating the points red-hot, thrust them into his eye, and blinded him.

The pain which he suffered made him groan hideously; he suddenly raised himself, and extended his arms on all sides to seize some one, and sacrifice him to his rage; but, fortunately, we had time to get to some distance from him, and to throw ourselves on the ground in places where he could not set his feet on us. After having sought us in vain, he at last found the door, and went out bellowing with pain.

We quitted the palace immediately after the ogre, and repaired to the shore, in that part where our rafts lay. We set them afloat, and waited till daybreak to board them, in case we should see the ogre approach with some guide to lead him to us; but we hoped that, if he did not make his appearance by that time, and if his cries and groans, which resounded through the air, were discontinued, we might suppose him dead; and in that case we proposed remaining in the island till some safer conveyance should offer. The sun, however, had scarcely risen above the horizon, when we perceived our cruel enemy, accompanied by two ogres of nearly his own size, who conducted him, and a great number of others, walking with quick steps before him.

At this sight we ran precipitately to our rafts, and rowed away as fast as possible. The ogres, seeing this, provided themselves with large stones, hastened to the shore, and even ventured up to their middles in the sea, to throw them at us, which they did so adroitly as to sink all the rafts excepting that which I was upon, so that myself and two companions were the only persons who escaped, our unfortunate brethren being all drowned.

As we rowed with all our strength, we soon got out of reach of the stones. When we were in the open sea we became the sport of wind and wave, and, passing that day and night in the most cruel suspense, on the morrow we had the good fortune to be thrown on an island, where we landed with great joy. We found some excellent fruits, which served to re-establish our exhausted strength.

At night we slept on the sea-shore; but were awakened by the noise which the scales of an immense serpent, long as a palm-tree, made on the ground. It was so near to us, that it devoured one of my companions, notwithstanding the efforts he made to extricate himself; for the serpent shook him several times, and then, crushing him on the earth, quickly swallowed him.

My other comrade and myself immediately took to flight; and when we had gone some distance, we heard a noise which made us suppose that the serpent was vomiting the bones of the unhappy man it had destroyed. On the following day we perceived our suspicions to have been well founded. "O God," I then exclaimed, "to what are we exposed? Yesterday we were rejoicing at our escape from the cruelty of an ogre and the fury of the waves, and to-day we have again to encounter a peril not less imminent."

As we walked along, we remarked a large and high tree, on which, for safety, we proposed to pass the following night. We ate some fruit, as on the preceding day, and at the approach of night we climbed into the tree. We soon heard the serpent, which came hissing to the foot of the tree; it raised itself against the trunk, and meeting with my companion, who was lower than I was, it swallowed him and retired.

I remained on the tree till daybreak, when I descended, more dead than alive; indeed, I could only expect to meet with the same fate. This idea chilled me with horror, and I advanced some paces to throw myself into the sea; but as life is desirable as long as it will last, I resisted the first impulse of my despair, and submitted to the will of God, who disposes of our lives as is best for us.

I collected a great quantity of small wood

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and furze, and, tying it in fagots, put it round the tree in a large circle, and tied some across the top, to cover my head. This being done, when the evening came on I enclosed myself within the circle; having the dismal consolation that I had done all in my power to preserve my life. The serpent did not fail to return for the purpose of devouring me, but he could not succeed on account of the rampart I had formed. The whole night he was besieging me as a cat would a mouse; at last day returned, and he retired; but I did not venture out of my fortress till the sun was high in the heavens.

I was so fatigued with watching, as well as with the exertion of forming my retreat, and had suffered so much from his pestilential breath, that death appeared preferable to a repetition of such horrors. I again ran to the sea, with the intention of putting an end to my existence; but God pitied my condition, and at the moment that I was going to throw myself in, I perceived a vessel at a distance. I cried with all my strength, and unfolded my turban to attract the attention of those on board. This had the desired effect, I was seen by the crew, and the captain sent a boat for me.

As soon as I was on board, the merchants and seamen were eager to learn by what chance I had reached that desert island; and after I had related to them all that happened, the eldest of them told me that they had often heard of the ogres who lived there; that they were anthropophagi, and devoured their own kind. With regard to the serpents, they added that there were many in the island, hiding themselves in the day and appearing at night.

After they had expressed their joy at my fortunate escape from so many perils, they pressed me to take something to eat; and the captain, observing that my dress was much torn, had the generosity to give me one of his.

We remained a considerable time at sea, and touched at several islands. At length we landed on that of Salahat, where the sandal-wood is cultivated, which is much used in medicine, and where the merchants unloaded their goods. One day the captain called me to him, and said: "Brother, I have in my possession some goods which belonged to a merchant who was for some time on board my ship. As this merchant is dead, I am going to have them valued, that I may render an account of them to his heirs, should I ever meet with them." The bales he was speaking of were already on deck. He showed them to me, saying, "These are the goods in question; I wish you to take charge of them, and negotiate them, receiving the usual commission for your trouble." I consented, and thanked him for the opportunity of employing myself.

The writer of the ship registered all the bales, with the names of the merchants to whom they belonged; and when he asked the captain by what name he should register those destined for my charge, the captain replied, "By the name of Sindbad the Sailor." I could not hear my own name without emotion; and looking intently at the captain, I recognized him to be the very same person who, in my second voyage, had left me on the island, where I had fallen asleep by the side of a brook, and who had put to sea without waiting for me. I did not at first recollect him, so much was he changed from the time I had seen him. As he thought me dead, it is not to be wondered at that he did not recognize me. "Captain," said I to him, "was the merchant to whom these things belonged called Sindbad?" "Yes," returned he, "that was his name; he was from Bagdad, and embarked on board my vessel at Balsora. One day, when we went ashore on an island for fresh water, I know not by what mistake, he was left behind; none of the crew perceived it till four hours after, when the wind blew so fresh against us that it was impossible to return." "You believe him to be dead?" resumed I. "Most assuredly," replied the captain. "Well, then," said I, "open your eyes, and know that the same Sindbad whom you left in the desert island is now before you. I fell asleep on the banks of a little stream, and when I awoke I perceived that the ship was gone."

At these words the captain fixed his eyes on me, and after having examined me very attentively, at last recollected me. "God be praised!" cried he, embracing me; "I am delighted that fortune has given me an opportunity of repairing my fault. Here are your goods, which I have preserved with care, and always had valued at every port I stopped at. I return them to you, with the

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profit I have made on them." I received them with the gratitude which such an action demanded.

From the island of Salahat we went to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. When we had sailed some distance from it, we perceived an immense tortoise that was twenty cubits in length and breadth. We also saw a fish that had milk like a cow; its skin is so hard, that bucklers are frequently made of it. I saw one of the make and color of a camel. At length, after a long voyage, we arrived at Balsora, from whence I came to Bagdad with so much wealth that I did not know the amount of it. I gave a great deal to the poor, and made considerable additions to my landed estates.

Sindbad thus finished the history of his third voyage; and again gave Hindbad a hundred sequins, inviting him to the usual repast on the morrow, when he should hear the account of the fourth voyage. Hindbad and the other guests retired, and the following day returned at the same hour. After the dinner was over, Sindbad continued the relation of his adventures.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

The pleasures and dissipations I entered into after my third voyage had not sufficient charms to deter me from venturing on the sea again. I gave way to my love for traffic and novelty; and having settled my affairs, and furnished myself with the merchandise suited to the places I intended to visit, I set out, and travelled towards Persia, some of the provinces of which I traversed, and at last reached a port, where I embarked. We set sail and touched at several Oriental islands, but one day, while tacking, we were surprised by a sudden squall of wind, which obliged the captain to lower the sails. All our precautions, however, were fruitless; the manœuvre did not succeed; the vessel becoming ungovernable, was driven on a sand-bank and went to pieces, and a great number of the crew, as well as the cargo, perished.

I had the good fortune, with some other merchants and seamen, to get hold of a plank; on which we were all carried by the strength of the current towards an island that lay before us. We found some fruits and fresh water, which re-established our strength, and we laid down to sleep without seeking any farther; the grief we felt at our misfortunes rendering us careless of our fate. When the sun was risen, we left the shore, and advancing into the island, perceived some habitations, towards which we bent our way. When we drew near, a great number of blacks came out, and seizing us, allotted us between them, and then conducted us to their houses.

Five of my comrades and myself were taken to the same place. They made us sit down, and then offered us a certain herb, inviting us by signs to eat of it. My companions, without considering that they who gave it us did not eat of it, only consulted their appetites, and devoured it with avidity. I, who had a sort of presentiment that it was for no good purpose, refused even to taste it; and it was well I did, for a short time after I perceived that my companions were intoxicated, and did not know what they said. They then served us with some rice dressed with the oil of the cocoa-nut, and my comrades not being sensible of what they did, ate it ravenously. I ate some also, but very little.

The blacks had presented the herb first to affect our heads, and thus banish the sorrow which our miserable situation would create, and the rice was given to fatten us. As they were anthropophagi, they designed to feast on us when we were in good condition. My poor companions fell victims to their barbarous custom, because they had lost their senses, and could not foresee their destiny. But for me, instead of fattening as the others had done, I grew thinner every day. The fear of death, which constantly haunted me, turned the aliments I took to poison, and I fell into a state of languor, which was in the end very beneficial; for the blacks, having eaten my comrades, were content to let me remain till I was better worth picking.

In the mean time I was allowed a great deal of liberty, and my actions were scarcely observed. This one day afforded me an opportunity of quitting the habitation of the blacks, and escaping. An old man, who saw and guessed my intention, called me to return,

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but I only quickened my pace, and soon got out of his sight. This old man was the only person in the place; all the other blacks had absented themselves, and were not to return till evening, as was their frequent custom. Being therefore certain that they would be too late to come in search of me when they returned home, I continued my flight till evening, when I stopped to take a little rest and satisfy my hunger. I soon proceeded, and walked without intermission for seven days; taking care to avoid those places which appeared inhabited, and living on cocoa-nuts, which furnished me with drink as well as food.

On the eighth day I came to the sea-shore, where I saw some white people like myself employed in gathering pepper, of which in that country there was great abundance. Such an occupation was a good omen to me, and I approached them without fear of danger. They came towards me as soon as they perceived me, and asked me in Arabic whence I came.

Delighted to hear my native language once more, I readily complied with their request, and related to them the manner in which I had been shipwrecked and got to that island, where I had fallen into the hands of the blacks. "But these blacks," said they, "eat men; by what miracle, then, could you escape their cruelty?" I gave them the same account which you have heard, at which they were very much surprised. I remained with them until they had collected as much pepper as they chose, when they made me embark with them, and we soon reached the island from which they had come. They presented me to their king, who was a good prince. He listened to the recital of my adventures, which astonished him; and he ordered me new clothing, and desired that I might be taken care of. The island was very populous, and abounded in all sorts of articles of commerce, a flourishing trade being carried on in the town where the king resided. This agreeable retreat began to console me for my misfortunes, and the kindness of the generous prince made me completely happy. Indeed, I appeared to be his greatest favorite; and consequently all ranks of people endeavored to please me, so that I was considered in the light of a native rather than a stranger.

I remarked one thing which appeared to me very singular. Every person, the king not excepted, rode on horseback without either bridle or stirrups. One day I took the liberty to ask his majesty why such things were excluded, and from his replies it was quite evident that he was entirely ignorant of what I meant.

I immediately went to a workman and gave him a model to make a saddle-tree from; which, on being finished, I covered with leather, richly embroidered in gold, and stuffed with hair. I then applied to a locksmith, who made me a bit and some stirrups according to the patterns which I gave him.

When these things were completed I presented them to the king, and tried them on one of his horses; the prince then mounted it, and was so pleased with the invention that he testified his approbation by making me considerable presents. I was then obliged to make several saddles for his ministers and the principal officers of his household, who all rewarded me with very rich and handsome presents. I also made some for the most respectable inhabitants of the town, by which I obtained great reputation and credit.

As I constantly attended at court, the king said to me one day, "Sindbad, I love you, and I know that all my subjects who have any knowledge of you follow my example, and entertain a high regard and esteem for you. I have one request to make, which you must not deny me." "Sire," replied I, "there is nothing that your majesty can command which I will not undertake, to prove my obedience to your orders. Your power over me is absolute." "I wish you to marry," resumed the prince, "that you may have a more tender tie to attach you to my dominions, and prevent your returning to your native country." As I did not dare to refuse the king's offer, I was shortly afterwards married to a lady of his court, who was noble, beautiful, rich, and accomplished. After the ceremony of the nuptials, I took up my abode in the house of my wife, and lived with her for some time in perfect harmony. Nevertheless, I was discontented with my situation, and designed to make my escape the first convenient opportunity, in order to return to Bagdad, which the splendid establishment I was then in possession of could not obliterate from my mind.

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These were my sentiments when the wife of one of my neighbors, with whom I was very intimate, fell sick and died. I went to console him, and finding him in the deepest affliction, "May God preserve you," said I to him, "and grant you a long life." "Alas!" replied he, "how can I obtain what you wish? I have only one hour to live." "O," resumed I, "do not suffer such dismal ideas to take possession of your mind; I hope that will not be the case, and that I shall enjoy your friendship yet for many years." "I wish with all my heart," said he, "that your life may be of long duration; but for me, the die is cast, and this day I shall be buried with my wife; such is the custom which our ancestors have established in this island, and which is still inviolably observed; the husband is interred alive with his deceased wife, or the living wife with the dead husband; nothing can save me, as all submit to this law."

Whilst he was relating to me this singular species of barbarity, which filled me with the greatest terror, his relations, friends, and neighbors arrived to be present at the funeral. They dressed the corpse of the woman in the richest attire, as on the day of her nuptials, and decorated her with all her jewels. Then they placed her uncovered on a bier, and the procession set out. The husband, dressed in mourning, went immediately after the body of his wife, and the rest followed. They bent their course towards a high mountain, and when they were arrived, a large stone which covered the mouth of a cavern was raised, and the body let down into it without any of the ornaments being taken off. After that the husband took his leave of his relations and friends, and without offering the least resistance, suffered himself to be placed on a bier, with a jug of water and seven small loaves by his side, and let down as his wife had been. This mountain extended a great way, and served as a boundary to the ocean, and the cavern was very deep. When the ceremony was completed, the stone was replaced and the company retired. I need scarcely add, gentlemen, that I was greatly affected at this ceremony. None of the rest, however, who were present, appeared to feel it, probably from being habituated to the repetition of the same kind of scene. So great was the detestation and horror with which I regarded the custom, that I could not forbear to express to the king my sentiments on it. "Sire," said I, "the strange custom which subsists in your dominions, of interring the living with the dead, inspires me with feelings both of astonishment and disgust; I have visited many nations, but in the whole course of my travels I never heard of so cruel and unjust a law." "What can I do, Sindbad?" replied the king; "it is a law common to all ranks, and even I must submit to its decree; I shall be interred alive with the queen, my consort, if I happen to survive her." "Sire," resumed I, "will your majesty allow me to ask if foreigners are obliged to observe this custom?" "Certainly," said the king, smiling, as he guessed the motive of my question; "none are exempt from its operation who marry in the island."

I returned home perplexed in thought and sorrowful at this reply. The fear that my wife might die first, and that I should be interred with her, was a reflection of the most distressing nature. Yet how was the evil to be remedied? The only suggestions that occurred to me were to have patience and submit to the will of God. Nevertheless, I trembled at the slightest indisposition of my wife, and alas! I soon had good reason to fear; she was taken dangerously ill, and died in a few days. Judge how my mind was disturbed at the prospect immediately before me. To be interred alive did not appear to be a more desirable end than that of being devoured by the anthropophagi; yet I was obliged to comply. The king, accompanied by his whole court, promised to honor the procession with his presence; and the principal inhabitants of the city also, out of respect to me, signified their intention to be present at my interment.

When all was in readiness for the ceremony, the corpse of my wife, decorated with her jewels, and in her most magnificent dress, was placed on a bier, and the procession set out. Being the second personage in this tragedy, I followed the body of my wife, my eyes bathed in tears, and deploring my miserable destiny. Before we arrived at the mountain I wished to make trial of the compassion of the spectators; accordingly, I addressed myself first to the king, then to those who were near me, and bowing to the ground to kiss the hem of their garments, I entreated

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them to have pity on me. "Consider," said I, "that I am a stranger who ought not to be subjected to so rigorous a law, and that I have another wife and children in my own country." I pronounced these words in an affecting tone, but no one seemed moved; on the contrary, they hastened to lower the corpse into the cavern, and soon after I also was let down on another bier with a jug of water and seven loaves. At last, the fatal ceremony being completed, they replaced the stone over the mouth of the cave, notwithstanding the excess of my grief and my piteous lamentation.

As I approached the bottom I discovered by the little light that shone from above the shape of this subterraneous abode. It was a vast chamber, which I judged to be about fifty cubits deep. I soon smelt an insupportable stench arising from the carcasses that were spread around. I even fancied that I heard the last sighs of some who had lately fallen victims to this inhuman law. No sooner had I reached the bottom than I left the bier, and, stopping my nostrils, went to a distance from the dead bodies, where I threw myself on the ground and remained for a long time bathed in tears; then, reflecting on my cruel fate, "It is true," said I, "that God disposes of us as seems best to his all-seeing providence; but, unhappy Sindbad, is it not your own fault that you are now brought to this singular death? Would to Heaven I had perished in one of the dreadful wrecks from which I have been saved! I should not now have had to languish in this miserable abode of lingering death. And my accursed avarice has brought it all upon myself! Wretch that I am! I ought to have remained with my family and enjoyed peaceably the fruits of my former labors."

Such were the useless expressions of rage and despair with which I made the cavern re-echo. I beat my head and breast, and gave way to the most violent grief. Nevertheless, I confess to you, that, instead of calling on death to release me from this habitation of despair, the love of life still glowed within me and induced me to seek for the means of prolonging my days. I felt my way to the bier on which I had been placed, and, notwithstanding the intense obscurity which prevailed, I found my bread and water and ate of it. When my eyes had become more accustomed to the gloom, I was enabled to perceive that the cave was more spacious and contained more bodies than I had at first supposed. I subsisted for some days on my provisions, but as soon as they were exhausted I prepared to die. I had just become resigned to my fate when I heard the stone above raised, and a corpse and another living person were let down. The deceased was a man. It is natural to have recourse to violent methods when reduced to the last extremity. While the woman was descending, I approached the spot where her bier was to be placed, and when I perceived the aperture above to be closed, I gave the unhappy female two or three heavy blows on the head with a large bone, which stunned, or, more properly speaking, killed her; but I only committed this inhuman action to obtain the bread and water which had been allowed her. I had now provisions for some days, and before they were entirely expended a dead woman and her living husband were let down. I killed the man in a similar manner, and at that time there happened, fortunately for me, a mortality in the city, with every victim to which I obtained, in the way described, a fresh supply of food.

One day, when I had just put an end to an unfortunate woman, I heard sounds like those of breathing, and a footstep. I advanced to the part whence the sound proceeded, and hearing a louder breathing at my approach, fancied I saw something fleeing from me. I followed this shadow, which occasionally stopped, and then again retreated, panting as I drew near. I pursued it so long, and went so far, that at last I perceived a small speck of light resembling a star. I continued to walk towards this light, sometimes losing it, as obstacles arose to preclude my vision, but always recovering it again, till I had arrived at an opening in the rock large enough to allow me to pass.

At this discovery I stopped for some time to recover from the violent emotion occasioned by my walking quick; then passing through the crevice, found myself on the sea-shore. You may imagine the excess of my joy; it was so great that I could scarcely be satisfied that my imagination did not deceive me. When I became convinced that it

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was a reality, and that my senses were still sound, I perceived that the thing which I had heard pant, and had followed, was an animal that lived in the sea, and was in the habit of going into the cave to devour the dead bodies.

I examined the mountain, and observed that it stood between the city and the sea, without any communication between them, for it was so steep as to be inaccessible. I prostrated myself on the shore to thank God for the mercy he had shown me, and then returned to the cave to get some bread, which I brought out and ate with much better appetite than I had enjoyed since my interment in that gloomy mansion.

I returned again to collect, as well as I could, by feeling on the different biers, all the diamonds, rubies, pearls, golden bracelets, and in short everything of value that I could find, all of which I brought to the shore. I tied them up in several packets with the cords which had served to let down the biers, and of which there was a great quantity. I left them in a convenient place till a proper opportunity should offer, without fear of their being spoiled by the rain, for it was not the season for wet weather.

At the end of two or three days I perceived a vessel just sailing out of the harbor, and passing by the spot where I was, I made signs with the linen of my turban, and cried aloud with all my strength. They heard me on board, and despatched a boat to fetch me. When the sailors inquired by what misfortune I had got into that place, I replied that I had been wrecked two days since on that shore, with all my merchandise. Fortunately for me these people did not consider whether my story was probable, but, satisfied with my answer, they took me on board with my bales.

When we had reached the vessel the captain, happy at having been instrumental to my safety, and occupied with the management of the ship, believed, without any difficulty, the tale of the wreck, to convince him of which I offered him some precious stones, but he refused them.

We passed several islands, amongst others the island of Bells, distant about ten days' sail from that of Serendib, sailing with a fair wind, and six days' from the island of Kela, where we landed. Here there were some lead mines, some Indian canes, and excellent camphor.

The king of the isle of Kela is very rich and powerful. His authority extends over the island of Bells, which is two days' journey in extent; the inhabitants are still so uncivilized as to eat human flesh. After we had made an advantageous traffic in this island, we again set sail, and touched at several ports. At length I arrived happily at Bagdad with immense riches, of which it is needless to give you a detail. To evince my gratitude to Heaven for the mercies shown me, I spent a great deal in charity, some for the support of mosques, and some for the subsistence of the poor. I then entirely gave myself up to the society of my relations and friends, and passed my time in feasting and entertainments.

Sindbad here concluded the relation of his fourth voyage, which occasioned still more surprise in his audience than the three preceding ones had done. He repeated his present of a hundred sequins to Hindbad, whom he requested, with the rest of the company, to return the following day to dine, and hear the detail of his fifth voyage. Hindbad and the others took their leave and retired. The next day, when all were assembled, they sat down to table, and when the repast was over, Sindbad began the account of his fifth voyage as follows: —

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

The pleasures I enjoyed soon made me forget the pains I had endured; yet they were not sufficiently attractive to prevent my forming the resolution of venturing a fifth time on the sea. I again provided myself with merchandise, packed it, and sent it by land-carriage to the nearest seaport, where, unwilling to trust any more to a captain, and wishing to have a vessel of my own, I built and equipped one at my own expense. As soon as it was finished I loaded it and embarked; and as I had not sufficient cargo to fill it myself, I received several merchants of different nations with their goods.

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We hoisted our sails the first fair wind, and put to sea. After sailing a considerable time, the first place we stopped at was a desert island, where we found the egg of a roc as large as that I spoke of on a former occasion; it contained a small roc which was just ready to leave the shell, its beak having begun to make its appearance. The merchants who were with me broke the egg with hatchets, and cut out the young roc, bit by bit, and roasted it. I had seriously advised them not to touch the egg, but they would not attend to me.

They had scarcely finished their meal, when two immense clouds appeared in the air at a considerable distance from us. The captain, whom I had hired to have the care of the vessel, knowing by experience what it was, cried out that it was the father and mother of the young roc, and warned us to re-embark as quickly as possible to avoid the danger which threatened us. We took his advice, and set sail immediately.

The two rocs approached, uttering the most frightful screams, which they redoubled on finding the state of their egg, and that the young one was no more. Designing to revenge themselves, they flew away towards the part whence they came, and disappeared for some time, during which we used all diligence to sail away and prevent what nevertheless befell us.

They returned, and we perceived that they each had an enormous piece of rock in their claws. When they were exactly over our ship they stopped, and, suspending themselves in the air, one of them let fall the piece of rock he held. By the address of the pilot, who suddenly turned the vessel, it did not tumble on us, but fell close to us into the sea, in which it made such a chasm that we could almost see the bottom. The other bird, unfortunately for us, let his piece of rock fall so immediately on the ship that it split into a thousand pieces. The sailors and passengers were all either crushed to death or drowned. I was myself under water for some time, but, rising again to the surface, I had the good fortune to seize a piece of the wreck. Thus, swimming sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, still holding what I had fixed myself to, and having both the wind and current in my favor, I at length reached an island, where the shore was very steep. I nevertheless overcame this difficulty, and got on land.

I seated myself on the grass to rest from my fatigue, after which I arose and advanced into the island, to reconnoitre the ground. It seemed to be a delicious garden; wherever I turned my eyes I saw beautiful trees, some loaded with green, others with ripe fruits, and transparent streams meandering between them. I ate of the fruits, which I found to be excellent, and quenched my thirst at the inviting brooks.

Night being arrived, I lay down in a convenient spot; my sleep was continually interrupted by the fear of being alone in such a desert place, so that I employed the greater part of the night in lamenting and reproaching myself for the imprudence of venturing from home when I had everything to make me comfortable there. These reflections led me so far that I began to form a project against my life, but day returning with its cheerful light dissipated my gloomy ideas. I arose and walked among the trees, though not without some degree of apprehension.

When I had advanced a little way in the island, I perceived an old man, who appeared much broken down. He was seated on the bank of a little rivulet; at first I supposed he might be, like myself, shipwrecked. I approached and saluted him, to which he made no other return than a slight inclination of the head. I asked him what he was doing, but, instead of replying, he made signs to me to take him on my shoulders and cross the brook, making me understand that he wanted to gather some fruit.

I supposed he wished me to render him this piece of service; so, taking him on my back, I forded the stream. When I had reached the other side I stooped and desired him to alight, instead of which (I cannot help laughing whenever I think of it) this old man, who appeared to me so decrepit, nimbly threw his legs, which I then saw were covered with a skin like a cow's, over my neck, and seated himself fast on my shoulders, at the same time squeezing my throat so violently that I expected to be strangled; this alarmed me so much that I fainted away.

Notwithstanding my situation, the old man kept his place on my neck; he only loosened his hold sufficiently to allow me to breathe. When I was a little recovered he pushed one

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of his feet against my stomach and, kicking my side with the other, obliged me to get up. He then made me walk under some trees, and forced me to gather and eat the fruit we met with. He never quitted his hold during the day, and when I wished to rest at night he placed himself on the ground with me, always fixed to my neck. He never failed to awaken me in the morning, which he effected by pushing me, and then he made me get up and walk, kicking me all the time. Conceive, gentlemen, the plague of bearing this burthen, without the possibility of getting rid of it!

One day, having found on the ground several dried gourds which had fallen from the tree that bore them, I took a pretty large one, and, after having cleared it well, squeezed into it the juice of several bunches of grapes, which the island produced in great abundance. When I had filled the gourd, I placed it in a particular spot, and some days after returned with the old man, when, tasting the contents, I found it to be converted into excellent wine, which for a short time made me forget the ills that oppressed me. It gave me new vigor, and raised my spirits so high that I began to sing and dance as I went along.

The old man, perceiving the effect this draught had taken on my spirits, made signs to me to let him taste; I gave him the gourd, and the liquor pleased his palate so well that he drank it to the last drop. There was enough to inebriate him, and the fumes of the wine very soon rose into his head: he then began to sing after his manner, and to stagger on my shoulders. The blows he gave himself made him return what he had on his stomach, and his legs loosened by degrees; so that, finding he no longer held me tight, I threw him on the ground, where he remained motionless; I then took a large stone and crushed him to death.

Much rejoiced at having so effectually got rid of this old man, I walked towards the seashore, where I met some people who belonged to a vessel which had anchored there to get fresh water. They were much astonished at seeing me, and at the account of my adventure. "You had fallen," said they, "into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and you are the first whom he has not strangled; he never left those he had once mastered till he had put an end to their existence; and this island is famous for the number of persons he has killed. The sailors and merchants who land here never dare approach, excepting in a strong body."

Having informed me of this, they took me to their ship; and when I related what had befallen me the captain received me with the greatest politeness. He set sail, and in a few days we landed at the port of a large city, where the houses were built of stone.

One of the merchants of the ship, having contracted a friendship for me, entreated me to accompany him, and conducted me to the lodging destined for foreign merchants. He gave me a large sack, and then introduced me to some people belonging to the city, who were also furnished with sacks; then, having desired them to take me with them to gather cocoa, "Go," said he, "follow them and do as they do; and do not stray from them, for if you do so your life will be in danger." He gave me provisions for the day, and I set off with them.

We arrived at a large forest of tall, straight trees, the trunks of which were so smooth that it was impossible to climb up to the branches where the fruit grew. They were all cocoa-trees, and we wanted to knock down the fruit and fill our sacks. On entering the forest we saw an amazing number of monkeys, of all sizes, which fled at our approach and ran up the trees with surprising agility. The merchants I was with collected some stones and threw them with great force at the monkeys, which had reached some of the highest branches. I did the same, and soon perceived that these animals were aware of our design; they gathered the cocoa-nuts and threw them down at us, with gestures that plainly showed their anger and animosity. We picked up the cocoa-nuts, and at intervals threw up stones to irritate the monkeys. By this contrivance we filled our sacks with the fruit: a thing utterly impracticable by any other method.

When we had got a sufficient quantity, we returned to the city, where the merchant who had sent me to the forest gave me the value of the cocoa-nuts I had collected. "Continue to do the same every day," said he, "till you have amassed sufficient money to convey you to your own country." I thanked him for the good advice he gave me; by de-

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SINDBAD AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

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grees I collected a quantity of cocoa-nuts, and sold them for a considerable sum.

The vessel in which I came had sailed with the merchants, who had loaded it with the cocoa-nuts they had purchased. I waited for the arrival of another, which shortly after came into harbor for a similar lading. I sent on board all the cocoa-nuts which belonged to me, and when it was ready to sail I took leave of the merchant, to whom I was under so many obligations. As he had not yet been able to settle his affairs, he could not embark with me.

We set sail and steered towards the island where pepper grows in such abundance. From thence we made for the island of Comari, where the best species of the aloe grows, and whose inhabitants submit themselves to a law not to drink wine or suffer any kind of debauchery. In these two islands I exchanged all my cocoa-nuts for pepper and aloe-wood; and I then engaged myself with the other merchants in a pearl-fishery, in which I employed many divers on my own account. By these means I collected a great number of very large and perfect ones, with which I joyfully put to sea and arrived safely at Balsora, whence I returned to Bagdad, where I sold the pepper, aloes, and pearls, which I brought with me, for a large sum.

I bestowed a tenth part of my profit in charity, as I had done on my return from every former voyage, and endeavored to recover from my fatigues by every kind of diversion.

Having concluded this narrative, Sindbad gave a hundred sequins to Hindbad, who retired with all the other guests. The same party returned to the rich Sindbad the next day; and having regaled them in the same manner as on the preceding days, he requested silence, and began the account of his sixth voyage in the following manner.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

You are, no doubt, gentlemen, surprised how I could be tempted again to expose myself to the caprice of fortune, after having undergone so many perils in my other voyages. I am astonished myself, when I think of it. It was fate alone that dragged me, at the expiration of a year, to venture myself a sixth time on the unstable sea, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of my relations and friends, who did all in their power to persuade me to stay.

Instead of taking the route of the Persian Gulf, I passed again through some of the provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a seaport, where I embarked in a good ship, with a captain who was determined to make a long voyage. Long, indeed, it proved; but at the same time so unfortunate that the captain and pilot lost their way and did not know how to steer. They at length got right again, but we had no reason to rejoice on the occasion, for the captain astonished us all by suddenly quitting his post and uttering the most lamentable cries. He threw his turban on the floor, tore his beard, and beat his head, as if his senses were distracted. We asked what occasioned these signs of affliction. "I must announce to you," said he, "that we are in the greatest peril. A rapid current carries the ship, and we shall probably all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray God to deliver us from this imminent danger, for unless he takes pity on us nothing can save us." He then gave orders for setting the sails, but the ropes broke in the attempt, and at last it became impossible to manage the ship; it was suffered to go free with the current, and was dashed against the foot of a rock, where it split and went to pieces; we had, however, time to provide for our own safety and secure part of our provisions, as well as the most valuable part of the lading.

This being effected, the captain said: "God's will be done. Here may we dig our graves, and bid each other an eternal farewell; for we are in so desolate a place that none who were ever cast upon this shore returned to their own homes." This speech increased our affliction, and, with tears in our eyes, we embraced each other, deploring our wretched fate.

The mountain, at the foot of which we then were, formed one side of a large and long island. The beach was covered with fragments of vessels which had been wrecked on the inhospitable coast, and by the infinity of bones which everywhere met the eye, we

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were convinced of the dreadful certainty that many lives had been lost in this spot. It is almost incredible what quantities of merchandise of every sort were strewn upon the shore; all of which served to increase our despair.

In every other part of the world it is common for rivers to discharge themselves into the sea; but, in the island upon which we had been cast, a large river of fresh water takes its course from the sea and runs along the coast through a dark cave, the opening of which is extremely high and wide. What is most remarkable, however, is, that the mountain is composed of rubies, crystals, and other precious stones. Here, too, a kind of pitch, or bitumen, distils from the rocks into the sea, and the fishes, eating it, return it again in the form of ambergris, which the waves leave on the shore. The trees are principally aloes, and are equal in beauty and value to those of Comari.

To complete the description of this place, which may be termed a whirlpool, as nothing that once enters it ever returns, it is impossible that a ship can avoid being dragged thither if it comes within a certain distance. If a sea-breeze blow, it assists the current, there is no remedy; and if the wind come from the land, the high mountain impedes its effect, and causes a calm, which allows the current full force, and then it whirls the ship against the shore and dashes it to pieces, as ours was. In addition to this, the mountain is so steep that it is impossible to reach the summit, or, in fact, to escape by any means.

We remained on the shore, distracted with apprehension and expecting to die. We had divided our provision equally, so that each individual might live a longer or shorter time, according to the consumption he made of his portion.

They who died first were buried by the others. I had the office of burying my last companion; for besides managing what provisions were allowed me with more care than the rest, I had also a store which I had kept concealed from my comrades. Nevertheless, at the time I buried the last I had so little left that I imagined I must soon follow him; upon which I dug a grave and resolved to throw myself into it and die there, since no one remained to perform the last duties to my remains. I must confess, however, that whilst I was thus employed I could not avoid reproaching myself as the sole cause of my misfortunes, and most heartily repented of this last voyage. But I was not satisfied with reproaches only; I bit my hands in despair, and was near putting an end to my existence.

But God still had compassion on me, and inspired me with the thought of going to the river which lost itself in the hollow of the cave. I examined it with great attention; and it occurred to me, that as the river ran under ground, it must in its course come out to daylight again, so that if I should construct a raft and place myself upon it, the current of the water would probably bring me to some inhabited country; and even should I perish, it would be but changing the manner of my death; while, on the contrary, if I got safely out of this fatal place, I should not only avoid the cruel death by which my companions perished, but might also meet with some fresh opportunity of enriching myself. "Who knows," I said to myself, "that fortune does not await me on my arrival out of this frightful cavern, to recompense me for all the losses I have sustained?"

I worked at my raft with fresh vigor after these reflections, making it of thick pieces of wood and great cables, of which there was an abundance on the beach; I tied them closely together, and formed a strong float. When it was completed, I placed on it a cargo of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, crystal, and also some gold and silver stuffs. Having placed all these things in a proper equilibrium, and fastened them to the planks, I embarked on my raft, taking with me two poles which I designed to use for oars, and, trusting to the current, resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I was under the vault of the cavern I lost the light of day; and the current carried me on without my being able to discern its course. I rowed for some days in this obscurity, without ever perceiving the least ray of light. At one time the vault of the cavern was so low that it almost knocked my head, which rendered me very careful to avoid the danger again. During this time I consumed no more of my provisions than was absolutely necessary to sustain nature; but, however frugal I might be, I consumed

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them all. I then fell into a sweet sleep. I cannot tell whether I slept long, but when I awoke I was surprised to find myself in an open country, near a bank of the river, to which my raft was fastened, and in the midst of a large concourse of blacks. I rose as soon as I perceived them, and saluted them; they spoke to me, but I could not understand their language.

At this moment I felt so transported with joy that I could scarcely believe myself awake. Being at length convinced that it was not a dream, I exclaimed in the words of the Koran: "Invoke the Almighty, and he will come to thy assistance; thou needest not care for aught besides. Close thine eye, and, while thou sleepest, God will change thy fortune from bad to good."

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, having heard me pronounce these words, advanced towards me and spoke as follows: "Brother," said he, "be not surprised at seeing us; we live in this country, and came hither to-day to water our fields from this river which flows from the neighboring mountain through canals cut in the earth to admit its passage.

"We observed that the current bore something along, and we immediately ran to the bank to see what it was, and perceived this raft; one of us instantly swam to it and conducted it to shore. We fastened it, as you see, and were waiting for you to awake. We entreat you to relate to us your history, which must be very extraordinary; tell us how you could venture on this river, and whence you come." I first requested him to give me some food; after which I promised to satisfy their curiosity.

They produced several kinds of meat, and when I had satisfied my hunger I related to them all that had happened to me, which they appeared to listen to with great admiration. As soon as I had finished my history, their interpreter told me that I had astonished them with my relation, and I must go myself to the king to recount my adventures: for they were of too extraordinary a nature to be repeated by any one but him to whom they had happened. I replied that I was ready to do anything they wished. The blacks then sent for a horse, which arrived shortly after; they placed me on it, and whilst some walked by my side to conduct me, others, who had hauled the raft out of the water, carried it on their shoulders with the bales of rubies, and followed me.

We went together to the city of Serendib, for this was the name of the island, and the blacks presented me to their king. I approached the throne whereon he was seated, and saluted him as it is usual to accost the kings of India; that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet, and kissed the earth. The prince made me rise, and, receiving me with an affable air, he placed me by his side. He first asked me my name; I replied that I was called Sindbad, and surnamed the Sailor from having made several voyages; and added that I was a citizen of Bagdad. "But," replied he, "how, then, came you into my dominions, and whence are you arrived?"

I concealed nothing from the king, and related to him what you have just heard; he was so pleased with it that he ordered the history of my adventures to be written in letters of gold, that it might be preserved amongst the archives of his kingdom. The raft was then produced, and the bales were opened in his presence. He admired the aloe-wood and ambergris, but above all the rubies and emeralds, as he had none in his treasury equal to them in value.

Perceiving that he examined the precious stones with pleasure, and that he looked repeatedly at the rarest of them, I prostrated myself before him, and took the liberty of saying: "Sire, not only my person is at your command, but the cargo of my raft also, if your majesty will do me the honor of accepting it, and disposing of it as you think fit." He smiled, and replied that he did not desire anything which belonged to me; for as God had given it me I ought not to be deprived of it; that instead of diminishing my riches, he would add to them; and that, when I left his dominions, I should carry with me proofs of his liberality. I could only reply to this by praying for his prosperity, and by praising his generosity.

He ordered one of his officers to attend me, and gave me servants to wait upon me at his own expense. The officers faithfully fulfilled the charge they were intrusted with, and conveyed all the bales to the place destined for my lodging.

I went every day at certain hours to pay my court to the king, and employed the rest

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of the time in seeing the city and whatever was most worthy of my attention.

The island of Serendib is situated exactly under the equinoctial line, so that the days and nights are of equal length. It is eighty parasangs long, and as many in breadth. The principal town is situated at the extremity of a beautiful valley formed by a mountain, which is in the middle of the island, and which is by far the highest in the world; it is discernible at sea within three days' navigation of it. Rubies and many sorts of minerals are found in it, and most of the rocks are formed of emery, which is a sort of metallic stone used in the cutting of precious stones.

All kinds of rare and curious plants and trees, particularly the cedar and cocoa trees, grow here in great abundance, and there are pearl-fisheries on the coast at the mouth of the rivers; some of its valleys, too, produce diamonds. I made a devotional journey up the mountain, to the spot where Adam was placed on his banishment from Paradise, and had the curiosity to ascend to the summit.

When I came back to the city, I entreated the king to grant me permission to return to my native country, which he did in the most obliging and honorable manner. He compelled me to receive a rich present, which was taken from his treasury; and when I went to take my leave, he deposited in my care another still more considerable than the first, and at the same time gave me a letter for the Commander of the Believers, our sovereign lord, saying, "I beg you to present, from me this letter and this present to the caliph Haroun Alraschid, and to assure him of my friendship." I took the present and the letter with the greatest respect, and promised his majesty to execute the orders with which he was pleased to honor me with the greatest punctuality. Before I embarked the king sent for the captain and the merchants with whom I was to sail, and charged them to pay me all possible attention.

The letter of the king of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal, highly prized in that country on account of its rareness. The color of it approaches to yellow. The letter itself was in characters of azure, and contained the following words in the Indian language: —

"The king of the Indies — who, in his journeys, is preceded by a thousand elephants, and whose residence is a palace the roof of which glitters with the lustre of a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds — to the caliph Abdallah Haroun Alraschid:

"Although the present that we send you be inconsiderable, yet receive it as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the friendship we bear you in our heart; and we feel happy in having an opportunity of testifying it to you. We ask the same share in your affections; as we hope we deserve it; being of a rank equal to that you hold. We salute you as a brother. Farewell."

The present consisted of several items, — first, a vase made of one single ruby, pierced and worked into a cup of half a foot in height and an inch thick, filled with fine round pearls, all weighing half a drachm each: second, the skin of a serpent, which had scales as large as a common piece of money, the peculiar property of which was to preserve those who lay on it from all disease; third, fifty thousand drachms of the most exquisite aloe-wood, with thirty grains of camphor as large as pistachio nuts; and lastly a female slave of the most enchanting beauty, whose clothes were covered with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a long though fortunate voyage we landed at Balsora, whence I returned to Bagdad. The first thing I did after my arrival was to execute the commission I had been intrusted with. I took the letter of the king of Serendib, and presented myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful, followed by the beautiful slave and some of my family, who carried the presents which had been committed to my care. I mentioned the reason of my appearance there, and was immediately conducted before the throne of the caliph. I prostrated myself at his feet, and after having made a short speech, gave him the letter and the present. When he had read the contents, he inquired of me whether it was true that the king of Serendib was as rich and powerful as he reported himself to be in his letter. I prostrated myself a second time, and when I arose, "Com-

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mander of the Faithful," said I, "I can assure your majesty that he does not exaggerate his riches and grandeur; I have been witness to it. Nothing can excite greater admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When this prince wishes to appear in public, a throne is prepared for him on the back of an elephant; on this he sits, and proceeds between two files composed of his ministers, favorites, and others belonging to the court. Before him, on the same elephant, sits an officer with a golden lance in his hand, and behind the throne another stands with a pillar of gold, on the top of which is placed an emerald about half a foot long and an inch thick. He is preceded by a guard of a thousand men, habited in silk and gold stuffs, and mounted on elephants richly caparisoned.

"While the king is on his march, the officer who sits before him on the elephant from time to time cries with a loud voice: 'This is the great monarch, the powerful and magnanimous sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand diamond crowns. This is the crowned monarch, greater than ever was Solyma or the great Mihrage.'

"After he has pronounced these words, the officer who is behind the throne cries in his turn: 'This monarch, who is so great and powerful must die, must die, must die.' The first officer then replies: 'Hail to Him who lives and dies not!'

"The king of Serendib is so just that there are no judges in his capital nor in any other part of his dominions; his people do not want any. They know and observe with exactness the true principles of justice, and never deviate from their duty; therefore tribunals and magistrates would be useless amongst them." The caliph was satisfied with my discourse, and said: "The wisdom of this king appears in his letter; and after what you have told me, I must confess that such wisdom is worthy of such subjects, and such subjects worthy of it." At these words he dismissed me with a rich present.

Sindbad here finished his discourse, and his visitors retired; but Hindbad, as usual, received his hundred sequins. They returned the following day, and Sindbad began the relation of his seventh and last voyage in these terms: —

SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

On my return from my sixth voyage, I absolutely relinquished all thoughts of ever venturing again on the seas. I was now arrived at an age which required rest, and, besides this, I had sworn nevermore to expose myself to the perils I had so often experienced: I prepared, therefore, to enjoy my life in quiet and repose.

One day, when I was regaling a number of friends, one of my servants came to tell me that an officer of the caliph wanted to speak to me. I got up from the table, and went to him. "The caliph," said he, "has ordered me to acquaint you that he wishes to see you." I followed the officer to the palace, and he presented me to the prince, whom I saluted by prostrating myself at his feet. "Sindbad," said he, "I am in want of you; you must do me a service, and go once more to the king of Serendib with my answer and presents; it is but right that I should return him the civility he has shown me."

This order of the caliph was a thunderbolt to me. "Commander of the Faithful," replied I, "I am ready to execute anything that your majesty may desire: but I humbly entreat you to consider that I am worn down with the unspeakable fatigues I have undergone; I have even made a vow never to leave Bagdad." I then took occasion to recount the long detail of my adventures, which he had the patience to listen to attentively. When I had done speaking, "I confess," said he, "that these are extraordinary adventures; nevertheless, they must not prevent you making the voyage I propose, for my sake; it is only to the island of Serendib; execute the commission I intrust you with, and then you will be at liberty to return. But you must go; for you must be sensible that it would be highly indecorous, as well as derogatory to my dignity, to be under obligations to the king of that island."

As I plainly saw that the caliph had re-

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solved on my going, I signified to him that I was ready to obey his commands. He seemed much pleased, and ordered me a thousand sequins to pay the expenses of the voyage.

In a few days I was prepared for my departure; and as soon as I had received the presents of the caliph, together with a letter written with his own hand, I set off and took the route of Balsora, from whence I embarked. After a pleasant voyage, I arrived at the island of Serendib. I immediately acquainted the ministers with the commission I was come upon, and begged them to procure me an audience as soon as possible. They did not fail to attend to my wishes, and conducted me to the palace. I saluted the king by prostrating myself according to the usual custom.

This prince immediately recollected me, and evinced great joy at my return. "Welcome, Sindbad," said he; "I assure you I have often thought of you since your departure. Blessed be this day, in which I see you again." I returned the compliment, and, after thanking him for his kindness, delivered the letter and present of the caliph, which he received with every mark of satisfaction and respect.

The caliph had sent him a complete bed of gold tissue, estimated at a thousand sequins; fifty robes of a very rich stuff, a hundred more of white linen, the finest that could be procured from Cairo, Suez, Cufa, and Alexandria; another bed of crimson, and also a third of a different make. A vase of agate, greater in width than in depth, of the thickness of a finger, on the sides of which was sculptured, in bas-relief, a man kneeling on the ground with a bow and arrow in his hand, which he was going to let fly at a lion; and besides these he sent him a richly ornamented table, which was supposed from tradition to have belonged to Solomon. The letter of the caliph was written in these terms: —

"Health, in the name of the sovereign who directeth in the right road, to the powerful and happy sultan, from Abdallah Haroun Alraschid, whom God has placed on the seat of honor, after his ancestors of happy memory:

"We have received your letter with joy, and send you this, emanating from the council of our porte, the garden of superior minds. We hope that in casting your eyes over it you will perceive our good intention, and think it agreeable. Adieu."

The king of Serendib was rejoiced to find that the caliph returned a testimony of his friendship. Soon after this audience I requested another to take my leave, but had some difficulty in obtaining it. At length, however, I succeeded, and the king, at my departure, ordered me a very handsome present. I re-embarked immediately, intending to return to Bagdad; but had not the good fortune to arrive so soon as I expected, for God had disposed it otherwise.

Three or four days after we had set sail we were attacked by corsairs, who easily made themselves masters of our vessel, as we were not in a state for defence. Some persons in the ship attempted to make resistance, but it cost them their lives. All who had the prudence not to oppose the intention of the corsairs, among whom my destiny was cast, were made slaves. After they had stripped us and substituted bad clothes for our own, they bent their course towards a large distant island, where, on their arrival, they sold us.

I was purchased by a rich merchant, who conducted me to his house, gave me food to eat, and clothed me as a slave. Some days after, as he had not been well informed who I was, he asked me if I knew any trade. I replied that I was not an artisan, but a merchant by profession, and that the corsairs, who had sold me, had taken from me all I possessed. "But tell me," said he, "do you think you could shoot with a bow and arrow?" I informed him that it had been one of my youthful sports, and that I had not entirely forgotten it. He then gave me a bow and some arrows, and causing me to mount behind him upon an elephant, he took me to a vast forest at a distance of several hours' journey from the city. After proceeding a great way, we reached a spot where he wished to stop; when, bidding me alight, he showed me a large tree. "Ascend this tree," said he, "and shoot at the elephants that pass under it, for there are a prodigious number in this forest: if one should fall, come quickly and acquaint me of it." Having said this,

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he left me some provisions, and returned to the city, while I remained in the tree on the watch the whole night.

I did not perceive any during that time, but the next day, as soon as the sun had risen, a great number made their appearance. I shot many arrows at them, and at last one fell. The others immediately retired, and left me at liberty to go and inform my master of my success. To reward me for this good intelligence he regaled me with an excellent repast, and praised my address. We then returned together to the forest, where we dug a pit to bury the elephant I had killed. It was my master's intention to let it rot in the earth, and afterwards to take possession of its teeth for commerce.

I pursued this occupation for two months, and scarcely a day passed in which I did not kill an elephant. I did not, however, always place myself on the same tree, but sometimes ascended one, sometimes another; till one morning, when I was waiting for a troop of elephants to pass, I perceived, to my great astonishment, that, instead of traversing the forest as usual, they stopped and came towards me with a terrible noise, and in such numbers that the ground was covered with them and trembled under their footsteps. They approached the tree in which I had stationed myself, and, surrounding it, they all extended their trunks and fixed their eyes upon me. At this surprising spectacle I remained motionless, and was so agitated by fright that my bow and arrows fell from my hands.

Nor were my fears groundless. After the elephants had viewed me for some time, one of the largest twisted his trunk round the body of the tree, and shook it with so much violence that he tore it up by the roots and threw it on the ground. I fell with the tree; but the animal took me up with his trunk, and placing me on his shoulders, where I remained more dead than alive, he put himself at the head of his companions, who followed him in a troop, and carried me to a spot whence, having set me down, he and the rest retired.

Conceive my situation! I for a time thought it a dream. At length, having been seated some time, and seeing no other elephants, I arose and perceived that I was on a little hill of some breadth, entirely covered with the bones and teeth of elephants. This sight filled my mind with a variety of reflections. It occurred to me that I had been brought to this spot through the fine instinct and superior sagacity of these animals, to teach me that this was their cemetery, or place of burial, and that I might safely desist from destroying them merely for the sake of possessing their teeth, as here I could obtain plenty without such necessity. I did not stay long on the hill, but turned my steps towards the city, and did not meet any elephants, they having entered farther into the forest.

As soon as my master saw me, "Ah, poor Sindbad!" exclaimed he, "I was in pain to know what had become of you. I have been to the forest and found a tree newly torn up by the roots, and a bow and arrows on the ground; after having sought you everywhere in vain, I despaired of seeing you again. Pray, relate to me what has happened to you, and by what good fortune you are still alive." I satisfied his curiosity, and on the following day, having accompanied me to the hill, he was with great joy convinced of the truth of my history. We loaded the elephant on which we had come with as many teeth as he could carry, and when we returned, he thus addressed me: "Brother, — for after the discovery you have imparted to me, and which cannot fail to enrich me, I will no longer treat you as a slave, — may God pour on you all sorts of blessings and prosperity! In his presence I here give you your liberty. I have hitherto concealed from you what I am now going to relate. The elephants of our forest destroy annually an infinite number of slaves, whom we send in search of ivory. Whatever advice we give them, they are sure, sooner or later, to lose their lives by the wiles of these animals. God has delivered you from their fury, and has conferred this mercy on you alone. It is a sign that he cherishes you, and that he has ordained you to remain in the world to be of use to mankind. You have procured me a surprising advantage; we have not hitherto been able to get ivory without risking the lives of our slaves, and now our whole city will be enriched by your means. Do not suppose that I think I have sufficiently recompensed you by giving you liberty; I intend to add to it considerable presents."

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To this obliging discourse I replied: "Master, God preserve you; the liberty you grant me acquits you of all obligation towards me; and the only recompense which I desire for the service I have had the good fortune to render to you and the inhabitants of your city, is permission to return to my own country." "Well," resumed he, "the monsoon will soon bring us the vessels which trade hither for ivory. I will then send you away with the means of paying your expenses home." I again thanked him, both for the liberty he had given me and the good-will he exhibited towards me; and afterwards continued to abide with him till the season of the monsoon, in the interim making frequent excursions to the hill, and filling his magazines with ivory. The other merchants in the city did not fail to do the same, for the secret soon became noised abroad.

The ships at length arrived, and my master, having chosen that in which he wished me to embark, loaded it with ivory, placing the half of it to my account. He did not omit an abundance of provisions for my voyage, and pressed me to accept some rare curiosities of that country besides. I thanked him with unfeigned gratitude for all the obligations he had conferred upon me, and embarked. We then set sail, and as the adventure which had procured me liberty was a very extraordinary one, it was always present to my mind.

We touched at several islands to procure refreshments. Our vessel having sailed from a port of the Indian continent, we went there to land; and, fearful of the dangers of the sea to Balsora, I landed the goods that belonged to me, and resolved to continue my journey by land. I sold my ivory for a large sum of money, and purchased a variety of curious things for presents: when I was equipped, I joined a caravan of merchants; but, from remaining a long time on the road, I suffered a good deal, which, however, I bore with patience, consoling myself with the reflection that I had neither tempests nor corsairs nor serpents, such as I had before encountered, to fear.

All my fatigues being at last concluded, I arrived happily at Bagdad, and went immediately to present myself to the caliph, and give him an account of my embassy. This prince told me that my long absence had occasioned him some uneasiness, but that he had always hoped God would not forsake me.

When I related the adventure of the elephants, he appeared much surprised, and would have disbelieved it, had not my sincerity been well known to him. He thought this, as well as the other histories I had detailed to him, so curious, that he ordered his secretary to write it in letters of gold, to be preserved in his treasury. I retired, satisfied with the presents and honors he conferred on me, and then resigned myself entirely to my family, my relations, and friends.

Sindbad thus concluded the recital of his seventh and last voyage; and, addressing himself to Hindbad, "Well, my friend," said he, "have you ever heard of one who has suffered more than I have, or been in so many trying situations? Is it not just that, after so many troubles, I should enjoy an agreeable and quiet life?" As he finished these words Hindbad, approaching him, kissed his hand, and said: "I must confess, sir, that you have encountered frightful perils; my afflictions are not to be compared to yours. If I feel them heavily during the period of suffering, I console myself with the small profit which they produce. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you possess, since you make so good a use of them, and are so generous. May you therefore continue to live happily till the hour of your death."

Sindbad ordered him to have another hundred sequins, admitted him to his friendship, told him to quit the profession of a porter, and continue to eat at his table, for that he should all his life have reason to remember Sindbad the Sailor.

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ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

IN a certain town of Persia there lived two brothers, one of whom was called Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Their father at his death left them but a moderate fortune, which they divided equally between them. It might therefore naturally be conjectured that their riches would be the same; chance, however, ordered it otherwise.

Cassim married a woman who, very soon after her nuptials, became heiress to a very well furnished shop, a warehouse filled with good merchandise, and some considerable property in land; and he thus found himself on a sudden quite at his ease, and become one of the richest merchants in the town.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who had taken a wife in no better circumstances than himself, lived in a very poor house, and had no other means of gaining his livelihood and supporting his wife and children than by going to cut wood in a neighboring forest, and carrying it about the town on three asses, which formed the whole of his capital, to sell.

Ali Baba went one day to the forest, and had nearly finished cutting as much wood as his asses could carry, when he perceived a thick column of dust rising in the air, which appeared to come from the right of the spot where he was, and to be advancing towards him. He looked at it very attentively, and was able to distinguish a numerous company of horsemen, who were approaching at a quick pace.

Although that part of the country was never spoken of as being infested with robbers, Ali Baba nevertheless conjectured that these men were of that denomination. Without, therefore, at all considering what might become of his asses, his first and only care was to save himself. He instantly climbed up into a large tree, the branches of which, at a very little height from the ground, spread out so close and thick that they were separated only in one small space. He placed himself, therefore, in the midst of these, with the greatest assurance of security, as he could see everything that passed without being observed. The tree itself also grew at the foot of a sort of isolated rock, considerably higher than the tree, and so steep that it could not be easily ascended.

The men, who appeared stout, powerful, and well mounted, came up to the very rock, and alighted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and was very sure, both from their appearance and mode of equipment, that they were robbers. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture, for they were in fact banditti who, without committing any depredations in the neighborhood, carried on their system of plunder at a considerable distance, and had only their place of rendezvous in that spot; and what he almost immediately saw them do confirmed him in this opinion. Each horseman took the bridle off his horse, and hung over its head a bag filled with barley, which he had brought with him; and having all fastened their horses to something, they took their travelling-bags, which appeared so heavy that Ali Baba thought they were filled with gold and silver.

The robber who was nearest to him, and whom Ali Baba took for their captain, came with his bag on his shoulder close to the rock, at the very spot where the tree was in which he had concealed himself. After the robber had made his way among some bushes and shrubs that grew there, he very distinctly pronounced these words, "OPEN, SESAME," which Ali Baba heard as distinctly as they were uttered. The captain of the band had no sooner spoken them than a door immediately opened; and after having made all his men pass before him and go in through the door, he entered also, and the door closed.

The robbers continued within the rock for a considerable time; and Ali Baba was compelled to remain on the tree, and wait with patience for their departure, as he was afraid if he left his present situation and endeavored to save himself by flight, either some or all of them might come out. He was nevertheless strongly tempted to creep down, seize two of their horses, mount one and lead the other by the bridle, and thus, driving his three asses before him, gain the town. The uncertainty, however, of success made him follow the safer mode.

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At length the door opened, and the forty robbers came out; the captain, contrary to what he did when they entered, made his appearance first. After he had seen all his troop pass out before him, Ali Baba heard him pronounce these words, "SHUT, SESAME." Each man then returned to his horse, put on its bridle, fastened his bag, and mounted. When the captain saw that they were all ready to proceed, he put himself at their head, and they departed the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately come down from the tree, because he thought that they might have forgotten something, and be obliged to come back, and that he should thus get into some scrape. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could, nor did he, in order to be more secure, come down till a considerable time after he had lost sight of them. As he recollected the words the captain of the robbers made use of to open and shut the door, he had the curiosity to try if the same effect would be produced by his pronouncing them. He made his way, therefore, through the bushes, and perceived the door which they concealed. He went up to it, and called out, "Open, Sesame," when the door instantly flew wide open!

Ali Baba expected to find only a dark and obscure cave, and was much astonished at seeing a large, spacious, well-lighted, and vaulted room, dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach. It received its light from the top of the rock, cut out in a similar manner. He observed in it a large quantity of provisions, numerous bales of rich merchandise piled up, silk stuffs and brocades, rich and valuable carpets, and, besides all this, great quantities of money, both silver and gold, some in heaps, and some in large leathern bags placed one on another. At the sight of all these things, it seemed to him that this cave had been used, not only for years, but for centuries, as a retreat for robbers who had regularly succeeded each other.

Ali Baba did not hesitate long as to the plan he should pursue. He went into the cave, and as soon as he was there the door shut; but as he knew the secret by which to open it, this gave him no sort of uneasiness. He paid no attention to the silver, but made directly for the gold coin and particularly that which was in the bags. He took up, at several times, as much as he could carry, and when he had got together what he thought sufficient for loading his three asses, he went and collected them, as they had each strayed to some distance. He then brought them as close as he could to the rock and loaded them, and, in order to conceal the sacks, he so covered the whole with wood, that no one could perceive anything else. When he had finished all this, he went up to the door, and had no sooner pronounced the words "Shut, Sesame," than it closed; for although it shut of itself every time he went in, it remained open on coming out, but by command.

This being done, Ali Baba took the road to the town; and when he got to his own house, he drove his asses into a small court, and shut the gate with great care. He threw down the small quantity of wood that covered the bags, and carried the latter into his house, where he laid them down in a regular manner before his wife, who was sitting upon a sofa.

His wife felt the sacks to know their contents; and when she found them to be full of money, she suspected her husband of having stolen them, so that when he brought them all before her, she could not help saying: "Ali Baba, is it possible that you should —" He immediately interrupted her: "Peace, my dear wife," exclaimed he, "do not alarm yourself; I am not a thief, unless that title be attached to those who take from thieves. You will change your bad opinion of me when I shall have told you my good fortune." He emptied the sacks, the contents of which formed a great heap of gold that quite dazzled his wife's eyes; and, when he had done, he related his whole adventure, from beginning to end; and, as he concluded, he, above all things, conjured her to keep it secret.

His wife, recovering from her alarm, began to rejoice with Ali Baba on the fortunate circumstance which had befallen them; and was going to count over the money that lay before her, piece by piece. "What are you going to do?" said he; "you are very foolish, wife; you would never have done counting. I will immediately dig a pit to bury it in; we have no time to lose." "It is proper, though," replied the wife, "that we should

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know nearly what quantity there may be. I will borrow a small measure in the neighborhood; and, whilst you are digging the pit, I will ascertain how much there is." "What you want to do, wife," replied Ali Baba, "is of no use; and if you will take my advice, you will give up the intention. However, do as you please, only remember not to betray the secret."

In order to satisfy herself, the wife of Ali Baba set off and went to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived a short distance from her house. Cassim was from home, so she addressed herself to his wife, whom she begged to lend her a measure for a few minutes. She inquired if she wanted a large or a small one, to which Ali Baba's wife replied that a small one would suit her. "That I will, with pleasure," said the sister-in-law; "wait a moment and I will bring it you." She went to seek a measure, but, being acquainted with the poverty of Ali Baba, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; she, therefore, thought of putting some tallow under the measure, which she did, without its being perceptible. She returned with it, and, presenting it to the wife of Ali Baba, apologized for having made her wait so long, with the excuse that she had some difficulty to find it.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home, and, placing the measure on the heap of gold, filled and then emptied it at a little distance on the sofa, till she had measured the whole; her husband having by this time dug the pit for its reception, she informed him how many measures there were, with which they were both very well contented. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to prove her diligence and punctuality, went back with the measure to her sister-in-law, but without observing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it. "Here, sister," said she, on returning it, "you see I have not kept your measure long; I am much obliged to you for lending it me."

The wife of Ali Baba had scarcely turned her back, when Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure and was inexpressibly astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy instantly took possession of her breast. "What," said she to herself, "Ali Baba measures his gold! and where can that miserable wretch have got it?" Her husband, Cassim, as was before mentioned, was from home; he had gone, as usual, to his shop, from whence he would not return till evening. The time of his absence appeared an age to her, she was in such a state of impatience to acquaint him with a circumstance which, she concluded, would surprise him as much as it had done her.

On his return home, his wife said to him, "Cassim, you think you are rich, but you are deceived; Ali Baba has infinitely more wealth than you are possessed of; he does not count his money as you do; he measures it." Cassim demanded an explanation of this enigma; and she unravelled it by acquainting him with the expedient she had used to make this discovery, and showing him the piece of money she had found adhering to the bottom of the measure, a coin so ancient that the name of the prince which was engraven on it was unknown to her.

Far from feeling any satisfaction at the good fortune which his brother had met with, to relieve him from poverty, Cassim conceived an implacable jealousy in consequence. He passed almost the whole night without closing his eyes. The next morning, before sunrise, he went to him. He did not treat him as a brother; that endearing appellation had been forgotten since his marriage with the rich widow. "Ali Baba," said he, addressing him, "you are very reserved in your affairs; you pretend to be poor and miserable, and a beggar, and yet you measure your money." "Brother," replied Ali Baba, "I do not understand your meaning; pray explain yourself." "Do not pretend ignorance," resumed Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him; "how many pieces," added he, "have you like this, that my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure which yours borrowed of her yesterday?"

From this speech, Ali Baba soon conjectured that Cassim, and his wife also, in consequence of his own wife's obstinacy, were already acquainted with what he was so interested to conceal from them; but the discovery was made, and nothing could now be done to remedy the evil. Without showing the least signs of surprise or vexation, he frankly owned to his brother the whole affair, and told him by what chance he had

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found the retreat of the thieves, and where it was situated; and he offered, if he would agree to keep it secret, to share the treasure with him.

"This I certainly expect," replied Cassim, in a haughty tone; and added, "but I desire to know also the precise spot where this treasure lies concealed; the marks and signs which may lead to it and enable me to visit the place myself, should I feel myself inclined; otherwise, I will go and inform the officer of the police of it. If you refuse to comply, you will not only be deprived of all hope of obtaining any more, but you will even lose that which you have already taken; and I, instead, shall receive my portion for having informed against you."

Ali Baba, led more by his natural goodness of heart than intimidated by the insolent menaces of a cruel brother, gave him all the information he desired, and even told him the words he must pronounce both on entering the cave and on quitting it. Cassim made no further inquiries of Ali Baba, but left him with the determination to prevent him from deriving any further benefit from the treasure he had discovered. Full of the hope of possessing himself of the whole, he set off the next morning, before break of day, with ten mules laden with large hampers which he proposed to fill, still indulging the prospect of taking a much larger number in a second expedition, according to the sums he might find in the cave. He took the road which Ali Baba had pointed out, and arrived at the rock and the tree which, from description, he knew to be the same that had concealed his brother. He looked for the door, and soon discovered it; and, to cause it to open, pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame"; the door obeyed, he entered, and it immediately afterwards closed. Examining the cave, he was in the utmost astonishment to see much more riches than the description of Ali Baba had led him to expect, and his admiration increased as he examined each thing separately. Avaricious as he was, and fond of money, he could have passed the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold; but he reflected that he was come to take away and load his ten mules with as much as he could amass; he took up a number of sacks, and, coming to the door, his mind filled with a multitude of ideas, far removed from that which was of most consequence to him, he found that he had forgotten the important words, and instead of pronouncing "Sesame," he said, "Open, barley."* He was struck with astonishment on perceiving that the door, instead of flying open, remained closed. He named various other kinds of grain; all but the right were called upon, and the door did not move.

Cassim was not prepared for an adventure of this nature; in the imminent danger in which he beheld himself, fear took entire possession of his mind; the more he endeavored to recollect the word "Sesame," the more was his memory confused, and he remained as totally ignorant of it as if he had never heard the word mentioned. He threw the sacks he had collected on the ground, and paced with hasty steps backward and forward in the cave; the riches which surrounded him had no longer charms for his imagination.

But let us leave Cassim to deplore his own fate, for he does not deserve our compassion.

The robbers returned to their cave towards noon; and when they were within a short distance of it, and saw the mules belonging to Cassim laden with hampers, standing about the rock, they were a good deal surprised at such a novelty. They immediately advanced at full speed, and drove away the ten mules, which Cassim had neglected to fasten, and which, therefore, soon took flight, and dispersed in the forest, so as to get quite out of sight. The robbers did not give themselves the trouble to run after the mules; for their chief object was to discover him to whom they belonged. While some were employed in examining the exterior recesses of the rock, the captain, with the others, alighted, and, with their sabres in their hands, went towards the door, pronounced the words, and it opened.

Cassim, who, from the inside of the cave, heard the noise of horses trampling on the ground, did not doubt that the robbers were arrived, and that his death was inevitable. Resolved, however, to attempt one effort to escape and reach some place of safety, he placed himself near the door, ready to run

* Sesame is a grain used chiefly as food for cattle, but sometimes, also, for men. This will explain why Cassim is led to confound it with barley, &c.

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out as soon as it should open. The word "Sesame," which he had in vain endeavored to recall to his remembrance, was scarcely pronounced than it opened, and he rushed out with such violence that he threw the captain on the ground. He did not, however, avoid the other thieves, who, having their sabres drawn, cut him to pieces on the spot.

The first care which occupied the robbers after this execution was to enter the cave. They found the sacks near the door, which Cassim, after having filled them with gold, had removed there for the convenience of loading his mules. These they put in their places again, without observing the deficiency of those which Ali Baba had previously carried away. Deliberating and consulting on this event, they could easily account for Cassim's not having been able to effect his escape; but they could not in any way imagine how he had been able to enter the cave. They conceived that he might have descended from the top of the cave, but the opening, which admitted the light, was so high, and the summit of the rock was so inaccessible on the outside, besides that there were no traces of his having adopted this mode, that they all agreed it was beyond their conjecture. They could not suppose he had entered by the door, unless he had been acquainted with the secret which caused it to open; but they felt quite secure that they alone were possessed of this secret, as they were ignorant of having been overheard by Ali Baba, who was now acquainted with it.

But as the manner in which this circumstance had happened was impenetrable, and their united riches were no longer in safety, they agreed to divide the carcass of Cassim into four quarters, and place them in the cave, near the door, two quarters on one side and two on the other, to frighten away any one who might have the boldness to hazard a similar enterprise; resolving themselves not to return to the cave for some time, until the stench from the corpse should be subsided. This determination formed, they put it in execution; and when they had nothing further to detain them, they left their place of retreat well secured, mounted their horses, and set off to scour the country in such roads as were most frequented by caravans, which afforded them favorable opportunities of exercising their accustomed dexterity in plunder.

The wife of Cassim, in the mean time, was in the greatest uneasiness when she observed night approach, and yet her husband did not return. She went in the utmost alarm to Ali Baba, and said to him, "Brother, you, I believe, are not ignorant that Cassim is gone to the forest, and for what purpose; he is not yet come back, and the night is already advancing; I fear that some accident may have befallen him."

Ali Baba suspected his brother's intention, after the conversation he had held with him; and for this reason he had desisted from visiting the forest on that day, that he might not offend him. However, without uttering any reproaches that could have given either her or her husband, had he been still living, the slightest offence, he replied, that she need not yet feel any uneasiness concerning him, for that Cassim most probably thought it prudent not to return to the city until the night was considerably advanced. The wife of Cassim felt satisfied with this reason, and was more easily persuaded of its truth, as she considered how important it was that her husband should use the greatest secrecy for the accomplishment of his purpose. She returned to her house, and waited patiently till midnight; but after that hour her fears redoubled, and were attended with still greater grief, as she could not proclaim it, nor even relieve it by cries, the cause of which she saw the necessity of concealing from the neighborhood. She then began to repent of the silly curiosity which, instigated by the most blamable envy, had induced her to endeavor to penetrate into the private affairs of her brother and sister in law. The night was spent in weeping, and, at break of day she ran to them, and announced the cause of her early visit, less by her words than by her tears.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister's entreaties to go and seek for Cassim. He immediately set off with his three asses, advising her first to moderate her affliction, and went to the forest. As he drew near the rock, he was much astonished on observing that blood had been shed near the door; and not having in his way met either his brother or the ten mules he conceived no favorable omen. He reached the door, and on pro-

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nouncing the words it opened. He was struck with horror when he distinguished the body of his brother cut into four quarters; yet he did not hesitate on the course he was to pursue in rendering the last act of duty to his brother's remains, notwithstanding the small share of fraternal affection he had received from him during his life. He found materials in the cave to wrap up the body, and making two packets of the four quarters, he placed them on one of his asses, covering them with sticks to conceal them. The other two asses he expeditiously loaded with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as on the preceding occasion; and having finished all he had to do, and commanded the door to close, he took the road to the city, using the precaution to wait at the entrance of the forest, until night was closed, that he might return without being observed. When he got home, he left the two asses that were laden with gold, desiring his wife to take care to unload them; and, having in a few words acquainted her with what had happened to Cassim, he led the other ass to his sister-in-law.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Morgiana. This Morgiana was a female slave, crafty, cunning, and fruitful in inventions to forward the success of the most difficult enterprise, in which character Ali Baba knew her well. When he had entered the court, he took off the wood and the two packages from the ass; and taking the slave aside, "Morgiana," said he, "the first thing I have to request of you is inviolable secrecy; you will soon see how necessary it is, not only to me but to your mistress; these two packets contain the body of your master; and we must endeavor to bury him as if he had died a natural death; let me speak to your mistress, and be particularly attentive to what I shall say to her."

Morgiana went to acquaint her mistress, and Ali Baba followed her. "Well, brother," inquired his sister-in-law in an impatient tone, "what news do you bring of my husband? Alas! I perceive no traces of consolation in your countenance." "Sister," replied Ali Baba, "I cannot answer you, unless you will first promise to listen to me from the beginning to the end of my story without interruption. It is of no less importance to you than to me, under the present circumstances, to preserve the greatest secrecy; it is absolutely necessary, for your repose and security." "Ah!" cried the sister, without elevating her voice, "this preamble convinces me that my husband is no more; but, at the same time, I feel the necessity of the secrecy you recommend, whatever violence it may do my feelings: speak, I conjure you."

Ali Baba then related to her all that had happened during his journey, until his arrival with the body of Cassim. "Sister," added he, "here is a new cause of affliction for you, the more distressing as it was unexpected; although the evil is without remedy, if, nevertheless, anything can afford you consolation, I offer to join the small property God has granted me to yours by marrying you; I can assure you, my wife will not be jealous, and you will live comfortably together. If this proposal meets your approbation, we must contrive to bury my brother as if he had died a natural death; and this is a trust which I think you may safely repose in Morgiana, and I will, on my part, contribute all in my power to assist her."

The widow of Cassim reflected that she could not do better than consent to this offer; for he possessed greater riches than she was left with, and besides, by the discovery of the treasure, might increase them considerably. She did not, therefore, refuse his proposal; she, on the contrary, regarded it as a reasonable motive for consolation. She wiped away her tears, which had begun to flow abundantly, and suppressed those mournful cries which women usually utter on the death of their husbands, and thereby sufficiently testified to Ali Baba that she accepted his offer.

Ali Baba left the abode of Cassim in this disposition of mind, and after having strongly recommended to Morgiana to acquit herself properly in the part she was to perform, he returned home with his ass.

Morgiana did not belie her character for cunning. She went out with Ali Baba, and repaired to an apothecary who lived in the neighborhood; she knocked at the shop door, and when it was opened asked for a particular kind of lozenge, of great efficacy in dangerous disorders. The apothecary gave her as much as the money she offered would pay for,

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asking who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she, with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Cassim himself. No one can understand his complaint; he can neither speak nor eat." Saying this, she went away with the lozenges, which, in fact, Cassim was no longer in need of.

On the following day Morgiana again went to the same apothecary, and, with tears in her eyes, inquired for an essence, which it was customary only to administer when the patient was reduced to the last extremity, and when no hopes were entertained of life but what the properties of this essence might create. "Alas!" cried she, as she received it from the hands of the apothecary, apparently in the deepest affliction, "I fear this remedy will not be of more use than the lozenges. I shall lose a good master!"

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going backwards and forwards to the house of Cassim in the course of the day, no one was surprised, towards evening, on hearing the piercing cries of his widow and Morgiana, which announced the death of Cassim. At a very early hour the next morning, when day began to appear, Morgiana knowing that a good old cobbler lived near, who was one of the first to open his shop, went out in search of him. Coming up to him, she wished him a good day, and put a piece of gold into his hand.

Baba Mustapha, known to all the world by this name, was naturally of a gay turn, and had always something laughable to say; examining the piece of money, as it was yet scarcely daylight, and seeing that it was gold, "A good hansel," said he, "what's to be done? I am ready to do what I am bid." "Baba Mustapha," said Morgiana to him, "take all you want for sewing, and come directly with me; on this condition, though, that you let me put a bandage over your eyes when we have got to a certain place." At these words Baba Mustapha began to make difficulties. "Ho, ho," said he, "you want me to do something against my conscience or my honor?" Then, putting another piece of gold into his hand, "God forbid," said Morgiana, "that I should require you to do anything that would stain your honor; only come with me, and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha suffered himself to be led by the slave, who, when they had reached the place she had mentioned, bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and conducted him to her deceased master's; nor did she remove the bandage until he was in the chamber where the body was deposited, each quarter in its proper place. Then, taking it off, "Baba Mustapha," said she, "I have brought you here, that you might sew these pieces together. Lose no time, and when you have done I will give you another piece of gold."

When Baba Mustapha had finished his job, Morgiana bound his eyes again before he left the chamber, and having given him the third piece of money, according to her promise, and earnestly admonished him to preserve secrecy, she conducted him to the place where she had first put on the handkerchief; and having again taken it off, she left him to return to his house, following him, however, with her eyes, until he was out of sight, lest he should have the curiosity to return and watch her movements.

Morgiana had heated some water to wash the body of Cassim; and Ali Baba, who entered just as she returned, washed it, perfumed it with incense, and wrapped it in the burying clothes with the accustomed ceremonies. The undertaker also brought the coffin, which Ali Baba had taken care to order. That he might not observe anything particular, Morgiana took the coffin at the door, and, having paid him and sent him away, she assisted Ali Baba to put the body into it. When he had nailed down the boards which covered it, she went to the mosque to give notice that everything was ready for the funeral. The people belonging to the mosque, whose office it is to wash the bodies of the dead, offered to perform the usual function; but she told them that all was done and ready.

Morgiana was scarcely returned, when the Imaun and the other ministers of the mosque arrived. Four of the neighbors took the coffin on their shoulders and carried it to the cemetery, following the Imaun, who repeated prayers as he went along. Morgiana, as slave to the deceased, went next, with her head uncovered, bathed in tears, and uttering the most piteous cries, from time to time beating her breast and tearing her hair: Ali Baba closed the procession, accompanied by some of the neighbors, who occasionally re-

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lieved each other in carrying the coffin until they reached the cemetery.

As for the widow of Cassim, she remained at home, to lament and weep with the women of the neighborhood, who, according to the usual custom, repaired to her house during the ceremony of the burial, and, joining their cries to hers, filled the air with sounds of woe. In this manner the fatal end of Cassim was so well dissembled and concealed by Ali Baba, his wife, the widow of Cassim, and Morgiana, that no one in the city had the least suspicion of the fact.

Three or four days after the interment of Cassim, Ali Baba removed the few goods he was possessed of, together with the money he had taken from the robbers' store, which he conveyed by night into the house of the widow of Cassim, in order to establish himself there, which proclaimed his recent marriage with his sister-in-law; and as such marriages are by no means extraordinary in the Mussulman religion, no one showed any marks of surprise on the occasion.

Ali Baba had a son, who had lately ended an apprenticeship with a merchant of considerable repute, and who had always bestowed the highest commendations on his conduct; to this son he gave the shop of Cassim, with a further promise that if he continued to behave with prudence, he should, erelong, marry him advantageously, considering his situation in life.

But let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the first dawn of his good fortune, and return to the forty thieves. They came back to their retreat in the forest when the time they had agreed to be absent had expired; but their astonishment was indescribable when they found the body of Cassim gone, and it was greatly increased on perceiving a visible diminution of their treasure. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and lost beyond recovery, if we are not very careful, and take immediate measures to remedy the evil; we shall by insensible degrees lose all these riches, which our predecessors as well as ourselves have amassed with so much trouble and fatigue. All that we can at present judge of the loss we have sustained is, that the thief whom we fortunately surprised at the moment when he was going to make his escape knew the secret of opening the door. But he was not the only one who possessed it; another must have the same knowledge. His body being removed and our treasure diminished are incontestable proofs of the fact. And, as we have no reason to suppose that more than two people are acquainted with the secret, having destroyed one, we must not suffer the other to escape. What say you, my brave men? are you not of my opinion?"

This proposal of the captain was thought so reasonable and proper by the whole troop, that they all approved it, and agreed that it would be advisable to relinquish every other enterprise, and occupy themselves solely with this, which they should not abandon until they had detected the thief.

"I expected no less, from your known courage and bravery," resumed the captain, "but the first thing to be done is, that one of you, who is bold, courageous, and possessed of some address, should go to the city without arms, and in the dress of a traveller and stranger, and employ all his art to discover if the singular death we inflicted on the culprit, whom we destroyed as he deserved, is the common topic of conversation, who he was, and where he lived. This it is absolutely necessary we should be acquainted with, that we may not do anything of which we may have to repent, by making ourselves known in a country where we have been so long forgotten, and where it is so much our interest to remain so. But, in order to inspire him who shall undertake this commission with ardor, and to prevent his bringing us a false report, which might occasion our total ruin, I propose, that if he fail in the mission with which he is intrusted, he shall submit to the penalty of death."

Without waiting for the rest to give their opinions, one of the robbers said, "I willingly submit, and glory in exposing my life for the execution of such a commission. If I fail in the attempt, you will at least remember my courage and good-will in my offer to serve the whole troop."

This robber, after having received the commendation of the captain and his companions, disguised himself in such a way that no one could have suspected him to be what he in reality was. He set off at night, and managed so well that he entered the city just as day was beginning to appear. He went towards the square, where he saw only one shop

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open, which was that of Baba Mustapha, a poor shoemaker.

Baba Mustapha was seated on his stool, with his awl in his hand, ready to begin his work. The robber went up to him, and wished him a good morning, and perceiving him to be advanced in years, "My good man," said he, "you rise betimes to your work; it is scarcely possible that you can see clearly at this hour, so old as you are; and even if it were broad day, I doubt whether your eyes are good enough to permit you to sew."

"Whoever you are," replied Baba Mustapha, "you do not know much of me. Notwithstanding my age, I have excellent eyes: and so you would have said had you known that not long since I sewed up a dead body in a place where there was not more light than we have now."

The robber felt great satisfaction at having on his arrival addressed himself to a man who immediately gave him, of his own accord, that intelligence which, he did not doubt, was the very same he was in search of. "A dead body!" replied he, with feigned astonishment, to induce the other to proceed, "why sew up a dead body? I suppose you mean that you sewed the shroud in which he was buried?" "No, no," said Baba Mustapha, "I know what I say; you want me to tell you more about it, but you shall not know another syllable."

The robber wanted no further proof to be fully persuaded that he was in a good train to discover what he was in search of. He drew out a piece of gold, and, putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, he said, "I have no desire to become acquainted with your secret, although I can assure you I should not divulge it, even if you had intrusted me with it; the only thing which I entreat of you is to have the goodness to direct me, or to come with me, and show me the house where you sewed up the dead body."

"Should I even feel myself inclined to grant your request," replied Baba Mustapha, holding the piece of money in his hand, ready to return it, "I assure you that I could not do it, and this you may take my word for. And I will tell you the reason; they took me to a particular place, and there they bound my eyes and led me to the house; and when I had finished what I had to do, I was conducted back to the same place in the same manner. You see, therefore, how impossible it is that I should be of any service to you." "But at least," resumed the robber, "you must remember nearly the way you went after your eyes were bound; pray come with me; I will put a bandage over your eyes at that place, and we will walk together along the same streets, and follow the same turnings, which you will probably recollect to have gone over before; and, as all trouble deserves a reward, here is another piece of gold; come, grant me this favor." Saying these words, he put another piece of money into his hand.

The two pieces of gold tempted Baba Mustapha; he looked at them in his hand for some time without saying a word, consulting within himself what he should do. At length he drew his purse from his bosom, and putting them in it, "I cannot positively assure you," said he, "that I remember exactly the way they took me; but since you will have it so, come along; I will do my best to remember it."

To the great satisfaction of the robber, Baba Mustapha rose to go with him, and without shutting up his shop, in which there was nothing of consequence to lose, he conducted the robber to the spot where Morgiana had put the bandage over his eyes. When they were arrived, "This is the place," said he, "where my eyes were bound, and I was turned the way you see me." The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by his side, partly leading him, and partly being conducted by him, till he stopped.

Baba Mustapha then said, "I think I did not go farther than this"; and he was, in fact, exactly before the house which formerly belonged to Cassim, and where Ali Baba now resided. Before he took the bandage from his eyes, the robber quickly made a mark on the door with some chalk he had for the purpose; and when he had taken it off, he asked him if he knew to whom the house belonged. Baba Mustapha replied that he did not live in that division of the town, and therefore could not give any information respecting it. As the robber found he could gain no further intelligence from Baba Mustapha, he thanked him for the trouble he had taken; and when he left him to return to

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his shop, he took the road to the forest, where, he was persuaded, he should be well received.

Soon after the robber and Baba Mustapha had separated, Morgiana had occasion to go out on some errand, and when she returned, she observed the mark which the robber had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. She stopped to consider it. "What can this mark signify?" thought she; "has any one a spite against my master, or has it been done only for diversion? Be the motive what it may, it will be well to use precautions against the worst that may happen." She therefore took some chalk, and as several of the doors both above and below her master's were alike, she marked them in the same manner, and then went in without saying anything of what she had done, either to her master or mistress.

The robber in the mean time had arrived at the forest, where he rejoined his companions at an early hour. He related the success of his journey, dwelling much on the good fortune that had befriended him in discovering so soon the very man who could give him the best information on the subject of his errand, and which no one but him could have acquainted him with. They all listened to him with great satisfaction; and the captain, after praising his diligence, thus addressed the party: "Comrades," said he, "we have no time to lose; let us arm ourselves, yet conceal our weapons, and depart; and when we have entered the city, which, not to create suspicion, we had best do separately, let us all assemble in the great square, some on one side of it, some on the other, and I will go and find out the house with our companion who has brought us this good news, by which I shall be able to judge what method will be most advantageous."

The robbers all applauded their captain's proposal, and they were soon equipped for their departure. They went in small parties of two or three; and, walking a short distance from each other, they entered the city without occasioning any suspicion. The captain, and he who had been there in the morning, were the last to enter it, and the latter conducted the captain to the street in which he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house that had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out, saying that was the one. But as they continued walking on without stopping, that they might not raise suspicion, the captain perceived that the next door was marked exactly in the same manner, which he observed to his guide, and inquired whether this was the house, or that they had passed? His guide was quite confused, and knew not what to answer; and his embarrassment increased when, on proceeding with the captain, he found that four or five doors successively had the same mark. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one. "I cannot conceive," added he, "who can have imitated my mark with so much exactness; but I confess that I cannot now distinguish that which I had marked."

The captain, who found that his design did not succeed, returned to the great square, where he told the first of his people whom he met to acquaint the rest that they had lost their labor, and made a fruitless expedition, and that now nothing remained but to return to their place of retreat. He set the example, and they all followed in the same order they came.

When the troop had reassembled in the forest, the captain explained to them the reason of his having ordered them to return. The conductor was unanimously declared deserving of death, and he joined in his own condemnation, owning that he should have been more cautious in taking his measures; and he presented his head with firmness to him who advanced to sever it from his body.

As it was necessary for the safety and preservation of the whole band that so great an injury should not pass off unrevenged, another robber, who flattered himself with hopes of better success than he who had just been punished, presented himself, and requested the preference. It was granted him. He went to the city, corrupted Baba Mustapha by the same artifice that the first had used, and he led him to the house of Ali Baba with his eyes bound.

The thief marked it with red, in a place where it would be less discernible, thinking that would be a sure method of distinguishing it from those that were marked with white. But a short time after Morgiana went out as on the preceding day, and on her return the red mark did not escape her piercing eye. She reasoned as before, and did not fail to

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make a similar red mark on the neighboring doors.

The robber, when he returned to his companions in the forest, boasted of the precautions he had taken, which he declared to be infallible, to distinguish the house of Ali Baba from the others. The captain and the rest thought, with him, that success was sure. They repaired to the city in the same order, and with as much care as before, armed also in the same way, ready to execute the blow they had meditated; the captain and the robber went immediately to the street where Ali Baba resided; but the same difficulty occurred as on the former occasion. The captain was irritated, and the robber in as great consternation as he who had preceded him in the same business.

Thus was the captain obliged to return again with his comrades, as little satisfied with his expedition as he had been on the preceding one. The robber who was the author of the disappointment underwent the punishment to which he had before voluntarily submitted himself.

The captain, seeing his troop diminished by two brave associates, feared it might still decrease if he continued to trust to others the discovery of the house where Ali Baba resided. Their example convinced him that they did not excel in affairs that depended on the head so greatly as in those in which strength of arm was required. He therefore undertook the business himself; he went to the city, and with the assistance of Baba Mustapha, who was ready to perform the same service for him which he had done for the other two, he found the house of Ali Baba; but not choosing to amuse himself in making marks on it, which had hitherto proved so fallacious, he examined it so thoroughly, by looking at it attentively and passing before it several times, that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

The captain, satisfied of having secured the object of his journey, returned to the forest, and when he had reached the cave where the rest of the robbers were waiting his return, "Comrades," said he, "nothing now can prevent our taking full revenge for the injury that has been done us. I know with certainty the house of the culprit, and on the road I have meditated a way of making him feel our revenge so privately that no one shall be able to discover the place of our retreat, any more than that where our treasure is deposited; for this must be our principal object in our enterprise, otherwise, instead of being serviceable, it will only prove fatal to us all. To obtain this end, this is what I conceived: and when I have explained the plan to you, if any one can propose a better expedient, let him communicate it." He then told them in what manner he intended to conduct the affair, and as they all gave their approbation, he ordered them to divide into small parties, and go into the neighboring towns and villages, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leathern jars, to carry oil, one of which must be full, and all the others empty.

In the course of two or three days the robbers completed their purchase; and as the empty jars were rather too narrow at the mouth for the purpose he intended, the captain had them enlarged. Then having made one of his men enter each jar, armed as he thought necessary, he closed them so as to appear full of oil, leaving, however, a part open to admit air for them to breathe; and, the better to carry on the deception, he rubbed the outside of the jars with oil, which he took from the full one.

Things being thus disposed, the mules were laden with the thirty-seven robbers, each concealed in a jar, and the jar that was filled with oil; when their captain, as conductor, took the road to the city at the hour that had been agreed, and arrived about an hour after sunset, as he proposed. He went straight to the house of Ali Baba, intending to knock and request admission for the night for himself and his mules. He was, however, spared the trouble of knocking; he found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the fresh air after supper. He stopped his mules, and addressing himself to Ali Baba, "Sir," said he, "I have brought the oil which you see from a great distance, to sell it to-morrow at the market; and at this late hour I do not know where to go to pass the night; if it would not occasion you much inconvenience, do me the favor to take me in for the night; you will confer a great obligation on me."

Although Ali Baba had seen the man who now spoke to him in the forest, and had even heard his voice, yet he had no idea that this was the captain of the forty robbers disguised

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as an oil-merchant. "You are welcome; come in," said he; and immediately made room for him and his mules to go in. At the same time, Ali Baba called a slave, and ordered him, when the mules were unladen, to put them under cover in the stable, and give them some hay and corn. He also took the trouble of going into the kitchen, to desire Morgiana to get a supper quickly for a guest who was just arrived, and to prepare him a chamber and bed.

Ali Baba did more to receive his guest with all possible civility; observing that, after he had unladen his mules, and they were taken into the stables as he had commanded, that he was seeking for a place to pass the night in, he went to him to beg him to come into the room where he received company, saying that he could not suffer him to think of passing the night in the court. The captain of the robbers endeavored to excuse himself from accepting the invitation under the pretence of not giving trouble, but in reality that he might have an opportunity of executing what he meditated with more ease; and it was not until Ali Baba had used the most urgent persuasions that he complied with his civility.

Ali Baba remained with his perfidious guest, who sought his life in return for his hospitality, until Morgiana had served the supper, and he conversed with him on various subjects which he thought might amuse him, and did not leave him till he had finished the repast he had provided. He then said, "You are at liberty to do as you please; you have only to ask for whatever you may want, and everything I have is at your service."

The captain of the robbers rose with Ali Baba, and accompanied him to the door, and while the latter went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the court with the pretext of going to the stables to see after his mules.

Ali Baba, having again enjoined Morgiana to be attentive to his guest, and to observe that he wanted nothing, added, "I give you notice that to-morrow, before daybreak, I shall go to the bath. Take care that my bathing-linen is ready, and give it to Abdalla (this was the name of the slave), and make me some good broth to take when I return." After giving these orders, he went to bed.

The captain of the robbers, in the mean time, on leaving the stable, went to give his people the necessary orders for what they were to do. Beginning from the first jar, and going through the whole number, he said to each, "When I shall throw some pebbles from the chamber where I am to be lodged to-night, do not fail to rip open the jar from top to bottom with the knife you are furnished with, and to come out; I shall be with you immediately after." The knives he spoke of were pointed and sharpened for the purpose. This being done, he returned, and when he got to the kitchen door, Morgiana took a light, and conducted him to the chamber she had prepared for him, and there left him, first asking if he were in want of anything more. Not to create any suspicion, he put out the light a short time after, and lay down in his clothes, to be ready to rise as soon as he had taken his first sleep.

Morgiana did not forget Ali Baba's orders; she prepared his linen for the bath, and gave it to Abdalla, who was not yet gone to bed, and put the pot on the fire to make the broth; but while she was skimming it, the lamp went out. There was no more oil in the house, and she had not any candle. She knew not what to do. She wanted a light to see to skim the pot, and mentioned her disaster to Abdalla. "Why are you so much disturbed at it?" said he. "Go and take some oil out of one of the jars in the court."

Morgiana thanked Abdalla for the hint, and while he retired to bed in the next room to Ali Baba, that he might be ready to go with him to the bath, she took the oil cruse, and went into the court. As she drew near to the first jar that presented itself, the thief who was concealed within said in a low voice, "Is it time?"

Although he had spoken softly, Morgiana was nevertheless struck with the sound, which she heard the more distinctly as the captain, when he had unladen his mules, had opened all the jars, and this amongst the rest, to give a little air to his men, who, though not absolutely deprived of breathing room, were nevertheless in an uneasy situation.

Any other slave except Morgiana, in the first moment of surprise at finding a man in the jar instead of some oil, as she expected, would have screamed, and made a great up-

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roar, which might have created irremediable misfortunes. But Morgiana was superior to those usually in her station; she was instantly aware of the importance of secrecy in the affair, and the extreme danger in which Ali Baba and his family, as well as herself, were; and also of the urgent necessity of devising a speedy remedy that should be executed with privacy. Her quick imagination soon conceived the means. She collected her thoughts, and, without showing any emotion, she assumed the manner of the captain, and answered, "Not yet, but presently." She approached the next jar, and the same question was asked her; she went on to them all in succession, making the same answer to the same question, till she came to the last, which was full of oil.

Morgiana by this means discovered that her master, who supposed he was giving a night's lodging to an oil merchant only, had afforded shelter to thirty-eight robbers, including the pretended merchant, their captain. She quickly filled her cruse from the last jar, and returned into the kitchen; and after having put some oil in her lamp, and lighted it, she took a large kettle and went again into the court, to fill it with oil from the jar. This done, she brought it back again, put it over the fire, and made a great blaze under it with a quantity of wood; for the sooner the oil boiled, the sooner her plan, which was for the welfare of the whole family, would be executed; and it required the utmost despatch. At length the oil boiled. She took the kettle, and poured into each jar, from the first to the last, sufficient boiling oil to scald the robbers, and deprive them of life, which she effected to her wishes.

This act, so worthy of the intrepidity of Morgiana, being performed without noise or disturbance to any one, exactly as she had conceived it, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door. She put out the large fire she had made up for this purpose, and only left enough to finish boiling the broth for Ali Baba. She then blew out the lamp, and remained perfectly silent, determined not to go to bed until she had observed, as well as the obscurity of night would allow her to distinguish, what would ensue from a window of the kitchen which overlooked the court.

Morgiana had scarcely waited a quarter of an hour, when the captain of the robbers got up, and, opening the window, looked out; all was dark, and a profound silence reigned; he gave the signal by throwing the pebbles, many of which fell on the jars, as the sound plainly proved. He listened, but heard nothing that could lead him to suppose his men obeyed the summons. He became uneasy at this delay, and threw some pebbles down a second, and even a third time. They all struck the jars, yet nothing appeared to indicate that they were attended to; he was at a loss to account for this mystery. He descended into the court in the utmost alarm, with as little noise as possible; and approaching the first jar, as he was going to ask if the robber contained in it, and whom he supposed still living, was asleep, he smelt a strong scent of hot and burning oil, issuing from the jar, by which he suspected his enterprise against Ali Baba — to destroy him, pillage his house, and carry off, if possible, all the money which he had taken from him and the community — had failed. He proceeded to the next jar, and to all in succession, and discovered that all his men had shared the same fate, and by the diminution of the oil in that which he had brought full, he guessed the means that had been used to deprive him of the assistance he expected. Mortified at having thus missed his aim, he jumped over the garden gate, which led out of the court; and, going from one garden to another by getting over the walls, succeeded in making his escape.

When Morgiana perceived that all was silent, and that the captain of the thieves did not return, she concluded he had decamped, as he did, instead of attempting to escape by the house door, which was fastened with double bolts. Fully satisfied and overjoyed at having so well succeeded in securing the safety of the whole family, she at length retired to bed, and soon fell asleep.

Ali Baba went out before daybreak, and repaired to the bath, followed by his slave, totally ignorant of the surprising event which had taken place in his house during his sleep; for Morgiana had not thought it necessary to wake him, particularly as she had no time to lose while she was engaged in her perilous enterprise; and it was useless to interrupt his repose after she had averted the danger.

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When he returned from the bath, the sun being risen, Ali Baba was surprised to see the jars of oil still in their places, and that the merchant had not taken them to the market with his mules; he inquired the reason of Morgiana, who let him in, and who had left everything in its original state, in order to show him the deceit which had been practised on him, and to convince him more sensibly of the effort she had made for his preservation.

"My good master," said Morgiana in reply to Ali Baba's question, "may God preserve you and all your family. You will be better informed of what you wish to know, when you shall have seen what I am going to show you, if you will take the trouble to come with me." Ali Baba followed Morgiana, and when she shut the door, she took him to the first jar, and bid him look in and see if it contained oil. He did as she desired; and perceiving a man in the jar, he hastily drew back, uttering a cry of surprise. "Do not be afraid," said she; "the man you see there will not do you any harm; he has attempted it, but he will never hurt either you or any one else again, for he is now a lifeless corpse." "Morgiana!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what does all this mean? Explain this mystery." "I will explain it," replied Morgiana, "but moderate your astonishment, and do not awaken the curiosity of your neighbors to learn what it is of the utmost importance that you should keep secret and concealed. Look first at all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the rest of the jars, one after the other, from the first till he came to the last, which contained the oil; and he remarked that its contents were considerably diminished. He remained motionless with astonishment, sometimes casting his eyes on Morgiana, then looking at the jars, yet without speaking a word, so great was his surprise. At length, as if speech were suddenly restored to him, he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"The merchant," replied Morgiana, "is just as much a merchant as I am. I can tell you who he is, and what is become of him. But you will hear the whole history more conveniently in your own chamber, for it is now time, for the sake of your health, that you should take your broth, after coming out of the bath." Whilst Ali Baba went into his room, Morgiana returned to the kitchen to get the broth; and when she brought it, before Ali Baba would take it, he said, "Relate this wonderful history, and satisfy the extreme impatience I feel to know all its circumstances."

Morgiana, in obedience to Ali Baba's request, thus began: "Last night, sir, when you had retired to go to bed, I prepared your linen for the bath, as you had desired, and gave it in charge to Abdalla. After that, I put the pot on the fire, to make your broth; and as I was skimming it, the lamp, for want of oil, suddenly went out, and there was not a drop in the cruse. I searched for some ends of candles, but could not find one. Abdalla, seeing me puzzled, reminded me of the jars full of oil which were in the court, for thus he, as well as I, supposed them to be, and so, no doubt, did you. I took my cruse, and went to the first jar; but as I approached it, I heard a voice within it, saying, 'Is it time?' I did not feel terrified, but instantly conceiving the treachery intended by the feigned merchant, I replied, without hesitation, 'Not yet, but presently.' I passed on to the next jar, and another voice asked me the same question, to which I made the same answer. I went to all the jars, one after the other, to the same inquiry making the same reply, and did not find any oil till I came to the last, from which I filled my cruse.

"When I reflected that there were thirty-seven robbers in your court, who only waited for the signal or order of their chief, to whom, supposing him to be a merchant, you had given so hospitable a reception, and on whose account you put the whole family in such bustle, I lost no time, but brought in the cruse, and lighted my lamp; then, taking the largest kettle in the kitchen, I went to fill it with oil. I placed it on the fire, and when it boiled I poured some into each of the jars which contained the robbers, as much as I thought sufficient to prevent their putting in execution the pernicious design which had brought them hither.

"The affair being thus terminated in the way I had meditated, I returned into the kitchen, and extinguished my lamp, and placed myself at the window to watch quietly what method the pretended oil-merchant would adopt.

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"After some time, I heard him throw from his window some little pebbles, as a signal, which fell on the jars. He threw some a second, and also a third time, and as he neither heard nor saw anything stirring, he came down, and I observed him go to every jar, till he came to the last; after which the darkness of the night prevented my being able to distinguish his movements. I still continued, however, to observe; but as I found he did not return, I concluded that he had escaped by way of the garden, mortified at his bad success. Persuaded, therefore, that the family were now safe, I went to bed."

As she finished this narrative, Morgiana added, "This is the detail you required of me; and I am convinced that it is the conclusion of a scheme of which I observed the beginning two or three days ago, but of which I did not think it necessary to trouble you with an account. One morning, as I returned from the city at an early hour, I perceived the street door to be marked with white, and on the following day with red near the white mark; each time, without knowing for what purpose these marks were made, I made the same kind of mark, and in the same part, on the doors of three or four of our neighbors, both above and below this house. If you connect that with what has happened, you will find that the whole is a machination contrived by the robbers of the forest, whose troop, I know not wherefore, seems to be diminished by two. But, be that as it may, it is now reduced to three at most. This proves that they had determined on your death, and you will do right to be on your guard against them, so long as you are certain that one still remains. On my part, I will do all in my power towards your preservation, which, indeed, I consider my duty."

When Morgiana ceased speaking, Ali Baba, penetrated with gratitude for the great obligation he owed her, replied, "I will recompense you as you deserve before I die. I owe my life to you, and to give you an immediate proof of my feelings on the occasion, I from this moment give you your liberty, and will soon reward you in a more ample manner. I am persuaded, as well as yourself, that the forty robbers laid this snare for me; God, through your means, has delivered me from the danger; I hope he will continue to protect me from their malice, and that, by averting destruction from my head, he will make it recoil with greater certainty on them, and thus deliver the world from so cursed a persecution. What we have now to do, is to use the utmost despatch in burying the bodies of the robbers, yet with so much secrecy that no one can entertain the slightest suspicion of their fate; and for this purpose I will instantly go to work with Abdalla."

Ali Baba's garden was of considerable length, and terminated by large trees. He went without delay, with his slave, to dig a ditch or grave under these trees, of sufficient length and breadth to contain the bodies. The ground was soft and easy to remove, so that they were not long in completing their work. They took the bodies out of the jars, and set apart the arms with which the robbers had furnished themselves. They then carried the bodies to the bottom of the garden, and placed them in the grave, and after having covered them with the earth they had previously removed, they spread about what remained, to make the surface of the ground appear even as it was before. Ali Baba carefully concealed the oil jars and the arms; and as for the mules, which he was not then in want of, he sent them to the market at different times, where he disposed of them by means of his slave.

Whilst Ali Baba was taking these precautions to prevent its being publicly known by what means he had become so rich in so short a space of time, the captain of the forty robbers had returned to the forest, mortified beyond measure; and in the agitation, or rather confusion, which he experienced at having met with such bad success, so contrary to what he had promised himself, he had reached the cavern without coming to any resolution as to what he should or should not do respecting Ali Baba.

The dismal solitude of this gloomy habitation appeared to him insupportable. "Brave companions," cried he, "partners of my labors and my pains, where are ye? What can I accomplish without your assistance? Did I select and assemble you only to see you perish all at one moment by a destiny so fatal and so unworthy of your courage? My regret for your loss would not have been so strong had you died with your sabres in your

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hands, like valiant men. When shall I be able to collect together another troop of intrepid men like you? and, even should I wish it, how could I undertake it, without exposing so much specie, in gold and silver, to the mercy of him who has already enriched himself with a part of this treasure? I cannot, I must not, think of such an enterprise until I have put a period to his existence. What I have not been able to accomplish with such powerful assistance, I will perform alone; and when I shall have secured this immense property from being exposed to pillage, I will endeavor to provide a master and successors for it after my decease, that it may be not only preserved, but augmented to the latest posterity." Having formed this resolution, he felt no embarrassment as to the execution of it; and then, his mind tranquil and filled with the most pleasing hopes, he fell asleep, and passed the rest of the night very quietly.

The next morning the captain of the robbers awoke at an early hour, as he had proposed, and put on a dress suitable to the design he meditated, and repaired to the city, where he took a lodging in a khan. As he supposed that what had happened in the house of Ali Baba might have become generally known, he asked the host if there were any news stirring; in reply to which the host talked on a variety of subjects, but none relating to what the captain wished to be informed of. By this he concluded that the reason why Ali Baba kept the transaction so profoundly secret, was, that he did not wish it to be divulged that he had access to so immense a treasure; and also that he was apprehensive of his life being in danger on this account. This idea excited him to neglect nothing that could hasten his destruction, which he intended to accomplish by means as secret as Ali Baba had adopted towards the robbers.

The captain provided himself with a horse, which he made use of to convey to his lodging several kinds of rich stuffs and fine linens, bringing them from the forest at various times, with all the necessary precautions for keeping the place whence he brought them still concealed. In order to dispose of this merchandise, when he had collected together as much as he thought proper, he sought for a shop. Having found one that would suit him, he hired it of the proprietor, furnished it with his goods, and established himself in it. The shop that was exactly opposite to his was that which had belonged to Cassim, and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

The captain of the robbers, who had assumed the name of Cogia Houssain, did not fail in the proper civilities to the merchants, his neighbors, which, as being lately come, was the usual custom. But the son of Ali Baba being young, and of a pleasing address, and the captain having more frequent occasion to converse with him than with the others, he very soon formed an intimacy with him. This friendship he soon resolved to cultivate with greater assiduity and care when, three or four days after he was settled in his shop, he recognized Ali Baba, who came to see his son, as he was in the constant habit of doing, and, on inquiring of the son after his departure, discovered that he was his father. He now increased his attentions and caresses towards him; he made him several little presents, and also often invited him to his table, where he regaled him very handsomely.

The son of Ali Baba did not choose to receive so many obligations from Cogia Houssain without returning them. But his lodging was small, and he had no convenience for regaling him as he wished. He mentioned his intention to his father; adding, that it was not proper that he should delay any longer to return the favors he had received from Cogia Houssain.

Ali Baba very willingly took the charge of the entertainment. "My son," said he, "to-morrow is Friday; and as it is a day on which the most considerable merchants, such as Cogia Houssain and yourself, keep their shops shut, invite him to take a walk with you after dinner, and as you return direct your course so that you may pass my house, and then beg him to come in. It will be better to manage thus than to invite him in a formal way. I will give orders to Morgiana to prepare a supper and have it ready by the time you come."

On the Friday, Cogia Houssain and the son of Ali Baba met in the afternoon to take their walk together, as had been agreed. On their return, the son of Ali Baba, as if by accident, led Cogia Houssain through the street in

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which his father lived; and when they had reached the house, he stopped him, and knocked at the door. "This," said he, "is my father's house; he has desired me to procure him the honor of your acquaintance, after what I told him of your friendship for me. I entreat you to add this favor to the many I have already received from you."

Although Cogia Houssain had now reached the object of his desires, which was to gain admission into the house of Ali Baba, and to attempt his life without hazarding his own or creating any suspicion, yet he now endeavored to excuse himself, and pretended to take leave of the son; but, as the slave of Ali Baba opened the door at that moment, the son, in an obliging manner, took him by the hand, and, going in first, drew him forward, and, as it were, forced him to comply, though seemingly against his wishes.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain in a friendly manner, and gave him as hearty a welcome as he could desire. He thanked him for his kindness to his son. "The obligation he is under to you," added he, "as well as myself, is so much the more considerable, as he is a young man who has not yet been much in the world, and you have the goodness to condescend to form his manners."

Cogia Houssain did not spare his compliments in return for Ali Baba's assurance that, although his son had not acquired the experience of older men, yet that he was possessed of a portion of good sense, which was of more service to him than experience was to many others.

After a short conversation on other topics of an indifferent nature, Cogia Houssain was going to take his leave, but Ali Baba stopped him. "Where are you going, sir?" said he: "I entreat you to do me the honor of staying to sup with me. The humble meal you will partake of is little worthy of the honor you will confer on it: but, such as it is, I hope you will accept the intention with as much good-will as I offer it."

"Sir," replied Cogia Houssain, "I am fully persuaded of your kindness; and, although I beg you to excuse me if I take my leave without accepting your obliging invitation, yet I entreat you to believe that I refuse you not from incivility or contempt, but because I have a very strong reason, and which I am sure you would approve were it known to you."

"What can this reason be, sir," resumed Ali Baba, "may I take the liberty of asking?" "I do not refuse to tell it," said Cogia Houssain. "It is this: I never eat of any dish that has salt in it;* judge, then, of the figure I should make at your table." "If this be your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not deprive me of the honor of your company at supper, unless you have absolutely determined otherwise. In the first place, the bread which is eaten in my house does not contain any salt; and as for the meat and other dishes, I promise you there shall be none in those which are served before you; I will now go to give orders to that effect; you will, therefore, do me the favor to remain, and I will be with you in an instant."

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and desired Morgiana not to put any salt to the meat she was going to serve for supper, and also to prepare two or three dishes of those he had ordered without any salt.

Morgiana, who was just going to serve the supper, could not avoid expressing some discontent at this new order, and making some inquiries of Ali Baba. "Who," said she, "is this difficult man, that cannot eat salt? Your supper will be good for nothing if I delay it any later."

"Do not be angry," replied Ali Baba, "he is a good man; do what I desire you."

Morgiana obeyed, but much against her will, and she felt some curiosity to see this man who did not eat salt. When she had finished, and Abdalla had prepared the table, she assisted him in carrying in the dishes. On looking at Cogia Houssain, she instantly recollected him to be the captain of the rob-

* Salt, among Mohammedans, is held sacred. To eat salt with a person is a token of amity no less binding than if ratified by an oath. The robbers of the Arabian Deserts will protect him with whom they have eaten salt, even though a known enemy to their race. And though it is a general maxim among Moslems that faith is not to be kept with infidels, the having partaken salt with one constitutes an indispensable obligation to deal honestly with him. Lord Byron, in his poem of the "Giaour," alludes to the sacred "bread and salt" of the East. To evade the obligation of eating salt with his intended victim, the captain of the robbers feigns a distaste for food flavored with the sacred ingredient.

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bers, notwithstanding his disguise; and examining him with attention, she perceived that he had a dagger concealed under his dress. "I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master; he is his bitterest enemy, and means to murder him; but I will prevent him from accomplishing his purpose."

When Morgiana had finished serving the dishes and assisting Abdalla, she availed herself of the time while they were at supper, and made the necessary preparations for the execution of an enterprise of the boldest and most intrepid nature; and she had just completed them when Abdalla came to acquaint her that it was time to serve the fruit. She carried it in, and when Abdalla had taken away the supper, she placed it on the table. She then put a small table near Ali Baba, with the wine and three cups, and left the room with Abdalla, as if to go to supper together, and leave Ali Baba, according to custom, at liberty to converse and entertain himself with his guest, and to push the wine about.

Cogia Houssain, or rather the captain of the forty robbers, now thought that a favorable opportunity for revenging himself on Ali Baba, by taking his life, was arrived. "I will make them both intoxicated," thought he; "and then the son, against whom I bear no malice, will not prevent my plunging my dagger into the heart of his father; and I shall escape by way of the garden, as I did before, while the cook and the slave are at their supper, or perhaps asleep in the kitchen."

Instead, however, of going to supper, Morgiana, who had penetrated into the views of the pretended Cogia Houssain, did not allow him time to put his wicked intentions in execution. She dressed herself like a dancer, put on a head-dress suitable to that character, and wore a girdle round her waist of silver gilt, to which she fastened a dagger made of the same metal. Her face was covered by a very handsome mask. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and entertain our master's guest, who is the friend of his son, as we do sometimes, by our performances."

Abdalla took his tabor, and began to play as he walked before: Morgiana followed him and made a low courtesy with a deliberate air, to attract notice, as if to request permission to perform what she could to amuse the company. Abdalla, perceiving that Ali Baba was going to speak, ceased striking his tabor. "Come in, Morgiana," cried Ali Baba, "Cogia Houssain will judge of your skill, and tell us his opinion; do not, however, suppose, sir," continued he, addressing Cogia Houssain, "that I have been at any expense to procure you this entertainment, for it is only my slave and my cook and housekeeper whom you see. I hope you will find it amusing."

Cogia Houssain did not expect Ali Baba to add this entertainment to the supper he had given him. This made him apprehensive that he should not be able to avail himself of the opportunity he thought now presented itself. But, should that be the case, he still consoled himself with the hopes of meeting with another if he continued the acquaintance with Ali Baba and his son. Therefore, although he would gladly have dispensed with this addition to the entertainment, he nevertheless pretended to be obliged to him, and added, that whatever gave Ali Baba pleasure could not fail of being agreeable to him.

When Abdalla perceived that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had ceased speaking, he again began to play on his tabor, singing to it an air for Morgiana to dance to; she, who was equal to any one who practised dancing for their profession, performed her part so admirably that every spectator who had seen her must have been delighted, independent of the present company, of which, perhaps, Cogia Houssain was the least attentive to her excellence.

After having performed several dances with equal grace and agility, she at length drew out the dagger, and, dancing with it in her hand, she surpassed all she had yet done, by her light movements and high leaps, and by the wonderful efforts which she interspersed in the figure; sometimes presenting the dagger as if to strike, and at others holding it to her own bosom, pretending to stab herself.

At length, as if out of breath, she took the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and, holding the dagger in her right, she presented the tabor with the hollow part upwards to Ali Baba, in imitation of the dancers by pro-

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fession, who make use of this practice to excite the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba threw a piece of gold into the tabor; Morgiana then presented it to his son, who followed his father's example. Cogia Houssain, who saw that she was advancing towards him for the same purpose, had already taken his purse from his bosom to contribute his present, and was putting his hand into it, when Morgiana, with a courage and fortitude equal to the resolution she had taken, plunged the dagger into his heart so deep that the life-blood streamed from the wound when she withdrew it.

Ali Baba and his son, terrified at this action, uttered a loud cry: "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what hast thou done? Thou hast ruined me and my family forever!"

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your preservation." Then, opening Cogia Houssain's robe to show Ali Baba the poniard which was concealed under it, "See," continued she, "the cruel enemy you had to deal with; examine his countenance attentively, and you will recognize the pretended oil-merchant and the captain of the forty robbers. Do you not recollect that he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his malicious intentions? Before I even saw him, from the moment you told me of this peculiarity in your guest, I suspected his design, and you now are convinced that my suspicions were not ill-founded."

Ali Baba, who was now aware of the fresh obligation he owed to Morgiana for having thus preserved his life a second time, embraced her, and said, "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty, and at the same time promised to give you stronger proofs of my gratitude at some future period. This period is now arrived, and I present you to my son as his wife." Then, addressing his son, "I believe you," said he, "to be so dutiful a son that you will not take it amiss if I should bestow Morgiana upon you without previously consulting your inclinations. Your obligation to her is not less than mine. You plainly see that Cogia Houssain only sought your acquaintance in order to insure success in his diabolical treachery; and, had he sacrificed me to his vengeance, you cannot suppose that you would have been spared. You must further consider that, in marrying Morgiana, you connect yourself with the preserver of my family and the support of yours to the end of your days."

His son, far from showing any symptoms of discontent, said that he willingly consented to the marriage, not only because he was desirous of proving his ready obedience to his father's wishes, but also because his inclination already strongly urged him to the union. They then began to prepare for the interment of the captain of the robbers, by the side of his former companions; and this was performed with such secrecy, that the circumstance was not known till the expiration of many years, when no one was any longer interested to keep this memorable history concealed.

A few days after, Ali Baba had the nuptials of his son and Morgiana celebrated with great solemnity, by a sumptuous feast accompanied by dancers, exhibitions, and other customary diversions, and he had the satisfaction to observe that the friends and neighbors he had invited, who did not know the true reason of the marriage, but were not unacquainted with the good qualities of Morgiana, admired his generosity and discrimination.

After the marriage was solemnized, Ali Baba, who had not revisited the cave since he had brought away the body of his brother, Cassim, on one of the three asses, together with the gold with which the other two were laden, lest he should meet with any of the robbers and be surprised by them, still refrained from going, even after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, as he was ignorant of the fate of the other two, and supposed them to be still alive.

At the expiration of a year, however, finding that no scheme had been attempted to disturb his quiet, he had the curiosity to make a journey to the cave, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and, when he had nearly reached the cave, seeing no traces of either men or horses, he conceived it to be a favorable omen; he dismounted, and, fastening his horse that he might not go astray, he went up to the door and repeated the words, "Open, Sesame," which he had not forgotten. The door opened, and he entered. The state in which

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everything appeared in the cave led him to judge that no one had been in it from the time that the pretended Cogia Houssain had opened his shop in the city; and he therefore concluded that the whole troop of robbers was totally dispersed or exterminated, and that he was the only person in the whole world who was acquainted with the secret for entering the cave; and consequently that the immense treasure it contained was entirely at his disposal. He had provided himself with a portmanteau, and he filled it with as much gold as his horse could carry, after which he returned to the city.

From that time Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret to enter it, and after them their posterity, who were also intrusted with the important secret, enjoying their riches with moderation, lived in great splendor, and were honored with the most dignified offices in the city

THE END.

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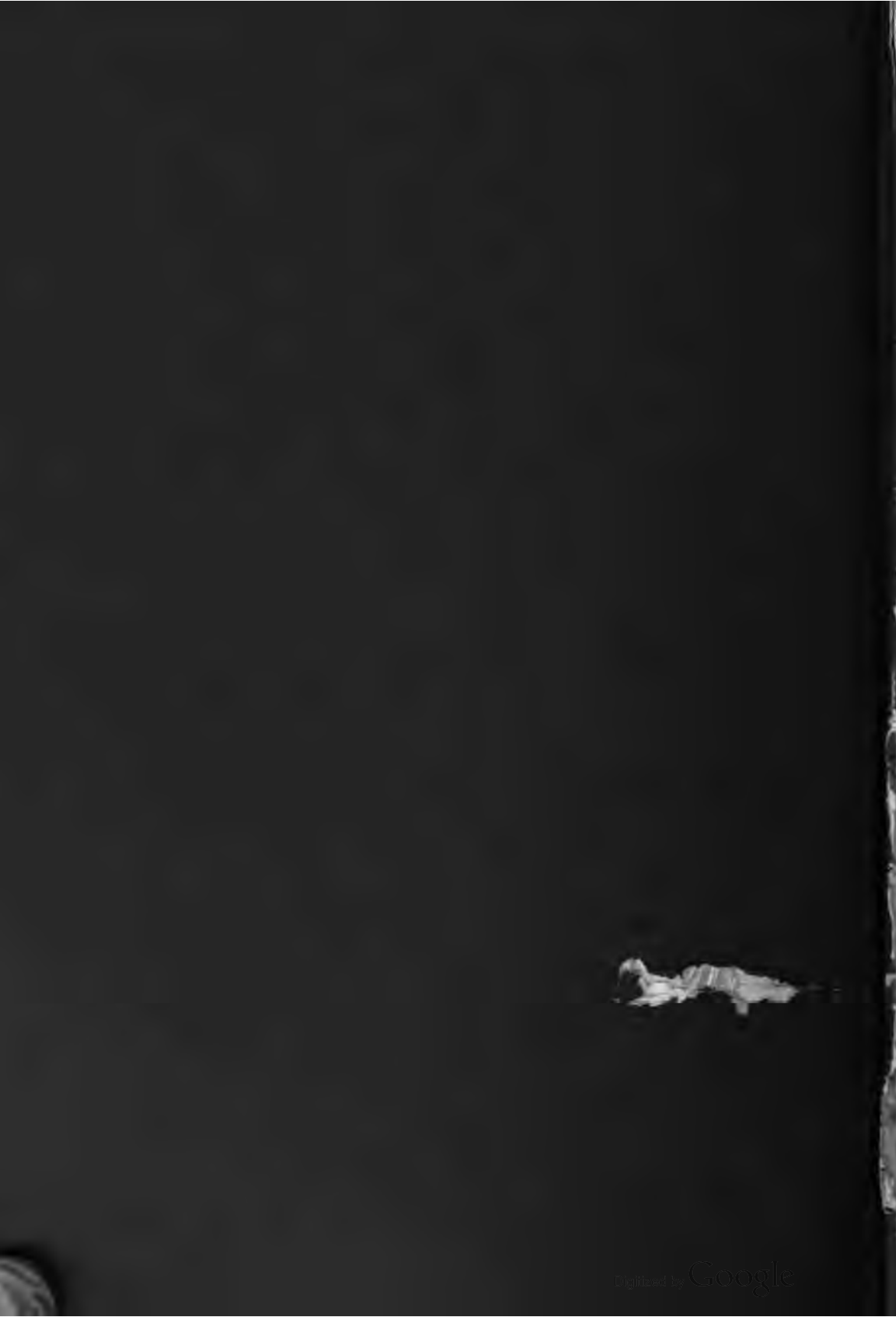


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